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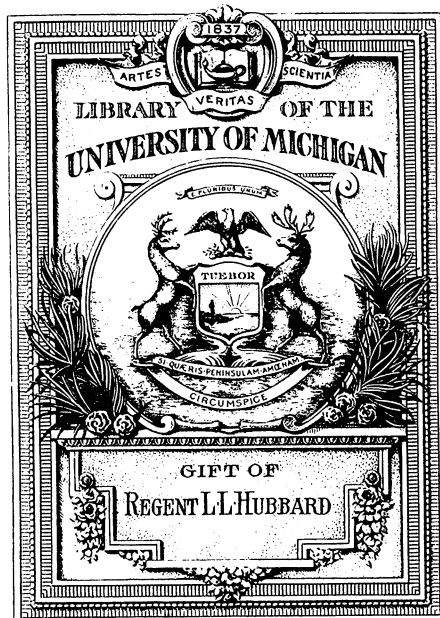
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O F  
L U C I A N,  
F R O M T H E G R E E K,

By T H O M A S F R A N C K L I N, D. D.

Some time Greek Profeffor in the Univerfity of Cambridge.

V O L. I.



*Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendò fœlicitatis, tantum in jocando lepôris, in mordendo aceti; fic titillat allufionibus, fic feria nugis, nugas feriis mifcet, fic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, fic hominum mores, affectus, ftudia, quafi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, fed planè fpectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comædia, nulla fatyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, feu voluptatem fpectes, feu fpectes utilitatem.* ERASMUS.

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OF ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

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IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

Queen-Street,  
May 15th, 1780.

THOMAS FRANCKLIN.



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I N   T H E   E L Y S I A N   F I E L D S.

L U C I A N.

**B**Y that shambling gait, and length of carcase, it must be Lord Lyttelton coming this way.

L O R D   L Y T T E L T O N.

And by that arch look and farcaftic smile you are my old friend Lucian, whom I have not seen this many a day. *Fontenelle* and I have just now been talking of you, and the obligations we both had to our old master: I assure you, there was not a man in all antiquity, for whom, whilst on earth, I had a greater regard than yourself.

L U C I A N.

Nor is there a modern writer whom I more esteem and respect than the amiable, the elegant, the moral, and virtuous Lord Lyttelton.

L O R D   L Y T T E L T O N.

In this, though Lucian was never remarkable for panegyric, I would fain think you sincere: that I am

\* *Lord Lyttelton, &c.*] Not the last Lord Lyttelton, but his illustrious father, author of *Dialogues of the Dead*, the *Perfian Letters*, &c. &c.

Spid. Bib. Har. Durub. Edin.



myself so in what I have said of *you*, I have given you, I think, in my life-time, sufficient proof by my *Dialogues of the Dead*: those who flatter a man may deceive, those who court may betray; but those who take pains to imitate, have certainly the highest esteem for him. I endeavoured to come as nearly to you as I could.

L U C I A N.

And were, upon the whole, tolerably successful; though, to say the truth (and truth you know is always spoken in these regions), you are rather too grave to be quite *Lucianic*, too polite to be merry, and too wise to be very entertaining. I speak with freedom on this head, and the rather, because your Dialogues, however ingenious, are but an inconsiderable part of that large property of literary fame which you acquired, whereas they in reality make up *my* whole estate; you can bear therefore better than myself a little deduction from it.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

In point of humour and irony, I must acknowledge, I have followed you,

Haud passibus æquis.

There is a vein of ease and pleasantry in your works which I have always thought inimitable, nor do I know any author, ancient or modern, that in this respect can enter into competition with you; and yet you are not half so much read, at least amongst *us*, as many much inferior writers: the true value and admiration of *Lucian* will, after all, I am afraid, in every age and nation, be confined to the judicious few, who have a kind of classic reverence for ancient story, and an enthusiastic love of the fabulous and poetical: to these his delicate satire and refined humour will always give inexpressible pleasure.

L U.

L U C I A N.

But surely, my friend, general satire, and true humour (and these you are kind enough to grant me), stand as fair a chance of general approbation as any other species of authorial merit can entitle us to.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

That, I grant you, is a fair supposition, and might have its effect, were it equally true that delicate irony, like your's, were universally tasted and understood; but, as my friend *Tristram Shandy* says, "It is not in the power of every man to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God."

L U C I A N.

Humour, I grant you, is the gift of heaven, and so, for aught I know, may be a taste for it; but you will take this along with you, that whatever is possessed by few is always affected, and pretended to, by many: though not one in a thousand has a proper and adequate idea of true humour, yet every one puts in a claim to it: few, therefore, would willingly be thought totally unacquainted with, or disclaim all knowledge of and acquaintance with *me*; especially amongst you Englishmen, of whom humour is said to be characteristic.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

It may be so; but the unlearned have never yet seen you in a good English dress, and our literati are too proud or too idle to visit you in your own: they accuse you, besides, of certain faults, which it would ill become me to mention.

L U C I A N.

O pray, my Lord, be not scrupulous in that point; I took the liberty but just now to censure *your* works, and

you have a fair right to retaliate on *mine*: let us hear what your \* Alexander's and Peregrinus's have to urge against me.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

To be plain with you then, my friend, they object that in some parts of your works there is some degree of obscurity.

L U C I A N.

Nothing, my Lord, so obscures an object as seeing it through a bad medium, that both distorts and discolours it; place that, I beseech you, to the blunders of tasteless and ignorant transcribers, who have frequently adulterated my sterling coin, and put their own base metal in its stead; have often taken a great deal of pains to make me speak false grammar, bad Greek, and nonsense not half so agreeable as my own; and yet, my sense and meaning, in spite of all their interpolations, may in most places, I believe, be fairly made out by the context. But this is by no means the worst treatment which I have received. Translators, critics, and commentators have united to injure, misrepresent, and disgrace me. I need not point out to your lordship the dull, imperfect, and unmeaning things which they have imputed to me, and which I never wrote, though they are to be met with in every edition of my works.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

In this, I own, you are to be pitied; but to have more literary crimes to answer for than you were ever guilty of is what men of wit and genius must always expect; you have only to comfort yourself with this reflection, that readers of taste (and such only you would wish to please), can easily distinguish, by internal and indisputable marks, what

\* *Alexander's, &c.*] The enemies of Lucian, whom he has severely satirized. See the Translation, vol. ii. page 1. and vol. ii. p. 431.

is really your's from what is falsely ascribed to you. Can any man in his senses suppose that the humorous author of *Timon*, *Toxaris*, and *Hermotimus*, could ever have thrown away his time and talents in such school-boy declamations as the *Tyrant-Killer*, *Harmonides*, and the *Disinherited Son*; or that the avowed enemy of superstition and hypocrisy, would so contradict himself as to enter into a serious defence of Judicial Astrology?

L U C I A N.

You have forgot the \* last, though not the least of their impositions, the *Ocypus*, which they have been so obliging as to compliment me with; this, as I believe I one day hinted to you, was written by a witlefs Sophist, who, encouraged by my success in the *Trago-Podagra* (one of my best performances), took upon him to imitate it in that very dull and unentertaining after-piece.

But this is not all that I have to complain of; the same obliging gentlemen, who have attributed to me what I did *not* write, have thought proper also to rob me of what I really *did*: some of them, on the wings not of love but of hatred, have made no scruple of flying away with my † *Halcyon*, because, forsooth, the bird is too grave for me, “Vix credibile fit (says one of them), Lucianum de deorum vi et potentiâ tam rectè sensisse, et tam magnificè locutum;” it is impossible that Lucian should think so properly, or speak so nobly of the power of the gods.”

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This, indeed, my good friend, was rather hard upon

\* *The last.*] The *Ocypus* is the last of Lucian's tracts, and follows the *Tragopodagra* in Hemsterhusius's, and, I believe, every other edition.

† *Halcyon.*] See p. 53 of the Translation. *Dialogum hunc* (says the commentator), *inter apertè nothos numerat* Diogenes Laertius.

you;

you; but, as our English proverb says, “ give a dog an ill name and hang him.” You had spoken, however, it must be acknowledged, pretty freely of your Pagan deities; so freely, indeed, that I have often wondered how you came off with impunity, whilst you lashed with so much poignant satire the established religion of your country.

L U C I A N.

I will tell you, my Lord, how that happened: at the time when I wrote, three parts of those whom I wrote to and conversed with were of the same opinion with myself: I had not only the laugh on my side, but the majority also; add to this, my Lord, that, with regard to matters of this kind, if we ancients had not so much zeal as you philosophers of latter days, you must allow that we had more good-nature; and, however we might differ amongst ourselves in our religious sentiments, we did not, like you Christians, cut one another's throats about them.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Well observed, my friend, and with your usual asperity; but I shall soon return the compliment with another accusation against you in the court of criticism, for repetition and tautology. Some of our learned doctors say, you frequently labour under a plethora of wit, a kind of overflowing of the satiric gall, which gives an ugly tinge to your complexion; when you get hold of game you run it down till you are out of breath: your branches, to say the truth, are sometimes rather too luxuriant.

L U C I A N.

My faults I fear are but too numerous, and so, my Lord, are the images you make use of to illustrate them; the whole, however, amounts to no more than that I am apt to be too entertaining, and, when I am in the merry mood,

mood, know not where to stop. The plethora of wit, and an over-flow of good satire, I must beg leave to observe, are disorders which you moderns seldom labour under: you should, nevertheless, have some pity on those who do.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This may be wit, but it is not argument. And now, my dear *Lucian*, to be a little more serious, I must proceed to a heavier charge, and which you will not, I fear, so easily get over; and that is,

Want of decency,

which, as my friend Pope well observes,

is want of sense.

There are certain liberties, which all the wit in the world, or, which is nearly the same thing, all the wit and humour of *Lucian*, can never palliate, or excuse. I could point out some passages of this kind, but, at present——

L U C I A N.

If any such there are, and such, perhaps, there may be, I wish, my lord, with all my heart, that they had never been written. I guess, indeed, at what you allude to, and must fairly confess, I have loaded my \* *Afs's* panniers with a little too much salt: but, to speak in the language of the † friend you just now quoted, when we get upon our hobby-horse, (and then, you know, the *afs* was mine,) there is no knowing what lengths he may carry us.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

But this is not the only ride you have taken: what

\* *The Afs.*] See the translation, vol. ii. p. 125.

† *The friend.*] *Triltram Shandy*.

think

think you of the \* *Ἔρωτες*, which you cannot deny being the author of?

L U C I A N.

There, indeed, I stand self-convicted: but the age I lived in, and the manners of those licentious times, must mitigate my crime. The subject of that little tract was then as common a topic of discourse, and thought as innocent a one as it has since been, and, perhaps, to this day is, in modern Italy: but this, your lordship will say, is a poor plea in my favour.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

But an indifferent one, indeed: the grossness and obscenity, so often to be met with, not only in *your* works, but in many other ancient authors, is to me the more extraordinary, as, whenever you chuse to throw a veil over ideas of the looser kind, (instances of which might be given in the piece I just now mentioned,) you do it in a manner more elegant than we generally find amongst the chaster writers of modern ages: how it has happened, I know not; but we are certainly much more nice in this point than *you* used to be.

L U C I A N.

Which, by the by, my lord, is no irrefragable proof that you are a whit more virtuous; for, as our friend Voltaire has prettily observed, “ la pudeur s’est enfuie des Cœurs, et s’est réfugiée sur les levres :” he adds also, which, I think, is going too far, in still stronger terms, and less to your credit, that “ plus les Mœurs sont depravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu’on a perdu en vertu.”

\* *Ἔρωτες*.] Or, the Loves. This curious tract is omitted in the translation.

L O R D

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

You come off pretty well, as you generally do ; but, now we are upon this head, let me ask you one question : did you write what are usually called the Meretrician Dialogues, or Dialogues of the Harlots, which your enemies have attributed to you ? I hope they are the production of some other pen.

L U C I A N.

By Hercules, every one of them : they were written, I assure you, by one of those pretenders to wisdom, whom I so severely ridiculed ; on purpose, I suppose, to bring down my character upon a level with his own.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

This, indeed, was always my opinion ; for they are as dull as they are lewd, as void of wit and humour as of decency, and just as entertaining as, would be a detail of the conversation between abandoned courtesans in a modern brothel.

L U C I A N.

They are so. Apollo forbid I should ever have stained my papyrus with such ribaldry ! Upon the whole, my lord, with all my looseness and immorality, if you will needs judge from what I left behind me, I am not so bad as some folks think me : setting aside my writings, I could appeal to my *life*, which is the fairest testimony, for my real character.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Of that, as well as of your works, we have had various, and even contradictory accounts : never could I sit down to read the dull history of it in the balderdash Latin of a Dutch biographer. I should be infinitely obliged to you, therefore, if, whilst we ramble across this pleasant meadow,



dow, you would indulge me with a little sketch of your life from your own mouth.

L U C I A N.

That I will, with all my heart.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

“ And brief, good Lucian, for I am in haste.”

L U C I A N.

Know, then, my dear lord, my family, I must confess, none of the noblest, was originally Grecian, and came from Patra in Achaia, from which place, for some prudential reasons, not necessary to be here mentioned, they retired to Samofata, a city of Commagene in Syria, on the Euphrates, which had the honour, for so I know your lordship will call it, of giving \* birth to your friend Lucian.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

And an honour it certainly was; for who, but for this fortunate circumstance to immortalize it, would ever have heard of Samofata? as I do not remember to have read that it ever produced any man of wit or genius except yourself. I have often, indeed, wonder'd to find you, in several parts of your works, mentioning, as if you were proud of it, the place of your nativity.

L U C I A N.

I will tell you, my lord, why I did so: because I knew my enemies, of whom I had always a sufficient number, would certainly take notice of it, if I did not; would have talked perpetually of Syria, and thrown it in my teeth, that I was not a Grecian, but a Barbarian. I was resolved,

\* *Birth.*] Probably about the year 90.

there-

therefore, to be before-hand with them, and to let them know, that a native of Samofata could write as well as the best of them. But, to resume my narrative. As my father, who was a poor labouring man, had not an obolus to spare, my education in my younger years was, as you may suppose, but indifferent; and though I had a very early and strong propensity to literature, could meet with very few opportunities of improving it: I remained, consequently, for a long time, totally ignorant.

L O R D   L Y T T E L T O N.

Under disadvantages like these, it is astonishing how you could ever have attained to a style so pure, elegant, and correct; and, which is still more extraordinary, in a corrupt and degenerate age, when taste and genius were almost extinct, and scarce any footsteps remained of true Grecian perfection in the world of science and literature. At such a period to emerge from the darkness of scholastic jargon, and shine forth, as you did, in all the lustre of classic purity, was a singular phenomenon, and not easily to be accounted for.

L U C I A N.

If I have any merit as an author, which you seem partial enough to suppose, I can attribute it to nothing but the early habit which I had contracted in my infancy of having perpetually in my hands the works of some of the best ancient writers, Homer, Plato, Xenophon, and two or three more; these, when I was sent of errands by my father, I used to beg, borrow, or steal from some of the great men in our neighbourhood: these I devoured with the greatest eagerness, and to these I frankly own myself indebted for all the fame which I afterwards acquired.

The unfortunate adventure at my first setting out in life, and the desperate quarrel with my uncle, I need not here

repeat to you, as you are already acquainted with it by the \* Dream which, I doubt not, you have often read. I shall only, therefore, observe to you, that, after the memorable event there recorded, meeting with nothing at home but hard words, and yet harder fare, I took the first opportunity to decamp; packed up my little all, (little enough, heaven knows, it was) and made the best of my way to Antioch: there, under the tuition of my illustrious patroness, having gained knowledge, or, at least, impudence enough to become a professor, I set up as teacher of Rhetoric, which was the fashionable accomplishment of those times, and, universally sought after and admired, as it was the general opinion, that eloquence might be as easily taught, and as readily acquired, as dancing, playing on the flute, or any thing else which nature might, or might not have any objection to.

## L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

That idea, absurd as it is, was not confined to Antioch, or the age you lived in, but extended to later times: our witty and sensible friend, lord † Chesterfield, entertained the same opinion, and has gravely asserted that every man may be an orator if he pleases, provided he will take the pains to make himself one: experience, however, in the person of his son, convinced him of the contrary. But, pray go on.

## L U C I A N.

There, then, I soon distinguished myself, and got many a hard-earned festerce by beating eloquence into the heads of the young nobility: by this, together with the aid of writing exercises and declamations, which were much in

\* *The Dream.*] See Lucian's first tract.

† See the Letters to his Son.

vogue,

vogue, I gained a tolerable livelihood. \* Some of them are, perhaps, still extant in my works.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

I thought you had also, either at Antioch or Macedon, I know not which, another trade, and practised as a lawyer.

L U C I A N.

I blush to own it, my lord, but this I certainly did: the scholastic harangues which I had been long used to, and a habit of defending both sides of the question, insensibly qualified me for a pleader at the bar. In this crooked path, full of thorns and briars, I wandered for some time, and dealt in abuse, equivocation, and chicanery, with tolerable success: a certain unavoidable sense, however, of right and wrong, and some qualms of conscience, which I could never entirely get over, soon estranged me from a profession which might, perhaps, have turned out in the end very advantageous to me.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Your opinion of the law, my good friend, we are not now to learn; you have given it us pretty freely in many parts of your works: but, pray, what became of you after you left Antioch? for, if I am not mistaken, in the early part of life, you were a great Rambler.

L U C I A N.

I was so: the success which I met with in my two professions of law and rhetoric, enabled me, in a few years, to gratify the strong passion which I always had for travelling, and I accordingly, during the reigns of the Antonines, took my route from Antioch into Ionia and Greece; from thence I roved to Gaul and Italy, and returned, through

\* *Some of them.*] Of these notice is taken in the course of the translation.

Mace--

Macedonia, into my own country : this agreeable peregrination was, as you may suppose, of infinite service to me ; during the course of it, I acquired a stock of useful knowledge, with regard to men and things, that laid the foundation of all the little share of merit and of fame which I could ever pretend to.

Tired, however, at last, with repeated wanderings, I fixed my habitation in the seat of empire, retired to the groves of Academus, and, as I advanced in years, sought for ease and pleasure in the bosom of philosophy.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Who, herself, if we are to credit your assertions, was not in a very easy situation ; being, at that time, like yourself, rather on the decline.

L U C I A N.

I endeavoured, however, to restore her to her pristine rank and dignity, and was, upon the whole, I believe, of some service to her. I had not, indeed, rank or fortune enough properly to defend or support her, and was, moreover, having now lost the practice of both my professions, sinking apace into poverty and old age, when Providence interfered in my favour, and put it into the head of an honest Emperor most amply to provide for me : the good Marcus Aurelius took me into his house, made me his friend and companion, and gave me the superintendency of Ægypt, an honourable and lucrative employment.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Which, I suppose, like the great pensioners of my time, you performed the duty of by deputation, and made an agreeable sinecure of it.

L U C I A N.

I did, and spent the remainder of my days in ease, pleasure, and festivity.

L O R D

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

Your life, if I have been rightly informed, was a pretty long one: but, pray, what, after all, put an end to it? for of this, as of many other things concerning you, we have had various accounts.

L U C I A N.

I know you have, \* Suidas has fet his dogs at me, and worried me to death: another has charitably consigned me to hell flames, which, notwithstanding, I have hitherto, as you see, had the good fortune to escape, and all this, I believe, on account of a little tract called † Philopatris, which, between friends, I had no hand in; but the real cause of my death was, by Hercules, that rascally disorder, which had killed so many honest fellows before me, even that *opprobrium medicorum* the ‡ Gout, whose attacks I severely felt for many years, who at last snatched me away in the prime of my life, and transported me, in the ninetieth year of my age, from a wicked world to these happy mansions, where I have now the pleasure of conversing with your Lordship.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

I thought, by your Tragopodagra, that you spoke feelingly, and like one who had experienced the miseries which you so pathetically, as well as so humorously describe; considering, however, the length of your thread, you have little reason to complain of Atropos for cutting it too soon; though there it was certainly no small degree of

\* *Suidas.*] Who calls Lucian an Atheist and Blasphemer, and tells us he was torn in pieces by dogs as he returned from a feast.

† *Philopatris.*] See the Translation, vol. ii. p. 544. This tract; together with that on the Death of Peregrinus, were both proscribed in the Romish Index Expurgatorius, during the Pontificate of Alexander VII. as not fit to be read by Christians.

‡ *The gout.*] Podagrâ nonnigenarius obiit, says Bourdelotius.

ingratitude

ingratitude in the lady, whom you had raised to the rank of a divinity, to kill the man who had so exalted her.

L U C I A N.

It was a return, indeed, which I little expected, and had I foreseen her conduct, I am inclined to think I should never have made a goddess of her.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

In good truth I believe *not*. I thank you, my friend, for your little *historiette*, and wish with all my heart I could \* convey it to a friend of mine in the other world, to whom, at this juncture, it would be of particular service: I mean a bold adventurer, who has lately undertaken to give a new and complete translation of all your works. It is a noble design, but an arduous one; I own I tremble for him.

L U C I A N.

I heard of it the other day from Goldsmith, who knew the man. I think he may easily succeed better in it than any of his countrymen, who hitherto have made but miserable work with me; nor do I make a much better appearance in my French habit, though that I know has been admired. D'Ablancourt has made me say a great many things, some good, some bad, which I never thought of, and, upon the whole, what he has done is more a paraphrase than a translation.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

All the attempts to represent you, at least in our language, which I have yet seen, have failed, and all from the same cause, by the translator's departing from the original, and substituting his own manners, phraseology, expres-

\* *Convey.*] How the translator came into possession of this Life of Lucian, and the whole Dialogue, my readers may probably be informed at some convenient opportunity.

fion,

tion, wit and humour, instead of your's: nothing, as it has been observed by one of our best critics, is so grave as true humour (and almost every line of Lucian is a proof of it); it never laughs itself, whilst it sets the table in a roar; a circumstance which these gentlemen seem all to have forgotten: instead of those set features, and serious aspect, which you always wear when most entertaining, they present us for ever with a broad grin, and if you have the least smile upon your countenance, make you burst into a vulgar horse-laugh: they are generally, indeed, such bad painters, that the daubing would never be taken for you, if they had not written Lucian under the picture. I heartily wish the Doctor better luck.

L U C I A N.

And there is some reason to hope it: for I hear he has taken pains about me, has studied my features well before he set down to trace them on the canvas, and done it, CON AMORE: if he brings out a good resemblance, I shall excuse the want of grace and beauty in his piece. I assure you I am not without pleasing expectation; especially as my friend Sophocles, who, you know, set to him some time ago, tells me, though he is no Praxiteles, he does not take a bad likeness.—But I must be gone, for yonder comes Swift and Rabelais, whom I have made a little party with this morning: so, my good Lord, fare you well.

L O R D L Y T T E L T O N.

And I must meet my dear Lucy in the myrtle grove; so, honest Lucian, good morrow to you.



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**A**S a *Complete* Translation of Lucian was promised in the Proposals, some Apology may be thought necessary for the omission of the few following tracts: viz.

The \* *Δίκη φωνηεντων*; or, Judgment of the Vowels.

In this little piece Sigma, or the letter S, complains of the injury done him by Tau, or T's, intruding himself into several words where he had no right to appear; that Thalatta, for instance, is used instead of Thalassa, and so forth. The subject is treated with great humour, in the manner of a judicial process, and in some measure resembles Addison's petition of Who and Which in the Spectator. But as the examples adduced are confined entirely to the Greek language, it was impossible to represent a proper idea of it in a translation.

† *Περί τῆ ἐν τῇ προσαγορευσεί πταισματος*; or, a Mistake in Saluting a Friend.

Lucian had met one morning an old acquaintance, and instead of saying *Χαίρει*, or, Good morrow, had made use of the word *ὑγιαίνει*, or Farewel! This had probably brought on him the censure of some severe critics for want of accuracy and precision, which he endeavours in this piece to excuse, by observing that the word *Χαίρει* was not only used by many authors at *meeting* but at *parting* also, and the word *ὑγιαίνει* indifferently on both occasions. He quotes at the same time several passages from poets and historians in his defence; but as the fact itself is, at this distant period of time, very uninteresting, and the whole of the tract turns upon two words in the Greek language, the precise signification of which cannot be well ascertained in our own, I have entirely omitted it.

\* See vol. i. p. 82. of the original in the edition of Hemsterhusius, four vols. quarto.

† See vol. i. ib. edit. p. 724.

\* Λεξιφανης ; or, Lexiphanes.

In this Dialogue, which in many parts of the original is very obscure, Lucian is supposed to ridicule some of his contemporaries, whose writings were stuffed with quaint and affected phrases, obsolete words, and pompous unmeaning expressions, both in verse and prose, examples of which are given from their works. Gesner, one of the most learned commentators on Lucian, observes with regard to these examples, that “ Frustra fuerit, si quis speret, ea sic posse quacunq; aliâ linguâ reddi, ut quid auctor sibi voluerit, aliquis Græcè non doctus adsequatur.” That, it is impossible so to translate this dialogue in any other language as to convey the author’s meaning to any but those who well understand Greek.

This, I hope, may be a sufficient reason for not submitting it to the English reader.

† Ερωτες ; or, the Loves.

My female readers will perhaps consider it as an injustice to them that I should pass over untranslated, a tract of Lucian’s which bears so pretty a name as *the Loves*. They will, however, I doubt not, readily excuse me, when I inform them that this piece is nothing more than a dispute between the sexes concerning superiority ; but as this is a point which, at least in this nation, has been long since determined in favour of the ladies, it stands in need of no farther discussion : the Dialogue is therefore, for this, as well as some other still more material reasons, which will occur to those who are acquainted with the original, entirely omitted.

‡ Ἑταιρικοὶ Διαλογοὶ ; or, the Dialogues of the Harlots.

These Dialogues exhibit to us only such kind of conversation as we may hear in the purlieu of Covent Garden ; lewd, dull, and insipid : besides, that they were certainly not written by Lucian, and I am glad to find we

\* See vol. ii. ib. edit. p. 317.

† See vol. ii. ib. edit. p. 397.

‡ See vol. iii. ib. edit. p. 280.

have

have his \* own word for it. I leave them therefore to be translated by the author of the *Essay on Woman*, the *Meretriciad*, or any other gentleman of that class, and in the mean time can assure my readers, that they will lose nothing by the omission of them.

† *Ψευδοσοφιστης ε Σολοικιστης*; Pseudosophista, or Solæcista.

This is a Dialogue between Lucian and a man who makes or repeats solecisms.

It is impossible, except by chance, to render a Greek solecism by an English one, that shall entirely correspond with it. I have not translated this Dialogue, therefore, for the same reason that I offered for not translating the *Lexiphanes*, and which, I hope, may pass for a good one, viz. that it is *untranslatable*.

*Ωκυπυς*; or, *Ocypus*.

This Dialogue, ‡ Lucian has informed us, is none of his, being only a dull and awkward imitation of the *Tragopodagra*, which wants no foil to set it off. I could never, therefore, persuade myself to take the unnecessary trouble of translating it.

Besides these, two or three indelicate passages are omitted, which the reader will find taken notice of in the course of the work. The rest of Lucian is faithfully translated in the following pages, and submitted, with all deference, to the judgment of the public.

\* See the *Life of Lucian*, p. ix.

‡ See *Life of Lucian*, p. v.

† See vol. iii. *ib. edit.* p. 552.

T H E  
D R E A M.

*This Dream is very properly placed, in every edition, at the beginning of LUCIAN'S works, as it gives us some little insight into his character and situation in life. It was apparently designed as a humorous kind of parody on the celebrated Choice of Hercules, which we meet with in the Memorabilia of XENOPHON. Some of our author's dull commentators have likewise thought fit to call it Βίος Λυκίανου, or, the Life of Lucian, though it contains but one single circumstance of it, viz. that of his early preference of learning and the polite arts, to a profession which his father had originally designed him for; a circumstance, however, very interesting to his readers, as it is to that alone we are, probably, indebted for all the valuable remains of this lively and entertaining writer.*

**A**T the time when I was leaving school, and rising towards manhood, my father consulted with his friends what profession he should bring me up to; most of them seemed to think that an application to letters would be a work of time, attended besides with great labour and expence, and, in short, only fit for such as were possessed of a splendid fortune; that my abilities, moreover, were but very moderate, and would stand in need of immediate assistance and support; whereas if I turned mechanic I might get something by my trade, not live idly at home upon my father, but in a little time be able to repay him for the expence of my education. The next question, therefore, was, which trade was the best, the most cheaply and easily learned, the most liberal, and that would bring in the surest profit; they all then gave their opinions; one preferring one, another another, according to their judgment or experience: when my father, looking stedfastly on my uncle, who was then present; one of the best \* statuaries of

\* *Statuaries*] Εγχορλυφος, literally translated, is a *carver of Mercuries*. Mercury was such a favourite deity amongst the ancients, probably because he was both a thief and a pimp (characters always in fashion), that the principal business of a sculptor was to make representations of him; inasmuch that Statuary and Mercury-maker were, according to Lucian, synonymous terms: there was a time, we know, when the carvers were very curious in the choice of their materials for him; according to the old adage, Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

*Lib. Bib. Fac. Juris. Edin.*

his time, Whilst you are here, says he, we ought by no means to prefer any art to yours; take him, therefore, along with you, and make a good sculptor of him; he will do very well, for you know he has a natural turn and genius for it. This my father imagined from having seen some little things I made out of wax, when, after school-time, I used to divert myself with modelling horses, oxen, and sometimes men, which he seemed mightily pleased at, and for which, by the bye, I was often whipped by my school-master. My father's friends, however, took this opportunity of exciting my ambition; and all conceived, from this natural propensity to the art, that I should soon acquire the perfect knowledge of it; no time, it was determined, could be more proper to enter upon it than the present, and I was accordingly delivered over to my uncle, to which I had not then the least objection: I considered it as a kind of agreeable amusement to be able to gain some reputation in the world, and at the same time to oblige my friends by carrying out images of gods or men, to adorn their houses, or my own; a custom, I knew, always practised by young beginners. My uncle took me home with him, and gave me a piece of marble, bidding me run over it gently with my tool, and repeating at the same time the old adage of “\* a good beginning is half the work.” I knew little of the matter, and pressing too hard on the marble, broke it in pieces. My uncle flew into a violent passion, and taking up a switch that happened to lay near him, with no great tenderness fell upon, and belaboured me pretty handsomely, by way of † initiating me into the art. Thus were tears the first fruits of my profession. I ran away home as fast as I could, crying and bawling, shewed the marks of the switch upon my flesh, represented the barbarity of my uncle; and, moreover, took care to insinuate that he did it merely through envy, and for fear I should excel him in his art. My mother repented it highly, and railed

\* *A good beginning, &c.*] Lucian attributes this saying to Hesiod, in whose works, however, it is not at present, I believe, to be found. We meet with it in Plato, Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and some other Greek writers. Horace has adopted it in his

Dimidium facti qui cepit habet.

There is likewise a proverb of our own which bears some similitude to it: “A good beginning makes a good ending;” but this is not the exact sense of the Greek, I have therefore not ventured to adopt it. Ovid has nearly the same sentiment,

Fac tantum incipias, sponte disertus eris.

† *Initiating me, &c.*] The Greek word is very strong and expressive, signifying the rites performed at sacrifices just before the victim was slain.

at

at her brother for his cruel treatment : I went to bed in great affliction, full of gloomy thoughts, and at last fell asleep. What I have already told you is childish and ridiculous, but I shall now acquaint you with something more worthy of your attention ; for, to speak in the language of Homer,

— \* As I slumber'd in the shades of night,  
A dream divine appear'd before my sight,

so clear and plain, as to have all the appearance of truth. Even at this distance of time, what I saw is actually before my eyes ; and every thing I heard, still sounding in my ears ; so powerful was the effect it had upon me. Two women, methought, laid violent hands on me, each dragging me with all her force towards them, as if they would tear me in pieces ; they struggled hard ; one of them got the better, and held me fast for a little time, and then the other. They both made a great noise, one crying out that she would have her own ; the other, that she had no right to that which belonged to her only. One of them had a masculine air, like some working person, with hard hands, and dirty hair, covered with dust, as my uncle used to be when he was polishing marble ; the other had a beautiful face, a modest appearance, and was dressed in a neat and becoming garb. At length they agreed to submit the affair to my decision, and the first of them thus addressed me ; “ Know, my dear child, that I am Sculpture, that art which you yesterday began to learn, no stranger to yourself, and well known to your family ; your grandfather (and named his name) was a statuarius, and so were both your uncles also, whom I rendered illustrious ; if therefore you will leave that idle trade which she (pointing to the other) would fain teach you, to follow and live with me ; by being brought up to toil and labour you will grow strong and robust, and will live free from the attacks of malice and envy : you need not leave your country and your friends to go into foreign parts, nor shall you gain a reputation by mere words alone. Despise not my external appearance, or this mean and sordid habit ; thus was the great † Phidias clad, so famous for his statue of Jove, and Polycletus, no less celebrated for his Juno ; Myro and Praxiteles are

\* See Homer's Iliad, book ii. ver. 71, Pope's translation.

† *Phidias, &c.*] The statue of Jupiter Olympius, by Phidias, is celebrated by almost all the best Greek writers as the chef-d'œuvre of antiquity ; great encomiums are likewise bestowed on Polycletus's Juno, the famous cow by Myro, and the Venus of Praxiteles.

universally admired, and \* even adored, together with the deities whom they represented; and shall not you, when one of them, inherit the same praise and adoration from all men? You will make your father happy, and immortalize your country." Thus, uncouthly, and with a barbarous accent, did Sculpture address me, adding many other things to the same purpose, in order to seduce me; but I have forgot half what she said: when she had finished the other began, pretty nearly in these words, "I, my son, am Eloquence, not unknown to, though at present not fully possessed by you; what advantages you will reap by turning statuary she has already told you: to be nothing but a low mechanic, living on the work of your hands, and confining all your hopes and desires to that alone; getting a mean and scanty maintenance in obscurity, poor and dejected, neither serviceable to your friends, nor formidable to your enemies, neither courted nor envied by your fellow-citizens; a low plebeian, always, like the timid hare, in dread of your superiors, and looking up with adoration to the great and eloquent above you, on whom you must depend for support: should you even produce the noblest works, and become a Phidias or Polycletus, all men will admire your skill, but not one, whilst they are in their senses, will wish to change conditions with you; for, after all, you will be considered as a vulgar mechanic, † who lives by the labour of his hands. Whilst, on the other hand, if you follow me, I will shew you all the wonderful works of antiquity, illustrate and explain to you the maxims of the sages, and adorn your mind, that best and noblest part of you, with modesty, justice, piety, gentleness, prudence, fortitude, the love of virtue, and a thirst after every thing that is praise-worthy; these are the unperishable embellishments of the human soul. Nothing that is past shall lay hidden from thee, in what is present and to be done I will instruct thee; every thing divine or human shall soon be known unto thee: thou who art now poor and unknown, the son of an obscure and indigent father, going to embrace a mean and illiberal profession, shalt soon be the envy and admiration of all men, crowned with glory and honour, praised and caressed by the rich and great, clothed in such a garment as this, and (shewing her own splendid vest) thou shalt be

\* *Adored, &c.*] See Cicero's first book of Tusculan Questions.

† *Lives by the labour, &c.*] The word in the original is remarkable, and could not be translated literally, *χρημαξ*, dominus sine rex manuum, one who is master of nothing but his hands.

placed

placed in the first seat, adorned with, and raised to rank and precedence. If thou travellest, even in foreign countries thou shalt not live unknown or inglorious; for I will render thee so illustrious, that whosoever beholds thee shall point thee out to his neighbour, and say, \* “that is he.” In aught that is of moment or concern, either to thy friends or country, the eyes of all shall be turned on thee; when thou speakest they shall listen with eagerness and attention, admiring the power of thy eloquence, and envying thy father’s felicity in having such a son as thou art. Men, thou knowest, have been raised to gods, and on thee will I confer immortality; for when thou departest out of this life, thou shalt still converse only with the great and good. Think on Demosthenes, whose son he was, and to what eminence I advanced him. Think on † Æschines, whose mother was a player on the timbrel; by my assistance how was he courted by the great Philip! ‡ Socrates himself, bred up by a statuary, turned his mind to other things; he quitted his profession, and came to me; and is not he the theme of every song? Would you then leave such men as these; would you leave honour, wealth, fame, and power, splendor, rank, and title, all the glory which eloquence shall bring, to put on a mean and sordid garb, to handle tools, saws, and hammers, and stoop to mean and abject labour; to think on nothing manly, liberal, or great, but merely to see that your work is finished, taking no care to keep your person neat and clean, but being ever as dirty and contemptible as the stones you are carving?”

Scarce had she said this, when not permitting her to go on, I rose up, and leaving the ugly mechanic, flew with rapture to my fair patroness, Eloquence: doubtless with the greater joy, from my remembrance of the blows which I had received the day before. She whom I had deserted seemed at first enraged at me, doubled her fists, and gnashed with her teeth, till at length, like Niobe of old, she became stiff, and, wonderful to relate, was turned into a block of marble. If this should seem incredible, I desire notwithstanding that you will believe it, for dreams are always miraculous.

\* *That is he,*] *Digito monstrari & dicier: hic est. Perf. sat. i.*

*Muneris hoc tui est*

*Quod monstror digito prætereuntium. Hor. lib. iv. od. 3.*

† *Æschines,*] A great orator, and rival of Demosthenes, whose Philippics so stung the powerful invader of the liberties of Greece, that he applied to Æschines to answer them. See *Æliar.*

‡ *Socrates,*] As Diogenes Laertius informs us, was the son of Sophroniscus, a statuary, and Phanarete, a midwife.

The



The other, then, fixing her eyes on me, said, " You have determined aright, and I will recompense you for it; approach, therefore, and ascend this chariot, (pointing to one drawn by winged horses, like Pegasus), and see what you would have lost if you had not followed me." As soon as I got up, she took the reins and drove. I was lifted up on high, and carried from east to west, beholding, as I passed along, various nations, kingdoms, and people, like \* Triptolemus, scattering his seed over the earth. † What it was I dropped upon them myself I cannot remember; I only know, that wherever I went, men looked up to and addressed me like a deity with prayers and praises. When she had shewed me these things she brought me back, not clothed as when I set out, but in an elegant and splendid garb, which she took care to shew to my father, who stood waiting for my return, not without hinting to him how mean and unworthy a profession he and his friends had condemned me to. Such, I remember, was the dream which I had when a boy, terrified as I was by the blows I had just received. But whilst I am relating it, methinks I hear some one crying out, O Hercules, what a tedious judicial dream is this! A winter's one, says another, when the nights are longest, or rather perhaps as long as ‡ Hercules's three nights together. What does he mean by trifling so with us, and talking of his boyish dreams; does he think we have nothing to do but to be his interpreter? Such frigid speeches as these are always ridiculous. But, soft and fair, my good friends; § Xenophon was not of that opinion, when he told you what he dreamed at home and elsewhere; he designed it not merely as an idle fiction, to divert you, as you may suppose by his doing it in the time of war, at a dangerous crisis, and even surrounded by enemies, but because he thought the relation

\* *Like Triptolemus,*] Triptolemus, king of Eleusis, is said to have first brought into Greece the worship of Ceres, who, in return for his civilities, equipped him with a fine chariot drawn by two dragons, in which he drove round the world, and as he flew along scattered seeds upon the earth. The invention of the plough is likewise ascribed to him. The foundation of this story is probably no more than that Triptolemus was one of the first who practised husbandry, and perhaps wrote some books concerning it, which were transported into foreign countries in a ship called the Dragon.

† *What it was, &c.*] Though Lucian modestly pretends not to know, his readers, however, can tell what it was he dropped on this occasion, viz. a large quantity of good sense, wit, and humour, which are scattered throughout his works.

‡ *Hercules's, &c.*] Jupiter is said to have spent three nights with Alcmena when he begat Hercules. These three nights Lucian humourously calls Hercules's dream.

§ *Xenophon, &c.*] In the two dreams of Xenophon, as related in the third and fourth books of his *Anabasis*, or *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*.

of

of it might be useful to mankind. And for the \* same reason I have told you my dream, that by it I might persuade our young men to the study of literature; more especially if any of them, induced by poverty, should be inclined to throw away good parts and genius, and embrace some mean and illiberal profession; whoever they may be, I am satisfied they would change their resolution when they heard this discourse, and would follow my example, when they reflected on what I was, when, turning my mind to better things, I applied to literature, without regard to the narrowness of my circumstances, and considering what I am, as I now appear before you, at least preferable, if nothing more, to a statuary.

\* *For the same reason, &c* ] That is, Xenophon did not tell his dream to the officers about him merely to entertain and divert them; it was not a FICTION, (which is the best sense we can put on the word *ὑποκρίσις*) but a real vision; he was in earnest, and so am I; his dream was attended with the best consequences, and so I hope will mine; his saved the army, and mine perhaps may save many a young man from throwing away his time and talents on views much beneath him!—This is Lucian's meaning in his allusion to Xenophon, which does not so well appear at first reading; the Greek is in this place rather obscure.

P R O M E.

# P R O M E T H E U S.

*At the time when this EPISTLE (for such it appears to be) was written, the Dialogues of LUCIAN having, we may suppose, engaged the general attention, a certain supercilious critic, who it seems was a lawyer, partly perhaps from resentment of LUCIAN's having quitted the bar, abused, and, amongst other reflections, had called him PROMETHEUS, probably considering that species of dialogue, for which he was so eminently distinguished, as a kind of creation of his own. This answer, abounding in agreeable and playful raillery, contains a defence of that manner of writing which LUCIAN had adopted, and may serve to convince my readers that this universal genius, if occasion had called forth his talents in that way, would have made no inconsiderable figure as a controversial writer.*

I SHOULD be glad to know, my good friend, why you call me Prometheus. If by this you mean that my works are dirty, I acknowledge the similitude, and have no objection to the title of a modeller in clay, even though my stuff should be the worst I could pick up, the very mud of the highway; but if you really compared them for their excellency with the performances of that most learned Titan, I shall look upon your praise as ironical, and nothing but an Attic sneer: for what, indeed, have I to boast of that is so mighty ingenious? What great wisdom or knowledge is there in my writings? It is sufficient for me if you esteem them as not quite earthy and sordid, nor as such condemn them to Caucasus. With how much more justice might I compare you to Prometheus, you famous gentlemen of the law, who wage eternal war with truth; how full of life and spirit are your works! so animated that they seem all on fire: performances truly Promethean, save that your images are made of gold instead of clay. We, who work for the vulgar, only make plaster statues for a public spectacle, and puppets of clay, as other potters do; but they have no motion like yours, no representation of life, a mere sport, and childish diversion: sometimes it occurs to me that you call me Prometheus, as the \* comic poet did Cleon, “ a † perfect Prometheus (says he) is Cleon, after the

\* *The comic poet,*] Most probably Aristophanes, whom our author frequently quotes, though the passage alluded to is not to be found in any of that author's comedies now extant.

† *A perfect Prometheus,*] That is, Cleon was a mighty clever fellow, as active and ingenious as Prometheus, and who shewed great abilities, like him, when there was no occasion to exert them.

business

“ business is done.” The Athenians themselves used to call every earthen vessel maker, every builder of ovens, and in short every dealer in clay, by the name of Prometheus, in allusion to the stuff he worked with, and his manner of baking it in the fire: if this be your meaning, you are a good marksman; it is a true bitter Attic sarcasm: for my works are as brittle as their earthen ware; throw but the least stone, and you dash them in pieces. But somebody, perhaps, to comfort me, will say, it is not in this I am so much like Prometheus, as because my work is new, and not made after any model; even as he, before the existence of men, formed some according to his own invention, and created beings that moved about, and were beautiful to look at: upon the whole he was an excellent architect; but Minerva assisted him, breathed into, and animated his clay. Thus, perhaps, taking it in the most favourable sense, it might be interpreted, and such, we will suppose, was the true meaning and intention of him who said it; but it will not satisfy me to have made something new, unless it was beautiful also; for, be assured, if it was not so, I should be the first to despise it. If it was ugly, the novelty would never save it from destruction: and if I did not think so, I should deserve to be preyed upon by sixteen \* vulturs, for not knowing that what is good for nothing is but so much the worse for being new. Ptolemy, the son of † Lagus, carried two novelties into Egypt, a Bactrian camel all black, and a man half black and half white; and produced them amongst other spectacles in the public theatre, where the Egyptians were assembled, expecting, no doubt, that they would be greatly struck with the sight; instead of which, when they saw the camel, they were frightened out of their wits, and ran away as fast as they could, though he was covered with a cloth of purple and gold, with a bridle of gems and precious stones, as if he had belonged to a Darius, Cyrus, or Cambyfes; as to the black and white man, some laughed at it as ridiculous, others abhorred it as a monster. When Ptolemy perceived there was no great honour to be got by them, and that the Egyptians did not so much admire things for their novelty, as for their beauty and perfection, he forbade the shewing

\* *Vulturs,*] Alluding to the vultur appointed by Jupiter to prey on the liver of Prometheus. See Æschylus, act i. scene 1. The whole of this absurd story is severely ridiculed by Lucian in his *Caucasus*.

† *Son of Lagus,*] To distinguish him from Ptolemy Philadelphus. Both these great princes were remarkable for their attention to natural philosophy.

them any more, and no longer held in estimation the person who had procured them for him. The despised camel died, and the two-coloured man was made a present of, to one Thespis, a piper, for singing a good song after dinner. I wish my works may not be like the Egyptian camel, and that they are only admired for their gold and purple. The mixture of dialogue and comedy, though both of them excellent models, will not render them completely elegant, unless there is a harmony of composition, with a just symmetry and proportion observed in them: from two things, in themselves beautiful, might otherwise arise something monstrous and unnatural, like the well-known \* Centaur; a creature not very agreeable, but rather, if we trust those painters who have represented their battles, riots, and intemperance, to the last degree odious and disgusting. Is it impossible then, out of two good things to form one that shall be excellent, like that sweet mixture which we have of wine and honey? by no means: yet would I not venture to say this of my own performances, where I rather fear the beauty of both parts may be spoiled by the mixture of them. † Dialogue and comedy did never properly accord together from the beginning; one walking alone, or with a few chosen friends, held her private disputations in some obscure recess; whilst the other, a votary of Bacchus, mingled in the public theatre, sported to the sound of the pipe, and delighted in gibes, ridicule, and laughter; sometimes, soaring aloft in anapæstic verses, would she laugh the followers of dialogue to scorn, call them idle disputants, contemplators, and so forth, scoffing at them with true Bacchanalian licentiousness; now exposing them as ‡ air-walkers, and conversing with the clouds, now describing

\* *Centaur,*] The centaurs are described to us as monsters of Thessaly, half men and half horses; a fable which probably took its rise from the Thessalians being the first people who made the proper use of horses; it is natural to suppose that such an appearance might convey to those who followed them the idea of a monster, half man and half beast: a country'squire always on horseback is to this day little better.

† *Dialogue and comedy,*] This observation seems very strange and absurd to us, who have always considered dialogue as indispensably necessary to, and inseparable from comedy, which, notwithstanding, if we look back to the rise of the ancient songs, we shall find, was no more than a song to Bacchus, or afterwards, the single speech, or declamation, of one drunken actor, besmeared with lees of wine; whilst philosophy-dialogue was confined to the grave philosophers, who disputed about very serious matters. Lucian's Dialogues, which he is here defending, have certainly a dramatic cast, and his application of the *vis comica* to philosophic matters, is that which, above all things, has secured him the universal approbation of latter ages.

‡ *Air-walkers,*] This alludes to Aristophanes's comedy of the *Clouds*, where philosophy is severely ridiculed, as building castles in the air, disputing about trifles, &c.

them

them as measuring the \* leaps of fleas, to ridicule their subtle reasonings about things far above them; whilst Dialogue, on the other hand, employed herself in grave disputations concerning the nature of things, and the virtues of philosophy; running, like the musician, through all the chords, from the lowest to the highest note: these opposites, which will never blend or associate together, have I rashly endeavoured to reconcile and unite, and therefore, I fear, shall but too nearly resemble your Prometheus, who blended male and † female, and, like him, shall be condemned for it; or rather, perhaps, for covering the ‡ bones with fat, and deceiving my readers, by mixing comic mirth with philosophical gravity. As to theft, (for there is a § god of theft, you know,) I am sure you will acquit me of it, for whence should I steal? unless there be one in the world, which I do not believe, who makes as strange monsters as myself; but what, after all, must I do, but persist in the way I began? it was || Epimetheus, and not Prometheus, that was given to change.

\* *Leaps of fleas,*] See the Clouds of Aristophanes, act i. scene 2. where the great Socrates is ridiculously represented as calculating how far a flea can go at a leap.

† Lucian tells us, in another place, that the principal crime attributed to Prometheus was (an observation not very favourable to the fair sex) his making of women.

‡ *The bones with fat,*] Prometheus, according to the fabulous history, once upon a time played Jupiter a slippery trick; he killed two large oxen, in the skin of one of them he inclosed all the fat and flesh of them both, and in the other put nothing but the bones. Jupiter, who was to have his choice, took the latter, and Prometheus, who was a wag, laughed at the jest; which he afterwards paid dearly for, when the vultur gnawed his liver on mount Caucasus.

§ *God of theft,*] Mercury.

|| *Epimetheus,*] Epimetheus, we are told, was the son of Japetus and Clymene, and husband to the famous Pandora; he is likewise supposed to have been an excellent statuary, and changed into an ape, probably because his figures approached nearly to real life. Lucian, who is now and then fond of a pun, seems only to have mentioned him here from a similitude of sound between the words Pro-metheus, and Epi-metheus.

N I G R I N U S\*,  
O R T H E  
P H I L O S O P H E R S.

*NIGRINUS, a Roman, or Greek philosopher (for the commentators are divided about that matter), had most probably given some lectures, which LUCIAN, in the course of his travels, attended, and, in gratitude for the instructions received from him, wrote this dialogue, which he sent, as we may suppose, before publication, with the short epistle prefixed, to NIGRINUS himself. The philosopher is here described as a perfect master of the science which he professed, instructing his scholars in every thing that was good and great, living up to his doctrine, and reproving the fashionable follies of his time, with a spirit and freedom becoming the advocate of truth and virtue. In his ridicule of the reigning vices of his age, LUCIAN has put into the mouth of NIGRINUS no inconsiderable share of his own wit and humour. This dialogue is admirably written, in a fine flowing agreeable style, and, perhaps, one of his best serious pieces.*

E P I S T L E to N I G R I N U S.

**L**UCIAN to Nigrinus, sendeth greeting. Who sends † owls to Athens? says the proverb; as if it were ridiculous to carry them there, where there are already so many: as absurd would it be in me to write a book, to shew my oratory, and send it to Nigrinus. But as I only mean to declare my present sentiments, and to shew my high opinion of your eloquence, I flatter myself I shall not incur the censure of Thucydides, who tells us, that ignorance makes men bold, but knowlege keeps them humble;

\* The commentators have given us another title to this piece, and call it, "Concerning the Manners of Philosophers;" but as no philosopher is mentioned except Nigrinus himself, who differed greatly from the generality of them, the title is both absurd and unnecessary.

† *Owls to Athens,*] The owl, though degraded by modern times into an emblem of folly, was considered by the ancients as a type of wisdom, and the favourite bird of Minerva, the patroness of Athens, where, no doubt, she formerly was treated with great respect. Owls were consequently very numerous: hence arose the proverb which is quoted by Erasmus and other writets. The saying is analogous to our own, of "carrying coals to Newcastle."

for

for here. it is evident, I hope, my freedom must be attributed more to my love of science than the want of it. Farewel.

## N I G R I N U S.

A D I A L O G U E between L U C I A N and a F R I E N D.

L U C I A N.

How solemn and sublime you are, since your return ! So far from conversing familiarly as you used to do, you will scarce condescend to look down upon one. A mighty sudden change ! I am afraid you are grown proud, and should be glad to know the reason of it.

F R I E N D.

What can be the reason, but my good fortune ?

L U C I A N.

How's that ?

F R I E N D.

I tell you, I'm grown a great man ; and, what's more, quite by chance, and when I little thought of it. In short, I am the happiest of men, or, as the tragic poet says, Thrice happy.

L U C I A N.

By Hercules that's strange ; and in so short a time too !

F R I E N D.

'Tis very true.

L U C I A N.

And what is the cause of all this supercilious behaviour ? I beg I may know every particular, that I may congratulate you properly upon it.

F R I E N D.

Is it not sufficient matter of admiration, that from a slave I am become free ; from a beggar, rich ; from a blind and foolish fellow, temperate and sober ?

L U C I A N.

Most indisputably. But I don't rightly understand how this happened.

F R I E N D.

Know, then, I was going into the city in search of an oculist ; for the disorder in my eyes was growing worse every day.

L U :



## L U C I A N.

I know it was; and have often wished you might light on some skilful hand to relieve you.

## F R I E N D.

Having, therefore, for some time intended to call on Nigrinus, the Platonic philosopher, I got up early, and knocked at his door; his boy announced me, and I was admitted. On coming into his room, I found him with a book in his hand, and surrounded by a number of busts of all the learned men of antiquity. In the middle were placed tablets, with geometrical figures on them, and a sphere made of reeds, to represent the universe. He embraced me very cordially, and asked me how I went on; and, when I had satisfied him, I took the liberty in my turn to enquire what he was about, and whether he had resolved at last to travel into Greece. But no sooner did he begin to communicate his sentiments to me, than there poured forth from his lips such a profusion of ambrosial eloquence, as called to my remembrance the sweet \* Syrens (if ever such there were), and the nightingales, and the † lotus of old Homer: so divine were the words he uttered. He talked in praise of philosophy, and that freedom which is ever attendant on her; deriding at the same time those things which are prized by the vulgar, riches, honour, glory, gold, and purple, which appear so

\* *Syrens,*] These musical ladies, half women, and half birds, according to the fabulous history of them, were the daughters of the river Achelous, and the muse Calliope. Ovid tells us, that they prayed to the gods for wings, that they might fly round the world in search of Proserpine; they stopped, however, and took up their abode on some rocks between the island of Caprea and the coasts of Italy; where, being excellent singers, they allured voyagers to stop and listen to them, the consequence of which was, that the poor men forgot, so enchanted were they with the songs, either to eat or drink, and consequently perished. The shores were whitened, Homer tells us, with the bones of these unhappy victims to the power of harmony. See the twelfth book of Homer's *Odyſſey*. Lucian doubts, as well he might, whether such beings ever existed. The allegorizers of heathen fable have changed them into harlots; which, indeed, easily accounts for all this wonderful fascination.

† *Lotus,*] from the fruit of this plant, or tree, was extracted, according to Homer, a liquor, of such attractive qualities, as to make Ulyſſes's followers very unwilling to quit the place where it grew, in the land of the Lotophagi: he describes it as a

— Divine nutritious juice,  
 ———— which whoſo taſtes,  
 Infatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts;  
 Nor other home, nor other care intends;  
 But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyſſey*. ix. l. 106.

This was probably the Burgundy of the ancients.

valuable

valuable in the eyes of the multitude, and which once indeed attracted my esteem also. I was so struck with every thing he said, that I knew not what to compare my feelings to on the occasion; but was transported as it were a thousand ways. I grieved, methought, to see the things which I had so long held dear contemned, and could scarce refrain from tears at the loss of them: but now, those very riches, glories, and honours, which I so esteemed, appear trifling and ridiculous; I rejoiced to find myself freed from the dark and heavy atmosphere of my former life, and breathing a purer air, in serenity and sun-shine. The weakness in my eyes, to my great astonishment, was soon forgotten, and in a very short time my mind became more enlightened; for hitherto I knew not that it was blind. It was not long before I felt myself even just as you seemed to think me. I was elated by his discourse, and lifted up as it were to the skies, nor can I think more of any thing low or mean. I am intoxicated with philosophy, as the Indians were with wine, when they first tasted of it; warm by nature, and drinking largely of such potent liquor, they soon turned Bacchanals, grew mad, and saw double; and just in the same manner do I run about, drunk and mad with his eloquence; though mine is not properly drunkenness, but temperance and sobriety.

## L U C I A N.

Happy should I be to hear, if possible, the speech you talk of, nor will you deem it right, I hope, to refuse a friend's request, whose taste and studies are so similar to your own.

## F R I E N D.

Be of good cheer, my friend; for, as Homer says,

\* Why urge a soul already fill'd with fire?

If you had not asked me, I should have desired you to hear it, for I want to bring you in as an evidence in my favour, that I may not run mad without a reason; besides, that I always take a pleasure in recollecting it: it is my constant employment, and, when I am by myself, I repeat it three or four times in a day; just as lovers, when their mistresses are absent, call to mind every word and every action, and converse with the dear object, as if it were before their eyes; and thus, by dwelling perpetually upon it, soften the disease; talking with them, and making kind answers for them, which

\* See Homer's *Il.* book viii. l. 293.

delight

delight as much as if they were real : thus do I, in the absence of my dear philosophy, call to mind the words which I heard, and joy in the recollection of them ; tossed, as it were, on the ocean, in a dark and tempestuous night, I look still towards this light, to guide and direct me in every thing I do or say ; imagine this great man present, and think I hear him talking to me ; his face is ever before my eyes, and his voice still sounding in my ear ; for, as the \* comic poet says, he left a sting in the minds of his hearers.

L U C I A N.

Pray, my worthy friend, have done with your prologues, and tell me the whole from beginning to end, for I am sick of your preambles.

F R I E N D.

You are certainly right, and it shall be so ; but did you never see a bad actor hissed off the stage, for spoiling a very excellent performance ?

L U C I A N.

Aye, many a one ; but what of that ?

F R I E N D.

I am afraid I shall be like them, sometimes putting things together awkwardly ; and at others, by my own ignorance marring the sentiment itself, till the whole piece by degrees becomes ridiculous. With regard to myself, indeed, I shall not be much concerned ; but if my dear philosophy should appear mean and contemptible, from my bad representation of it, I own it would affect me deeply : I must beg you, therefore, to remember throughout the whole, that the poet is innocent, sits a great way off from the scene, and never troubles himself about what is going forward on the stage. I will try my talent, however, as an actor, and shew you at least how good a memory I have, though, with regard to every thing else, I may be little better than a tragedy messenger. If at any time, therefore, I seem to fail, you are to suppose the thing itself much better, and that, when the poet made it, it was quite another affair : if you should hiss me, I assure you, I shall not be angry.

\* *Comic poet,*] Alluding probably to that passage of Eupolis, quoted by Diodorus Siculus, where, speaking of Pericles, the famous orator, he says, of all the great speakers

— he could leave behind,

The sting, deep-pointed, in the hearer's mind.

L U C I A N

## L U C I A N.

By Mercury, your proœmium is excellent, and according to the rules of rhetoric; but you should have added, - that \* you conversed but a very little time with him, that you came unprepared to speak, that it would have been much more agreeable to have heard it from his own mouth, but that you had brought away as much as you could commit to memory: would not something of this kind have been of service to you? but, with me, there is no occasion for it; for I am ready to clap and halloo for you; though if you grow tedious I shall certainly be angry with, and hiss you dreadfully.

## F R I E N D.

It is what I should expect; but remember, I shall not give it you in the same order, nor in the same words, which he made use of; for this I cannot possibly do, lest I should resemble those actors, who often put on the mask of Creon, Agamemnon, or perhaps Hercules himself, and then strut about in their golden vests, and from their fierce visages, and wide-gaping mouths, send forth a weak womanish sound, as feeble as a Hecuba, or Polyxena. To avoid putting on a † mask, therefore, too big for my head, and disgracing my part, I shall speak to you in my own proper person, that my hero and I may not sink together.

\* *That you conversed, &c.*] Lucian is laughing at the formal and stated rules laid down, we may suppose, by the teachers of rhetoric in those days, and which, like all other rules, never made an orator. We meet with many, notwithstanding, similar to these, in Tully, and several other writers on this subject. No less a man, however, than lord Chesterfield maintains the possibility of making an orator by mere dint of art and industry invitâ Minervâ: he tried the nostrum on his son, but it did not succeed. See Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.

† *A mask,*] The mask, used in the Greek theatre, was a kind of casque, or helmet, which covered the whole head, representing not only the face, but the beard, hair, ears, and even, in the women's masks, all the ornaments of the coif, or cap; the most perfect and durable were of wood, which were generally copied by the most eminent artists, from the busts or statues of the principal persons represented, and consequently conveyed the most exact resemblance of them. This gave the actor an opportunity of playing several different parts in the same piece, without being discovered; in so extensive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be necessary, by these large and frightful masks, to exaggerate the features; but at the same time we must remember, that by all these exaggerations the natural expression of the eyes and countenance must be entirely lost. After all, indeed, that can be said in favour of the ancient masks, it is scarce defensible. The face is certainly the best index of the mind, and the passions as forcibly expressed by the features as by the words and gesture of the performer; for my own part, I prefer the English to the Athenian stage, in this as well as in many other particulars; though I will promise to join the προσωποφίλοι, and vote for the restoration of the ancient mask, whenever they can shew me one that can represent the happy features of Quin, in Falstaff; or give us an idea of a frantic Lear, like the look and face of the inimitable Garrick. See the Dissertation on Tragedy, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles.

L U C I A N.

Will the man never have done with his stage, and his tragedy?

F R I E N D.

I will, and return to my subject. He began with an eulogium on Greece, and those who dwell at Athens, preferring philosophical indigence to every thing beside; never rejoicing in the company of either citizens or strangers, who would lead them aside into the paths of pleasure; but if they met with any such, would soon transform them, teaching them how to change their ancient manners, and walk in purity of life. He then mentioned one of those fine gentlemen, who came to Athens, dressed out in gold and silver, with a large attendance, and who thought himself the admiration of all men, and that he was the happiest of human beings; but to them the creature appeared miserable: they tried however to reform him, not by open and sharp reproaches, as if a man in a free city might not live as he thought proper; but when at any time he grew troublesome, either at the baths, or wrestling places of public exercise, crowding in with a heap of servants, and pressing people to death, would put somebody in his way, that, in an humble voice, and unwilling to offend him, should whisper, "This man sure is afraid of being murdered in the bath, though, as it is the seat of perpetual peace, there is no occasion for an army there." He hears what is said of him, and is the better for it; they persuaded him, withal, to lay aside his fine purple robe, and all his gaudy apparel, by sneering at the tawdriness of it: the spring is approaching, they cried, whence comes this peacock? Perhaps the gown is his mother's, and so forth. In like manner they reprov'd the rest of his follies, sometimes laughing at the quantity of rings on his fingers, sometimes his extraordinary nicety in the dressing of his hair, and sometimes his extravagant manner of living; thus, by degrees, was he reformed, and went away apparently a much better man than he came. To shew that philosophers were never ashamed of their poverty, he told me a story, which was current at the public games, of a man, who appearing there in a \* coloured robe, was seized on, and carried before the president of the games; many of the people took compassion on, and interceded for him: but, when the crier pronounced him guilty of acting

\* *Coloured robe,*] The privilege of putting on a fine coloured robe was one of the rewards with which the conquerors at the Olympics were honoured; it was consequently considered as a crime to appear in them before the combat.

against

against the laws, by his appearance in such a habit on that occasion, they unanimously acquitted him, because it was the only garment which he had. He took occasion at the same time to extol the liberty which they enjoyed in their retreat, their manner of living, free from envy and ambition; their safety, ease, and happiness, with all the virtues that accompanied it, proved how consonant it was with true philosophy, that such a life alone could preserve pure and untainted morality, and highly became the good and virtuous, who knew how to despise riches, and live according to the dictates of nature. \* For those, indeed, who are in search of wealth, who measure happiness by power and splendour, who have never tasted of liberty, enjoyed the open freedom of speech, or beheld the face of truth; but have been brought up to, and for ever conversant with servitude and flattery: for those who are given up to pleasure, fond of luxurious tables, wine, and women; full of fraud, treachery, and lying; who attend to the sound of the harp, and listen with delight to lascivious sonnets; for such men the city alone is the proper habitation; where every street and market-place is full of enjoyments; there pleasure enters in at every gate: through the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell; through every part and every sense she gains admittance, and not a path remains that is not widened by this rapid and ever-flowing torrent. There meet together, adultery, avarice, perjury, and every other vice; the soul is overwhelmed beneath them, and justice, modesty, and virtue are no more: bereft of these, the mind becomes dry and barren, or only teems with savage and brutal extravagance. Such, according to his description, is this great city, and such the lessons of instruction to be learned from her. "When first, said he, I came out of Greece, before I entered into this place, I stopped short, and reasoned thus with myself; why, cried I, should I, as † Homer says,

Leave the fair sun, the light of chearful day,

Leave Greece, the seat of happiness and freedom, for a place where there is nothing but noise and tumult, ceremonious visits, sycophants, feasts, mur-

\* *For those, indeed, &c.*] These observations, though originally calculated for the meridian of Rome or Athens, would serve, with very little alteration, for our own corrupted capital. Compare this with the tenth satire of Juvenal, and Dr. Samuel Johnson's excellent imitation of it, in his poem called London.

† *Homer says,*] See the Odyf. A. v. 92.

thers, legacy-hunting, and pretended friendships? What can you do when you can no longer have it in your power to leave it, nor at the same time can ever bring yourself to comply with the modes and customs of it? When I had thus consulted my own heart, and withdrawn myself, as Jupiter, they tell us, withdrew \* Hector from the battle,

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he flood,  
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Like him, I determined to remain at home, and chose this inactive, and what some would call effeminate way of life, that I may converse with Plato, philosophy, and truth. Here, placing myself, as it were on a high seat in a crowded theatre, I look down on what is passing below, a scene sometimes of mirth and entertainment, and sometimes of such hazard and danger, as puts virtue to the proof. If even the worst of things, as it may sometimes happen, deserve praise for the good they may produce, I know no better school of virtue, no better place of trial for the mind of man, than this very city, and the modes and habits of it. It is not an easy task to resist the attacks of so many diversions, pleasures, and amusements, the variety of temptations, which on every side, and from every sense attract and betray us. But we should follow the example of Ulysses, and sail by them, not like his followers, bound hand and foot, that, indeed, would be frightful; nor waxing up our ears, but free, open, and determined, with a mind rising superior to them: how low does such folly sink, when put in competition with that philosophy which contemns the gifts of fortune, which beholds, as on a stage, a multiplicity of characters in perpetual change; sees the servant made a lord, the poor turned to rich, and the rich to poor, friends one moment, and enemies the next; but what we should most lament is, that though fortune is for ever sporting with human affairs, and convincing us that there is nothing stable, nothing to be depended on, those, notwithstanding, who are every day spectators of them, still fall in love with riches and power, still intoxicate themselves with vain and idle hopes of what can never be possessed.

But I will now proceed to what, as I observed to you, will delight and entertain us, the objects of mirth and ridicule. What can be more contemptible than those rich fools, who are always shewing their purple garments,

\* *Hector,*] See the eleventh book of Homer's Iliad, l. 164.

stretching

stretching out their fingers that you may see the rings upon them, and practising a thousand follies: but what is still more ridiculous, if they meet, they will speak to you only by proxy, as thinking it honour sufficient if they permit you but to look at them; some are so proud as even to expect adoration, not at a distance, or after the Persian mode, but coming close up, with your eyes fixed on the ground, and shewing the submission of your soul by the humble posture of your body, kissing the breast or hand: and even this is looked upon as a high and mighty favour, by those who are not so happy as to arrive at it: and thus the idol shall stand for a long time, and suffer himself to be made a fool of. At the same time, I must own, we are obliged to the cruel creatures for refusing us the honour of their lips. Those, after all, are more to be despised, who run after and cringe to them, who will rise up in the middle of the night, and run about the city; a set of fawning curs, whom the very servants turn out of doors, who will yet press in to flatter them; the reward of all their trouble is only a supper, that is a burthen to them, and brings on a thousand ill consequences; for after eating and drinking more than they like, and saying perhaps more than they ought to say, they return home sick and sorry, find fault with the supper, the company, the house, and the master of it; some are found sick in the lanes and alleys, others quarrelling in the stews, whilst three parts of them lie in bed till noon, and give the physicians an opportunity of taking their rounds to visit them; though some, indeed, which you will say is most ridiculous of all, cannot even find leisure to be sick. The flatterers are, in my opinion, worse than those they flatter, as they are generally the supporters of their pride and insolence; when such men throng to their levees, admire their riches, and, when they meet, salute them as their lords and masters, what must they think? Whereas, on the other hand, if they would agree to shake off this voluntary servitude, \* would not the rich, think you, come themselves to the doors of the poor, and beg them not to let their happiness pass unnoticed? the magnificence of their houses, and the sumptuousness of their tables, useless and unobserved? for it is not their riches that gives them so much pleasure, as the satisfaction of being thought happy in the possession of them. Fine palaces, gold, and ivory, are of no

\* *Would not the rich, &c.*] This is a most sensible and judicious observation, founded on truth and reason. Nigrinus abounds, indeed, throughout with reflections of this kind, equally applicable at all times, and in all places.

service



service to the master, unless others admire them. The only means, therefore, to render the gifts of fortune of no esteem, is to guard against power and splendour, by this contempt of them; whereas, on the other hand, by paying them respect, the possessors are led into madness and folly. In the low and illiterate, who openly confess their ignorance, such conduct might be forgiven; but, for those who pretend to philosophy, to act still more foolishly and ridiculously, even than they do, is to the last degree unpardonable. What do I feel when I behold any of these, especially such as are advanced in life, mixing with the croud of flatterers, attending, like humble followers, on one of these great men, talking familiarly with the common servants, in all their superb dresses and finery: I am provoked that, whilst in every other respect they act the part of slaves, they do not wear the habit also. What are these better than professed parasites? Do they not feed more luxuriously, get in liquor sooner, rise later from table, and carry more away with them; nay, and do not those amongst them, who are most polite, \* sing as often?" These were the things which he thought truly ridiculous: he took particular notice, likewise, of those who turn philosophers for hire, and sell virtue, as it were, at the public market: the schools of such, therefore, he called shops and taverns; as he thought those, who pretended to teach others the contempt of riches, should above all men be themselves free from venality. What he dictated he practised: not only conversing freely, without fee or reward, with all those who desired it; but supplying the poor with necessaries, and shewing the utmost contempt of every thing superfluous. So far was he from seeking that which did not belong to him, that he took very little care even of his own estate, which was falling to ruin; and though he had a farm not far from the city, never took the pains for many years so much as to visit it; he even said, it was really none of his: arguing, I suppose, that in things of this kind, we cannot properly be called the masters of it, seeing that law, or heritage, only gives us a temporary possession of it for a short and uncertain time: that time expired, another occupies, and enjoys it by the same tenure. Thus did he enforce his precepts, to all those who were willing to learn, by his

\* *Sing as often,*] In Greece the people of fashion never sung themselves, but hired slaves for that purpose. These always made an indispensable part in feasts, both public and private: Lucian, therefore, considers the practice of singing, to entertain company, as degrading, and beneath the character of a gentleman.

own example; by the frugality of his table, proper exercise, the modesty of his appearance, and decency of his attire; but above all, by the composure of his mind, and the sweetness of his manners. He counselled his followers never to put off, or defer the time of acting aright, as too many do, who allot some particular season, a public festival perhaps, or solemn meeting, when they will begin to leave off their vices, and study to be good. The bent of the soul towards virtue, he thought, was by no means to be turned aside for a moment; and blamed those philosophers exceedingly, who harrassed their pupils with perpetual toil and labour, compelling some of them to bind themselves with cords, others to endure \* stripes, others, of a more delicate frame, to raise their skin with swords: the firmness, strength, and solidity of their minds, in his opinion, ought much rather to be attended to, and, in the education of youth, a proper regard paid to the soul, as well as the body, their age, and former manner of life, at the same time duly considered, that they might not be hurt, by attempting any thing beyond their strength and abilities; as by this irrational method of straining themselves, many, he observed, had perished. I knew, indeed, one myself, who, after suffering a great deal from such preceptors as these, came to him, embraced true learning, and returned with a mind highly improved.

This subject dismissed, he turned to the consideration of many others, talked of our civil broils and tumults, the stage, the circus, the statues of the charioteers, the names of the horses, and the conversations about them in every street; for no disorder is so universal as the † hippomany. Many of those who pass for grave and sober men, did he reprove: then, as if entering on a new act of his play, began upon funerals, and attacked the last will and testament men; remarking, that the Romans, young or old, speak truth once in their lives, meaning in their last wills, which they durst not do before, for fear of bad consequences. I could not refrain from laughter when he added on this occasion, that they all would have their follies buried

\* *To endure stripes,*] See the Anacharsis of Lucian, where this severe discipline is finely ridiculed.

† *The hippomany.*] The hippomany, or horse-madness, as Lucian here humourously styles it, is a disease to the full as equally prevalent and epidemical in modern as in ancient times: few nations have been more severely afflicted with it than our own. We have of late, it seems, bit our next neighbours also, and the French course on the Sablon already vies with the races at Newmarket.

with

with them, and yet acknowledge them under their own hands at the last hour; some ordering their cloaths, or any thing else, which they most delighted in, to be burned with them on the funeral pile; others commanding servants to watch at their sepulchres; others desiring to have their tombs hung with garlands: persevering thus in error and absurdity, even beyond the grave. One might easily conjecture, he thought, what kind of lives they must have led, who could order such things to be done after their deaths. These are the men that purchase the most costly dainties, and mix \* saffron and spices with their wine; such as are crowned with † roses in the midst of winter, which they are fond of then, only because they are rare and out of season; and yet, at the proper time, when produced by nature alone, utterly reject and despise them; such as use ointments and perfumes; men, who did not even know, for which he most condemned them, how to enjoy those pleasures which they were perpetually in search of, but missed their aim, and destroyed their own end and purpose, by leaving their minds a prey to continual dissipation; coming in, as upon the stage, ‡ any way rather than by the street-door; this he called a solecism in pleasure. As § Momus found fault with nature, for not placing the ox's horns before his eyes; in like manner did he laugh at these fools, for placing their perfumed crowns on their heads, for, as he observed, if they are so fond of roses and violets, they should

\* *Saffron and spices,*] Plutarch, in his *Symposia*, mentions the mixing saffron with wine, as an article of fashionable luxury; this is a species, however, of ancient Epicurism which the moderns have not hitherto adopted.

† *Roses,*] This custom is at this day as fashionable in England as it ever could have been in Greece or Rome, no lady of the Ton appearing without winter-roses; it even descends to the lower orders, and a genteel footman never hires himself to a woman of quality, without first knowing how much she allows a week for nosegays.

‡ *Any way rather, &c.*] The commentators on the original of this passage are much perplexed, and have written two or three quarto pages about and about it, without seeming to have discovered the true meaning, which, after all, appears to be no more than an allusion to the entrance of the persons of the drama, at back-doors, windows, &c. Lucian's argument, therefore, runs thus; why will not the sons of luxury and pleasure follow the plain road and dictates of nature, instead of thus turning out of her path, and coming in, like actors on the stage, at any entrance rather than the right?

§ *As Momus, &c.*] Momus found fault with the gods, or nature, for not placing the horns of an ox rather under than above the eye, as imagining, perhaps, that in such a position they would have acted with more force, and, consequently, been more serviceable to the animal. Lucian tells us, in his *True History*, that he met with some of this kind, made according to Momus's plan, but he does not tell us they were a whit the better for it. See Aristotle *de Part. Animal.* lib. iii. c. 2.

rather

rather put them under their noses, that the smell might be stronger, and more agreeable; those, above all, did he turn into ridicule, who are so wonderfully expert in grand entertainments, and perpetually employed in the search of dainties and delicacies of every kind. They went through a deal of trouble and fatigue, he said, to procure a short and momentary pleasure, as scarce any man's throat was above four fingers long; for neither before, nor after, they had tasted this costly food, would it give them more satisfaction than the plainest and cheapest diet; purchasing, thus, a fleeting and transitory pleasure, at a price the most extravagant; and all because they wanted true taste, to enjoy that real and solid satisfaction, which philosophy alone can afford, to those who industriously search after her.

The next thing which he took notice of, was what passed in the baths; where the rich and great, with a large train of attendants, are carried on the shoulders of their slaves, as if laid out for their funeral. One absurdity, in particular, frequently practised in these places, raised his indignation: servants walking before their masters, and crying out to them to \* look to their feet, and give them warning of every hillock, or puddle, in their way, that they might know (which was to the last degree ridiculous) how to walk safely. It was intolerable, he thought, to see people, who never made use of other's hands or mouths, to eat, or of other's ears to hear, should, notwithstanding, when they were in full health and vigour, borrow other men's eyes to see with, and suffer themselves to be bawled to like the poor and blind; and yet the greatest men, and those to whom the care of the state was committed, even in the middle of the day, and in the public market-place, would submit to this indignity. With these, and many other observations of the like nature, he finished his discourse. I was lost in astonishment; and listening still with attention, dreaded his silence, when I perceived he had quite done. The same thing happened to me, as did to the † Phæacians of old; I stood a long time with my eyes fixed on him: my head turned round, the sweat dropped from me, I almost

\* *Look to their feet,*] This is a proof, amongst many others, that the Romans, in the decline of the empire, were sunk into the lowest state of sloth and effeminacy, and had adopted almost all the modes of Eastern luxury.

† *The Phæacians*]

He ceas'd, but left, so charming on their ear,  
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.

Homer's *Odyss.* b. xi.

fainted ; I endeavoured to speak, but could not ; my tongue faltered, my voice was gone, and, at last, I burst into tears. His discourse had not slightly affected me, or grazed the skin alone, but left a deep and mortal wound, and pierced, as it were, to my inmost soul. The mind, in my opinion, of every well-disposed man, is like a soft mark, or butt ; many are the archers in this life, with their quivers full of speeches of every kind ; but few amongst them aim aright : some stretch the cord too tight, and the arrow, sent forth with more force than is necessary, doth not stick in, but passing through, leaves the mind sore with its gaping wound ; whilst others, from a looser bow, and want of strength to carry them on, fall short of the mark, and, with languid motion, drop down in the middle of their course ; or, if they reach the butt, lightly touch the surface of it, and go no farther. But the skilful marksman, like our philosopher, examines first the mark he is to shoot at, with all possible diligence and care, to see whether it be soft or hard, for some are impenetrable ; then dipping his arrow, not in poison, like the \* Scythians, nor in opium, like the Curetes, but in a kind of sharp, yet pleasing liquid, take a sure and certain aim : the † dart thrown out with that degree of force which is necessary, and fixed in the center, diffuses its medicinal virtues over every part of the soul. Hence it arises, that the hearer is ravished with the sound ; and, as he listens, dissolves in tears : as I myself experienced. I could have said to him in the words of ‡ Homer,

Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd :

for, as not all who hear the Phrygian pipe are seized with madness, but only those whom § Rhea herself selects ; so those alone are affected by

\* *The Scythians, &c.*]

—————tinxere fagittas

Lucan, lib. iii. v. 356.

and Virgil,

Errantes Scythiæ populi—————

Non secus ac nervo per nubem impulsa fagitta

Armatam sævi Parthus quam felle veneni

Parthus, sine Cydon telum immedicabile torfit.

Æneid xii. v. 856.

† *The dart, &c.*] When Lucian lays hold of a favourite image, to illustrate his subject, he is too apt, like Ovid, to dwell too long upon it ; till his reader is tired with a constant repetition of the same idea. This is the case with regard to the passage before us.

‡ *Homer,*] See Pope's translation of the Iliad, book viii. v. 340.

§ *Whom Rhea herself, &c.*] The priests of Rhea ; who alone are worked up into a religious phrenzy by the sound of the Phrygian pipe, which is supposed to have no effect on common hearers : nec aliter concitantur, (says Seneca, see Ep. 119.) quam Phrygii solent tibicinis sono femiviri & ex imperio furentes.

true

true philofophy, whose genius and difpofition are by nature turned towards it.

L U C I A N.

What noble, wonderful, and divine things, my dear friend, have you communicated to me! You have treated me, as it were, with lotus and ambrosia: when you spoke, I was in raptures; when you left off, I was in despair. To use your own words, I am deeply wounded; nor is it to be wondered at; for those, you know, who are bitten by mad dogs, are not only themselves seized with the disorder, but if in their madness they bite others, make them delirious also. By the bite the malady is communicated from one to the other, and the infection spreads on every side.

F R I E N D.

You own then, you have caught the distemper?

L U C I A N.

Most certainly: and I intreat you, moreover, to provide a proper remedy for us both.

F R I E N D.

We must even do then as \* Telephus did.

L U C I A N.

How is that?

F R I E N D.

Go to him from whom we received the wound, and desire him to heal it.

\* *Telephus*] Achilles (says the commentator) alterâ plagâ Telepho illatâ priorem, ut fama est, sanavit.

# T I M O N ;

O R, T H E

## M A N - H A T E R.

*The Timon of LUCIAN is deservedly esteemed one of his best pieces. A fund of good sense and reflection, enlivened by frequent sallies of wit and humour, runs through the whole. Our great SHAKSPEARE has filled up LUCIAN's outline, drawn forth the characters into action, and formed, from him and PLUTARCH together, no unpleasing drama.*

TIMON, JUPITER, PLUTUS, MERCURY, POVERTY, &c.

### T I M O N.

**O** Jupiter! the friendly, the hospitable, the social, the domestic, the oath-binder, the thunderer, the cloud-compelling, the far-resounding, or by whatever name thou art called by frantic poets, especially when the verse halts (for then they have a thousand names to prop the falling metre, and fill up the hiatus), where is now your crackling lightning, and your deep-toned thunder? Where are all your white, blazing, and terrific bolts? All dwindled into nothing; a mere poetical smoke; a heap of idle names. Those unerring, far-shooting darts, so celebrated and revered, have, I know not how, lost all their fire; they are grown quite cold, and preserve not the least spark of wrath for the punishment of the guilty. The wretch who had forsworn himself, would be more afraid of the snuff of a lamp, than the flame of your all-subduing thunder. The firebrands which you throw, are quenched in such a manner, that nobody fears being burned by them; and all the hurt they can receive from it, is to be covered

vered with smoke. For this reason \* Salmoneus dared to thunder against you ; and well he might. Man will boldly attempt every wickedness, whilst Jove is thus cold and inactive. What should hinder him, indeed, when you, as if stupified by † mandragora, are fast asleep : you, who neither hear the perjured, nor observe the wicked ; blind to every thing about you, and with your ears stopped, like an old dotard. When you were young, lively, and prone to repentment, you never spared the guilty and oppressive ; never made peace or league with them : the lightning was always employed, and the ægis shaken over them. The thunder was for ever rolling, and the shafts perpetually darting down upon them. Then we had earthquakes in abundance, snow in heaps, hail like stones, and, to speak plainly to you, most violent and rapid showers, and rivers overflowing every day. Witness the great deluge in the time of Deucalion, when every thing was sunk under water, and only one little boat preserved, which landed on Mount ‡ Lycoris, with the small remnant of mankind, saved only to propagate a still more impious generation. And now you are well rewarded for your indolence ; for nobody sacrifices to you, or offers you garlands, except, per-

\* *Salmoncus*] Salmoneus was the son of Æolus, and brother to the famous Sisyphus. He conquered all Elis ; and growing, like other conquerors, intoxicated with success, took it into his head, as Alexander did long after him, that he must be king of the gods. To prove his divinity, he built a large bridge of brass, over an immense plain, and rolled upon it chariots of brass, by way of imitating Jupiter's thunder ; and that he might also have a little good lightning with it, threw down firebrands from it on a few devoted victims below. Jupiter, not approving the humour of so poor a mimic, sent him to Tartarus. Virgil has immortalised him in the following lines, in his description of the Pagan Hell :

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea poenas  
Dum flammæ Jovis & sonitus imitatur Olympi.

† *Mandragora*,] Mandragora, or the mandrake, is an herb, or plant, of a cold and narcotic quality, especially the root, which is large, and shaped like those of parsnip, carrot, white briony, &c. its roots are sometimes forked, which, perhaps, made the superstitious imagine they resembled the legs or thighs of men ; Columella therefore calls it femihomo. The idea of its soporific quality is adopted by the modern as well as ancient naturalists.

—— not poppy nor mandragora  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owed'st yesterday.

Shakspeare's Othello.

‡ *Lycoris*,] A mountain, on which Deucalion and Pyrrha were supposed to land after the universal deluge. For a better account of this great event, see our author's Treatise on the Goddesses of Syria.

haps,



haps, some person at the \* Olympic games; who does it not, because he thinks it a duty, but merely because it is an old custom. In a little time, most generous of deities as you are, you will let them dethrone you, as they did Saturn. I forbear mentioning their sacrilegious attacks of your temple, or their laying hands even upon yourself at Olympia, when you, the great thunderer, never so much as set on the dogs, nor called in your neighbours to help you take the thieves, when they ran away. The noble giant-queller, and conqueror of the † Titans, sat quietly, with his thunder-bolt of ten cubits length in his hand, and let them pull the hair off his head. When, O thou great deity! wilt thou cease to pass over these things, or when wilt thou repay this wickedness? How many ‡ Phaetons, how many Deucalions will suffice, to expiate such iniquity? But to leave this general cause, and come to my own: I, who have raised so many Athenians from poverty and misery to riches and power, assisted the indigent, and lavished away all my substance to make my friends happy, am now myself left poor and destitute. I am not so much as known by them; those will not condescend to look upon me, who formerly revered, adored me, and hung upon my nod. If by chance, as I go along, I meet with any of them, they pass by me as they would by the grave-stone of a person long since dead, that was worn out, and fallen to decay, as if they had never seen me; others turn away from me as from a loathsome and abhorred spectacle, though not long since they extolled me as their benefactor and preserver. Reduced, at length, to the utmost distress, and clothed in a garment made of skins, I dig this little spot of earth,

\* *Olympic games*;] The Olympic games were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, at, or near, the city Olympia, otherwise called Pisa, upon the river Alpheus, in Peloponnesus. For a full account of them, I refer my readers to Mr. Gilbert West's excellent dissertation on them, in the third volume of his works, printed for Dodsley, 1776.

† *Titans*,] Titan, according to the ancient theogony, was the eldest son of Cœlus and Vesta, or heaven and earth; but getting, it seems, under petticoat government, was persuaded by his mother to give up his birth-right, no less than the empire of the universe, to his younger brother, Saturn, on condition that, in process of time, he would cut off the entail, by putting to death all his male heirs, that so the kingdom might revert to the elder branch; but discovering, some time after, that, by the artifice of Rhea, three of Saturn's sons had been secretly preserved and educated, he waged war against his brother, subdued, and took him and his wife and children prisoners. Jupiter, however, as soon as he arrived at years of maturity, set all his family free again, conquered the Titans, and sent them all to Tartarus.

‡ *Phaetons*,] How many conflagrations, and how many deluges must happen, how often must this wicked world be burned, or drowned, before it will be thoroughly reformed!

which

which I bought for four \* oboli. Here do I philosophise, in the desert, with my mattock and spade. All the happiness which I enjoy is, that I no longer behold the prosperity of the wicked; for that would be the worst of evils. At length, therefore, O thou son of Saturn and Rhea! shake off thy profound and heavy slumbers (for thou hast slept longer than † Epimenides), light thy bolt at Mount Ætna, and send it forth; let it flame out once more; shew the power and indignation of the once strong and youthful Jove; unless what the ‡ Cretans fable, concerning thee and thy sepulture, be a real fact.

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, who is this Athenian that bellows thus to us from the bottom of Hymettus? a horrid dirty wretch, and clothed in skins; he lays all

\* *Oboli*;] As Lucian frequently refers to the Attic monies, the following table will explain the whole to my readers.

A Table of Sums in Attic Money, with their several Proportions to our Own.

O B O L I.		l.	s.	d.	q.			l.	s.	d.	q.
1	- - - -	0	0	1	1 1/8	20	- - - -	64	11	8	0
2	- - - -	0	0	2	1 1/8	60	equal to a talent	193	15	0	0
3	- - - -	0	0	3	3 3/8	T A L E N T A.					
4	- - - -	0	0	5	0 2/3	1	- - - -	193	15	0	0
5	- - - -	0	0	6	1 5/8	5	- - - -	968	15	0	0
6	equal to a drachma	0	0	7	3	10	- - - -	1937	10	0	0
D R A C H M Æ.											
1	- - - -	0	0	7	3	15	- - - -	2906	5	0	0
10	- - - -	0	6	5	2	20	- - - -	3875	0	0	0
100	equal to a mina	3	4	7	0	100	- - - -	19375	0	0	0
M I N Æ.											
1	- - - -	3	4	7	0	In the <i>Adelphi</i> of Terence, mention is made of a half mina, which in proportion must have been, - - - - 1 12 3 2 The obolus was brass, the rest were silver.					
10	- - - -	32	5	10	0						

† *Epimenides*] Epimenides, of Crete, lived in the time of Solon. Diogenes Laertius, who tells a great many strange tales, informs us that this very extraordinary man was sent, when very young, to take care of some cattle; and wandering into a cave, fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued for no less than seven and forty years. He then awoke, and came home, where he was, with some difficulty, recognised by a younger brother, now grown an old man. The story of his long nap, being circulated, soon procured him respect and admiration. He set up for a prophet, and lived, according to Cretan tradition, to the age of 289. Credit Judæus.

‡ *Cretans fable*] The idea of the supreme father of gods and men being buried in a tomb, is too absurd even for Pagan philology; and of itself sufficiently proves the truth of the proverb quoted by St. Paul, of

Χρητες αιει ψευσαι  
The Cretans are always liars.

along

along upon the earth, and seems to be digging; some bold, prating fellow; a philosopher, I suppose, or he would not have uttered such profane speeches against me.

M E R C U R Y.

Don't you know Timon, the Colyttian, the son of Echekratides; he who used so often to treat us with the choicest victims; that grew so rich on a sudden, and sacrificed whole hecatombs; the man that celebrated the feasts of Jupiter with so much splendor?

J U P I T E R.

Alas! Alas! What a change is here! Is this our honest Timon, the rich man, that had so many friends about him; how happens it that he appears thus dirty and miserable; digging the earth, for hire, I imagine, by the heaviness of his spade?

M E R C U R Y.

To speak the truth, his probity, humanity, and charity to the poor, have been the ruin of him; or rather, in fact, his own folly, easiness of disposition, and want of judgement in his choice of friends: he never discovered that he was giving away his all to wolves and ravens. Whilst these vulturs were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, ate his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to shew himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those, who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon.

J U P I T E R.

He is not to be despised or neglected, and has but too much reason to complain. Considering his condition, I should be as bad as those execrable flatterers, were I to forget a man who has offered up so many fat bullocks and goats on my altars; the sweet favour of which still smelleth in my nostrils. But I have had so much business of late, what with false swearers, thieves, and plunderers; and, above all, those who commit sacrilege, who are very numerous, and keep me always on the watch, that  
I have

I have not; for a long time, turned my eyes towards Athens; never, indeed, since philosophy and dispute became so rife among them; insomuch that their fighting and squabbling made such a noise and clamour, that I could not hear the prayers of mortals, so that I was forced either to shut my ears, or to be torn in pieces by those who bellow out about virtue, incorporeal natures, and I know not what. Hence it happened that this man escaped me, though he ought by no means to be neglected. Go, therefore, Mercury, to him immediately; take Plutus along with you, and let him carry a large treasure: let both remain with Timon, and not leave him so easily as they did before, though, from his generosity, he should again endeavour to turn them out of doors. As to those ungrateful parasites, I shall think about them hereafter, and reward them according to their merit, as soon as I have repaired my lightning; for two of my best rays were blunted the other day, which I launched with a little too much vehemence against the sophist \* Anaxagoras, who was persuading his followers that there were no gods. I missed him, indeed, for Pericles held out his hand to protect him; the thunder-bolt fell upon the temple of Castor and Pollux, set it on fire, and split it all in pieces. Their punishment, however, in the mean time, will be sufficient in seeing Timon made rich again.

## M E R C U R Y.

How necessary it is to be impudent, clamorous, and importunate; not to lawyers only, but to every one that has any thing to ask! Behold this Timon, from a beggar becomes a rich man; he has got Jupiter over to his side, merely by dint of clamour and abuse; whereas, if he had continued digging, and said nothing, he might have dug on for life without being taken any notice of.

## P L U T U S.

Jupiter, I'll not go near him.

\* *Anaxagoras*,] This philosopher, who, in an age of ignorance, had some imperfect idea of the true God, held, in opposition to the received opinion, that the world was governed by an eternal and omnipotent Spirit. For this he was accused, by the sophists of his time, of atheism and idolatry. Pericles, the famous orator, strenuously defended him. Lucian's image of Jupiter's striking at him, and, on Pericles' turning off the blow, setting the temple of Castor and Pollux on fire, is, to the last degree, humorous and severe.

## T I M O N.

J U P I T E R.

\* Not when I command you? Why so? Plutus?

P L U T U S.

Because he has used me very ill, cast me away from him, and split me into a thousand pieces; nay, though I was like a father to him, beat me, as I may say, out of doors; threw me out of his hand, as a man would serve a hot burning coal: and shall I go again to him to be squandered away upon whores and parasites? No: send me to those who wish for, who will embrace me, and know my value; not such stupid animals as these, who make a league with Poverty, whom they prefer to me; get a garment of skins and a spade from her, and are glad to earn four farthings by digging, though once they could give away ten talents without reluctance.

J U P I T E R.

Timon will never serve you so again; his spade has taught him, by this time (unless his belly is famine-proof), that you are much more desirable than Poverty. But the truth is, you are a querulous malecontent, finding fault with Timon for opening his doors, and letting you go where you will, instead of being jealous of, and shutting you up at home; and yet, sometimes, you used to be angry with the rich, for confining you with bars, bolts, and seals, in such a manner that you could never see the light. This you lamented to me, and complained that you were buried in utter darkness. I have met you pale and full of care, with your fingers contracted, and threatening to run away from them the first opportunity. Such a horrible thing did you count it to be locked up, like Danae, in a brazen or iron chest, or let out by a set of wretches on vile usury. They acted absurdly, you said, in loving you beyond measure; and though they possessed, not enjoying the object of their affection, but always watching and fixing their eyes on the locks and the bolts that contained it, thinking it happiness sufficient to gaze upon it; not because they made use of

\* *Not when I command you, &c.*] Shakspeare, in his Timon, says,

——— Plutus, the god of riches,  
Was but his steward.

I would advise my learned readers to turn to the Plutus of Aristophanes, and compare it with Lucian's Timon.

it

it themselves, but that they could prevent others from making any of it; like the dog in the manger, who would neither eat the corn himself, nor suffer the hungry horse to feed upon it. How you used to laugh at those that carked and spared; and, what was most ridiculous, were jealous even of themselves! little thinking that a wicked servant, a steward, or their children's tutor, might come privately, rob them of their all, and then laugh at the poor miserable master, who, perhaps, was sitting by his dingy lamp, brooding over his imaginary treasure. How absurd is it in you, who used to talk in this manner, now to rail at Timon!

## P L U T U S.

If you would take the pains, notwithstanding, to enquire into the truth, you would find I was right in both: for Timon's extravagance, with regard to me, was not benevolence, but folly; and as to those who lock me up in darkness, and take so much pains to make me fatter and bigger, and swell me to an immense size, and, at the same time, never touch me themselves, nor bring me to the light, for fear I should be seen by others, I look upon them as madmen; and think they treat me very ill, who never did them any harm, when they let me grow mouldy in prison, without considering how soon I may leave them, and go away to some other of Fortune's favourites. Wherefore I neither commend them, nor such as part from me too easily; but those only, who, observing the true medium, neither totally abstain from, nor entirely devour me. For I would ask you, Jupiter, whether if a man were to marry a young and beautiful wife, and afterwards should never watch or be jealous of her, but give her leave to go wherever she would, night and day, and keep company with whom she pleased, nay, should open his doors, invite every body in, and expose her to prostitution, would you believe this man loved her? You, who know what love is, could never think it: or if a man takes a fine blooming girl home, in order to have children by her, and then never touches her, nor permits any body else so much as to look at her; himself, at the same time, a poor emaciated wretch, with his eyes sunk in his head, and yet pretending to be fond of her; would not you call such a fellow mad, who, instead of enjoying the pleasures of matrimony, should let a sweet and beautiful creature pine away her whole life in virginity, like a priestess of Ceres? And have not I the same reason to complain, who am kicked and

cuffed, and torn to pieces by some, and treated by others like a run-away thief, and laid by the heels ?

J U P I T E R.

And yet, after all, you have no reason to be so angry ; for they are all of them sufficiently punished. The one, like Tantalus, neither eat nor drink, but stand, with their mouths open, catching at their beloved treasure. Whilst the other, like \* Phineus, see it snatched out of their jaws by harpies. But get away now to Timon : you will find him, by this time, quite another man.

P L U T U S.

I shall only run through his wicker basket ; he will pour me out faster than I can flow in, as if he was afraid I should overwhelm him. I may as well get into the Danaid's tub, as into a vessel that will hold no liquor ; so wide are his gaps, and his doors so open.

J U P I T E R.

But if he does not fill up these gaps, and stop the current, when it is all run out, he may chance to find his blanket and spade at the bottom of the cask. But, away with you, and make him rich once more. Do you, Mercury, remember to call on the Cyclops at Mount Ætna, and bring him here to sharpen the points of my lightning, for I shall want to make use of it.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, Plutus, let us be gone. How is this ? limping : I did not know you were lame as well as blind.

P L U T U S.

I am not always so, Mercury ; but whenever Jupiter sends me to any body, I do not know how it is, but I am generally tardy, and hop a little ; so that sometimes the person that expects me, grows old before I get to him. Whereas, when I take my leave, I have wings swifter than a bird ; no sooner are the doors unbarred, than, like a conqueror in the race, I fly over the whole course at a leap, and am scarce seen by the spectators.

\* *Phineus*,] Phineus was a king of Thrace ; he married Cleopatra, daughter of Boreas, by whom he had two sons, Plinippus and Pandion ; growing tired of his first wife, he repudiated her to make way for another, who persuaded him to put out the eyes of his two sons. The gods punished him for this crime with blindness, and moreover gave him up to the harpies to be tormented by them.

M E R-

## M E R C U R Y.

That is false; for I could mention several who had not a farthing over night to buy a halter with, and next day lived in riches and splendor; were drawn in their chariots by white horses, though a little before they were not worth a jack-ass: some I have seen clothed in purple, and rolling in money, who could hardly believe it themselves, and thought it came to them in a dream.

## P L U T O S.

That is quite another affair, Mercury: I did not walk on my own feet then, but was carried; not Jupiter, but \* Pluto, the god of riches, as his name imports, sent me to them; these people, when I am to pass from one to the other, put me into their wills, seal me up carefully, and carry me about in a bag. When the possessor dies, he is thrown into some dark corner of the house, and covered with a rag of old linen, where the cats fight for him. Mean time, the wishful heir gapes after me, like young swallows after the old bird that is flying round them; at length, when the seal is taken off, the ribbon untied, and the will opened, my new master's name appears; perhaps some relation, perhaps a parasite, or dirty slave, who had curried favour by servile adulation, some pander to his pleasures, who now enjoys the rewards of his infamous service, who immediately seizes on me and the will together, and runs off; changes his name, and, instead of Byrria, † Dromo, or Tibius, now takes the name of Megacles, or Megabyzus, or Protarchus: leaving the rest of the expectants gaping and looking at one another in silent sorrow; grieving with great sincerity, that so fine and fat a fish should escape out of their net. He seizes immediately upon me, and, though the wretch has hardly forgot the terrors of a whip and goal, falls upon every body he meets, and beats his fellow-servants most unmercifully, by way of retaliation; till, at length, falling into the hands of some rapacious harlot, turning horse-racer, or becoming a prey to flatterers, who swear he is handsomer

\* *Pluto*,] Pluto, the god of hell, was called Πλουτοδοτης, the giver of riches; probably because the searchers after gold and silver penetrate into the bowels of the earth, and even to the center of it, his dominions, for hidden treasure. Lucian therefore means, that those who grow rich so very suddenly, are indebted for it not to him, but to the god of mines, the infernal deity, for their riches.

† *Dromo*, &c.] Names generally given to slaves.

than



than \* Ninus, better born than † Codrus or Cecrops, wiser than Ulysses, and richer than fifteen Cræsus; in a very short space of time, he lavishes away all that treasure which he had been scraping up for so many years by rapine, perjury, and extortion.

M E R C U R Y.

It is often, indeed, as you say: but when you go of your own accord, blind as you are, how do you do to find your way; or, when Jupiter sends you to any body, how do you distinguish so as to know whether they are deserving of his bounty, and the persons he means to oblige?

P L U T U S.

Do you think I can always find that out?

M E R C U R Y.

By Jove, very seldom, or you would not pass by Aristides, and go to Hipponicus, Callias, and many others, who do not deserve a single farthing. But how do you do when you are sent abroad?

P L U T U S.

I run up and down, from place to place, till I light on somebody by mere chance; and whoever he is that comes first in my way, has me, takes me home with him, and pays his adorations to you for his unexpected good fortune.

M E R C U R Y.

Jupiter then is deceived all the while in imagining that you bestow riches on those only whom he thinks deserving of them!

P L U T U S.

And deceived he ought to be, when he knows I am stone blind, to send me out in search of a thing that is no longer to be found upon earth;

\* *Than Ninus,*] Ninus, the son of Charopus and Aglae, brought three ships to the siege of Troy, and is celebrated by Homer for his extraordinary beauty.

Three ships, with Ninus, fought the Trojan shore,  
Ninus, whom Aglae to Charopus bore,  
Ninus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;  
Pelides only match'd his early charms,  
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Pope's Iliad. b. ii. l. 815.

† *Codrus, &c.*] Cecrops was the founder of Athens, and Codrus the last king of it.

or

or at least so scarce and so small, that a \* Lynceus could not easily discover it. When the good are so rarely to be met with, and the bad so numerous and so fortunate, it is no wonder I should fall so perpetually in the way of, and be caught by them.

M E R C U R Y.

But how happens it, that when you leave them, you get off so expeditiously, though you cannot possibly know the way?

P L U T U S.

Then have I the use both of my eyes and feet, whenever I find an opportunity of flying away from them.

M E R C U R Y.

One thing more I would ask you : how comes it about that, with that pale visage, without eyes (for blind you are), and so weak in the ankles, you have so many admirers? All the world seems in love with you; happy are those who enjoy you, and to those who cannot, life is burthen-some : many have I known so deeply smitten with you, as to cast themselves from a high rock down into the wide ocean, only because you seemed to flight and take no notice of them. Though, at the same time, I believe you will confess, if you know any thing of yourself, that they are little better than madmen in entertaining so ridiculous a passion.

P L U T U S.

Do you think I appear to them such as I really am, blind and lame, and with all those imperfections about me?

M E R C U R Y.

Why not, unless they are as blind as yourself?

P L U T U S.

They are not blind, my friend; but that ignorance and folly, which is now become universal, darkens their understanding : add to this, that to hide as much as possible my deformity, I put on a beautiful mask, covered with gold and jewels, and appear to them in a robe of various colours; they, imagining that they are beholding true and native beauty, fall most miserably in love with, and die if they do not possess me;

\* *A Lynceus*] Lynceus was the son of Aphaeus, king of Messenia, and one of the Argonauts. This hero, according to Pindar, had such piercing eyes, that he saw Castor, from an immense distance, in the trunk of a tree. Other authors carry the matter still farther, and affirm that he could see into the bowels of the earth.

though,

though, if I was fairly stripped naked before them, they would condemn their own blindness in loving any thing so unlovely and disgustful.

M E R C U R Y.

But when they are grown rich, and, by virtue of this same mask, you have happened to deceive them; how happens it, that, rather than part with the mask, they would sooner loose their head? When they look on the inside, it is impossible but they must see it is nothing but the deception of the gold.

P L U T U S.

In that case, Mercury, there are many things in my favour.

M E R C U R Y.

What are they?

P L U T U S.

No sooner you must know, does the happy man open his doors to me, but with me rush in unseen, Pride, Folly, Madness, Fraud, Insolence, and a thousand more; these take immediate possession of his soul: he admires every thing that should not be admired, and pursues every thing that he ought to avoid: dotes on me who brought all the evil upon him; and would suffer any thing rather than be forced to part from me.

M E R C U R Y.

But you are so smooth and slippery, that when you are upon the wing, there is no such thing as laying hold of you; you slip away, some how, through the fingers, like an eel; whilst Poverty, on the other hand, is glutinous, and sticks close; and has so many crooked hooks all over her body, that if once you touch, you cannot easily get rid of her. But whilst we are prating here, we have forgot the main point.

P L U T U S.

What's that?

M E R C U R Y.

The treasure we were to have brought along with us, which is most essentially necessary.

P L U T U S.

Make yourself easy about that: when I come up to you, I always leave that behind me safe under ground, shut the door, and command the earth to open to none, without my orders.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us away then for Attica; and do you hold fast by my coat, till we come to our journey's end.

P L U-

P L U T U S.

You are in the right to keep me close by you; for, if you should set me free, perhaps I might go astray, and blunder upon Cleon or Hyperbolus. But what is this noise, like the clinking of iron upon a stone?

M E R C U R Y.

It is Timon, digging up a piece of rocky land hard by us; and see along with him is Poverty, and Labour, and Strength, and Fortitude, and Wisdom, all driven thither by Hunger; a body-guard stronger, I am afraid, than your's.

P L U T U S.

Mercury, let us be gone immediately: we can do no good to a man that is surrounded with such an army.

M E R C U R Y.

Jove thinks otherwise: therefore come along, and fear nothing.

P O V E R T Y.

Whither, Mercury, are you leading this friend of yours?

M E R C U R Y.

To Timon: we are sent by Jupiter.

P O V E R T Y.

Shall Plutus then come to Timon at last, after I have taken him under my protection, corrupted as he was with Sloth and Luxury; consigned him over to the wholesome instruction of Labour, and Wisdom, and rendered him a man of worth and character? Will you thus despise and affront me, as to rob me of my only possession, the man whom, with so much care, I had formed to virtue; to throw him into the hands of Plutus, who will soon make him as idle and wicked as ever he was; and, when he is good for nothing, will give him me back again.

M E R C U R Y.

Such, O Poverty, is the will of Jove.

P O V E R T Y.

Then, I take my leave. Do you, Labour, Wisdom, and the rest of you, follow me: soon shall he know the value of her whom he has lost, his best friend and instructor, with whom, while he dwelt with me, he enjoyed a sound mind and healthful body, lived as a man ought to live, and had an eye upon his own conduct, looking on every thing else, as they really are, as superfluous and unnecessary.

T I M O N.

M E R C U R Y.

They are gone ; let us approach him.

T I M O N.

Who are you, rascals ? and what do you want here ? to disturb a poor labouring man in his business : but you shall not return unrewarded, a parcel of scoundrels as you are, for I shall pelt you handsomely with these stones.

M E R C U R Y.

Softly, good Timon, we are no mortals : this is Plutus, and I am Mercury. Jupiter heard your prayers, and sent us to you : accept therefore of his bounties, cease from your labour, and be happy.

T I M O N.

If ye are gods, as ye say, you will fare never the better ; for, know, I hate both gods and men : and as for this blind wretch, whoever he is, I will certainly knock him on the head with my spade.

P L U T U S.

For heaven's sake, Mercury, let us be gone for fear of accidents ; this fellow appears to me to be stark mad.

M E R C U R Y.

Timon, lay aside this savage disposition ; embrace your good fortune, be once more rich, the prince of Athens, and despise the ungrateful wretches who deserted you.

T I M O N.

Disturb me not : I have no need of you : my spade is all the riches I desire, and I shall esteem myself the most happy of men if none will come near me.

M E R C U R Y.

And art thou thus divested of all humanity ? and must I

\* Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods ?

Men, indeed, from whom thou hast received so many injuries, might be hateful ; but not the gods, who have been so indulgent to thee.

T I M O N.

To you, Mercury, and to Jupiter, for your care of me, I acknowledge my obligations ; but as for this Plutus, I will by no means accept of him.

M E R C U R Y.

Why so ?

\* *Bear this, &c.*] From Homer, see Pope's translation, b. xv. l. 205.

T I M O N.

## T I M O N.

Because he was the author of all my past misfortunes, gave me up to flatterers, and evil counsellors, corrupted me with perpetual temptations, and rendered me the object of hatred and of envy; but, above all, because he basely and perfidiously deserted me. Poverty, on the other hand, my best and truest friend, exercised me with wholesome labours, supplied me with what was necessary, and taught me to contemn every thing superfluous, and to rely upon myself alone; shewed me what true riches were, those treasures, which neither the fawning sycophant, nor the angry multitude, the time-serving orator, nor the ensnaring tyrant, can ever wrest from me. Thus whilst with pleasure I till this little field, a stranger to all the vices of public life, my spade most abundantly supplies me with every thing that is really necessary. Return therefore, good Mercury, the way you came, and carry Plutus back with you to Jupiter. I shall be satisfied if he makes fools of all mankind, as he has of me.

## M E R C U R Y.

It is not every one, Timon, that can bear the trial so well as you have: but leave off, I beg you, this foolish, childish resentment, and receive him: the gifts of Jove are not to be rejected.

## P L U T U S.

Will you, without flying in a passion, give me leave to plead my own cause?

## T I M O N.

Plead away; but let us have none of your long prefaces in the oratorial style: I will listen to you a little, for the sake of my friend Mercury here.

## P L U T U S.

You ought to hear a great deal from me, for you have abused me pretty handsomely. I cannot conceive how I could ever, though you say it, have done you any injury; I, who heaped honours, titles, crowns, every thing that was good and desirable upon you; through me you became conspicuous and respectable. If you suffered from flatterers, it was not my fault. I have more reason to be angry with you, for throwing me away in so shameful a manner, on wretches who fawned upon, and betrayed you, and laid so many snares to entrap me. As to your last accusation, of my deserting you, I may retort it with justice on yourself; as you very well know that you absolutely drove me away, and turned me headlong out of doors; when

your dear friend, Poverty, instead of the fine soft garment you used to wear, wrapped you up in this blanket. Mercury here is my witness, how earnestly I entreated Jupiter, not to send me to a man who had thus treated me as his enemy.

T I M O N.

Mercury, I will obey, and be rich again, since the gods will have it so; but take care what you compel me to: hitherto I have been happy and innocent: so much riches, on a sudden, and so much care, I fear, will make me miserable.

M E R C U R Y.

For my sake, Timon, accept the burthen; if it be only to make those rascally flatterers of your's burst with envy. I shall immediately to Ætna, and from thence to heaven. [Mercury flies off.]

P L U T O S.

Mercury, I imagine, by the fluttering of his wings, is off: do you work on, and I will send you the money; but dig away now. Treasure, I command thee, listen to Timon, and put yourself in his way: Timon, go on, work as hard as you can. I shall take my leave.

T I M O N.

Now, spade, exert thyself, nor give out till thou hast called forth this treasure into light. O Jupiter, thou great worker of miracles, you, ye friendly \* corybantes, and thou, wealth-dispensing † Mercury, whence all this gold? Is this a dream? When I awake I fear I shall find nothing but coals: it is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold, heavy, sweet to behold.

Richest offspring of the mine,  
Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays  
From afar conspicuous gleam,  
Through night's involving cloud.

See Pindar's first Olympic Ode.

Burning, like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear delightful treasure: now do I believe that ‡ Jove himself was once turned into gold:

\* *Corybantes,*] The corybantes were priests of Cybele. Many reasons are assigned by the commentators, but no satisfactory one, why Timon should call upon them.

† *Mercury,*] Mercury was always reckoned the god of gain.

‡ *That Jove, &c.*] Alluding to the story of Jupiter and Danae. When Timon finds the gold, Shakspear makes him say,

gold : what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover? O Midas, Cræfus, and all ye Delphic offerings, how little are ye, when compared to Timon, and his riches? The Persian king cannot boast of equal affluence. You, my spade and blanket, shall be hung up as my votive acknowledgements to the great deity. I will purchase some retired spot, there build a tower to keep my gold in, and live for myself alone : this shall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my sepulchre also : from this time forth, it is my fixed resolution, to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it : I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion : to pity the distressed, or to relieve the indigent, I shall consider as a weakness, nay, as a crime : my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers ; to converse with them were profanation, to herd with them impiety : accursed be the day that brings them to my sight : I will look upon men, in short, as no more than so many statues of brass or stone ; will make no truce, have no connection with them : my retreat shall be the boundary to separate us for ever. Relations, friends, and country, are empty names, respected by fools alone. Let Timon only be rich, and despise all the world beside ; abhorring idle praise, and odious flattery, he shall be delighted with himself alone : alone shall he sacrifice to the gods, feast alone, be his own neighbour, and his own companion. I am determined to be alone for life, and, when I die, to place the crown on my own head ; the fairest name I would wish to be distinguished by, is that of misanthrope. I would be known and marked out by my asperity of manners, by moroseness, cruelty, anger, and inhumanity. Were I to see a man perishing in the flames, and imploring me to extinguish them, I would throw pitch or oil into the fire to increase it : or, if the winter flood should overwhelm another, who, with outstretched hands should beg me to assist him, I would plunge him still deeper in the stream, that he might never rise again ; thus shall I be revenged of mankind,

— What's here?

Gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold? Why this  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;  
 Will knit and break religions, bless the accurs'd,  
 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench.

Shakspear's Timon, act iv. scene iii.

this



this is Timon's law, and this hath Timon ratified; thus it is determined, and this I will abide by. I should be glad, however, that all might know how I abound in riches, because that, I know, will make them miserable. But hush! whence all this noise and hurry? What crowds are here, all covered with dust, and out of breath; some how or other they have smelt out the gold. Shall I get upon this hill, and pelt them from it with stones, or shall I, for once, break my resolution, and have some conference with them? It will make them more unhappy, when they find how I despise them; this will be the best method; I will stay, therefore, and receive them. Ha! who is that, the first of them? O, it is \* Gnathonides, who, but the other day, when I asked him for a supper, held out a rope; though he had emptied many a cask with me. I am glad he is come, for he shall first feel my resentment.

G N A T H O N I D E S.

Said I not, the gods would not long forget so good a man as Timon? hail, Timon! hail, thou fairest, sweetest, most convivial of men!

T I M O N.

Hail to thee, Gnathonides, thou most rapacious of all vulturs, thou most detestable of all human beings!

G N A T H O N I D E S.

Thou wert always a lover of raillery and sarcasm; but where is the feast? for I have brought you a new song out of the † Dithyrambics, which I lately learned.

T I M O N.

I shall teach you soon, by the help of this spade, to sing some mournful elegies, I believe. [Beats him.

G N A T H O N I D E S.

What now! Timon, do you strike me? Bear witness, Hercules! O me! O me! but I will call you into the Areopagus for this.

\* *Gnathonides,*] It is observable, that Terence, in the *Eunuch*, calls his parasite Gnatho, and, as if it were a new name, makes him say, after the conversation between him and the inferior flatterer,

I bade him follow me,  
And, as the schools of the philosophers  
Have ta'en from the philosophers their names,  
So, in like manner, let all parasites  
Be call'd from me, Gnathonics.

Colman's Terence, p. 130.

† *Dithyrambics,*] Hymns in honour of Bacchus, who was called Dithyrambus, for a reason too ridiculous to deserve an explanation to the English reader.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

Stay a little only, and you may bring me in guilty of murder.

[Beats him again.]

G N A T H O N I D E S.

By no means; you need only heal my wounds, by sprinkling a little gold upon them; it is the best thing in the world for stopping the blood.

T I M O N.

So you will stay here yet?

G N A T H O N I D E S.

I am gone, and a curse on you for changing from an honest fellow to such a savage!

T I M O N.

Who is this coming to us with his bald pate? O, it is that most villainous of all flatterers, Philiaides; he whom I gave a large piece of ground to, and two talents for his daughter's portion, for praising my fingering, when nobody else would, and swearing that I was more musical than a swan: and yet, afterwards, when I was sick the other day, and implored his assistance, the wretch fell upon and beat me.

P H I L I A D E S.

O impudence! now ye will know Timon again, now Gnathonides will be his friend and companion: but he is rightly served for his ingratitude. We, who are his old friends, countrymen, and playfellows, shall behave a little more modestly, and not rush upon him with so much rudeness and incivility. Hail, my noble master! take proper notice, I beseech you, of these vile flatterers, who never come near but to devour you, like so many ravens; but in this age there is no trusting to any body; they are all base and ungrateful. I was coming here to bring you a talent, to supply you with necessaries, but was informed by the way that you have got riches in abundance of your own: I came on, however, to caution you against these people; though you want, indeed, no such monitor as I am; you, who are able to give advice to Nestor himself.

T I M O N.

May be so: but pray come a little nigher, that I may compliment you with my spade.

P H I L I A D E S.

Friends, neighbours, help here! this ungrateful man has broke my head, only for giving him good advice.

T I M O N.

T I M O N.

So : here comes a third ; Demeas, the orator, with a decree in his hand : he pretends to be one of my nearest relations. He was bound to the state for seventeen talents, and, unable to pay it, was condemned, when I took pity on, and redeemed him ; and yet, when he was employed to distribute the public money to our tribe, and I asked him for my share of it, he declared he did not know I was a citizen.

D E M E A S.

Hail, Timon ! the chief support of thy noble family, the defence of Athens, and the bulwark of all Greece. The senate and people assembled await thy presence ; but first hear the decree which I have drawn up concerning thee :

“ Whereas Timon, the Colyttensian, son of Echechratides, not only the best, and worthiest, but the wisest, and most learned man in Greece, hath, during his whole life, studied to deserve well of the commonwealth ; and hath, moreover, in one day, gained the prize in boxing, wrestling, and the foot-race ; a victor at the Olympic games, both on foot, on horseback, and in the chariot ——.”

T I M O N.

I never so much as saw the Olympic games in all my life.

D E M E A S.

No matter for that, you may see them some time or other ; these things must be inserted : “ Moreover, whereas last year he fought valiantly for the republic, against the Acharnensians, and cut off two Peloponnesian battalions.”

T I M O N.

How is that ? when I never bore arms, or entered my name as a soldier ?

D E M E A S.

Your modesty is pleased to say so, but we should be very ungrateful to forget your services. “ He hath, moreover, been of no small advantage to the state in drawing up decrees, in councils, and in the administration of military affairs : wherefore, it hath seemed meet to the senate, magistracy, and people here assembled, to all and every one of them, that a golden statue of Timon should be placed in the Acropolis, next to Minerva, with rays over his head, and a thunder-bolt in his hand ; that he be crowned with seven golden crowns : that this shall be proclaimed at the theatre, by new tragedians,

tragedians, appointed for that purpose, this very day in the \* Dionysia, for they shall be celebrated this day on his account. Demeas the orator proposed this decree, a near relation and follower of the said Timon, who is, moreover, himself an excellent orator, and indeed every thing else, which he hath a mind to be." This is the decree. I wish I had brought my son with me, whom I have called Timon after your name.

T I M O N.

How can that be, Demeas, when to my knowledge you were never married?

D E M E A S.

True: but I intend to be next year, and get a boy, (for a boy it shall be), and I will call him Timon.

T I M O N.

In the mean time I shall so bruise you that I do not know whether you will be able to marry or not. [Beats him.]

D E M E A S.

What do you mean, Timon? To fall upon a free man and a citizen in this manner, you who are neither one nor the other? But you shall suffer for this; aye, and for setting the Acropolis on fire too.

T I M O N.

It is not on fire, you villain; you are a liar and a calumniator.

D E M E A S.

You may well be rich; you have broke open the † treasury.

T I M O N.

It is no such thing, rascal! it is your own invention.

D E M E A S.

If it is not broke open, it may be hereafter; in the mean time you have got all the riches belonging to it.

\* *Dionysia*,] Solemnities in honour of Bacchus, or Dionysus, observed with great splendour in all parts of Greece, and particularly at Athens, celebrated with songs, dances, and games of every kind.

† *The treasury*,] In Greek *οπισθοδομον*, so called from its situation, being placed at the back of Minerva's temple: here, besides other public money, a thousand talents were always laid up in store, in case of any pressing exigency; and if any man embezzled, or expended the least part of it, on any trivial account, he was immediately put to death: this was the SINKING FUND of antiquity.

T I M O N.

And in the mean time do you take that.

[Beats him again.

D E M E A S.

O my poor shoulders !

T I M O N.

No bawling, or I will give you another. It would be a comical jest indeed, if I, who unarmed as I am, have cut off two battalions, as you told me just now, could not make an end of one poltroon like you. I should have been conqueror in the Olympic games to very little purpose indeed. But, who is this, is it not Thrasycles the philosopher? most assuredly it is he, with his long beard, and arched eye-brows, muttering something to himself, his hair curled over his forehead, a Titanic aspect, and looking like another \* Boreas, or Triton, painted by Zeuxis. This fellow, if you meet him of a morning, shall be decently clothed, modest and humble in his manner and behaviour, and will talk to you by the hour about piety and virtue, condemn luxury and intemperance, and praise frugality; and yet when he comes to supper in the evening, and the waiter brings him his large cup, (for he loves a bumper), then will he, as if he was drinking the water of Lethe, forget every thing he had said in the morning, and act in direct opposition to it; devour every thing before him, like a hungry kite, crowd his neighbour with his stretched-out elbows, and lean upon the dishes, as if he expected to find the virtue he talked so much of, at the bottom of them: picks out all the dainties, and seldom leaves a morsel of the † oglio behind him; always complaining of his bad supper, though the best part of it generally falls to his share: after which he gets drunk, the natural consequence of his gluttony, dances, sings, and scolds, and abuses every body: always talkative in his cups, and even when he is so intoxicated as to be laughed at by the whole company, will harangue to them about temperance and sobriety: This, perhaps, is succeeded by a puke; then is he carried away from table with both arms clinging round one of the fiddlers. Even whilst he is sober the most sordid, impudent, and lying fellow upon earth; the mean-

\* *Boreas*,] Timon compares Thrasycles to Boreas, or Triton, probably from his consequential appearance, puffing and blowing, so as to resemble the god Boreas when he blows, or a Triton when he sounds his trumpet.

† *Oglio*,] In Greek *μυτίωτες*, a kind of strong sauce, according to the scholiast, made of garlic, leeks, cheese, oil, and vinegar.

est

est of all flatterers, and famous for oaths, insolence, and imposture: on the whole a most perfect character; we shall see presently, with all his modesty, what a bawling he will make. Ha! how is this? Thrasycles here at last?

T H R A S Y C L E S.

I come not hither, Timon, as others do, with the hopes of sharing your riches, or partaking of your feasts; to fawn upon, and flatter an honest and generous man, as I know you are: you very well know, a little pulse satisfies me, that the best supper I desire is an onion and a few cresses, or, when I choose to indulge, a little salt for luxury; my drink, water from the public fountain. This old tattered cloak to me is better than a purple robe, and, as to gold, I value it no more than the sand on the sea-shore. I came hither only to serve you; to prevent, if possible, your being corrupted by that worst and most dangerous of all human possessions, money, which has been the fatal cause of so much misery to thousands. If you will take my advice, I would have you throw all your riches into the sea, as things unnecessary to an honest man, and one who knows the treasures of philosophy; not that I would have you cast them into the main ocean, but rather walk in up to your middle, and throw them a little beyond the shore, where no body could see you but myself; or, if you do not choose this, you may go another way to work, throw your gold immediately out of the window, give one five drachmas, another a mina, another a talent, and not leave yourself a single farthing. If there should chance to be a philosopher in your way, it is proper you should give him twice or thrice as much as the rest; for my own part, not that I mind it myself, but that I may give it away to some of my poor friends, I shall be satisfied if you will only fill this little pouch, which holds scarce two bushels: philosophers should be content with a little, and wish for nothing beyond their scrip.

T I M O N.

I entirely approve of what you say; before I fill your bag therefore I shall give you a few thumps on the head, and my spade shall make up the rest to you.

T H R A S Y C L E S.

Now, laws and commonwealth assist me! Here am I beaten and bruised in a free city by a villain.

H 2

T I M O N.

## T I M O N.

## T I M O N.

What dost thou grumble at, my good friend; have I wronged thee?  
But I will give thee four measures over and above to make thee amends.

*[Beats him again.]*

What is all this? more of them? Laches, and Blepsias, and Gniphon, and a whole heap of scoundrels: they shall all meet with the same fate; but I will let my spade rest a little, climb up this rock, and hail down a shower of stones upon them.

## B L E P S I A S.

No more, Timon, I beseech you, we are going.

## T I M O N.

But you shall not go without wounds and bloodshed.

H A L C Y O N.

# H A L C Y O N.

*The strange story of the Halcyon, which the reader will find in the body of the dialogue, is here finely ridiculed by LUCIAN; the reflections of SOCRATES are sensible, but short: this dialogue ends rather abruptly, and seems to have been only a fragment.*

A DIALOGUE between CHÆREPHON and SOCRATES.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

**W**HAT voice is that, Socrates, a good way off from the shore? How sweet it is to the ear! I wonder what creature it can be, for the inhabitants of the deep are all mute.

S O C R A T E S.

It is a sea-fowl, Chærephon, called the Halcyon, always crying and lamenting. They tell an old tale concerning it: that it was formerly a woman, the daughter of Æolus, a Grecian, who married Ceyx, of Trachis, the son of Lucifer, beautiful as his father; that when he died she \* mourned his loss incessantly, and, by divine permission, was changed into a bird, and, after wandering in vain over all the earth in search of him, is now perpetually hovering over the sea.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

Halcyon, do you call it? It is a voice I never heard before, and has something in it wonderful plaintive: how big is it?

S O C R A T E S.

Very small; but the gods, they say, bestowed on her a great reward for her singular affection to her husband: whilst she makes her nest, the world is blest with Halcyon days, such as this is, placid and serene, even in the midst of winter. Observe how clear the sky is, and the whole ocean tranquil, smooth as a glass, without a curl upon it.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

This, indeed, is, as you say, a Halcyon day, and so was yesterday; but

\* *Mourned his loss,*] According to the generally received fable, on hearing that her husband was drowned she threw herself into the sea; by the intercession of Lucifer and Thetis they were afterwards both changed into Halcyons: the story is beautifully told by Ovid, in the eleventh book of the *Metamorphoses*; and alluded to by Virgil, Theocritus, Aristophanes, Plautus, and other writers.

how,



how, Socrates, can we believe the tales you spoke of, that women can be turned into birds, and birds into women? nothing seems to me more improbable.

## S O C R A T E S.

Short-sighted mortals, my dear Chærephon, are but poor judges of what may or may not be: we cannot go farther than human abilities will permit us, and which are seldom able to see, know, or determine aright. The easiest things appear difficult to us, and the plainest incomprehensible; partly from the want of knowledge and experience, partly from the weak and infantine state of our minds: all men in reality \* are but children, be they ever so far advanced in years; for brief as childhood, is, the utmost extent of life: how then can those, who know not the power of gods and demons, say what is possible or impossible? You saw, my friend, how dreadful the storm was but three days ago; the thunder, lightning, and fury of the winds; we shudder even at the thoughts of it; one would have imagined the whole earth was torn to pieces, and sinking into ruin; and yet in a short time after all was placid and serene, and has continued so to this moment. Was it not, think you, as difficult to still the rage of that tempest, to change the face of heaven, and adorn it with this tranquil beauty, as to transform a † woman into a bird? Children, who know how to model in wax or earth, will imitate various forms from the same materials; and shall not the divine power, so wonderful, and superior to our own, command and perform all things with ease and pleasure? Canst thou tell how much greater the heavens are than thyself?

## C H Æ R E P H O N.

What man, O Socrates, can conceive or declare it? It is infinitely more than words can express.

## S O C R A T E S.

How much do men, when compared one with another, differ in strength and power! How much from themselves, at different periods of their lives!

\* *Are but children &c.*] Non bis pueri fumus, ut vulgo dicitur, sed semper, verum hoc interest quod majora nos ludimus. Seneca apud Lactantium.

As Dryden says,

Men are but children of a larger growth.

† *Woman into a bird?*] The reflection is sensible and just, highly agreeable to the sentiments and character of the great Socrates. We are surrounded, indeed, as a modern philosopher observes, with miracles on every side, and yet scarce believe in or acknowledge the divine Author of them.

What

What changes, both of mind and body, happen in the space of a few years! How superior are men to children! Infomuch that one may with ease destroy a thousand: infancy is, by the law of nature, weak and destitute of all things. If man thus differs from man, what must be the infinite distance between us and heaven! Doubtless as much as the whole world is greater than Socrates or Chærephon, so much must the divine Power and Intellect exceed our weak and limited capacities.

Things, moreover, which you and I, and many more like ourselves, think impracticable, others will perform with ease: playing on the flute, to those who have never learned; writing, or reading, to the ignorant and illiterate; is, perhaps, as difficult as to make women out of birds, or birds out of women. Nature finds a creature dropped in the hive, without feet or wings, she adds both, adorns it with a variety of beautiful colours, and produces the wise and provident bee, the artificer of divine honey: from the dumb and lifeless egg she brings forth a thousand different species of birds, aquatic and terrestrial, by the assistance, and under the direction of the supreme Will.

Since, therefore, so great is the power of the gods, and we weak mortals are neither able to dive into deep mysteries, nor even to judge as we ought of the little things around us, let us not pretend to determine any thing concerning Halcyons or \* nightingales. For my own part, as I received the tradition from my forefathers, I will deliver it to my children: thy hymns, melodious mourner, will I ever remember, and celebrate thy pious conjugal affection, telling thy tale to my wives † Myrto and Xantippe, not forgetting the honour which thou hast received from the gods: thou, Chærephon, I hope, wilt do the same.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

That you may be assured I will: for what you have remarked may be profitable both to husbands and wives.

S O C R A T E S.

Salute Halcyone, then, and let us away to the city.

C H Æ R E P H O N.

I attend you.

\* *Nightingales,*] Alluding to the story of Philomela.

† *Myrto and Xantippe,*] Lucian here informs us that Socrates had two wives, and Plutarch (see his life of Aristides), is of the same opinion. Plato and Xenophon, however, give him but one, Xantippe; who, according to all accounts, was full enough, if not rather too much for him. This question is discussed by Bentley, in his Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, to which I refer the curious reader.

C A U C A S U S ;

# C A U C A S U S\*;

O R,

## P R O M E T H E U S,

### A D I A L O G U E.

*In this little tract, which is replete with wit and humour, LUCIAN apparently considers the whole story of PROMETHEUS as an absurd and ridiculous fable, and treats it accordingly, not without some severe strictures on the whole system of Pagan divinity. There seems to be likewise some concealed satire on the lawyers, and their manner of handling causes: the defence made by PROMETHEUS is probably a parody of a speech made by some famous orator of that time, whose works are not handed down to us: For, as the ingenious † Dr. Beattie observes, “in the ludicrous writing of the ancients, there must have been, as there are in our own, many “ nice allusions, which none but persons living at the time could properly comprehend.”*

#### MERCURY, VULCAN, PROMETHEUS.

M E R C U R Y.

**T**HIS, my friend Vulcan, is Caucasus, where we are to nail up this miserable Titan: let us look about for some convenient rock, free from snow, that we may fasten him the better, and where, while he hangs, he will make the most conspicuous figure.

V U L C A N.

Right, brother Mercury; let us look sharp; for we must not nail him low, least some of the mortals whom he has created should come to his rescue; nor must we place him quite at the top of the mountain, for then he will not be seen by those who are below. We had better fix him here, I believe, about the middle, just above this precipice, with his arms extended.

M E R C U R Y.

Good; for the rocks here are broken, and inaccessible, inclining to the precipice, and so narrow, that you can hardly stand upright on it; the

\* This is generally called Prometheus, or Caucasus; I have chosen the latter name, because the former has already been made use of.

† See Dr. Beattie's Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, 4to. p. 616.

finest

finest place that can be for a cross : come, get up, Prometheus, and let us fix you to the mountain.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Have pity, good Mercury and Vulcan, on a poor wretch, thus doomed to suffer most undeservedly.

M E R C U R Y.

And so you would really have us two nailed up for disobedience of orders, instead of yourself : we are infinitely obliged to you. But come, give us your hand : take it in your's, Vulcan, and nail it down as fast you can ; now the other, fasten that also ; now it will do : the eagle will be here presently to pick your liver, and you will enjoy the full reward of your ingenuity.

P R O M E T H E U S.

\* O Saturn, O Japetus, O mother Earth ! what do I suffer, and all for nothing !

M E R C U R Y.

For nothing, say you ? Call you it nothing to defraud Jupiter in the manner you did, when, on the distribution of the meats entrusted to you, you covered the bones with white fat, and got all the best parts for yourself ; for so, if I am not mistaken, † Hesiod tells the story. Moreover, did not you make men, those mischievous creatures, and, what is worse, women also ? Lastly, and above all, who stole the sacred fire, that best and noblest possession of the gods, and gave it to mortals ? and yet, after doing all this, you complain of suffering for nothing.

P R O M E T H E U S.

In truth, Mercury, you seem, as the poet says, “ to blame the blameless,” and accuse me of that as a crime, for which, had I been properly rewarded, I deserved to have been kept in the ‡ Prytaneum at the public cost. But, if you have leisure now, I will this moment plead my own cause

\* O Saturn, &c.] Prometheus, according to Hesiod, was the son of Japetus, who was descended from Uranus, heaven, and Gaia, or mother earth ; Saturn also was the son of Cœlus and Terra ; the persecuted deity calls therefore, we see, with propriety on his nearest relations.

† Hesiod,] See the Weeks and Days.

‡ Prytaneum,] A common hall at Athens, where the senators met and dined together : such as had done eminent service to the state were here feasted at the public cost. Lucian is supposed to glance at Socrates, who, when thrown into prison, is said to have made the same observation that is here put into the mouth of Prometheus.

before you, and plainly convince you that Jupiter has passed a most unjust sentence against me. You may, yourself, if you please, for you are an orator, I know, and famous for chicanery; take his side of the question, defend his decree, and prove he was in the right, to hang me up, a miserable spectacle to the Scythians, on this same dreary Caucasus.

## M E R C U R Y.

The dispute will be idle enough, friend Prometheus, and, I believe, to very little purpose: begin, however, if you like it, for we must stay here a little, till the eagle comes down to take care of your liver; in the mean while, therefore, we may as well spend our leisure time in listening to your sophistry, in which we know you are a great proficient.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

Do you begin then; accuse me as violently as you can, and leave no argument untried that can be of the least service to your good father. You, Vulcan, shall be the umpire between us.

## V U L C A N.

Not I, indeed. Instead of judge, I ought to be the accuser, of one who stole all the fire, and left my furnace cold.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

Divide your action for theft, then, into two parts, and let Mercury take for his the creation of man, and the distribution of the flesh: you are both, I know, deeply skilled in the art of rhetoric.

## V U L C A N.

No: let Mercury speak for me, I beseech you; judicial cases are quite out of my way, I am too busy about my own fire-side; but he is an orator, and has deeply considered these matters.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

I should never have thought of Mercury's harranguing against \* theft, and accusing me for skill in his own profession: however, if you chuse to enter upon it, my good son of Mars, now is your time.

\* *Theft,*] As Mercury is always called the god of thieves.

## M E R C U R Y.

What you have been guilty of, Prometheus, calls, doubtless, for a long and well studied speech; but, for the present, it may suffice, briefly to recapitulate the heads of our accusation against you. And, first, you stand indicted for defrauding Jupiter, and so dividing the flesh as to keep the best parts for yourself: secondly, for making men; a thing which you should by no means have attempted: and thirdly, for stealing fire, and carrying it to them: and, after committing all these crimes, you seem not to know, or acknowledge, how kind and merciful Jove has been to you. If you deny the charge, you must enter on your defence, and a long oration will be necessary for the support of it; in that case, I must endeavour to prove the truth of my allegations: but if you fairly confess that you did so divide the meats; that you did find out a new method of creating man; and that you did steal the fire, my accusation is sufficient, and to say any more about it would be trifling and unnecessary.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

Whether what you have said already be trifling, or not, we shall see hereafter; but as you say you have finished your accusation, I shall now endeavour to defend myself. And first then, with regard to the distribution of the meats: I blush, so heaven help me, for this same Jupiter, who could be so mean and narrow-soul'd, so peevish and brutal, as, because he found a little bone on his plate, to send an old deity, like me, to this place of torment; forgetting all the assistance I had given him, not considering how little cause he had to be angry, nor how childish it was in him to be in such a passion, merely because he had not the greatest share of the dainties; such little convivial tricks surely it ill became him to \* remember: he should have passed over, and laughed at what was done at a banquet, and left his anger behind: to bear so long in his mind, and resent an affront of this nature, was neither kingly, nor god-like. If you take away these jests and sports from a feast, you will have nothing but drunkenness, silence, and satiety, things mighty unpleasant, and little suited to a merry-making. Never

\* *Remember,*] Alluding to the old Greek proverb, *Μισω μνημονα συμποτην*, I hate a pot-companion with a good memory. Our countryman, Ben Jonson, therefore, amongst his club-rules, now to be seen at the Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar, did not forget the caution of

*Dicta qui foris eliminat eliminatorem.*

Which may be translated, if any one tells tales without doors, out with him.

did I imagine Jupiter would have thought of it the next day, or deemed it so grievous an injury, that the distributor should play this little trick, and give himself the better portion. But even suppose I had not given him the smaller part, but taken away the whole, where would have been the great crime; for this, is heaven and earth, as the proverb says, to be moved? Are chains, crosses, and lancets to be called in, eagles to be sent down, and my liver to be devoured? Is not this only to expose his own levity and meanness? If he was so angry at being deprived of a few bits of flesh, what would he have said if he had lost the whole ox? How much more reasonable are men in things of this kind, who yet, we may suppose, must be much more prone to anger than the gods! None of them would hang up a cook for dipping his fingers in, and tasting the broth, or touching a bit of roast-meat, but would undoubtedly forgive him; they might, perhaps, be angry with the man, give him a slap on the face, or thresh him; they would not, however, for such a crime send him to the gallows. But on this point I have said enough: I blush even for the defence, on such a subject, much more should you for the accusation.

And now for the crime alleged of, making men: which, as it seems to divide itself into two heads, I am at a loss which I am to be most blamed for; whether I ought not to have made them at all, and, in that case, the earth had remained totally rude and uncultivated; or whether I should have made them in a different manner. I shall speak to both points; and first, therefore, I shall endeavour to shew, that the gods could suffer no injury from the formation of man; and next, that so far from it, it was much better, and more profitable for them, that the earth should not be without men.

In the beginning, then, (for by this it will best appear whether I was to blame for creating man) there were nothing but gods: the earth was rude, and without form, full of woods, briars, and thorns: there were no altars or temples, (how indeed should there be?) nor images, nor statues of the gods, made with care and elegance, as they now are, nor any thing of that kind: when I, who am always thinking of something for the common good, began to consider with myself what I could do to promote the honour of the gods, and concluded that the best method was to take a small portion of clay, and make some creatures like ourselves: as thinking that the divine nature wanted something, not having its opposite, by a comparison with which it would appear more perfect, and more happy. Mortal,  
therefore,

therefore, I wished it to be, but rational, intelligent, and endowed with a sense of good and evil ; I began then, as the \* poet says,

To temper well the clay with water, then  
To add the vigour and the voice of men.

Moreover, I called in Minerva to assist me in the work. This, after all, is the great injury which I have done to the gods ; by making creatures out of clay, and giving motion to that which was before immoveable ; and yet from that time it seems the gods are less gods, because certain creatures called mortals now exist : for Jupiter is very angry, as if the gods were so much the worse from the creation of men ; he is afraid, perhaps, that they should rebel against him, and wage war with the gods, as the giants did of old : but neither from me, or from my works, Mercury, most incontestible it is, hath any harm arisen. Shew me the least inconvenience, and I will fairly confess that you have but done justice in thus punishing me.

But I can farther prove, that all this is for the benefit and advantage of the gods : which you will acknowledge, when you come to consider that the earth is no longer void of form and beauty, but adorned with plants and cultivated fields, the sea navigated, the islands inhabited, altars, temples, sacrifices, and temples on every side, the public ways all full of men, and † full of Jove. If indeed I had created men for myself alone, I might seem to have consulted my own private benefit ; but I have brought it all into the whole community ; and yet Jupiter, Apollo, and you, Mercury, have temples ; but there are none to Prometheus ; you see then how watchful I am of my own interests, and how careless of yours.

But attend to this, I beseech you, above all ; can that be called a ‡ good, which has no witnesses to its goodness ; is that possession, which none can see or praise equal to that which all value and esteem ? Without men the beauty of the universe could have no admirers. We should but abound in riches, which were neither envied by others, nor dear to ourselves. There

\* *The poet,*] Hesiod, in his Weeks and Days. See Cooke's translation, book i. l. 91.

† *Full of Jove,*] Jovis omnia plena.

‡ *Good,*] Agreeable to this idea is that of our great poet,

Nor think, tho' men were none, heav'n wou'd want praise,  
Millions of spiritual creatures, &c.

would



would be nothing to compare them with; nor should we so well know our own happiness, without reflecting that there were some beings not possessed of it. The great can only be known by contrasting it to the little: and yet, for my ingenious device and good counsel, you have thought fit thus to reward me. But you will say, perhaps, these same mortals are wicked creatures; that they go to war, commit adultery, marry their sisters, and assassinate their parents; as if we had not vices enough of the same kind amongst ourselves; and yet heaven and earth are not condemned for producing us. You may add also, that we have business enough upon our own hands, to take care of them; and, for the same reason, the shepherd might be angry that he had a flock to look after; it might be laborious, but at the same time it would be pleasing to him: such solitude is no disagreeable employment. If we had no business, what should we do with our time; nothing, but intoxicate ourselves with nectar and ambrosia?

But what hurts me most is, that you blame me for making women; and yet you all love them yourselves, are perpetually going down to earth, turning yourselves into bulls, swans, and satyrs for them, and even not disdain to beget gods out of them. But I might have made men, you will say, in a different manner, and not so like ourselves; yet what better model could I go by, than that which I knew to be the most beautiful? Should I have made a rough unpolished animal, without sense or reason? How could such have sacrificed to the gods, or paid due honours to you? And do you not, when they send up their hecatombs, run away to the utmost limits of the world, to meet Pan, and the blameless \* Ethiopians; and yet I, who am the cause of all your honours and victims, must be fixed on a cross for it.

So much for the men: and now pass we on to the fire and theft, which I am accused of: answer me, for heaven's sake, this question; is there less fire amongst us since I imparted it to men? You will confess there is not; for such is its nature, that it never diminishes by participation, nor is extinguished by another's receiving light and heat from it: what is it then but envy, to forbid the use of it, which can do you no injury? Gods should be gracious and beneficent, the dispensers of good to all, without grudging or discontent. Neither, had I carried it all away, would you have suffered any

\* *Ethiopians,*] Alluding to Jupiter's visit to them, mentioned by Homer, and so often laughed at by our author.

inconve-

inconvenience; you want it not; you are not cold, neither do you cook your ambrosia, or stand in need of artificial light. Whereas, to men, fire is absolutely necessary, as well for many other things, as particularly for sacrifices, to burn their incense, and roast their offerings: the smoke, I know, of them you are highly delighted with, and think that the noblest feast, where the odour rises up to heaven, and columns of smoke are wafted to the skies. This accusation, therefore, is absurd, and contrary to your own mighty will and pleasure. I wonder, for my part, you permit the sun to shine, whose flames are so much fiercer than mine, and that you do not accuse him also for dissipating your treasure.

And now, Mercury and Vulcan, you have heard my defence; if you think I have advanced any thing wrong or improper, correct and disprove it; I am ready to reply:

## M E R C U R Y.

Prometheus, it is no easy matter to contend with so subtle a disputant as you are; you may be happy, however, that Jupiter did not hear your speech; for, depend on it, if he had, he would have sent a hundred vulturs to prey upon your liver, instead of one: so severe have you been upon him. But what I most wonder at is, that you, who are so great a prophet, should not have foreseen that this punishment must fall upon you.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

Mercury, I knew it well; and I know also, that I shall hereafter be delivered from it; a friend of your's shall soon come from \* Thebes, and with his arrows pierce the eagle that is now flying down upon me.

## M E R C U R Y.

I heartily wish it may be so: that I may once see you free and carousing with us, on condition, though, that you are not the carver.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

O, never fear: Jupiter will loose me soon, and for a very good reason.

## M E R C U R Y.

What is that pray? Do not conceal it from us, I intreat you.

\* *Thebes,*] Hercules.

## C A U C A S U S.

## P R O M E T H E U S.

You know † Thetis, don't you? But I shall say no more; I must ‡ keep the secret now, that I may get my freedom by divulging it hereafter.

## M E R C U R Y.

Keep it, my good Titan, if it will be of any service to you. But come, Vulcan, let us be gone, for yonder is the eagle, and will be here immediately; Prometheus, bear it with fortitude, and may the Theban archer, whom you talk of, come soon, and deliver you!

† *Thetis,*] The daughter of Oceanus, whom Jupiter was in love with, and wanted to marry; but the Fates had decreed that she should have a son greater than his father. Prometheus alone, as a prophet, knew this, but would not reveal the secret till he was released. Hercules freed him, and he then disclosed it. Thetis was married to Peleus, and the prophecy accomplished in the renowned Achilles.

‡ *Keep the secret,*] Agreeable to what Æschylus makes him say at the end of his tragedy.

Not all his tortures, all his arts shall move me  
T'unlock my lips, till this curs'd chain be loos'd.

See Potter's Æschylus, 8vo. p. 77.

## D I A L O G U E S

# DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

*In the DIALOGUES OF THE GODS we meet with no inconsiderable share of true wit and humour. The Heathen Deities are here called in, by turns, by our sprightly satyrift, merely to laugh at, and expose one another; and the whole absurd system of pagan theology, which, about the time when these Dialogues were written, was on the decline, was perhaps totally destroyed, and may be said to have received its coup de grace from the raillery of LUCIAN.*

## DIALOGUE I.

J U P I T E R   A N D   M E R C U R Y .

J U P I T E R .

**M**ERCURY, you know the beautiful daughter of Inachus?

M E R C U R Y .

Yes; Io, you mean.

J U P I T E R .

She is turned into a cow.

M E R C U R Y .

Surprising! How happened it?

J U P I T E R .

Juno\*, in a fit of jealousy, thought proper to metamorphose her; and withal, to make the poor creature more unhappy, has set one Argos, a herdsman, with a hundred eyes, to guard her, who watches over her night and day, and never sleeps.

M E R C U R Y .

What can I do to serve you in this affair?

J U P I T E R .

Fly to the Nemæan wood, for there Argos feeds his cattle: kill him, and carry her off to Ægypt: there let her be called Isis, and worshipped as a goddess, raise the Nile, send prosperous gales, and preserve mariners.

\* *Juno in a fit, &c.*] Lucian attributes the transformation of Io to Juno herself. Ovid tells the story differently, and informs us, that Jupiter turned her into a cow, to save her from the resentment of that vindictive lady.

## DIALOGUE II.

VULCAN AND APOLLO.

VULCAN.

APOLLO, have you seen this new-born son of Maia? the infant is excessively pretty, smiles at every body, and seems to promise something very great hereafter.

APOLLO.

Very great, to be sure, Vulcan, and a pretty infant, who is older in mischief than \* Japetus himself.

VULCAN.

Why, what mighty mischief can a child do that is just born?

APOLLO.

Ask Neptune, whose trident he stole; or Mars, whose sword he drew privately out of his scabbard; not to mention myself, whom he disarmed of my bow and arrows.

VULCAN.

What! an infant, that is carried about in his swaddling-cloaths, do this!

APOLLO.

You'll see, if he comes near you.

VULCAN.

He has been with me already.

APOLLO.

And have you got all your tools safe? is nothing missing?

VULCAN.

Nothing.

APOLLO.

But look narrowly.

VULCAN.

By Jove, I don't see my tongs.

APOLLO.

You'll find them in the child's swaddling-cloaths.

\* *Japetus, &c.*] Japetus was the son of Ouranus, and brother to Saturn. According to Hesiod, he married Clymene, daughter of Oceanus, by whom he had four illustrious sons, Atlas, Menetius, Prometheus, and Epimetheus. He was considered by the Grecians as the great father and founder of their whole race. History and tradition could not reach beyond him. A very old man in his dotage was usually called Japetus. Etymologists say, he was the same as Japhet; and the similitude of found seems to favour this conjecture.

VULCAN.

VULCAN.

Is he so nimble-fingered as to have learned the art of stealing in his mother's womb?

APOLLO.

If you were to hear him talk, you would be astonished at his humour and volubility. He wants to be my deputy. Yesterday he challenged Cupid; and, some how or other, tripped up his heels, and got the better of him. A little after this, whilst Venus was embracing and praising him for his victory, he stole her cestus; and, as Jupiter was laughing at him, ran away with his scepter, and if his thunder and lightning had not been rather too heavy, and had too much fire, would have taken them into the bargain.

VULCAN.

A lively boy, indeed!

APOLLO.

And, what is more, he is a musician too.

VULCAN.

Why do you imagine so?

APOLLO.

He found a dead \* tortoise somewhere, and made a musical instrument of it; and fitting pins to it, with a neck, and keys, and bow, and seven strings, played upon it something so sweet and harmonious, as to raise envy even in me, who, you know, in former times, was counted a tolerable harper. Maia says, he never stays a night in heaven; but, out of his superabundant industry, wanders down to hell, and steals something from thence. He has wings withal, and a † wand of most miraculous power, by virtue of

\* *Tortoise.*] Mercury, as all the old poets tell us, first discovered the testudo, or lyre, with seven strings. The old tale is, that after stealing some bulls from Apollo, he retired to a secret grotto. Just as he was going in, he found a tortoise, which he killed, and, perhaps, eat the flesh of it. As he was afterwards diverting himself with the shell, he was mightily pleased with the noise it gave from its concave figure; and, possibly, had been cunning enough to find out, that a string pulled strait, and fastened at each end, when struck by the finger, made a sort of musical sound. He went immediately to work, and cut several strings out of the hides he had stolen, and fastened them as tight as he could, to the shell of the tortoise; and in playing with them, made a new kind of music, to divert himself in his retreat. This was the origin of the lyre. See Spencer's Polymetis, Dial. 8. See also Dr. Burney's Description of the testudo, in his excellent History of Music, vol. I. p. 268.

† *A wand.*] This wand, according to some writers, was given to Mercury by Apollo, in exchange for a lyre. Its wonderful perfections are mentioned by Virgil,

Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco  
Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit.

which, he calls forth the dead to life, and conducts the living to the shades below.

V U L C A N.

Aye; I gave him that for a play-thing.

A P O L L O.

And he returned the favour, by stealing your tongs.

V U L C A N.

Well remembered: I'll go and see if I can find them where you say they are, in his swaddling-cloaths.

### D I A L O G U E III.

V U L C A N A N D J U P I T E R.

V U L C A N.

JUPITER, I have brought the hatchet, as you ordered me; it is sharp enough to pierce through a stone at one blow; what must I do with it?

J U P I T E R.

Cut my head in two.

V U L C A N.

Do you take me for a madman? Tell me in earnest what I must do.

J U P I T E R.

Divide this pericranium of mine; if you do not, you know I can be angry; so take care: Be sure you do it with a good will, and immediately too. I am half dead with pain. My head is distracted with it.

V U L C A N.

I wish we may not do some mischief; for the ax is very sharp. I shall draw blood: I shall not lay you so easily as Lucina would.

J U P I T E R.

Strike boldly, I tell you; I know the consequence.

V U L C A N.

I'll do it, though it is sorely against my will; but what must not be done if you command it?—Ha! what's this? An armed virgin! a dreadful thing, indeed, you had in your head; well might you be angry with a live virgin in your brain, and in armour too; your's was \* not a head, but the

\* *Not a head, &c.*] *Στρατοπεδον*, says the original, *ε κεφαλην εχων*, *castra, non caput, habuisti*. The translation is not literal; but had Lucian wrote in English, he might perhaps have thus expressed himself.

head-

head-quarters —She \* dances the Pyrrhic dance too, shakes her spear, and seems inspired ; but, which is most extraordinary, she is excessively handsome, and seems already at years of maturity. She has blue eyes, and the helmet sets her off to advantage. I intreat you, therefore, Jupiter, that you will reward your midwife, by giving me her hand.

J U P I T E R.

Vulcan, that cannot be, for she is resolved to live a virgin ; however, you have my consent.

V U L C A N.

That is all I want ; leave the rest to me ; I'll ravish her immediately.

J U P I T E R.

If you think you can do it so easily, so you may ; but I know beforehand, you have set your heart on what you will never enjoy.

## D I A L O G U E IV.

V E N U S A N D C U P I D.

V E N U S.

SEE, son Cupid, what work you make : I do not mean what mortals, by your instigation, do one among another upon earth ; but, by your pranks in heaven, turning Jupiter into so many shapes, just as occasion serves, calling down the moon from her orb ; making Phœbus forget his journey to stop with Clymene ; with your bold and impudent attacks on your own mother ; but, which is still more insolent, you have made even old † Rhea, that antiquated matron, the mother of so many Gods, fall in love with a Phrygian boy. You have driven her into madness. She harnesses her lions ; and, taking with her Corybantes, who are as mad as herself, runs up and down mount Ida, crying after Atys, whilst some of her priests cut their arms with swords, others ramble with dishevelled hair over the mountains, others sound their horns, others beat their drums and cymbals ; all, in short, is riot, noise,

\* *She dances,*] Πυρρική, says Lucian ; dances the Pyrrhic dance, a martial dance, said to be invented by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, at the funeral of his father : in this the dancers were armed from top to toe.

† *Rhea,*] or Cybele, the wife of Saturn, and commonly called, the Mother of the Gods. The poets tell us, she fell in love with Atys, a young Phrygian shepherd, who, like other young men, not being fond of old women, slighted her. She resented the injury on his mistresses ; or, as some writers say, on Atys himself, in the severest manner, as the reader may see, if he turns to Catullus. Her priests are represented as lamenting his death. See Sophocles.

and



and madness. I am quite terrified at it : You are so mischievous a creature, that, I am afraid, Rhea, in one of her mad fits, or rather if she comes to herself again, will order her priests to tear you in pieces, or give you to the lions : you are in imminent danger, I assure you.

C U P I D.

Never fear, mother ; the lions are my particular acquaintance : I frequently get upon their backs, lay hold of their manes, and drive them about like so many horses ; they wag their tails at me, take my hand in their mouths, lick it, and give it me back unhurt ; and as to Rhea herself, how can she find time to be revenged on me, whilst she thinks of nothing but Atys ? besides, after all, what harm do I do, by only pointing out what is beautiful ? What is ugly none of you desire ; therefore blame not me : Would you wish that Mars should no longer love you, nor you him ?

V E N U S.

Subtle rogue ! you were born to conquer : but one day or other you will remember my words.

## D I A L O G U E V.

J U P I T E R, H E R C U L E S, AND Æ S C U L A P I U S.

J U P I T E R.

Hercules and Æsculapius, for shame ! leave off quarrelling thus with one another like mortals ; it but ill becomes the table of the gods.

H E R C U L E S.

And would you, Jupiter, permit that quack to sit down before me ?

Æ S C U L A P I U S.

Most certainly ; I am your superior.

H E R C U L E S.

In what, madman ? because Jupiter struck you with his thunder-bolt, for doing what you ought not to have done ; and now, out of compassion, has made you an immortal ?

Æ S C U L A P I U S.

When you reproach me, Hercules, for perishing by the fire of Jove's lightning, you forget that you were burnt yourself on mount Æta.

H E R C U L E S.

Whilst you and I lived, we were by no means on a level. I, who am the  
son

son of Jove, by incessant toil and labour, purged the world of crimes, subdued monsters, and took revenge on proud and impious men; whilst you were nothing but a simpler and a mountebank: your medicines might, perhaps, be serviceable to a few sick mortals; but you never performed any thing great or manly.

ÆSCULAPĪUS.

True; for I cured your burns when you came to me half roasted, with a body which the shirt and flames together had almost consumed. If I did nothing else, however, I was not a slave, neither did I put on a purple garment and turn spinster in Lydia; nor was I beaten by Omphale with a golden distaff; neither did I run mad, and kill my wife and children.

HERCULES.

Hold your abusive tongue, or you shall find your immortality of little service, for I will throw you down headlong out of heaven, and crack your pate in such a manner, that Pæon himself shall not be able to heal it.

JUPITER.

I will not have the assembly disturbed; therefore leave off, or I shall banish you both from the banquet. Hercules, Æsculapius must sit down before you, for he \* died first.

## DIALOGUE VI.

MERCURY AND APOLLO.

MERCURY.

APOLLO, what makes you so melancholy.

APOLLO.

Misfortunes in love.

MERCURY.

That, indeed, is enough to make you so: but how are you unhappy, does Daphne's fate afflict you still?

APOLLO.

No; but I lament the lovely son of Oebalus.

MERCURY.

Is Hyacinthus dead?

\* *Died first.*] This is an odd title to superiority. Amongst the heathen demi-gods, precedence, it seems, went not by birth, as with men, but by death: according to our adage, first come first served.

APOLLO.

A P O L L O .

He is.

M E R C U R Y .

How happened it? What foe to love could destroy that beauteous youth?

A P O L L O .

It was my own doing.

M E R C U R Y .

Sure, Apollo, you were mad.

A P O L L O .

No: it was by an accident I little thought of.

M E R C U R Y .

How was it? For I long to know.

A P O L L O .

Zephyrus, that most hateful of all the winds, was in love with him as well as myself; but, uneasy at the scorn and contempt he met with from him, resolved to be revenged. We played at quoits, which he was learning of me; I, as usual, threw the quoit up into the air, when Zephyrus, blowing from Taygetus, brought it down directly on the boy's head; a quantity of blood flowed from the wound, and he died. I pursued the murderer with my arrows, and drove him before me into the mountains, then raised a tomb to my beloved boy at Amycla, where he perished, and from his blood caused a \* flower to spring up, most beautiful and fragrant, with letters on it lamenting his death. Have I not reason to be unhappy?

M E R C U R Y .

You have: but you knew you had fixed your affections on a mortal; therefore, since he is dead, grieve no more.

## D I A L O G U E   V I I .

J U N O   a n d   L A T O N A .

J U N O .

A beautiful race of children, Latona, you and Jupiter have produced!

L A T O N A .

It is not every one, Juno, can bring forth such a son as Vulcan.

\* *A flower,*] See this story charmingly told by Ovid, in the tenth book of his *Metamorphoses*.

J U N O .

J U N O.

To be sure he is a little lame: but he is useful, an excellent artist, and has made heaven very fine: he married Venus too, and is highly esteemed on her account. Then, for your other children, \* one of them is extremely masculine; a perfect mountaineer; she runs about killing and eating strangers like the Scythians, those devourers of human flesh. As to Apollo, he pretends to know every thing; to shoot, to play upon the harp, to cure all distempers, and to prophecy; sets up his divination shops at Delphos, Claros, and Didymæ, and draws in the fools that consult him, giving them such ambiguous answers as may be interpreted either way, and so save the credit of his falsehoods: this makes him so rich; for there are thousands mad enough to be deceived by his tricks; but those who know better see through the imposture. This prophet could not foresee that he should destroy his beloved Hyacinthus; nor could he foretell that Daphne would despise him, with all his beauty, and his fine locks. I see no reason, therefore, why you should think your children so much handsomer than Niobe's.

L A T O N A.

I know why this murderer of strangers, and this false prophet you talk of, gives you so much uneasiness; because you cannot bear to see them amongst the gods: especially when one is so much admired for her beauty, and the other plays on the harp at the banquet with universal applause.

J U N O.

Now, indeed, Latona, I must laugh; when Marsyas, you know, was so superior to him in the art, that if the Muses had not passed an unjust sentence, Marsyas would have slayed him, and not he Marsyas; but the poor wretch was condemned to perish in his stead. As to your handsome daughter, she was so beautiful, that after being seen by Actæon, she had him worried to death by the dogs, for fear he should discover her ugliness; not to mention, that she would hardly act as a midwife, if she were herself a virgin.

L A T O N A.

You are proud of being the wife of Jupiter, and reigning with him, and that makes you give yourself such airs; but I shall see you soon whimpering and crying, when he leaves you here, and rambles down to earth, in the shape of a bull, or a swan.

\* *One of them.*] Diana.

## D I A L O G U E V I I I .

J U N O A N D J U P I T E R .

J U N O .

I SHOULD be ashamed, Jupiter, to have such a \* son as your's; so effeminate, so drunken; his hair tied up with a bonnet; always amongst a parcel of mad women; himself more delicate than any of them; dancing to tabors, pipes, and cymbals; and, in short, more like any body else than his father.

J U P I T E R .

And yet this delicate, woman-like creature, with his hair tied up, has not only subdued Lydia, Thrace, and the inhabitants of Tmolus, but, with his female army, marched against the Indians, seized their elephants, took possession of their country; and, after a weak resistance, led their sovereign captive: and this he did, dancing and singing all the time, with spears made of ivy; and sometimes, as you say, a little drunk and mad; and if any one affronted him, by ridiculing his sacred rites, would bind him with vine-twigs, or have him torn to pieces, as kids are by their dams. These actions, you see, are manly, and not unworthy of his father: if, at the same time, he eats, drinks, sports, and plays, I see no harm in it; especially when you consider what he must be when he is sober, who can do such things when he is drunk.

J U N O .

I suppose you will praise him, too, for his invention of the grape; though you see how those who use it tumble about, and how abusive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarius, the very first who tasted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs, by his own pot-companions.

J U P I T E R .

All this is saying nothing to the purpose: it was not the wine, nor Bacchus, that was in fault; it was the excess, drinking more than they ought; but he that drinks with moderation, is only the merrier, and the better tempered: Icarius did not use his companions as they did him. But I see plainly, this is nothing but jealousy; you find fault with Bacchus, only because you remember Semele.

\* *Such a son,*] Bacchus the son of Jupiter, by Semele.

D I A :

## DIALOGUE IX.

V E N U S A N D C U P I D.

V E N U S.

HOW comes it to pass, Cupid, that whilst you attack Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Apollo, nay, and even me, your own mother, and all the gods and goddeffes, Minerva alone escapes you? against her your torch has no fire; your quiver no arrows: you have neither bow, nor skill to use one.

C U P I D.

In truth, mother, I am afraid of her; she is so masculine, so formidable, and looks so fiercely. Whenever I stretch my bow against her, she shakes her crested helmet, and so terrifies me, that I tremble all over, and my arrows drop out of my hand.

V E N U S.

Was not Mars much more formidable, and yet, though armed, you conquered him?

C U P I D.

But he voluntarily yields, and even invites me; whilst Minerva always looks sternly on me. Once I flew rashly up, and held my torch close to her, when immediately she cried out, "By my father, if you approach a step nigher to me, I will run you through with this lance, take you by the foot, and hurl you headlong down to Tartarus, or tear you into a thousand pieces." Thus did she threaten me: then she looks so sour, and carries on her breast a frightful Gorgon's head, with snakes round it, which I shudder at, and run away whenever I see her.

V E N U S.

So you are afraid of Minerva and her Gorgon, more than of Jove's thunder: but how happens it that the Muses also are invulnerable by you, and safe from the power of your darts? Do they shake their crested helmets and Gorgons too?

C U P I D.

Them I revere: they are always grave, and wrapped in meditation, and intent on sacred song: I often stand by and listen to them, delighted with their melody.

V E N U S.

Well, since they are so reverend, let them alone; but why do not you attack Diana?

L 2

C U P I D.

C U P I D .

To say the truth, in one word, she flies into the mountains, and I cannot overtake her ; besides, she is entirely taken up with a passion of her own.

V E N U S .

What passion, child ?

C U P I D .

Oh ! hunting stags and hinds, which she pursues, and kills with her arrows ; this employment takes up all her time : but as for her brother, so famous for his bow, that far-shooting god—

V E N U S .

Aye, him, I know, you have wounded often enough.

## D I A L O G U E X .

M A R S   A N D   M E R C U R Y .

M A R S .

DID you hear, Mercury, how Jupiter threatened us ? Such boasting, and so ridiculous too ! “ I will hang \* a chain,” says he, “ down from heaven, and you shall all of you get at one end of it, and pull against me, to no purpose, for you will never draw me down ; whereas, if I have a mind to lift it up, I can not only draw you, but the earth, and sea, together with you, into heaven.” Thus he went on with a good deal more stuff of the same kind. Now, though I think him stronger than e'er a one of us ; yet, that he alone is so powerful as to weigh us all down, even if we took the earth and seas to our assistance, is what I will never believe.

M E R C U R Y .

Softly, good Mars ; it is not safe to talk thus, lest we suffer for our prating.

\* *I will hang a chain, &c.*] Alluding to that passage in the eighth book of Homer's *Iliad*, where Jupiter threatens all the deities with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side in the approaching battle. It is thus translated by Pope :

Let down our golden everlasting chain,  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main ;  
Strive all of mortal and immortal birth,  
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth :  
Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,  
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ;  
I fix the chain to great Olympus height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my fight.

There is something in the idea of this long chain, which, in spite of all that the critics have urged in its defence, borders nearly on the ridiculous. It certainly struck Lucian in this light, as he takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the absurdity of it.

M A R S .

M A R S.

You do not think I would venture to say this to every body; I only speak in confidence to you, whose secrecy I can depend on: it appeared so ridiculous to me to hear him threatening in this manner, that I could not help speaking of it. It is not long since Neptune, Juno, and Minerva, entered into a conspiracy against him, and would have bound him prisoner: then I remember how frightened he was, and turned himself into a thousand shapes, when there were only \* three of them; and if Thetis, in compassion to him, had not called in Briareus, with his hundred hands, to his assistance, in spite of all his thunder and lightning he must have been overcome: when I think of this, I must laugh at his vain glory.

M E R C U R Y.

Silence, or good words, I beseech you; for such as these, it neither befits you to speak, nor me to hear.

DIALOGUE XI.

M E R C U R Y AND M A I A.

M E R C U R Y.

O MY mother, is there in heaven a god so wretched as I am?

M A I A.

Talk not thus, Mercury, I beseech you.

M E R C U R Y.

Have I not reason? Fatigued as I am with perpetual employment, and distracted with a thousand different offices. First, I must get up early, and set out the breakfast-table, then, when I have got the council-chamber ready, and put every thing in order, must I wait on Jove, and carry messages up and down for him all the day; and, when I come home, all over dirt and dust, must go and serve up ambrosia; nay, and before this new cup-bearer came, was obliged to hand round the nectar also; but, what is worst of all, I have no rest even of nights; for then I am employed in con-

\* *Three of them, &c.*] Alluding to this passage in the Iliad,

When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main;  
The traitor gods, by mad ambition driv'n,  
Durst threat, with chains, th' omnipotence of heav'n.

Pope's Iliad, book i. l. 518.

veying



veying the souls of the dead to Pluto; leading the shades about, and assisting at the seat of judgment. It is not sufficient that I am all day in business, exercised in the palæstra, chief crier of the councils, or teaching the orators; but I must be arbiter amongst the dead too. The sons of \* Leda take their turns to be above and below, but I must be in both places every day. Bacchus and Hercules, both the offspring of poor mortal women, feast and play; whilst I, the son of Atlantis, am forced to wait on them. I am but this moment returned from Sidon, where I have been on a message to the daughter of Cadmus, to see what she is about; and now, before I can take breath, must I post away to Danae, at Argos; from thence he tells me to march into Bœotia, and call by the way upon Antiope: in short, I am quite out of heart, and, if it were possible, should desire to be sold to some other master, like my fellow-slaves on earth.

M A I A.

Talk no more in this manner, child, but obey your father, as a son ought to do. Away to Argos, and from thence as you were bid; left, if you loiter, you may be trimmed for it: lovers, my dear, are very irascible.

## D I A L O G U E XII.

J U P I T E R   A N D   T H E   S U N .

J U P I T E R .

THOU worst of Titans, what mischief hast thou done! Destroyed the whole earth, by trusting your chariot to a foolish boy, who has burned one half of the world, by driving too near it; and killed the other, by withdrawing his heat from it; and, in short, put every thing into disorder and confusion. If I had not interfered, and struck him down with my thunderbolt, not a man had been left alive; such a pretty coachman had you sent us.

S U N .

I own my fault, Jupiter; but do not be angry if I was over-persuaded

\* *Sons of Leda,*] Castor and Pollux. The latter of these twin-brothers intreated his father, Jupiter, that the gift of immortality might be between them. Jupiter consented; and the two heroes, we are told, died by turns: like a couple of buckets, the uppermost remained on earth, whilst the other remained dipped in the Styx. In a following dialogue we shall have more of them.

by

by my son's importunity : how could I ever have imagined such a misfortune would have happened ?

J U P I T E R.

Did not you know how much care and caution are necessary in this ; and that if you go but one step out of the way every thing must be ruined, did not you know the violent spirit of the horses, and that the reins must be held tight by main force ? if you give way in the least, they are gone, as he experienced, for away they pulled him, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, sometimes directly contrary to his proper course, upwards and downwards, and, in short, wherever they pleased ; he was utterly at a loss how to manage them.

S U N.

All that I knew, and therefore refused him a long time, and would not trust him to drive ; but when he, and his mother Clymene, by tears and prayers, had at last prevailed on me, I placed him myself in the chariot, directed him where to go, taught him how high he must mount up, and how low he must descend, how to manage the reins, and keep the horses in properly. I told him how great the danger was if he did not go in the right track : but he, for he was but a child, surrounded with such fire, and lost in such an immensity of space beneath him, I suppose, was stupified : the horses no sooner perceived that it was not I who drove them, than despising the youth, they turned out of the path, and did all this mischief : he, letting go the reins, and afraid, I suppose, of being thrown off, held fast by the nave of the wheel : but he has suffered for his folly, and I have felt enough on his account.

J U P I T E R.

You think so : but for such crimes, perhaps, you have not. This time, however, I forgive you : but if you are guilty of the like again, and send us such another deputy hereafter, you shall soon see whose flames are the fiercest, your's or mine. Let his sisters bury him at Eridanus, where he fell from the chariot, and weep amber over him. Then let them be converted, through grief, into poplar trees. Do you mind your chariot (for the pole is broke, and one of the wheels demolished), put the horses to, and drive : but do not forget what has happened.

D I A-

## D I A L O G U E XIII.

A P O L L O A N D M E R C U R Y .

A P O L L O .

CAN you tell me, Mercury, which of those is Castor, and which Pollux? for I cannot easily distinguish them.

M E R C U R Y .

He who was with us yesterday is Castor, the other is Pollux.

A P O L L O .

How do you know them one from the other? for they are extremely alike.

M E R C U R Y .

Pollux has marks in his face, of the wounds he received formerly at a boxing-match; one in particular from Amycus the Bebrycian, when he failed with Jason to Colchos. The face of the other is smooth and unhurt.

A P O L L O .

I thank you for teaching me how to distinguish them; for, with regard to every thing else, they are perfectly alike; each has his half-egg, his star, a spear in his hand, and a white horse, inasmuch, that I have often called Pollux Castor, and Castor Pollux: but tell me, how happens it, that only one of them is with us at a time, and that they are mortal and immortal by turns?

M E R C U R Y .

This they do from brotherly love to each other; for, as it was decreed by Fate, that one of Leda's sons should die, and the other not, they agreed to divide the immortality between them.

A P O L L O .

It was an unbrotherly division; for now they can never see one another, which one would think they mutually desired: but how can that ever happen, when one is with the gods, and the other with the shades below? But, moreover, I, you know, am a prophet; Æsculapius is a physician; you teach in the palaestra, and are an excellent school-master; Diana is a midwife; every one of us practises some art that is of use to gods or men: but of what service are these brothers? are they to do nothing at their age but eat and drink with us?

M E R C U R Y .

By no means; they are appointed to assist Neptune; to ride upon the sea; and,

and, if they behold mariners in danger of perishing by ship-wreck, to sit at the helm, and conduct them safe to port.

A P O L L O.

An excellent and most salutary art, indeed, Mercury.

D I A L O G U E XIV.

N E P T U N E A N D P O L Y P H E M U S.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

O FATHER, what have I suffered from that detestable stranger, who put my eyes out whilst I was asleep and in liquor!

N E P T U N E.

Who was it, Polyphemus, that could dare to do it?

P O L Y P H E M U S.

At first he called himself, Nobody; but, it seems, when he had escaped out of the reach of my darts, owned that his name was Ulysses.

N E P T U N E.

Of Ithaca, you mean; I know him: he sailed from Troy. But could he do this? He was never famous for courage.

P O L Y P H E M U S.

Returning one day from the meadows, I seized several robbers, laying in wait for my cattle, made the door fast, for I have an immense large stone on purpose, and kindled a fire, with a tree I had brought down from the mountain; when they endeavoured to hide themselves, I caught some of them; and, as robbers ought to be served, devoured them: then, that subtlest of all rogues, Ulysses, or Nobody, call him what you will, gave me some potion, pleasant both to the taste and smell, but dangerous and intoxicating; for, as soon as I had drank it, every thing seemed to wheel round with me, and the cave was turned topsy-turvy; in short, I was quite beside myself: at length I fell asleep; when, sharpening the bar of the door, and setting it on fire, as I slept, he put out my eyes, and I have been blind ever since.

N E P T U N E.

How soundly you must have slept, not to have been roused whilst he was putting your eyes out! But how did Ulysses get off? For I am sure he could not move the stone from the door.

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P O L Y-

## P O L Y P H E M U S.

I moved it myself, that I might catch him the easier as he went out : and, placing myself at the entrance of the cave, stretched out my hands to feel for him, letting the sheep go into the meadows, under the care of the leading ram, who did my business for me.

## N E P T U N E.

I understand you, now ; and so he crept out under them : but you should have called the rest of the Cyclops together against him.

## P O L Y P H E M U S.

So I did, father, and they came ; but when they asked me the villain's name, and I told them it was Nobody, they thought me mad, and went their way. Thus did the wretch impose on me by a false name : but what hurt me most was, he reproached me with my misfortune, and told me, Neptune himself could not cure me.

## N E P T U N E.

Be comforted, son, for I will be revenged on him ; he shall know, that though I cannot cure blindness, I have power to save or destroy sailors ; and he is still upon the sea.

## D I A L O G U E X V.

## M E N E L A U S A N D P R O T E U S.

## M E N E L A U S.

THAT you were changed into water, Proteus, I can believe, because you belong to the \* sea ; or into a tree, that I can away with ; nay, that you were once turned into a lion, is not absolutely impossible : but that you, who live in the sea, should be changed into fire, raises my astonishment, nor can I ever be brought to believe it.

## P R O T E U S.

Never wonder, Menelaus, for fire I am.

## M E N E L A U S.

So I perceive ; but to tell you my opinion, you seem to put some trick

\* *To the sea, &c.*] Proteus, the son of Oceanus and Tethys, was a sea-god of the first consequence, and described to us as the prime minister of Neptune. He had likewise the character of a famous prophet. When Menelaus, returning from Troy, was shipwrecked on the coast of Ægypt, he is said to have consulted Proteus with regard to the best means of escaping, a circumstance which accounts for Lucian's bringing them together in this dialogue.

upon

upon us, and to deceive the eyes of the spectators, when in reality you are no such thing.

P R O T E U S.

What deception can there be in things so evident? Did not you see, with your eyes open, how many shapes I transformed myself into? But if you will not believe it, and think it is only a delusion, when I turn myself into fire, put your hand out to me, and then you will feel, my good friend, whether I have only the appearance of fire, or the power of it to burn.

M E N E L A U S.

It is a dangerous experiment.

P R O T E U S.

I suppose you never saw a polypus, nor know what frequently happens with regard to that fish.

M E N E L A U S.

A polypus I have seen, but the peculiar circumstances you mention, should be glad to learn from you.

P R O T E U S.

\* When it comes near a rock, it fixes its wet claws in it, and sticking by its shagged hair, changes its colour into that of the rock, that it may not be discovered by the fishermen; and is so exactly like, that it cannot be distinguished from it.

M E N E L A U S.

It is so reported. But your change, Proteus, is still more incredible.

P R O T E U S.

If you will not believe your own eyes, I do not know who you will believe.

M E N E L A U S.

Most certainly, I did see it: but for the same person to be both fire and water is, indeed, a miracle.

\* *When it comes near, &c.*] This agrees with Ovid's account. See his *Halieuticon*, l. 30.

*Scopulis crinali corpore fegnis*

*Polypus hæret, & hac eludit retia frande,*

*Et sub lege loci fumit mutatque colorem.*

This extraordinary quality of the polypus is mentioned likewise by Pliny, Plutarch, Ælian, and other writers.

## D I A L O G U E XVI.

P A N O P E A N D G A L E N E .

P A N O P E .

DID you observe, Galene, what Eris did at the banquet in Theffaly, because she was not invited to it herself?

G A L E N E .

I was not there, Panope, having been commanded by Neptune to keep the sea smooth, during the entertainment : but what was it ?

P A N O P E .

Peleus and Thetis, conducted by Neptune and Amphitrite, had retired to their chamber : Eris, in the mean time, unknown to any body, (for she could not well be discovered, whilst some were drinking, others applauding Phœbus playing on the harp, or listening to the songs of the Muses) threw into the room a most beautiful apple, all over gold, with this inscription on it, *for the fairest*. It rolled about, and stopped, as it were on purpose, at the place where Juno, Venus, and Minerva were laying down. Mercury took it up, and read the inscription. We Nereids said nothing; what, indeed, could we do when they were present? A contention immediately arose between them, and each claimed it as her own. If Jupiter had not interfered, they would soon have come to blows : they would fain have had him determine it, but he would not. I will not be judge, said he, in this affair : let them go to mount Ida, to Priam's son, who will distinguish which is the handsomest; being an excellent judge of beauty, and one who cannot be mistaken.

G A L E N E .

What said the goddesses to this ?

P A N O P E .

This very day they go to mount Ida.

G A L E N E .

Will any one come back and tell us who is the conqueror ?

P A N O P E .

I can pronounce beforehand, that where Venus contends, she will have no superior ; unless the judge is stark blind.

D I A-

## DIALOGUE XVII.

## NEPTUNE AND THE DOLPHINS.

## NEPTUNE.

WELL have ye done, my Dolphins, ye are always friendly to mankind; witness your carrying Juno's son to the Isthmus, from the rocks of Scyron, when he was thrown down from thence into the sea; and now you have saved this harper of Methymna, swimming with him to Tænarus, harp, garland and all, upon your backs; and would not suffer him to be torn to pieces by the sailors.

## DOLPHINS.

Wonder not, Neptune, at our benevolence to mankind; for we ourselves were men, before we were turned into fish.

## NEPTUNE.

Bacchus, I think, was much to blame for transforming you thus, after conquering you in a sea-fight; he might have been satisfied with reducing you to obedience, as he did so many others. But how happened this affair of Arion?

## DOLPHINS.

Periander, I suppose, was very fond of him, and, on account of his skill, frequently invited him. At length, enriched by the king's bounty, and now on his return to Methymna, he boasted of the wealth he had acquired; and being on board a vessel belonging to some worthless fellows, bragged much of the great quantity of gold and silver which he had brought with him: when they had got almost into the middle of the Ægean, they conspired together against him, whereupon (for as I swam by the boat I overheard every thing): "If, says he to them, you are so determined, permit me at least to take my garland, and, after singing you a funeral anthem, to throw myself overboard: the sailors consented; and he, taking his garland, and singing them some soft ditty, jumped into the sea, expecting to be drowned immediately: but I took him upon my back, and swam with him to Tænarus.

## NEPTUNE.

Your love of harmony I approve; you have really paid him well for his piping.

D I A-



## DIALOGUE XVIII.

NEPTUNE AND THE \*NEREIDS.

NEPTUNE.

HENCEFORTH let this Streight, where the † girl was lost, be called from her, the Hellespont. Do you, Nereids, carry the body to Troy, to be buried by her countrywomen.

AMPHITRITE.

Rather, Neptune, let us bury it in the sea that bears her name : we sincerely pity her ; for dreadful are the evils she has suffered from her mother-in-law.

NEPTUNE.

That, Amphitrite, must not be, nor will it be decent to leave her on the sand ; but, as I said before, let her be buried at Chersonesus. One comfort yet remains for her, that ‡ Ino will soon suffer the same fate ; Athamas will pursue her, and she will be thrown down, with her child in her arms, into the sea, from mount Cithæron.

AMPHITRITE.

She should be saved, for Bacchus' sake, whom she nursed and educated.

NEPTUNE.

Not when she is so wicked, Amphitrite ; though Bacchus should certainly be obliged.

AMPHITRITE.

But how happened it that she fell off the ram, whilst her brother, Phryxus, was carried safely by him ?

\* *Nereids,*] Sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus and Doris. According to Hesiod, there were no less than three score of them. Groves were dedicated, and temples erected to them in several parts of Greece, near the sea-shore. Amphitrite, one of the most famous amongst them, is in this dialogue spokeswoman for the whole body.

† *The girl, &c.*] Helle, daughter of Athamas king of Thebes, and Nephele ; she ran away from her mother-in-law, as young ladies are very apt to do, and attempted to cross the sea on a ram with a golden fleece, which her papa had given her, but was so frightened that she fell into the sea and was drowned. The little arm of the place where the accident happened ever after bore the name of the Hellespont.

‡ *Ino, &c.*] The second wife of Athamas, who, in return for her cruelty to Phryxus and Helle, his children by Nephele, slew his son Learchus, and would have murdered her ; to avoid his rage, she took her other boy, Melintus, in her arms, and threw herself into the sea, where Ovid has turned her into a goddess. See *Metam. b. iv.*

NEP.

N E P T U N E.

No wonder; he is a young man, and had strength to manage him: but she, getting upon a beast she was not used to, and looking down upon the vast deep beneath her, was struck with fear and astonishment, her head swam withal, from the rapidity of the motion, and not able to keep her hold of the ram's horn, which had hitherto supported her, she fell into the sea.

A M P H I T R I T E.

Her mother Nephele should have caught her as she fell.

N E P T U N E.

She should: but Fate is far more powerful than Nephele.

D I A L O G U E XIX.

I R I S A N D N E P T U N E.

I R I S.

THAT floating\* island which was torn away from Sicily, and now, covered by the waves, swims about the sea, you, Neptune, by command of Jupiter, must raise up, and bring into view, so that it may appear plainly in the middle of the Ægean, and stand firm and immovable, for a certain use which is to be made of it.

N E P T U N E.

Iris, it shall be done; but what great service can it be of, when it is fixed, and above water?

I R I S.

Latona is to be brought-to-bed there, she is in labour already.

N E P T U N E.

Well, and cannot she lay-in in heaven? or, if that will not suffice, is not the whole earth large enough to receive her progeny?

I R I S.

No; for Juno has forced the Earth to take a solemn oath, not to afford her any place for that purpose; but this island is not bound by that oath, because, you know, it was not visible.

N E P T U N E.

I comprehend it now; therefore, Island, stand you still; emerge from the

\* *Floating island,*] Delos, the most renowned of the Cyclades. The story of its rise, as told by the poets, is a fine subject for ridicule, and Lucian has treated it accordingly.

deep;

deep ; sink no more, but remain fixed ; happy shalt thou be in receiving two of my brother's children, who hereafter shall be the most beautiful of all the gods. You, O Tritons, transport Latona hither, and let all things be kept quiet : the serpent which now so terrifies her even to madness, shall the infants, as soon as they are born, destroy, and revenge their mother. Do you, Iris, tell Jupiter, every thing is ready : the island is fixed ; let Latona come, and cry out as soon as she will.

## D I A L O G U E   XX.

X A N T H U S   A N D   T H E   S E A .

X A N T H U S .

GOOD Sea, receive me, and heal my wounds, for I have been cruelly used.

S E A .

What is the matter, Xanthus, who has burned you up so ?

X A N T H U S .

\* Vulcan : I am perfectly parched, and all in a foam.

S E A .

And why did he throw fire upon you ?

X A N T H U S .

On account of Achilles. I had intreated him several times, but to no purpose, to leave off slaying the Trojans : still he went on, and stopped up my channel with carcasses, till, in compassion to the poor wretches, I threatened to drown him with my waters, in hopes that the dread of it would induce him to cease the slaughter : when Vulcan, for he was near at hand, rushed upon me with all the fire, I believe, he had, and all that he could get from Ætna, and every other place, burned up my elms and shrubs, and roasted my eels, all my poor fish, made me boil, and was within a very little of leaving me quite dry. You see what a condition I am in with the flames.

\* *Vulcan, &c.*] In the twenty-third book of the Iliad, Homer makes Achilles slay so many Trojans, that the river, who is represented as a god, in resentment of being so disturbed, overflows, and nearly overwhelms the hero. Achilles applies to Jupiter, who sends Vulcan to dry up the river. The sanguine admirers of Homer extol the sublimity of this conception : the idea is, notwithstanding, undoubtedly *outré*, and borders nearly on the burlesque. Lucian, it is plain, saw the ridicule of it.

S E A .

S E A.

You are warm, indeed, and disturbed, as one might expect from the blood and carcases, and hot, as you say, from the fire: but you deserve it, for attacking my son, and not considering that he is the offspring of a Nereid.

X A N T H U S.

Could I help taking compassion on my neighbouring Trojans?

S E A.

And how could Vulcan help taking pity on the son of Thetis?

## DIALOGUE XXI.

DORIS AND THETIS.

D O R I S.

Thetis, what makes you weep thus?

T H E T I S.

Doris, I have just now seen a most beautiful \* young creature, shut up in a chest, with her new-born infant, by her cruel father, who ordered the sailors, when they had got a good way out from land, to throw the chest into the sea, that they might both perish.

D O R I S.

Pray, sister, for what reason? for I suppose you know the whole affair.

T H E T I S.

Her father, Acrifus, as she was excessively handsome, had locked her up in a brazen tower, to preserve her virginity; and, they say, whether true or false I know not, that Jupiter rushed in upon her, through the tiles, in a golden shower; that she received the flowing god into her bosom, and became pregnant. As soon as her father, a morose and spiteful fellow, perceived it, he was violently enraged at her, imagining she must have been debauched by somebody; and, as soon as she was brought to bed, threw her, child and all, into this chest.

D O R I S.

And how did she behave upon it?

\* *Young creature,*] Danae, daughter of Acrifus, king of Argos. The story is too well known to stand in need of any elucidation.

T H E T I S.

With regard to herself, was silent, and submitted to her fate; but begged hard for the poor infant, that it might not be destroyed, crying at the same time, and shewing the pretty creature to its grandfather. The child, ignorant of its own misfortune, smiled at the ocean before it. I cannot help weeping when I think of them.

D O R I S.

You make me weep too: and are they both dead?

T H E T I S.

No: both alive in the chest, which floats about near Seriphus.

D O R I S.

Why cannot we preserve them, by making the fishermen of Seriphus cast their nets, and take them up safe?

T H E T I S.

Right; so we will, that neither she nor her beautiful infant may perish.

## D I A L O G U E XXII.

T R I T O N, N E R E I D S, A N D I P H I A N A S S A.

T R I T O N.

THAT sea-monster, which you sent to devour Andromeda, has never hurt her, but is itself destroyed.

N E R E I D.

By whom, Triton? Cepheus, I suppose, tempting him with that delicious bait, his beautiful daughter, rushed upon him with a large force, and slew him.

T R I T O N.

No. I believe you remember Perseus, that son of Danae, who was shut up with her by his grandfather in a chest, and thrown into the sea, whom you took pity on and preserved.

I P H I A N A S S A.

I remember him well; by this time he must be grown a man, a noble and beautiful one.

T R I T O N.

It was he who killed the monster.

I P H I A N A S S A.

A bad return for our kindness to him: but how, Triton?

T R I.

T R I T O N.

I will tell you the whole affair: the king had sent him against the Gorgons, and when he came to Lybia —

I P H I A N A S S A.

How, Triton? Came he alone, or with assistance? for it was a difficult journey.

T R I T O N.

He came through the air; Minerva lent him wings. When he arrived at the place, finding them, I suppose, asleep, he cut off Medusa's head, and flew away.

I P H I A N A S S A.

But how could he see to do it? for whoever looks at them is immediately struck blind.

T R I T O N.

Minerva lent him her shield (for I heard him tell the story to Andromeda, and afterwards to Cepheus), and in that he saw the image of Medusa reflected, as in a looking-glass; then, taking hold of her hair with his left hand, and looking at the image, with the sword in his right, cut off her head, and, before her sisters awoke, flew off. After which, coming towards Æthiopia, and flying nearer to the earth, he saw the beautiful Andromache, chained to a rock, her hair dishevelled, and naked almost to the waist: at first he only pitied her unhappy fate, and asked the cause of it, but, soon after, falling violently in love with her (for it was decreed she should be saved), resolved to deliver her; and when the dreadful monster came to devour her, the youth, lifting himself up in the air, with one hand held his sword, and struck him, and with the other shewed him the Gorgon's head, which immediately converted him into stone. At sight of Medusa all his limbs grew stiff, and he died. Perseus then loosened the virgin's chains, and led her down, trembling, and on tip-toe from the slippery rock. She is now celebrating her nuptials in the palace of Cepheus, and from thence he carries her to Argos. Thus instead of death has she met with happiness and a husband.

N E R E I D.

I am not sorry for it; for what injury had the virgin done us? though her mother was so vain-glorious, and pretended to be handsomer than ourselves.

N 2

T R I.

T R I T O N .

Doubtless, as a mother, she must have been very unhappy about her daughter.

N E R E I D .

Doris, we will forget her pride, and indecent boasting ; she has suffered enough in her fears, let us therefore rejoice in her felicity.

## D I A L O G U E XXIII.

J U P I T E R A N D P R O M E T H E U S .

P R O M E T H E U S .

O JUPITER, I beseech you loose me, for I have suffered severely.

J U P I T E R .

Do you think I will loose you, when you deserve rather to have much heavier fetters, and the whole weight of Caucasus upon you, not only to have your liver preyed upon by a hundred vulturs, but to have your eyes dug out of your head, for making such animals as these men and women, and stealing fire from heaven : not to mention your frauds in the distributing the provisions, when you gave me all the fat pieces, and kept the best for yourself.

P R O M E T H E U S .

Have not I been sufficiently punished for it, chained as I have been so long on mount Caucasus, and feeding an eagle, that vilest of all birds, with my liver.

J U P I T E R .

It is not a thousandth part of what you deserve.

P R O M E T H E U S .

I do not desire you to loose me for nothing : I can tell you something of the greatest consequence.

J U P I T E R .

You only mean to make a fool of me.

P R O M E T H E U S .

What shall I get by that ? You know where Caucasus stands, and have more chains left for me, if I am caught in a lie.

J U P I T E R .

Tell me first what this thing of such great consequence is, that you will do for me in return.

P R O M E T H E U S .

If I should tell you where you are this moment going, would you then think

think me worthy of belief, and that I can foretel what will happen here-  
after?

J U P I T E R.

Most undoubtedly.

P R O M E T H E U S.

You are going then to Thetis, on a little intrigue with her.

J U P I T E R.

What more? for you seem to have hit upon the truth.

P R O M E T H E U S.

Jupiter, have nothing to do with that Nereid, for if she has a child by  
you, he will serve you as you did Saturn.

J U P I T E R.

And shall I be dethroned, sayest thou?

P R O M E T H E U S.

Heaven forbid! But an affair with her threatens something like it.

J U P I T E R.

Then, Thetis, farewell. For this advice Vulcan shall set you free.

## D I A L O G U E XXIV.

J U P I T E R A N D C U P I D.

J U P I T E R.

IF I have offended, Jupiter, forgive me; I am but a poor simple child.

J U P I T E R.

You a child, that are \* older than Japetus! because you have not a beard,  
and grey hairs, you would be thought a boy, as old and cunning as you are.

C U P I D.

Old as I am, as you say, what injury have I done you, that you should  
threaten to chain me?

J U P I T E R.

Why, you wicked rogue, consider what you have done; have not you  
made a laughing-stock of me? have not you turned me into a satyr, a bull,  
a bit of gold, a swan, an eagle, and what not? but not a creature have you  
inspired with the love of me, not even so much as my wife. I am forced to

\* *Older than Japetus,*] According to Hesiod (see his *Theogony*) Love was the oldest of all  
the Gods, sprung from Chaos, and coeval with Earth and Heaven.

make



make use of stratagems to get possession of them, and to disguise myself: they are fond of the Bull, or the Swan, perhaps; but when I appear in my own shape, are ready to die with fear.

C U P I D .

And well they may; mere mortals cannot bear the fight of Jove.

J U P I T E R .

How came Apollo to be so much beloved by Branchus and Hyacinthus?

C U P I D .

Daphne, however, ran away from him, though he had such fine locks, and no beard; but if you want to be amiable, you must not shake your dreadful ægis, nor carry your thunder with you, but make yourself as agreeable as you can; let your hair down of each side, and tie it with a ribbon; wear a purple vest, put on your gold sandals, and walk in measured pace to the sound of tabor and pipe: then will you be followed by the women, as Bacchus was by the Mænades, and have as many after you.

J U P I T E R .

Away with you; I would not wish to be loved on such conditions.

C U P I D .

Then you must not fall in love, Jupiter; that is easily settled.

J U P I T E R .

Not so neither; I must be in love, and happy in it, but at a cheaper rate; and on that account you are free.

## D I A L O G U E   X X V .

J U P I T E R   A N D   G A N Y M E D E .

J U P I T E R .

NOW, Ganymede, for we are come to our journey's end, kiss me; you will find, I have no crooked beak, or sharp talons, or wings, as I had when I put on the appearance of a bird.

G A N Y M E D E .

Were not you an eagle just now? and did not you fly down and take me up from the midst of my flock? and now you are a man; your wings are off, and you seem quite another creature.

J U P I T E R .

J U P I T E R.

It is not a man, child, that you see before you, nor an eagle; for know, I am the king of all the gods, and only transformed myself for a time.

G A N Y M E D E

What say you? are you \* Pan? how happens it you have not your pipe? that you are without horns, and your thighs not hairy?

J U P I T E R.

Do you think there is no other god but him?

G A N Y M E D E.

No; we have just now sacrificed a he-goat to him; as for you, you seem to me to be nothing but a kidnapper.

J U P I T E R.

Did you never hear of Jupiter, he that rains, and thunders, and lightens, nor see the altar erected to him in Gargarus?

G A N Y M E D E.

And are you he that showered down the hail upon us so plentifully, who are said to inhabit the sky above us, and make so much noise, the same that my father sacrificed a ram to? and what injury had I done you, O king of the gods, that you should run away with me in this manner? the wolves, perhaps, by this time, have stolen my sheep, now they are left alone.

J U P I T E R.

Can you, that are made immortal, and the companion of Jupiter, think any longer about sheep?

G A N Y M E D E.

How is that? Won't you carry me back to-day to Mount Ida?

J U P I T E R.

What! and so turn myself into an eagle for nothing! No, no; that I shall not, indeed.

G A N Y M E D E.

Then my father will miss me, and be angry, and I shall be beat for leaving my flock.

J U P I T E R.

But how will he find you?

\* *Are you Pan, &c.*] It was very natural for a shepherd's boy to imagine there could be no other god but Pan, the tutelary deity of the plain. The characteristic innocence and simplicity of Ganymede, are well preserved throughout this Dialogue.

G A N Y M E D E.

G A N Y M E D E .

Never : I wish I was with him. If you will let me go, I promise you he shall sacrifice another ram to you in return for my freedom ; we have got a large one at home, three years old, the leader of the flock.

J U P I T E R .

How simple and ingenuous this sweet boy is ! For the future, Ganymede, you must forget your flock, and bid adieu to Mount Ida : henceforth you must reside in heaven, and from thence dispense blessings on your father, and your country : instead of milk and cheese, you shall eat ambrosia, and drink nectar, ministering them yourself to us, and to the rest of the gods ; and, more than all this, you shall no longer be a man, but an immortal ; I will make you one of the most beautiful of the stars ; you shall be supremely happy.

G A N Y M E D E .

And if I want to play, who shall I have to play with me ? on Mount Ida I had a great many play-fellows.

J U P I T E R .

You shall have little Cupid to keep you company, and a quantity of play-things ; only be easy and cheerful, and think no more of things below.

G A N Y M E D E .

Of what service can I be to you ? must I keep sheep here too ?

J U P I T E R .

No, you must serve at feasts, and take care of the nectar.

G A N Y M E D E .

That will be easy enough, for I know how to pour out milk, and hand the cup about amongst the shepherds.

J U P I T E R .

[*Afide.*]

Now is he thinking of his milk, and that he is to serve men—I tell you, child, this is heaven, and here we drink nothing but nectar.

G A N Y M E D E .

Pray, Jupiter, is that sweeter than milk ?

J U P I T E R .

You will know in a little time ; when you have once tasted that, you will not wish for milk any more.

G A N Y M E D E .

And where am I to sleep o' nights ? with my play-fellow, Cupid ?

J U P I T E R .

J U P I T E R.

No; I stole you away on purpose that you might sleep with me.

G A N Y M E D E.

And cannot you sleep as well alone; can I make your sleep sweeter?

J U P I T E R.

Certainly; so beautiful as you are.

G A N Y M E D E.

How can beauty make any one sleep better?

J U P I T E R.

O it has something delightful in it, and makes our rest softer, and more agreeable.

G A N Y M E D E.

Why, my father was angry when I slept with him, and said, I disturbed his rest, with tumbling about, kicking, and talking in my sleep, and used frequently to send me to bed with my mother; it is time, therefore, if you took me for this, as you say, to carry me back to earth again, or you will suffer, by laying awake; for I shall disturb you perpetually with turning and tossing.

J U P I T E R.

So much the better; I warrant we shall find something to divert us.

G A N Y M E D E.

You may, but I shall go to sleep.

J U P I T E R.

We shall see what is to be done; in the mean time, do you, Mercury, take him hence; let him quaff immortality, that he may be qualified to serve us; and be sure, teach him how to hand the cup.

## D I A L O G U E XXVI.

N E P T U N E A N D M E R C U R Y.

N E P T U N E.

PRAY, Mercury, may I speak with Jupiter?

M E R C U R Y.

Not now, Neptune.

N E P T U N E.

Only tell him I am here.

Vol. I.

O

M E R C U R Y.

M E R C U R Y.

I tell you, you must not trouble him, it is not convenient, and you cannot see him at present.

N E P T U N E.

Is he with Juno?

M E R C U R Y.

No: quite another affair.

N E P T U N E.

I understand you. Ganymede, I suppose.

M E R C U R Y.

No: he is out of order.

N E P T U N E.

How is this, Mercury? You alarm me, what is the matter?

M E R C U R Y.

It is really such a thing, I am ashamed to tell you.

N E P T U N E.

O never be ashamed to tell your uncle.

M E R C U R Y.

He is just now brought to bed.

N E P T U N E.

Ridiculous! Who is the father, pray? I did not know he was an hermaphrodite.

M E R C U R Y.

You will never guess whence the child came.

N E P T U N E.

From his head, I suppose; another Minerva: he has a fertile brain.

M E R C U R Y.

Not so, Neptune: it is a child of Semele's, that he has hid in his \* thigh.

N E P T U N E.

Generously done, indeed. Why, he is pregnant in every part of his body. But who is this Semele?

M E R C U R Y.

A Theban woman, one of the daughters of Cadmus; he had an affair with her, and she proved with child.

\* *In his thigh, &c.*] This ridiculous fable of Jupiter's thigh is to be met with in Hesiod, Theocritus, and many other ancient writers, though too absurd, one should imagine, to be believed by any of them. Even the story-loving Ovid introduces it with a *si credere dignum*.

N E P T U N E.

And so he lays in instead of her.

M E R C U R Y.

Even so, Neptune, as absurd as it may appear to you. Juno came flily over her (you know how jealous she is), and persuaded her to request of Jupiter that he would come to her with all his thunder and lightning about him. She listened to her advice; and when Jove came, his lightning set the house on fire, and burned Semele in the midst of it. He ordered me at the same time to take the child out of her, for she was seven months gone, and bring it to him, which I did, and he immediately put it into his thigh, and kept it till the proper time of its birth; and now, the other \* three months being elapsed, he is brought to bed of it, and is very weak and languid after his labour.

N E P T U N E.

And what is become of the child?

M E R C U R Y.

I carried it to Nyssa, to be nursed by the nymphs; and it is to be named Dionysius.

N E P T U N E.

So he is father and mother too.

M E R C U R Y.

So it seems: but I must be gone, and get some water to wash him, and other things necessary for a person in his condition.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

JUPITER AND JUNO.

JUNO.

SINCE you brought up that Phrygian boy from mount Ida, you take no notice of me.

\* *Three months,*] My author, if I understand him aright, seems here to be a little out in his reckoning. He tells us, a few lines above, that the child was, το Εμβρυον επταμηναιον, a seven months child, consequently the mother was, as I have translated it, seven months gone, and now he says, Τριτω μηνι εξετηκεν αυτο, three months afterwards Jupiter brought him forth; so that this extraordinary child was ten months getting into the world; which, I believe, is rather longer than usual. I know not how to reconcile this, but supposing that by επταμηναιον, Lucian meant that Semele was just entered into the seventh month of her pregnancy; how to make sense of it any other way is, I must own, to make use of a midwife's phrase on this subject, past my *conception*.

J U P I T E R.

So, it seems, you are jealous of that simple lad, who, I am sure, has no harm in him. I thought you were only uneasy about the women that kept company with me.

J U N O.

You ought to be ashamed of that : it ill becomes the king of the gods to leave his lawful wife, and go down to earth to play the fool in the shape of a bull, or a bit of gold. The women, however, stay below, but this boy, from Ida, is brought up here to live with us, to be put over my head, and to be your cup-bearer, it seems. Were you so much in want of one? Are Hebe and Vulcan tired of their office? But his kisses are sweeter than the nectar, and you are always tasting one for the sake of the other, and in the fight of every body : I have seen you take the cup from him, and kiss the brim where he drank ; lay by your ægis and your thunder, and sit playing with him, you with your long beard, the king of gods and men : do not flatter yourself that you are undiscovered, for I have been an eye-witness of it.

J U P I T E R.

And where was the harm of it? If I would let him kiss you, you would not complain.

J U N O.

You talk like what you are : do you think I would permit a Phrygian boy to have any thing to say to me?

J U P I T E R.

No reflections on my taste, I desire, for I think him — but I will say no more.

J U N O.

I wish you had married him instead of me. I am sure you have affronted me often enough on his account.

J U P I T E R.

You would have your son Vulcan, I suppose, in his place, hopping about, coming red hot from his furnace, with the ashes all over him, to give us the cup out of his black fingers, and have me kiss those footy lips, which even you, who are his mother, cannot touch : a pretty cup-bearer for the feast of the gods. Ganymede, in the mean time, must be sent back to Ida, because he is neat and clean, has rosy fingers, and hands the cup about most dexterously : and, what to you is worse than all, has sweet lips.

J U N O,

JUNO.

It is only since this delicate boy came that Vulcan is so lame, so black and footy, that you ficken at him : formerly you did not perceive all this : his ashes and his furnace did not use to hinder your taking the cup from him.

JUPITER.

You only make yourself unhappy, Juno, by this ill temper ; and your jealousy but contributes more to estrange my affection from you. If you do not like to receive the cup from this beautiful youth, let your son give it you. You, Ganymede, and you only shall hand it to me ; and what is more, I will have a kiss when you give it, and when you take it away from me. Why these tears ? child, do not be afraid : whoever affronts you shall suffer for it.

## DIALOGUE XXVIII.

DORIS AND GALATEA.

DORIS.

A MOST beautiful lover, Galatea, that \* Sicilian shepherd of your's.

GALATEA.

Let us have none of your scoffing, Doris, he is the son of Neptune, be he what he will.

DORIS.

What signifies it if he was the son of Jove, rough and hairy as he is, and, what is most shocking of all, with but one eye : will his birth add to his beauty ?

GALATEA.

His being rough and rustic, as you call him, does not make him deformed, it is the more manly ; and as to the one eye in his forehead, he can see as well as with two.

DORIS.

Polypheme, it seems then, as you paint him, is not a lover only, but beloved.

GALATEA.

Not so neither ; but I cannot bear to hear you abuse him : you only do

\* *Sicilian shepherd,*] Polypheme. It does not appear, as I remember, from the testimony of any other writer, that Galatea was fond of Polypheme ; who, as the story is generally related, slew her lover, Acis : but Lucian probably imagined, if a fib. must be told, he had as good a right as another to tell it his own way.



it from envy, because, when he was feeding his flock, and saw us playing on the shore, at the foot of Ætna, he took no notice of you, but cast his eye on me only, as the handsomest: that, I know, vexes you; as it was a certain sign that I appeared the most worthy of his affection, and you were neglected.

D O R I S.

Do you think I envy you the conquest of your blind shepherd? I do not know any thing he could like you for, but your white skin; that, I suppose, he is fond of, because he is used to milk and cheese, and any thing that is like them he esteems beautiful. If you look at yourself in the water when it is calm, you will find nothing in that face of yours so very striking, except the whiteness; and there is no beauty in that, without a little red to set it off.

G A L A T E A.

My \* white skin, however, has got me a lover. I do not hear either shepherd, sailor, or boatman praising any of your beauties; but my Polyphemus, not to mention any thing else, is musical.

D O R I S.

Say no more of that, Galatea, I beseech you; I heard him sing the other day; when he came to serenade you, my dear Venus, one would have taken it for the braying of an ass. His harp was like a stag's head, with the flesh taken off: the horns stuck out like two elbows: to this the strings were tied on without any pegs, he began something upon it very harsh and inharmonious, playing one thing, and singing another, in such a manner that we could not help laughing at his love ditty. Echo, as fond as she is of talking, would not answer to his brawling: she would have been ashamed of repeating his harsh and ridiculous sing-song. At the same time, I remember he carried his little darling in his arms, a bear's whelp, a rough hairy thing, just like himself: O Galatea, who would not envy you such a lover?

G A L A T E A.

Shew me, Doris, one of your own who is handsomer, or can sing and play better.

D O R I S.

I have no lovers, nor do I want to have any: but as for your Cyclops, who smells like a goat, eats raw flesh, and, as they tell me, devours all

\* *My white skin,*] She was called Galatea, from γαλα, milk, on account of the whiteness of her skin.

the

the strangers that come near him, take him to yourself, if you please, and give him love for love.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

JUPITER AND JUNO.

JUNO.

WHAT think you, Jupiter, of this Ixion?

JUPITER.

That he is a very honest fellow, and a good companion; if he was not, I should not admit him to my table.

JUNO.

He ought never to have been admitted, for his insolence; and I beg he may be suffered there no longer.

JUPITER.

What has he done, then? for I must know it.

JUNO.

It is fit you should; and yet it is such a thing, I am ashamed to tell you.

JUPITER.

The worse it is, the more necessary it should be known: has he attempted to debauch any of you? for I suppose it is some such affair, by your being ashamed to mention it.

JUNO.

Only me myself: he has been endeavouring it a long time: at first I could not think what he meant, by fixing his eyes perpetually on me; sometimes he would sigh, and weep; and when I drank, and gave the cup to Ganymede, he would desire to drink out of it, and kiss the brim; then hold it before him, and look at me again, till I perceived it must be love, and frequently intended to have told you of it, but hoped the man's frenzy would have gone off: at last, when he had the impudence to solicit me, and to weep, and kneel at my feet, I shut my ears, that I might not hear his impudent speeches, left him, and came to acquaint you with it.

JUPITER.

Indeed! an execrable villain, to attack my Juno! he must certainly have been drunk with nectar; but it is my own fault, to be so excessively fond of mortals, and make them my companions; they ought, therefore, to be  
 pardoned,

pardoned, if, drinking the same divine liquor as we do, and then gazing on heavenly beauties, and such as they never meet with below, they should fall in love with them. Love, you know, is a violent passion, and subdues not only men, but sometimes even us, gods, also.

JUNO.

He is your master indeed, entirely; carries, drives, and, as they say, \* leads you by the nose, wherever he pleases: you follow him about, and transform yourself into any thing, as he commands you; in short, you are his property, and his laughing-stock; and now, I suppose, are willing to pardon Ixion, because you were as fond of his wife, by whom you had † Pirithous.

JUPITER.

Still must you be reproaching me for my boy's tricks on earth! as to this Ixion, I would not have him punished, nor turned from my table; that would be wrong; but if he is in love with you, and, as you say, sighs and fobs, and is really miserable——

JUNO.

What then, Jupiter? now am I afraid you are going to say something shocking.

JUPITER.

By no means; but, after supper, when he is lying awake, as probably he will be, thinking of you, we will dress up a cloud in your likeness, and carry it to bed to him; thus, imagining that he has enjoyed what he wished for, he will be no longer unhappy.

JUNO.

Fie, fie, Jupiter! and so, instead of punishing him for desiring what is so much above him, you would reward him for it.

JUPITER.

Nay, but, good Juno, consent to it; what harm can the trick do you, if Ixion lies with a cloud?

JUNO.

But he'll take the cloud for me, and enjoy it in my likeness.

\* *Leads you by the nose.*] This is a literal translation, and one of those phrases which we have naturalized from the Greek. The visible and happy analogy between that language and our own, need not be pointed out to the learned reader; and is certainly no unfortunate circumstance for a translator.

† *Pirithous.*] Ixion married Dia, the daughter of Dianeus. I do not recollect that any writer, except Lucian and Hyginus, mention this intrigue between Jupiter and Ixion, his own son's wife. That reverend father of the heathen gods had surely enough to answer for, without this additional crime: but, as our proverb says, Give a dog an ill name——

JUPITER.

J U P I T E R.

What signifies that? the cloud will never be Juno, nor Juno a cloud; Ixion alone will be deceived.

J U N O.

True: but mortals are all insolent; and when he returns to earth, perhaps he will boast of his success with Juno, and that he has rivalled Jove; nay, for aught I know, may say, I am fond of him, which those, who do not know it was only a cloud, will very possibly believe.

J U P I T E R.

If he says any such thing, he shall suffer severely for his passion; for I'll send him to the infernal regions, where he shall be tied to a wheel, which he shall roll round upon with never-ceasing labour.

J U N O.

And little punishment enough for such a braggard.

D I A L O G U E XXX.

M E R C U R Y A N D T H E S U N.

M E R C U R Y.

SUN, by command of Jupiter, you are not to drive your chariot to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, but stay within; and, in the mean time, let it be one continual night; therefore let your Hours take off the horses, and do you put out your fire, and be quiet for some time.

S U N.

Mercury, this is most strange and surprising news you bring; have I done amiss, or gone out of the way, that he is angry with me, and has determined to make the night three times longer than the day?

M E R C U R Y.

No such thing; nor is it to be always so; but he has a particular occasion for a longer night than ordinary.

S U N.

And where is he now? and where did you leave him, when you came with this message to me?

M E R C U R Y.

In Bœotia, with Amphitryon's wife.

S U N.

So he is in love with her, and one night is not enough for him.

M E R C U R Y.

By no means ; from this conjunction is to arise a great, and ever-victorious hero, an all-conquering god ; and that can never be done in one night.

S U N.

May the great work be brought to perfection, I say ! Success attend them ! but these things, Mercury, between ourselves, did not use to be done in the days of Saturn. He never neglected his wife Rhea, nor left heaven to go and sleep at Thebes. Day was day then, and night had her proper number of hours ; nothing was altered, or put out of the common course ; nor had he ever any affairs with mortal women : but now, for the sake of this strumpet, every thing must be turned topsy-turvy ; my horses, for want of work, will grow restiff, and the road hard to travel in, by not being used for three days ; poor mortals must live in darkness all the time ; this comes of Jupiter's amours ; there must they sit, waiting the whole long night, till this same hero you talk of is perfectly finished.

M E R C U R Y.

Say no more, Phœbus, lest you suffer for it. I must go to the Moon, and tell her, by Jupiter's command, to march slowly ; and then away to Somnus, and order him to keep mortals fast, that they may not know how long the night is.

## D I A L O G U E XXXI.

V E N U S A N D L U N A.

V E N U S.

WHAT is this, Luna, that we hear of you ? It is reported, that, as often as you come to Caria, you stop your chariot to look at Endymion, the hunter, as he lays sleeping there ; nay, and sometimes in the middle of your journey, alight, and come down to him.

L U N A.

Ask your son, Venus, for he is the cause of it.

V E N U S.

Very likely, for he is a mischievous rogue : what tricks has he played with me, his own mother ! Sometimes carrying me to Ida, in search of  
Trojan

Trojan Anchifes ; fometimes to Libanus, after that \* Affyrian boy, whom he has made in love with Proferpine, and fo cheated me of half his affection : I have often threatened him, if he do not leave off, to break his bow and arrows, and clip his wings : but the other day I tickled him with my flipper for it : at firft he is mighty fearful and fuppliant, but very foon forgets it. But, tell me, is this Endymion handsome ? for that, you know, would be fome confolation.

L U N A.

To me, I confeſs, he appears charming, eſpecially when, throwing his garment on the rock, he goes to ſleep, his arrows in his left hand, that ſeem dropping from him, and his right ſupporting his head, and giving new luſtre to his beautiful face : his breath, as he ſleeps, is ſweeter than ambroſia : then come I down, as ſoftly as poſſible, and treading on my tip-toes, that I may not wake and diſturb him. You know the reſt ; in ſhort, I am dying for love of him.

D I A L O G U E XXXII.

M E R C U R Y A N D A P O L L O.

M E R C U R Y.

IS it not wonderful, Apollo, this limping, low mechanic, Vulcan, ſhould marry two ſuch pretty wives as Venus and † Aglaia ?

A P O L L O.

It is ſtrange good fortune, indeed, Mercury : but what I wonder at is, that they will have any thing to ſay to him, when they ſee him ſweating at the forge, and his face all black with ſoot, and yet they can kiſs and embrace him.

M E R C U R Y.

This vexes me, and I cannot help envying him : you, Apollo, are proud of your fine hair, your beauty, and your ſkill on the harp : I, of my health, ſtrength, and lyre : and yet we muſt ſleep alone.

\* *Aſſyrian boy,*] Adonis. Diana's boar ſent him to hell, where Proferpine fell in love with him : Venus intreated that he might return to earth, but the infernal goddeſs would not part with him, and it was determined at laſt, to make both parties eaſy, that he ſhould divide his time between them.

† *Aglaia,*] The eldeſt of the three Graces : the poets have married her to Vulcan, probably, becauſe the works of that ingenious artiſt might be conſidered as graceful, though his perſon was not ſo.

A P O L L O .

I, for my part, have been always unfortunate in my amours: of the two I loved most, one ran away from me, and chose rather to be turned into a tree than have any concern with me, and the other was killed accidentally by myself, and now I wear garlands for them.

M E R C U R Y .

Once upon a time Venus was kind to me; but I should not brag of it.

A P O L L O .

I know it: Hermaphroditus, they say, was the issue of it: but tell me, if you can, how happens it that Venus and Aglaia are not jealous of each other?

M E R C U R Y .

Because one dwells at Lemnos with him, and the other resides in heaven: besides, Venus is engaged with Mars, and is fond of him; she troubles her head therefore very little about this blacksmith.

A P O L L O .

And does Vulcan know it, think you?

M E R C U R Y .

He does; but what can he do? seeing his rival is a noble youth, and a foldier too: wherefore he holds his peace; though he talks, indeed, sometimes of making a net to catch them.

A P O L L O .

I do not know any thing of that, but I am sure it is a net I should wish to be caught in.

## D I A L O G U E    X X X I I I .

A P O L L O   A N D   M E R C U R Y .

A P O L L O .

What are you laughing at, Mercury?

M E R C U R Y .

Something which I have seen, Apollo, that is truly ridiculous.

A P O L L O .

Tell me what it is, I beseech you, that I may laugh with you.

M E R C U R Y .

Mars and Venus are caught together. Vulcan has caught them in a net.

A P O L L O .

A P O L L O.

How, pray? This is delightful.

M E R C U R Y.

He had watched them, I suppose, some time, and when they were retired together, threw the net over them, and went away to his forge. Mars thought himself safe, but he was seen, and Vulcan told of it, who came immediately. Venus blushed: Mars at first endeavoured to escape, and imagined he could break the cords, but finding there were no hopes of getting off, began to beg and intreat.

A P O L L O.

And did Vulcan let them go?

M E R C U R Y.

No; but called all the gods together, and exposed them: they blushed, and looked down: it was a most diverting sight.

A P O L L O.

But was not the smith ashamed thus to expose his wife's folly?

M E R C U R Y.

No, by Jove, but stood laughing at them. I must own, I envied Mars the happiness of so intimate a connection with a goddess of such beauty.

A P O L L O.

And would you desire to be so caught?

M E R C U R Y.

Would not you? Only come and look at them, and if you do not wish the same, then shall I admire you, indeed.

## DIALOGUE XXXIV.

PAN AND MERCURY.

PAN.

HEALTH to my father Mercury.

MERCURY.

Health to you: but how came I to be your father?

PAN.

Are not you Cyllenian Mercury?

MERCURY.

Most certainly: but how are you my son?

PAN.



P A N .

O, a natural one, the offspring of love.

M E R C U R Y .

The offspring of a he-goat rather: how can you be mine, with those horns, such a nose, a shaggy beard, cloven feet, and a tail at your rump?

P A N .

When you reproach me, you reproach your own son, or rather yourself, for getting such children: it was not my fault.

M E R C U R Y .

Who was your mother, pray; had I ever an intrigue with a goat?

P A N .

Never: but recollect whether you did not, once upon a time, seduce a free woman in Arcadia. Why do you bite your fingers, and hesitate so long? You must remember Penelope, the daughter of Icarius.

M E R C U R Y .

How happened it then, that instead of having a child resembling me, she brought forth one like a goat?

P A N .

I will repeat you her own words, when she sent me into Arcadia: Know, child, said she, I, Penelope of Sparta, am thy mother: the god Mercury, son of Jove and Maia, is thy father. Let it not trouble thee that thou art horned, and hast goat's feet; for thy father, when he and I were first intimate together, assumed the form of a goat to conceal himself, and therefore it is you are so like one.

M E R C U R Y .

By Jupiter, now I remember it well: and must I then, at last, who am so proud of my fine form, and having no beard, be called your father, and be laughed at for my beautiful offspring?

P A N .

After all, father, I shall be no disgrace to you; I am an excellent musician, and can sing and play on the pipe most delightfully: Bacchus can do nothing without me: I am his companion, and brother-dancer, and lead the chorus for him. It would give you pleasure to see the flocks which I have about Tegæa, and Parthenium. I command all Arcadia. I behaved so well lately, when I assisted the Athenians at Marathon, that they gave me, in reward of my valour, the cave at the bottom of the great tower: and if  
you

D I A L O G U E S O F T H E G O D S. III

you go to \* Athens, you will see in how great estimation the name of Pan is there.

M E R C U R Y.

Are you married, pray? for that, I suppose too, they have insisted on.

P A N.

No: I am too amorous for that, and should never be contented with one.

M E R C U R Y.

You are very great then, I imagine, with the she-goats.

P A N.

You are pleased to jeer at me: but I have had favours from Echo, Pitys, and all the Mænades, and am in high esteem with every one of them.

M E R C U R Y.

One request, my son, as the first I ever made to you, you must comply with.

P A N.

Command, my father, and you shall be obeyed.

M E R C U R Y.

Come hither then, and kiss me, but be sure you never call me father before any body.

D I A L O G U E XXXV.

A P O L L O A N D B A C C H U S.

A P O L L O.

COULD one ever think, Bacchus, that Cupid, Hermaphroditus, and Priapus were brothers, so different as they are both in their form and manners? The first, most beautiful, an excellent archer, endowed with no small power, and ruling, as it were, over all things; the second, an effeminate creature, half man, half woman, with such an ambiguous countenance, that you can hardly tell whether he is boy or girl; and the third, so much more of a man than he ought to be.

B A C C H U S.

Wonder not, Apollo, nor think it the fault of Venus, who had them by different fathers. Besides, that those who are born of the same father and

\* *To Athens,*] There is an epigram, attributed to Simonides, on the statue of Pan, alluding to this circumstance. See also Pausanias.

mother

mother frequently differ, one is a boy and the other a girl, like you and your sister.

A P O L L O .

True : but we are alike, and our inclinations are the same ; we are both archers.

B A C C H U S .

With regard to your bow, I grant it, but that is not a perfect similitude. Diana kills strangers amongst the Scythians, whilst you prophecy, and heal the sick.

A P O L L O .

Do you think my sister takes any pleasure amongst these Scythians ? She detests their cruelty, and only dressed herself in that manner, that if any Grecian came to Tauris, she might fall away with him, and leave it.

B A C C H U S .

There she was right : but this Priapus (for I must tell you something very ridiculous, that happened to me at Lampacus), when I came into the city, he received me very hospitably ; but when we had retired to rest, after drinking pretty freely, the noble Priapus, rising at midnight—but I am ashamed to go on.

A P O L L O .

He did not attack you ?

B A C C H U S .

Something like it.

A P O L L O .

And what said you ?

B A C C H U S .

Only laughed at him : what could I else ?

A P O L L O .

You were right not to be rough or angry with him : so handsome as you are, it was very pardonable.

B A C C H U S .

For that he should rather have attacked you ; you are beautiful, and have such fine hair, that he might have been excused, even though he had been sober.

A P O L L O .

He will not meddle with me, because he knows, besides my fine hair, I have a bow, and arrows also.

D I A-

## DIALOGUE XXXVI.

NEPTUNE AND ALPHEUS.

NEPTUNE.

HOW happens it, Alpheus, that you alone, of all the rivers that run into the sea, never mix with the salt water, as others do, nor cease flowing, though your waters are so widely diffused, but still, as if bound in ice, keep on your course, pure and unmixed, through the ocean; sometimes, like the gulls and herons, you dive into the deep, and rise up again.

ALPHEUS.

It is a \* love affair, Neptune, and therefore you will pardon me, as you are yourself no stranger to that passion.

NEPTUNE.

Is it a woman, a Nymph, or a Nereid that you are in love with?

ALPHEUS.

Neither, but a fountain.

NEPTUNE.

And where flows she?

ALPHEUS.

In the island of Sicily: her name is Arethusa.

NEPTUNE.

I know her, and she is not ugly; it is a pure limpid fountain, and, as it glides over the pebbles, shines like silver.

ALPHEUS.

I see you know it well: thither I am now going.

NEPTUNE.

Away then, and success attend you! but where could you see Arethusa, you an Arcadian, and she in Sicily?

ALPHEUS.

You delay me, Neptune, with asking impertinent questions.

NEPTUNE.

I do so; therefore begone to your mistress, rise from the sea, mix with your beloved fountain, and become one river.

\* *A love affair,*] When the Greeks came into Sicily, they met with a river of the same name, or pretty near it, as one which they had been well acquainted with in their own country; without enquiring into the cause of this, they carried the river all under the sea, and their poets soon worked it up into a love story, which makes the subject of this dialogue.

D I A L O G U E XXXVII.

NEPTUNE, A TRITON, AND AMYMONÉ.

T R I T O N .

NEPTUNE, there comes every day to Lerna, for water, a most beautiful virgin, I think I never saw a handsomer.

N E P T U N E .

A free woman, think you, or a slave used to draw water ?

T R I T O N .

O no : she is one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, and her name, for I enquired after her, is Amymone. Danaus brings up his daughters hardily, makes them work, sends them to draw water, and do other things, that they may never be idle.

N E P T U N E .

And comes she alone so long a way as from Argos to Lerna ?

T R I T O N .

Always by herself. Argos, you know, is very dry, and they are perpetually wanting water for it.

N E P T U N E .

Triton, you affect me strangely with the story of this girl : let us go and see her.

T R I T O N .

With all my heart ; this is the time of her coming for water ; she is now about half way to Lerna.

N E P T U N E .

Get the chariot ready then, or if it will take up too much time to put the horses too, get me one of the swiftest dolphins to ride upon, that I may be with her as soon as possible.

T R I T O N .

Here is one of the nimblest for you.

N E P T U N E .

Away then, let us be gone ; you, Triton, may swim thither.—And now we are at Lerna, here will I lay in wait for her, do you watch, and let me know when you see her coming.

T R I T O N .

There she is, just by you.

N E P .

NEPTUNE.

Beautiful, indeed, she is, Triton, and in the flower of her age; we must seize upon her.

AMYMONE.

What are you about, man, and whether would you carry me? You are some robber, I suppose, sent by my uncle Ægyptus; but I will call to my father.

TRITON.

Hush, Amymone: this is Neptune.

AMYMONE.

What do you talk to me of Neptune for; why am I forced thus, and carried into the sea? O, I shall be drowned!

NEPTUNE.

Take courage: no harm shall come to you: I will strike the rock with my trident, and command a fountain to issue from hence, that shall bear your name: you alone shall be happy after death, and no longer be condemned to fetch water as your sisters are.

## DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

NOTUS AND ZEPHYRUS.

NOTUS.

IS that \* heifer, Zephyrus, which Mercury is conducting by sea to Ægypt, the same that Jupiter fell in love with?

ZEPHYRUS.

Yes, Notus; she was not a heifer then, but the daughter of the river Inachus: Juno, out of jealousy, metamorphosed her, because she saw Jupiter so much enamoured with her.

NOTUS.

And is he as fond of her, now she is turned into a cow?

ZEPHYRUS.

Just the same; and for that reason has sent her into Ægypt, and ordered us not to disturb the sea till she has swam over it, and when she is brought to bed, for she is big with child already, she and her son are both to be made † deities.

\* *That heifer, &c.*] Io, daughter of the river Inachus.

† *Deities,*] Her son, Epaphus, was a king of Ægypt, reported to have sprung from Osiris, the Ægyptian Jupiter. Io was worshipped under the name of Isis. See Bryant's Mythology.

N O T U S .

A cow to be made a goddess!

Z E P H Y R U S .

Even so, Notus; and, Mercury says, is to preside over mariners, and to be our mistress, and we must blow or not as she commands us.

N O T U S .

By Jove then, Zephyrus, it well becomes us to pay our court to her, that she may be the kinder to us.

Z E P H Y R U S .

See, she is got over, and swam to land; observe, she no longer goes on four feet, Mercury has changed her into a most beautiful woman.

N O T U S .

This is wonderful, indeed, Zephyrus: she has no horns or tail, or cloven feet, but looks like a charming girl: and see, Mercury is changed too, and instead of appearing as a youth, has put on the face of a dog.

Z E P H Y R U S .

Well, do not let us be too curious: he knows best what he is about.

## D I A L O G U E XXXIX.

N E P T U N E A N D E N I P E U S .

E N I P E U S .

IT was not handsome of you, Neptune, for I will speak the truth, to come in my shape, and seduce my mistress: she \* took you for me, and therefore complied.

\* *Took you for me, &c.*] Enipeus was a river, which took its source from a village near Sal-mone, in the neighbourhood of the ocean.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,  
The monarch of the deep beholds, and loves;  
In her Enipeus' form, and borrow'd charms,  
The am'rous god descends into her arms.

See Pope's translation of the *Odyfsey*, book xi. l. 287.

The good bishop Eustathius makes the following observation on this passage: "It was customary, (says he) for young virgins to resort frequently to rivers, to bathe in them; and the ancients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water-gods. "Receive my virginity, O Scamander," says a lady; but it is very apparent who this Scamander was; her lover, Cymon, lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty in an age of credulity."

I do not remember that this little piece of gallantry, between Neptune and Miss Tyro, has attracted the notice of any ancient writer except Homer and Lucian.

N E P-

N E P T U N E.

Enipeus, you were too proud and indifferent, to treat so fine a girl, who came every day after, and was fond of you; with such contempt, and to give her so much uneasiness; she pined and wandered about the shore, and used to wash there, in hopes of lighting on you, and you deceived her.

E N I P E U S.

And ought you, therefore, to have stolen my love, to put on the form of Enipeus, and delude my simple Tyro?

N E P T U N E.

Enipeus, you were indifferent before, and now, it is too late, you grow jealous: but the girl is never the worse for it, as she mistook me for you.

E N I P E U S.

How so? You told her, when you came away, that you were Neptune, which made her miserable! I, in the mean time, am basely wronged, and you enjoyed that happiness which ought to have been mine, and, covered by the purple flood, possessed my beloved girl.

N E P T U N E.

You, Enipeus, please to remember, thought fit to reject her.

D I A L O G U E XL.

Z E P H Y R U S, AND N O T U S.

Z E P H Y R U S.

NEVER, Notus, since I first began to blow over the sea, did I behold a sight so magnificent: did you see it?

N O T U S.

What sight do you mean, Zephyrus, and who presented it?

Z E P H Y R U S.

O you have lost the finest spectacle, and such as may never be seen again!

N O T U S.

I have been blowing over the Red Sea, and part of India, and know nothing about what you are talking of.

Z E P H Y R U S.

You know Agenor?

N O T U S.

Yes, Europa's father: what of him?

Z E-



Z E P H Y R U S .

It is of her I mean to speak.

N O T U S .

That Jupiter is in love with her, I knew before.

Z E P H Y R U S .

I know you did ; but attend to what followed : Europa wandered to the sea-shore, to divert herself with her companions, when Jupiter, putting on the form of a bull, came and sported with them. Most beautiful did he appear, for he was milk-white, his countenance mild and gentle, and his horns turned back in the most graceful manner ; he leaped and played about the shore, and lowed so delightfully, that Europa ventured to get upon him. Jupiter immediately ran off with her, as fast as possible into the sea, and swam away. She, frightened out of her wits, with one hand laid hold of his horn, that she might not fall off, and with the other took up her robes, that were tost about by the wind.

N O T U S .

It must have been a charming sight, Zephyrus, to see Jupiter swimming, and carrying his beloved.

Z E P H Y R U S .

But what followed was still more delightful : the sea became placid, and, lulled as it were into tranquillity, resembled a smooth and unruffled plain ; we, as silent spectators only, accompanied them. The Loves hovering round them, and sometimes just touching the waves with their feet, bore lighted torches, and sung hymeneals. The Nereids, half naked, rising from the water, rode on the backs of dolphins, and joined in the chorus of applause. The Tritons, and Sea-nymphs, all that the element could produce of grace or beauty, sported and sung around. Neptune himself, ascending in his chariot, with Amphitrite, led the way rejoicing, and was brideman to his happy brother. Above all, two Tritons, carrying Venus reclining in her shell, and scattering flowers of every kind in the way before the bride : thus they proceeded from Phœnicia quite to Crete. When they arrived at the island, Jupiter appeared no longer in the form of a bull, but in his own, taking Europa by the hand, led her, blushing, and with down-cast eyes, into the Dictæan cave : we returned to the sea ; and, according to our several departments, moved the waves of it.

N O .

## N O T U S.

Happy, thrice happy art thou, Zephyrus, to have seen such a fight! whilst I was employed in looking at griffins, elephants, and blacks.

## D I A L O G U E XLI.

## THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, JUNO, MINERVA,  
VENUS.

## J U P I T E R.

MERCURY, take this apple, and go into Phrygia, to Priam's son, a shepherd, who feeds his flocks on that part of mount Ida which is called Gargarus, and thus address him: "Paris, Jupiter commands you, as you are yourself handsome, and skilled in love affairs, to pass your judgment on three goddesses, and to determine which is the most beautiful: the conqueror is to receive this apple as her reward." And now, goddesses, it is time for you to repair to the seat of judgment. I decline the arbitration myself, as I love you all equally, and, if it were possible, could wish you all to come off victorious; and especially, as it must inevitably happen, that he who shall give the palm to one, must be hated by the other two, I am not, therefore, myself the proper judge; but this Phrygian youth, whom you are going to, is of royal race, and a relation of Ganymede's: a plain simple rustic withal, and unexceptionably the fittest for such an office.

## V E N U S.

For my part, Jupiter, were you to appoint Momus himself judge, I would boldly submit to the trial, for what fault could he find in me? But the man must be agreeable to them too.

## J U N O.

Nor are we afraid, Venus, even though your own Mars were to determine it: but we accept of this Paris, whoever he is.

## J U P I T E R.

And what say you, daughter? Do you approve of him? Why turn your head aside, and blush? But modesty in virgins, on such occasions, is becoming: your nod of assent is sufficient; therefore, begone, and do not let those who are conquered harbour any resentment against the judge, or  
do

do the young man any mischief: for it is impossible you should be all equally handsome.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us proceed then immediately to Phrygia: I shall lead the way, do you follow me as fast as you can, and fear nothing; for I know this Paris well; he is a handsome young fellow, skilled in love affairs, and an excellent judge; I am certain he will not determine wrong.

V E N U S.

This is all good news; if he is, as you say, a just judge, so much the better for me. Is he single, or married?

M E R C U R Y.

Not altogether single.

V E N U S.

How is that?

M E R C U R Y.

There is a \* woman of Ida that lives with him, tolerably handsome, but a mere rustic, a mountaineer; he seems not very fond of her: but what reason have you for asking?

V E N U S.

None at all.

M I N E R V A.

Hark you, Mercury, you are not a fair dealer, to converse in private with her.

M E R C U R Y.

Minerva, there is no harm between us, nor is it any thing against you: she only asked me whether Paris was a single man.

M I N E R V A.

And why so curious about that?

M E R C U R Y.

I do not know, indeed: she said the question was only accidental, and she did not ask it designedly.

\* *A woman of Ida, &c.*] Oenone, daughter of the river Cebrenus, that flows at the foot of mount Ida: his leaving her for Helen forms the subject of Ovid's best heroical epistle, of Oenone to Paris: the four following lines, which I cannot help quoting here, are, both with regard to the thought and expression, truly inimitable:

Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,

Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurrat aqua:

Xanthe, retro propera, versaque recurrere lymphæ,

Sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.

M I N E R V A.

And is he single or not?

M E R C U R Y.

It seems he is not.

M I N E R V A.

Has he any taste for military affairs, is he a lover of glory, or a mere shepherd?

M E R C U R Y.

I cannot say positively, but should imagine, as he is young, he must have some ambition, and would wish to be a conqueror.

V E N U S.

You see, now, I do not complain, or find fault with you for talking with him in private: Venus has no suspicions of this kind.

M E R C U R Y.

Her questions were not unlike your's; therefore do not be jealous, or think me partial to her, because I gave her a plain and simple answer: but I see we have passed over a good many stars, and got a great way on our journey whilst we were talking; we are just at Phrygia; yonder is Ida, and now I can see all Gargarus very plainly, and, if I am not mistaken, your judge Paris.

J U N O.

Where is he? for I cannot see him.

M E R C U R Y.

Look this way, Juno, towards the left; not at the top of the mountain, but on the side where you see the cave, and a herd.

J U N O.

I do not see any herd there is.

M E R C U R Y.

No? do not you see, even with my finger, some heifers coming down from the rocks, and a man running after them, with a crook in his hand, to keep the herd together?

J U N O.

Now I see him, if that is he.

M E R C U R Y.

It is: and as we are pretty near him, we had better alight upon earth, and walk, that we may not alarm and terrify him, by flying upon him un-awares.

JUNO.

Right, so we will : when we are got down, you, Venus, must go first, and shew us the way ; for you must certainly know it best, as, if fame say true, you have often come down this way to Anchises.

VENUS.

Your sneers give me no concern, I assure you.

MERCURY.

Come, I will lead you, for I am well acquainted with Ida, and often visited it when Jupiter fell in love with the Phrygian boy ; I used to be sent to watch him, and, when Jove turned himself into an eagle, flew along with him, and helped to carry off his prey : if I remember right, it was from this very rock ; here was he piping to his flock, when Jupiter came behind him, and just throwing his talons lightly over him, and fixing his beak on the turban which he wore on his head, flew away with the boy, who turned his face back, and looked with astonishment upon him. I stole his pipe, I remember, at the same time, which he had thrown away in his fright. But here is your judge, let us salute him : shepherd, good day to you.

PARIS.

The like to you, young man : but who are you ? what brought you hither ? and who are these women with you ? They do not seem to be inhabitants of the mountains, they are so beautiful.

MERCURY.

They are not women ; those whom you see before you are Juno, Minerva, and Venus : I am Mercury, and sent by Jupiter. Why do you tremble, and look so pale ? Do not be afraid, there is no danger : you are appointed to determine which of them is the handsomest, as you are yourself beautiful, and skilled in love affairs : to your judgment, therefore, I commit them : what the prize to be given is you will know by reading the inscription on this apple.

PARIS.

Pray let me look at it : *to the fairest*, it says. But how can I, Mercury, a mere mortal simple shepherd, determine a point so weighty, and so much above my poor abilities ? Such causes should come before those who are more polished and refined : for my part, I can tell, perhaps, whether one goat or heifer is handsomer than another : but these are so equally beautiful, that I do not see how it is possible to take one's eyes off from either of  
them :

them : where we first look, there we must continue gazing, and all we can do is to praise the object before us : if we pass on to another, it is equally alluring, and we can dwell only on that which is nearest to us. Their beauty, in short, dazzles and surrounds me so on every side, that I wish to have, like Argus, eyes in every part of me. To give the apple to them all, were, perhaps, the most equitable determination : add to this, that one of them is the sister and wife of Jupiter, and the other two his daughters : how difficult then must it be to decide !

M E R C U R Y.

All I know is, Jupiter's command must be obeyed.

P A R I S.

I hope, however, Mercury, you will prevail on those who are conquered not to take it ill of me, but impute it to the error of my sight.

M E R C U R Y.

They promise that they will : therefore begin your examination.

P A R I S.

I will do my best : but first I would know whether they would chuse to have me see them just as they are, or think proper to undress, for a closer inspection.

M E R C U R Y.

That you, as judge, must determine ; order it as you think proper.

P A R I S.

As I think proper ? Then let me see them undressed.

M E R C U R Y. [To the Goddesses.]

You hear the order : obey.—You, Paris, may examine them, whilst I turn my face another way.

V E N U S.

It is right : and now, Paris, I will undress first, that you may see I am not proud of my large eyes only, or my \* white arms, but am alike beautiful all over.

M I N E R V A.

Paris, do not let her undress till she has laid aside her † cestus, for she is  
an

\* *My white arms,*] Alluding to the epithets of λευκωλενοι, white-armed, to Juno ; and βοωψ, or large-eyed, to Minerva, so often repeated by Homer.

† *Her cestus,*] The cestus of Venus, which, according to Homer, she lent to Juno on a particular occasion, is thus described by Pope ; the translation, by the bye, is very loose, and departs greatly from the original,

an enchantress, and will charm you with it: besides, she ought not to be tricked out, and painted so like a harlot, but to shew her form plain, and unadorned.

P A R I S .

What she says about the cestus is right; therefore, take it off.

V E N U S .

Why do not you then, Minerva, lay down your helmet, and appear with your head uncovered, and not nod your crest in that manner, to frighten the judge? Or are you afraid your blue eyes are not formidable enough without it?

M I N E R V A .

Well: there is my helmet.

V E N U S .

And there is my cestus.

J U N O .

Now let us undress.

P A R I S .

O Jupiter, thou worker of wonders, what a sight! What beauty! What pleasure! how charming is this virgin, how royal, how venerable, how worthy of Jove! what sweet looks are there, with smiles so soft and so enchanting! but I have enough of happiness: may I be permitted to see each of you separately, for now I am in doubt; my sight is distracted, and I know not which way to turn me.

V E N U S .

With all my heart.

P A R I S .

Do you two then retire, let Juno remain with me.

J U N O .

Here I am, and when you have viewed me well, remember there is something else to be considered; my victory will gain you great reward, for if you determine me to be the handsomest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,  
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm;  
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;  
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
Silence, that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

These were qualifications foreign to external beauty, to which alone the judgment of Paris was confined: he had therefore a fair right to except against the cestus.

P A R I S .

P A R I S.

I am not to be swayed by bribes, but shall judge according to equity: you may retire. Minerva, approach.

M I N E R V A.

I am here: if I am judged the handsomest, Paris, you shall never be overcome in battle, but always return a conqueror: I will make you a warrior, and victorious.

P A R I S.

Minerva, I delight not in war: peace, as you see, reigns in Phrygia and in Lydia, and my father's empire is free from every enemy: but do not be afraid that you should lose the prize, because I accept not of your offer: dress yourself, and put on your helmet, I have examined you sufficiently. Now, let Venus appear.

V E N U S.

Behold me here: pass over nothing unobserved, but examine separately, and dwell on every limb and feature. Mind, withal, what I say to you: long since have I admired you, as the handsomest youth in all Phrygia; thy beauty shall make thee happy: but I am angry with you for not leaving these rude rocks, and coming into the city; you should not waste your beauty thus in solitude. What can you enjoy in these mountains? or what is that fine form to your herds and flocks: you should ere this have been married, not to some rustic inhabitant of Ida, but to some fair Grecian, of Argos, Sparta, or Corinth, such as Helen, the young and beautiful, not inferior even to me in charms; and, what is better still, a votary of love; were she once to behold you, I know she would leave all mankind to follow and live with you. Have you never heard of her?

P A R I S.

Never: but I should be glad to hear every thing you know concerning her.

V E N U S.

She is the daughter of that beautiful Leda, whom Jupiter courted in the shape of a swan.

P A R I S.

What sort of a face has she?

V E N U S.

Fair as the swan from whom she sprang, soft as the egg she was nourished in; an object so universally desirable, that a war was kindled on her account, when she was yet a child, and Theseus ran away with her at ten years



years old : when she arrived at maturity, the first and noblest Grecians sought her in marriage : and Menelaus, of the race of Pelops, was the happy man preferred to all the rest. But, notwithstanding, if you desire it, I will get her for you.

P A R I S .

What, when she is married already ?

V E N U S .

You are young, and simple : but I know how these things are to be brought about.

P A R I S .

How ? for I long to know.

V E N U S .

You must go and take a view of Greece, and when you come to Sparta, Helen will see you : afterwards, I will take care she shall fall in love with, and follow you.

P A R I S .

I can never believe she will leave her husband, and go out of her own country with a stranger and a barbarian.

V E N U S .

Give yourself no concern about that. I have two beautiful boys, Love and \* *Amiablenefs* ; these will I give you to accompany you in your journey. Cupid shall take entire possession of her, and inspire her with love of you ; whilst *Amiablenefs*, diffused around you, shall render you the desirable object of her affection. I will myself be present, and beseech the Graces to attend you ; we will all join in your favour.

P A R I S .

Success is yet uncertain : but already I burn for Helen ; already methinks I am sailed to Greece, and arrived at Sparta ; already I behold her, and return with my fair bride. I am miserable to think it is not yet performed.

V E N U S .

Paris, you must not fall in love till you have given your voice for me,

\* *Amiablenefs*,] *ἰμερος*, These are always mentioned as the inseparable companions of Venus. Pope translates *ἰμερος*, gay desire, which cannot be the proper interpretation of it in this place. " The latter, says Lucian, *will make you the object of her affection.*" *ἰμερος*, therefore, must signify that irresistible power of pleasing, which would always render him desirable. *Amiablenefs* is, perhaps, the only word, though, I think, not a good one, which we have to express this quality.

who

who am to be your bride-maid; when I am declared the conqueror, I must accompany you, and celebrate together your nuptials and my victory; with this apple you may purchase love, beauty, and happiness.

P A R I S.

But after judgment given, perhaps, you may forget me.

V E N U S.

Shall I swear to you?

P A R I S.

No: but promise only.

V E N U S.

Here, then, I do promise to give you Helen for a wife, to accompany you to her, and to see that she follows you to Troy. I will be with you myself, and assist you in every thing.

P A R I S.

And will you bring Love and Amiability, and the Graces along with you?

V E N U S.

Fear not: Hymen, and Desire withal shall attend us.

P A R I S.

\* For this, then, I give you the apple: for this receive it.

\* A Latin poem, on this subject, which gained the first prize in the year 1740 (or thereabouts), was written by the very ingenious and learned Dr. W. Markham, now Lord Archbishop of York, then student of Christ-Church College, Oxford; which, for classical purity, and elegance of style, is, perhaps, superior to every thing of that kind. The author, as will appear by the comparison, was no stranger to this dialogue, which he has greatly improved upon.

D I A-

# DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

*The DIALOGUES of the DEAD are amongst the best known, and, perhaps, the best written parts of our author's works. As they explain and illustrate the characters of gods, heroes, and men universally known, and subjects universally interesting, they have been much read and admired. A variety of modern authors have endeavoured to copy the style and manner of them, but very few with any degree of success. FENELON'S are grave and learned, and Lord LYTTTELTON'S spirited and sensible, but both want that ease and pleasantry, as well as that agreeable irony, and sprightly satire, which we meet with in the Dialogues of LUCIAN.*

## D I A L O G U E I.

C R Œ S U S, P L U T O, M E N I P P U S, M I D A S, A N D  
S A R D A N A P A L U S.

C R Œ S U S.

**O** PLUTO, there is no such thing as living with this intolerable \* dog, Menippus; remove him, I beseech you, to some other place, or we must decamp.

P L U T O.

Why, what harm can he do you, now he is dead?

C R Œ S U S.

Whilst we are weeping, and groaning, and lamenting the loss of the good things we possessed in the other world, Midas his gold, Sardanapalus his dainties, and I my treasures, he is perpetually laughing at, and abusing us, calling us a pack of slaves and rascals; besides, he disturbs our complaints every minute with his singing; and, in short, is excessively troublesome.

P L U T O.

Menippus, what is this they say of you?

M E N I P P U S.

Truth, O Pluto, nothing but truth: for I abominate these contemptible wretches, who, not content with having led most iniquitous lives on earth,

\* *Dog, Menippus,*] Menippus was a celebrated philosopher, of the sect of Cynics, so called from *κυν, κυνος*, a dog, from their perpetual snarling at all mankind. This is frequently alluded to throughout the works of Lucian.

are

are perpetually crying and hankering after the same things here below. I own it gives me pleasure to torment them a little.

P L U T O.

But you should not: they have reason enough to complain, considering what they have lost.

M E N I P P U S.

And are you really, Pluto, so mad as to approve of their lamentations?

P L U T O.

Not so: but I would have no dissensions amongst you.

M E N I P P U S.

Be assured, ye worst of Lydians, Phrygians, and Assyrians, that wherever you go, I will follow and persecute you; will make you the subject of my songs, laughter, and ridicule.

C R Œ S U S.

Is not this a shame?

M E N I P P U S.

No: the shame should be your's: when upon earth, you expected to be worshipped; trod upon and insulted your fellow-creatures; and never thought of death: weep now, therefore, and lament your condition, as you deserve.

C R Œ S U S.

O gods, my riches, my riches!

M I D A S.

My gold, my gold!

S A R D A N A P A L U S.

My dainties, my dainties!

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, aye: cry away; whilst I sing the old adage to you, Know thyself, the best symphony for such lamentations.

## DIALOGUE II.

MERCURY, CHARON.

MERCURY.

Suppose, Mr. waterman, you and I should settle our accounts, that we may have no squabble about them hereafter.

CHARON.

With all my heart, Mercury; it will be better for us both, and may prevent trouble.

MERCURY.

Imprimis, then, you are indebted to me for an anchor, which I brought you by your own order, five drachmas.

CHARON.

You charge me too much.

MERCURY.

By Pluto, it cost me that: item, for a chain to your oar, two oboli.

CHARON.

Put down five drachmas, and two oboli.

MERCURY.

Item, a needle to mend your sail, for which I paid five oboli.

CHARON.

Well: down with it.

MERCURY.

Item, for pitch, to stop up the cracks in your boat, with nails, and tackle, all together, two drachmas.

CHARON.

Well, that is cheap enough.

MERCURY.

If I am right in my reckoning, this, I think, is all; and now pray when do you intend to pay me?

CHARON.

At present, Mercury, it is not in my power: but if a plague, or a war should send down a good troop of mortals, I may pick up a little amongst them, by overcharging them in my fare.

MERCURY.

I have nothing to do then but to fit me down contented, and pray heartily

heartily for all the mischief that can happen, that I may reap the benefit of it.

C H A R O N.

Indeed, Mercury, so it must be : you see I have very little company at present, in time of peace.

M E R C U R Y.

And well it is so, though it defers the payment of my debt. You must remember, Charon, what sort of mortals used to come down formerly, stout, able men, full of blood, and covered with wounds : now-a-days we see none but old fellows made away with by their sons, husbands by their wives, or poor wretches that died of dropfies, with bloated legs and bellies, from high living, pale, and ghastly, and not at all like our old visitors : most of these new-comers are sent to us by foul means, for the sake of their money.

C H A R O N.

Which, you know, is very desirable.

M E R C U R Y.

You cannot blame me, therefore, if I dun you a little for what you owe me.

D I A L O G U E III.

P L U T O, M E R C U R Y.

P L U T O.

DO you know that old fellow, \* that very old man ; I mean the rich Eucrates, who has not one child to inherit his estate, but about fifty thousand legacy-hunters gaping after it ?

M E R C U R Y.

O yes ; the Sicyonian, you mean. What of him ?

P L U T O.

Why, I will tell you, Mercury ; to the ninety years he has already lived, I would add ninety more, let him add, if he can, as many more to that :

\* *That very old man, &c.*] The practice of legacy-hunting hath been a fruitful and inexhaustible object of ridicule and satire amongst wits, both ancient and modern, from the days of Lucian to those of Ben Jonson, who has, perhaps, treated it more fully and comprehensively than any of them : the plan of his excellent comedy of Volpone seems to have been taken from this dialogue.

but as to those parasites, young Charinus, Damon, and the rest of them, conduct them this way as soon as you please.

M E R C U R Y .

This appears to me rather absurd.

P L U T O .

Not at all : it is but justice ; for what has he done to them, that they should wish him to die ? unless it is merely because they have no right to expect it. But what shews their villainy most, is, that whilst they are thus praying for his departure, yet, to all outward appearance, they seem to worship him ; when he is sick, their consultations together plainly shew their intentions, though, at the same time, they pretend they would sacrifice their lives to recover him : but the adulation of these wretches puts on a thousand different shapes. Let him, therefore, be immortal, and let them gape in vain for his riches, and march off before him.

M E R C U R Y .

The punishment is a proper one for such scoundrels as they are ; the old man cajoles them pretty well himself, and feeds them up with false hopes ; looks as if he was going to die, and, at the same time, is as well and hearty as themselves : they, in the mean time, are dividing the spoil, and enjoying, in imagination, the happiness of their future fortune.

P L U T O .

Let him, therefore, shake off the old man, and, like Iolaus, grow young again ; and they, leaving their dreamed-of treasures, die miserable, like wretches as they are, and make us a visit here below.

M E R C U R Y .

Pluto, make yourself easy, I shall take care to conduct them hither one by one : there are, I think, seven of them.

P L U T O .

Bring them away ; and, as for him, let him send them before him, and grow young as fast as he can.

D I A-

## DIALOGUE IV.

ZENOPHANTES AND CALLIDEMIDES.

CALLIDEMIDES.

AH! Zenophantes, how came you here? I, you know, was suffocated by eating too much at Dineas's feast; you were there, I think, yourself, when I died.

ZENOPHANTES.

I was so, Callidemides: but my accident was a very extraordinary one: you know old Ptaodotus.

CALLIDEMIDES.

The rich old cuff, without children, whom you used to attend so constantly.

ZENOPHANTES.

The same: I paid my court to him a long time, hoping he would soon tip off, and leave me all his money: but the affair being tediously protracted, and the old fellow threatening to live to the age of \* Tithonus, I found out a shorter way to his estate, bought some poison, and prevailed on his cup-bearer, whenever he should call for drink, for he toped freely, to put some into his cup, and be ready to give it him: which, if he performed cleverly, I bound myself by oath to give him his liberty.

CALLIDEMIDES.

Well, and what happened? this is an extraordinary affair, indeed.

ZENOPHANTES.

Why, when we came into the room after bathing, and the young fellow had got the cups ready, one for Ptaodotus with the poison, and the other for me, how it happened I know not, but by some mistake, he gave me the poisoned cup, and him the other; he drank up his, and I in a moment fell down dead before him: thus Zenophantes died instead of Ptaodorus. You smile, Callidemides: you should not laugh at a friend's misfortune.

\* *Tithonus*.] Son of Laomedon, and brother to Priam, being a beautiful youth, Aurora, fell in love with, and carried him off; at her request, Jupiter made him immortal; but his mistress having forgot to ask for perpetual youth, as well as immortality, as he advanced in years he felt all the infirmities of old age, and was, consequently, miserable. Jupiter, at length, says the fable, took pity on, and turned him into a grasshopper. On the sufferings of Tithonus, who was only more wretched by being immortal, was probably founded Swift's idea of the Strulbrugs, in his Gulliver.

CALLI-



134      D I A L O G U E S   O F   T H E   D E A D .

C A L L I D E M I D E S .

The catastrophe was so ridiculous, I cannot help it : and what said the old man ?

Z E N O P H A N T E S .

At first he was shocked at the suddenness of the accident : but when he found out, I suppose, how the affair happened, he laughed himself at the design of his cup-bearer.

C A L L I D E M I D E S .

You should not have gone this compendious way to work, seeing the money would have come faster to you in the common course, though you might have waited a little longer for it.

D I A L O G U E   V .

S I M Y L U S   A N D   P O L Y S T R A T U S .

S I M Y L U S .

IS Polystratus come to us at last, after a life, I believe, of pretty near a hundred ?

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

A little above ninety-eight, Simylus.

S I M Y L U S .

When I died, you were above seventy : pray, how have you lived for these thirty years past ?

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

Most pleasantly, I assure you ; and that, you will say, is a wonder.

S I M Y L U S .

A wonder, indeed, for an old man, like you, infirm, and without children, to enjoy life.

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

In the first place, I wanted for nothing : fine boys, charming women, sweet-scented wines, and a table with more than Sicilian luxury.

S I M Y L U S .

This is quite new : I always took you for a miser.

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

Aye : but I have had a new flow of wealth come in upon me since : victors flocked in every morning, and brought me the finest presents of every kind, from all parts of the earth.

S I-

SIMYLUS.

So, after me reigned Polystratus.

POLYSTRATUS.

No: but I had a thousand admirers.

SIMYLUS.

Ridiculous! admirers at your age, with but four teeth left in your head.

POLYSTRATUS.

By Jupiter, all the first men in the kingdom: old as I was, bald-pated, and squinting, as you see, they worshipped me: happy was he whom I did but look upon.

SIMYLUS.

Did you bring over a Venus from Chios, like \* Phaon, who, at your request, generously condescended to make you young again, handsome, and desirable.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not so; but even as I was, they adored me.

SIMYLUS.

This is a riddle, indeed.

POLYSTRATUS.

O, the love I experienced is very common towards rich old men that have no children.

SIMYLUS.

I understand your beauty now: it sprung from a golden Venus.

POLYSTRATUS.

I assure you I reaped no small advantage from my lovers, little less than adoration: sometimes I bore myself haughty to them, and even banished them from my presence, whilst they endeavoured to rival each other in their attachment to me.

SIMYLUS.

And how did you manage at last with regard to your estate?

POLYSTRATUS.

Promised every one of them openly that I would make him my heir,

\* *Phaon.*] A young man of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos; he was master of a ship, and, having one day, it seems, the good fortune to take the goddess Venus on board, and carry her safe to land, she made him amends, by presenting him with a bottle of precious ointment to rub himself with, and which immediately rendered him the most beautiful of his sex, and made, consequently, all the girls in love with him. Amongst his admirers was the unfortunate Sappho.

which

which every one believed, and was therefore more obsequious: then made my will privately, and left them all to lament their disappointment.

S I M Y L U S .

And whom did you make your heir by your last will? Any relation?

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

No: by Jove! but a handsome young Phrygian.

S I M Y L U S .

How old was he?

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

About twenty.

S I M Y L U S .

O! I understand you now: his title was a good one.

P O L Y S T R A T U S .

He was at least a much worthier object than any of them, though a barbarian, and of no great character: the nobles, I assure you, pay him great respect, as my heir, and now he is ranked amongst the patricians; and, though his chin is shaved, and he speaks a foreign language, they will tell you he is better born than Codrus, handsomer than Nereus, and more prudent than Ulysses.

S I M Y L U S .

For that I care not: let him be generalissimo of Greece, so those scoundrels do not inherit your estate.

## D I A L O G U E VI.

C R A T E S , D I O G E N E S .

C R A T E S .

DID you know Mærichus, the Corinthian, that very rich fellow, who had so many merchantmen, a cousin german of Aristeas's, who was as rich as himself: he used always to be repeating that passage of Homer,

———— I on thee will seize,

Or thou on me —————

D I O G E N E S .

What was the cause, Crates, of their extraordinary attachment to each other?

C R A -

C R A T E S.

Their estates : both being of the same age, both made their wills public ; Mærichus, in case he should die first, left all he had to Aristeas ; and Aristeas, to Mærichus, on the same condition : the testaments on both sides signed and sealed, each of them strove to outdo the other in constant attendance and mutual adulation : the soothsayers, as well those who guess at futurity from the stars, as the sons of Chaldæa, who presage by dreams, even the Pythian himself sometimes leaned towards Aristeas, and sometimes to Mærichus, and the scale was held a long time in equal ballance between them.

D I O G E N E S.

And how ended the affair ? for it must be worth hearing.

C R A T E S.

Both died in one day ; and their estates came to their relations, Eunomius and Thracicles, who had never dreamed of such good fortune. The two old gentlemen, it seems, in their voyage from Sicyon to Cyrrha, meeting with an unfortunate north-east wind, full against them, were both lost.

D I O G E N E S.

So much the better : now, when you and I were alive, we never troubled our heads with each other ; nor did I ever wish for Antisthenes's death, that his staff (for he had an excellent strong one, made out of box), might descend to me ; no more than you, I believe, Crates, desired my departure, that you might inherit my tub, and scrip, with two pecks of beans in it.

C R A T E S.

What they were so anxious about, Diogenes, were things which neither you nor I wanted : what I really wanted, and what you had from Antisthenes, and what, as it were by hereditary right, I received from you, were greater treasures, and far more valuable than the Persian empire.

D I O G E N E S.

What may they be ?

C R A T E S.

Wisdom, self-complacency, truth, boldness, freedom, liberty.

D I O G E N E S.

These, by Jupiter, I remember were left me by Antisthenes, and these, and more than these, did I bequeath to Crates.

C R A T E S.

But riches of this kind were despised, nor did any fawn upon us in hopes of inheriting them: all were intent on gold, and gold alone.

D I O G E N E S.

And who could blame them? they were not capable of receiving what we could leave; it would have dropped through such empty purses: for, if you were to pour in wisdom, freedom of speech, or truth into them, it would only run out again, having no bottom to contain it, as it happen'd to the daughters of Danaus, when they poured water into a sieve: though, at the same time, the wretches fought \* tooth and nail for a little gold.

C R A T E S.

Here, also, we shall be sure to enjoy our treasure, and hither they must come, bringing only one † farthing along with them, and even that they must part from to Charon.

## D I A L O G U E VII.

M E N I P P U S, M E R C U R Y.

M E N I P P U S.

WHERE are your beauties of both sexes, Mercury? I am a stranger here, but just arrived, and therefore beg you would conduct me to them.

M E R C U R Y.

Menippus, I have not time for that at present: turn, however, to your right hand, and you will see Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, and Nereus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helen, and Leda, and the rest of them, the admiration of former ages.

M E N I P P U S.

I see nothing but bones, and skulls without hair: they all look alike.

M E R C U R Y.

Those bones and skulls, which you seem to despise, were the very persons whom the poets so extol.

M E N I P P U S.

Shew me Helen, I beseech you, for I cannot distinguish her.

\* *Tooth and nail.*] ὀδοὶ καὶ οὐξί, says Lucian, the translation here is literal.

† *One farthing.*] The Greeks always put into the mouths of their dead a piece of money, generally an obolus, to pay Charon for their passage over the Styx. Aristophanes, in his Frogs, speaks of two, but this was by way of humour.

M E R-

MERCURY.

Yonder bald-pate is she.

MENIPPUS.

And were a thousand ships manned from every part of Greece, were so many Greeks and Barbarians slain, and so many cities destroyed for her?

MERCURY.

You never saw her when she was alive: if you had, you would not have wonder'd, as the \* poet says,

No wonder such celestial charms,  
For nine long years, have set the world in arms.

When the flower is withered, and has lost its colour, it becomes disgustful; though, whilst it grew and flourished, it was universally admired.

MENIPPUS.

All I wonder at, Mercury, is, that the Grecians did not consider how ridiculous it was to give themselves so much trouble about an object of such a short-lived and decaying nature.

MERCURY.

I have no leisure time to philosophize with you, Menippus, so repose yourself wherever you please: I must go and fetch down some more mortals.

## DIALOGUE VIII.

MENIPPUS, CERBERUS.

MENIPPUS.

BROTHER, Cerberus, (for, as I am a Cynic, you and I must be nearly related to each other), I beseech you, by Styx, to inform me how Socrates behaved when he came down amongst you: I suppose, being a god, you can talk as well as bark, when you have a mind to it.

CERBERUS.

At first, Menippus, and whilst he was at a good distance from me, he never looked back, but advanced boldly forwards, seeming not to fear death in the least, and, as if he meant to shew his bravery to those who

\* *As the poet says.*] See Homer's Iliad, r. l. 156. Non putant, indignum, (says the gallant Quintillian), Trojani principes Graios Trojanosque propter Hellenæ speciem tot mala, tanto temporis spatio, sustinere:—Quenam igitur illa forma credenda est?

flood afar off from the entrance of Tartarus; but when he came into the cave, and found it all dark and dismal, and, to hasten him a little, I bit him by his poisoned foot, he cried like a child, began to lament his children, and writhed about wonderfully.

M E N I P P U S .

He was after all, then, a mere Sophist, and had not such a contempt for death as he pretended to have.

C E R B E R U S .

Perhaps not: but as he saw it was not to be avoided, he put on an air of indifference, as if he chose to suffer it: willing, or unwilling, he knew it must happen, but pretended to be courageous, that the spectators might admire him. I can say, indeed, with great truth, of all this kind of men, that, as far as the jaws of hell, they are bold and fearless, but when they come on the inside, they are frightened out of their wits.

M E N I P P U S .

How did I seem to behave, when I came down first?

C E R B E R U S .

\* *Worthy of yourself*, Menippus; Diogenes and you alone behaved like men: not shoved in against your wills, but entering of your own accord; as if all besides you came to weep and lament, and you only to laugh and be merry.

## D I A L O G U E   I X .

C H A R O N , M E N I P P U S , A N D M E R C U R Y .

C H A R O N .

You rascal, pay me my fare.

M E N I P P U S .

Bawl away, Charon, if you like it.

C H A R O N .

Pay me, I say, for bringing you over.

M E N I P P U S .

From him who has nothing, nothing can you receive.

\* *Worthy of yourself.*] Lucian, generally, we may observe, takes the part of the Cynics, and, though he laughs at the whole corps, seems to think that sect the most honest amongst them: though, in the next dialogue, Menippus is abused for not paying Charon his fare.

C H A R O N .

C H A R O N.

Can a man be without one farthing ?

M E N I P P U S.

I do not know what others may be, but fure I am I have it not.

C H A R O N.

Give it me this moment, or I will strangle you.

M E N I P P U S.

I will break your head with this stick.

C H A R O N.

Do you think I will carry you such a voyage for nothing ?

M E N I P P U S.

Let Mercury pay for me, he brought me to you.

M E R C U R Y.

A fine bargain, indeed, I should have, to pay for all the dead men I bring down.

C H A R O N.

I shall not let you go.

M E N I P P U S.

Haul your boat ashore then : but how will you take from me what I have not got ?

C H A R O N.

Did not you know you were to bring something for me ?

M E N I P P U S.

I did : but I had nothing, and for that reason was not I to die ?

C H A R O N.

You will be the only one that could ever boast of being ferried over gratis.

M E N I P P U S.

Not so neither : I pumped for you, nay, and handled an oar : besides, I was the only one of your passengers who did not cry and howl.

C H A R O N.

That is nothing to the fare : you must give me my farthing, it cannot be otherwise.

M E N I P P U S.

Carry me back again, then, to the other world.

C H A R O N.

Thank you for that, and so get well beat by Æacus for it.

M E N I P P U S.

Then do not be troublesome.

C H A R O N.



C H A R O N .

Shew me what you have got in your bag.

M E N I P P U S .

There are some lupines for you, if you will, they are \* Hecate's supper.

C H A R O N .

Mercury, what did you bring this poor dog here for, to prate all the voyage, and jest upon all the passengers, he laughing and finging, and they crying all the time ?

M E R C U R Y .

Do not you know, Charon, who it is you have brought over ; a free man, I assure you, and one who cares for nobody, it is Menippus.

C H A R O N .

If ever I catch him—

M E N I P P U S .

But remember, my friend, you cannot catch me twice.

## D I A L O G U E   X .

P L U T O , † P R O S E R P I N E ,   A N D   P R O T E S I L A U S .

P R O T E S I L A U S .

O P L U T O ! our great lord and master, the Jupiter of these regions, and thou, daughter of Ceres, despise not a lover's prayer.

P L U T O :

What would you ask of us, friend, and who are you ?

P R O T E S I L A U S .

I am Protefilaus, the Phylacian, son of Iphiclus, an ally of the Grecians, and was the first man slain at Troy : my desire is, that I may return back, and live a little longer.

\* *Hecate's supper.*] The triple goddess, Diana on earth, Luna in heaven, and Proserpine in hell: the goddess also of magicians and enchanters. Expiatory sacrifices, or suppers, were offered to this deity, to avert any evils which might impend, by reason of particular crimes committed in the highway. Every new moon, says Potter, there was a public *δειπνον*, or supper, provided at the charge of the richer sort, which was no sooner brought to the accustomed place, but the poorer people carried it all off, giving out that Hecate had devoured it: whence it was called Hecate's supper.—There is humour in this allusion to it by Menippus.

† *Proserpine.*] The title of this dialogue, in all the editions of Lucian, which I have seen, gives us only the names of Pluto and Protefilaus, though, as Proserpine acts a part in the farce, she had an undoubted title to be inserted in the *dramatis personæ*.

P L U-

PLUTO.

That is a desire, Protefilaus, which all the dead have; but which was never granted to any.

PROTESILAUS.

It is not for the sake of living, but on account of my \* wife, whom I had but just married, and left in her bridal-bed, when I set out on my voyage, and, unfortunately, the moment I landed, was slain by Hector: the love of her makes me very unhappy, all I wish for is but to see her for a short time, and return to you again.

PLUTO.

Have not you drank the waters of Lethe?

PROTESILAUS.

I have, but to no purpose; this thought is still afflicting.

PLUTO.

You had better stay here: there is no occasion for your returning to her, for she will certainly come to you.

PROTESILAUS.

But I cannot bear to wait. O Pluto! you know too well yourself what it is to love.

PLUTO.

What pleasure would it be to you to live only one day more, and afterwards have the same cause for grief?

PROTESILAUS.

I believe I could persuade her to follow me hither; so that instead of one, you would have two new subjects in a very short time.

PLUTO.

That cannot be done: nor ever has been.

PROTESILAUS.

I will recall to your memory an instance or two of it; on this very account you restored Eurydice to Orpheus, and my relation Alcestes also, at the request of Hercules.

\* *My wife.*] Laodamia, who, on hearing of her husband's death, destroyed herself. The oracle had declared, that whoever landed first on the Trojan shore would be slain. Protefilaus, notwithstanding, embarked on the expedition, and bravely sacrificed his life in the service of his country. The Greeks paid him divine honours, and erected a temple to him, and instituted a solemn annual festival, called by his name, in commemoration of him. The fable, of his returning to life for a day, is mentioned by Philostratus, Minutius Felix, and some others. Servius, in a note on a passage in the Æneid, tells us, that Laodamia was so terrified at the return of her husband to life, that she expired in his arms.

PLUTO.

P L U T O .

And would you, such a horrid fleshless spectre as you are, appear before your beauteous bride? how would she look upon, when she could not know you! she will only be frightened, and run away from you; and so you will go back such a way for nothing.

P R O S E R P I N E .

For that, husband, you may find a remedy, by ordering Mercury, when Protefilaus comes to life again, to touch him with his rod, and make him as young and handsome as when he came from the nuptial bed.

P L U T O .

Since so it seems good to Proserpine, take and make him a bridegroom again: but remember, Protefilaus, that you take but one day.

## D I A L O G U E XI.

C N E M O N A N D D A M N I P P U S .

C N E M O N .

THIS makes the old saying good, the \* kid has slain the lion.

D A M N I P P U S .

What is it you are so angry about, Cnemon?

C N E M O N .

What am I angry for? why, I have been over-reached, and left a man heir to my estate, whom I did not care for, instead of those who ought to have inherited it.

D A M N I P P U S .

How came that about?

C N E M O N .

I paid my court to Hermolaus, a rich fellow, who had no children, in hopes of his death: he was pleased with my flattery, and seemed to enjoy it; in the mean time, I thought it most adviseable to make my will public, wherein I left him all I had; which I did, you may suppose, with a design that he should do the same by me.

D A M N I P P U S .

And did he?

C N E M O N .

What he had determined in his will, I am a stranger to: being myself

\* *The kid, &c.*] A Greek proverb, generally applied to any strange and unexpected event, contrary to the common course of things.

suddenly

suddenly snatched away by the fall of a house upon me : and now Hermolaus is in possession of all I was worth : like a shark, he has swallowed the bait, hook and all.

D A M N I P P U S.

Yes, and fisherman too, I think : you have spread a snare, and caught yourself.

C N E M O N.

I have so : and it is that which makes me miserable.

## DIALOGUE XII.

DIOGENES AND MAUSOLUS.

D I O G E N E S.

MAUSOLUS, why all these haughty airs, as if you thought yourself superior to every body else ?

M A U S O L U S.

Because, Diogenes, I am a king ; because I ruled over all Caria, and part of Lydia ; subdued several islands, conquered half Ionia, and came as far as Miletus : add to this, that I was tall, handsome, and strong in battle : but above all, because I have a \* monument at Halicarnassus, erected with extraordinary

\* *A monument, &c.*] We are told by Aulus Gellius, book x. lib. 18. that Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, was so fond of him, that, after his death, his body being reduced to ashes, she made them into a powder, mixed with spices and perfumes, infused them in water, and drank them up ; as singular an instance of conjugal affection as is, perhaps, to be met with in the records of antiquity. Modern times can scarcely boast a parallel : a circumstance, however, not much unlike it, has happened in our own, and not long since, which I shall take this opportunity of delivering to posterity.

Mr. Van-Butchel, a most ingenious artist, had the misfortune, some few years ago, to lose the wife of his bosom : unwilling, however, to part with her so soon, or to consign her, like common clay, to a dirty grave, immediately after her decease, he contrived, with the assistance of Mr. Hunter, one of the first anatomists in the kingdom, by means of a kind of pickle, so to preserve the body as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health, put it into a glass-case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance, and where it may, for ought I know, remain to this day. An eminent physician, now living, who is as well known for his classical taste and extensive learning, as for his extraordinary skill in his profession, has recorded this singular transaction in some excellent Latin lines, which, as, I believe, they were never yet printed, I shall here subjoin (forgive me this liberty, my good friend, Dr. Baker), for the entertainment of my readers.

traordinary magnificence, such a one as never dead man had before: nothing was ever equal to it in beauty; with men and horses carved to the life, out of the finest marble: you will not find a \* temple in the world comparable to it. Have not I some reason to be proud of such things?

D I O G E N E S .

What! of empire, beauty, or a large tomb?

M A U S O L U S .

By Jove, I think so.

D I O G E N E S .

But, my dear handsome Mausolus, you have no longer either strength or beauty; and if we were to call in an arbitrator to decide on corporeal excellence, I see no reason why, at present, he should prefer your bald pate to mine, seeing they are both of them alike: we both shew our teeth, both have lost our eyes, and our noses are both flat; as to your fine marble sepulchres, the Halicarnassians, perhaps, may be proud of it, and shew their magnificent structure to strangers, with no little ostentation; but, in truth, noble sir, I cannot see what service it is of to you; unless, indeed, you will say, you

In reliquias Mariæ Vanbutchel novo miraculo conservatas, & a marito suo superstites cultu quotidiano adoratas.

Hic, exfors tumuli, jacet  
Uxor Joannis Vanbutchel,  
Integra omninò & incorrupta,  
Viri sui amantissimi  
Defiderium simul & deliciæ;  
Quam gravi morbo vitiatam,  
Consumptamque tandem longâ morte,  
In hanc, quam cernis, nitorem,  
In hanc speciem & colorem viventis  
Ab indecorâ putredine vindicavit,  
Invitâ & repugnante naturâ,  
Vir egregius, Gulielmus Hunterus,  
Artificii prius intentati  
Inventor idem & perfector.  
O! fortunatum maritum,  
Cui datur

Uxorem multum amatam  
Retinere unâ in unis ædibus,  
Affari, tangere, complecti,  
Propter dormire, si lubet,  
Non fatis modò superstitem,  
Sed, (quod mirabilius)  
Etiam suaviorem,  
Venustiozem,  
Habitoriozem,  
Solidam magis, & magis fucci plenam,  
Quam cum ipsa in vivis fuerit!  
O! fortunatum virum, & invidendum,  
Cui peculiare hoc, & proprium contingit,  
Apud se habere fæminam  
Constantem sibi,  
Et horis omnibus eandem!

\* *Temple.*] The tomb, erected by Artemisia, in memory of Mausolus, is usually reckoned amongst the seven wonders of the world. It is said to have been four hundred and eleven feet in circumference, and one hundred and forty feet high, containing a pyramid within of the same height. The term of Mausoleum has been adopted by all the sons and daughters of posthumous vanity, and is used to this day.

bear

bear a greater burthen than any of us, being pressed down with such a weight of marble.

M A U S O L U S.

So, all these things are to be counted for nothing, and Mausolus and Diogenes are upon a level?

D I O G E N E S.

Not so, neither, great sir: for Mausolus will be tormented whenever he reflects on what once made him so happy: whilst Diogenes, at the same time, will laugh at him for it. He will say that the monument at Halicarnassus was erected by his sister, and his wife Artemisia: Diogenes, on the other hand, does not so much as know whether he had any sepulchre at all; nor did he even care about it: but he left behind him, amongst the good and great, the character of one who lived like a man; a character, thou abject creature, higher than thy monument, and built on a much nobler foundation.

## D I A L O G U E XIII.

A J A X A N D A G A M E M N O N.

A G A M E M N O N.

WHY, O Ajax, after running mad, as you did, thinking you had destroyed us all, and then killing yourself, do you find fault with Ulysses? you would not so much as look at him just now; when he came hither to consult the soothsayer, never condescended to speak to your old friend and fellow-foldier; but haughtily stalked by, and took no notice of him.

A J A X.

Agamemnon, he deserved it: he was the cause of my frenzy, by contending with me for the armour.

A G A M E M N O N.

Could you expect to be without a rival, or to gain the victory over all, without the trouble of a contest?

A J A X.

At least in that cause, I think, I ought: the arms were mine by right of inheritance, as they belonged to my cousin Achilles; and this, moreover, you, who were all his superiors, acknowledged, and yielded them to me: but that son of Laertes, whose life I have so often saved, when in the ut-

U 2

most

most danger, he, and he alone, pretended to be worthier of them than myself.

A G A M E M N O N .

My noble friend, you should lay the blame on Thetis, who, instead of giving you the armour, which she ought to have done, as the nearest relation, exposed them to public view.

A J A X .

She was not to blame, but Ulysses, who alone stood in opposition to me.

A G A M E M N O N .

Surely, Ajax, he is to be forgiven, if, as a man, he was fond of glory, for whose sake we are all ready to abide the greatest perils; besides, that he fairly conquered you; and so the Trojans themselves determined.

A J A X .

I know very well who determined it: but we must not speak evil of the gods: Ulysses, however, I shall always abhor, though Minerva herself were to forbid me.

## D I A L O G U E   X I V .

A N T I L O C H U S   A N D   A C H I L L E S .

A N T I L O C H U S .

A C H I L L E S , how could you talk as you just now did to Ulysses, concerning death, in a manner so unbecoming the pupil of Chiron and Phœnix? I overheard you telling him, that \* you had rather be a ploughman,  
or

\* *You had rather, &c.*] The words here alluded to are spoken by Achilles to Ulysses in the shades, as related in the eleventh book of Homer's *Odyssæy*.—They are thus translated by Pope,

Rather I'd chuse laboriously to bear  
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind, that toils for bread,  
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.

See Pope's *Odyssæy*, book xi. ver. 597.

Homer has undoubtedly given a most wretched, imperfect, and unaccountable description of a future state. In his infernal regions, we do not find, except in a very few instances, any proper distinction between the good and the bad; the guilty are not punished, nor the virtuous rewarded; the ghosts are all most miserable figures, and, like so many frightful skeletons, apparently without any thing to employ or to divert them. Virgil's hell is certainly a much more rational, as well as a much more poetical one. Lucian, who seems fond of taking every oppor-

or labourer to some needy rustic, who had scarce bread to eat, than be a monarch here below : such words had suited well a low Phrygian slave, anxious after long life ; but for the son of Peleus, the first of heroes, who had courted so many dangers in the field, to think so meanly, and so much beneath himself, is shameful indeed, and directly opposite to all his former noble actions : for, when you might have reigned at Phthiotis, and lived inglorious, even to extreme old age, you preferred an honourable death.

A C H I L L E S.

But then, O son of Nestor, I was ignorant of this state, and knew not which was best : therefore did I prefer that idle fame to life ; at length I have discovered how unprofitable it is. On earth, indeed, such deeds as mine are loudly celebrated, but amongst the dead all are equal : no longer, Antilochus, have we strength or beauty, but are all involved in the same obscurity, and not distinguishable one from another ; nor Trojan ghosts are afraid of, nor Grecian revere Achilles : one shade is like another, and the coward and the brave are here mingled together : this is what disgusts me, and I had much rather live and be a slave on earth.

A N T I L O C H U S.

What is to be done ? it is the law of nature that all must die, you should submit to it therefore, and not repine : you see how many of your friends are already here : Ulysses too, will join us soon. Let it then afford you comfort, that you are not the only sufferer : behold Hercules, Meleager, and other excellent men, who, I believe, would not willingly return to the other world, if they expected to be sent thither to be in a state of servitude, under the low and indigent.

A C H I L L E S.

It is a friendly admonition : and yet, I know not how it is, but the memory of my past life still disquiets me, and I cannot help thinking that every one of you is affected in the same manner : and if you will not acknowledge it, you are but so much the more to blame, in suffering without complaint.

A N T I L O C H U S.

Rather say, Achilles, we act more prudently than yourself ; as well know-

opportunity to turn the blind bard into ridicule, has severely censured him in many places for propagating such absurd notions ; though Homer, after all, was not to blame, as he only delivered the opinions and fables received and believed by his contemporaries, which was all the business and all the duty of a poet.

ing



ing of how little service it must be to murmur: we bear all in silence, and complain not, left, desiring what you desire, like you, we should only become ridiculous.

## D I A L O G U E   X V .

T E R P S I O N   A N D   P L U T O .

T E R P S I O N .

PLUTO, is this fair and equitable, that I should die at thirty, and old Thucritus, who is above ninety, be alive still?

P L U T O .

Most fit it is, Terpsion, that he should live, who never wished for the death of any of his friends; whilst you laid wait for his, in hopes of his estate.

T E R P S I O N .

Ought not the old, who can no longer enjoy life, to die, and make room for the young?

P L U T O .

You would make a new law, Terpsion, that all those who can no longer enjoy their riches with pleasure, should depart: but fate and nature have otherwise determined.

T E R P S I O N .

It is a determination which I cannot approve: the oldest, I think, should die first, and after him the next in seniority, and so on; nor would I have any old fellow absurdly continue to live, who has but three teeth left in his head, and can scarce see out of his blear eyes; who is forced to be supported by his servant, a kind of animated sepulchre, without any taste for pleasure, and the mere laughing stock of youth: whilst, at the same time, the young, the beautiful, and the brave are snatched away: it is the running back of streams to their fountain head: at least one should know when old fellows are to die, that one may not court them for nothing; but now, as the saying is, we often \* put the cart before the horse.

P L U T O .

These things, Terpsion, are much better ordered than you seem to think

\* *Put the cart, &c.*] The original proverb, as quoted by Lucian, is, literally translated, *the cart often drags the ox*, which approaches so nearly to our own familiar adage, that I have ventured to adopt it, though it is seldom applied in this sense.

they

they are : why should you gape after other people's estates, and fawn upon old men who have no children ? For this reason you are deservedly laughed at, when, instead of your burying THEM, they bury YOU ; and, as you wish for THEIR deaths, all the world is glad of YOURS : You invented this new art, this falling in love with old men and women, who have no children ; for those who have children are never courted by you : some of them, indeed, whom you have neglected, seeing your design, though they had children, pretended to hate them, that they might draw you in to flatter them, and, after all the presents you had made them, cut you off in their wills : thus nature prevailed, as she ought, their own children possessed the inheritance, and you gnashed your teeth with grief at the disappointment.

## T E R P S I O N.

It is too true : what a deal of money have I lost by that Thucritus, who, whenever I came in, pretended to be dying, fetched a deep sigh, and squeaked like a chicken in the egg-shell ; and I, like a fool, thinking he was just ready to be put into his coffin, sent him present on present, for fear my rivals should excel me in generosity : laid awake whole nights, counting my riches and disposing of them : the want of sleep, and uneasiness I underwent were, indeed, the cause of my death, and the old fellow, when he had sucked all he could out of me, the day before yesterday, when I was buried, stood over my grave and laughed at me.

## P L U T O.

Well done, Thucritus : long mayest thou live, abounding in wealth, and laughing at such fools as these ; nor mayest thou die, till thou hast sent all thy flatterers before thee !

## T E R P S I O N.

O Pluto, if Chariades dies before Thucritus, I shall be happy.

## P L U T O.

Be of good cheer, Terpsion ; for Phido, and Melanthus, and all of them will die before him, and of the same distemper as yourself.

## T E R P S I O N.

I am glad of that : so, long live Thucritus !

D I A-

## DIALOGUE XVI.

MENIPPUS AND TANTALUS.

MENIPPUS.

TANTALUS, why standest thou there by the lake side, weeping and lamenting so?

TANTALUS.

Because, Menippus, I am perishing with thirst.

MENIPPUS.

Are you so lazy that you cannot stoop down and drink: by Jove, if I were you, I would take some in the palm of my hand.

TANTALUS.

It is to no purpose to stoop: for no sooner does the water find me approaching, but immediately it runs away from me, or if I do catch a little, and hold it up to my mouth, I cannot so much as wet my lips with it, for, some how or other, it slips through my fingers, and leaves my hand as dry as ever.

MENIPPUS.

Indeed, Tantalus, your sufferings are of a very extraordinary nature. But pray, inform me, why should you drink at all? you have no body; that is buried in Lydia, and can neither be hungry nor dry: and what business, therefore, has a ghost to drink?

TANTALUS.

That very thing is my punishment: my soul suffers thirst as much as when it had a body.

MENIPPUS.

You are punished with thirst; so far I believe you; but what is there so dreadful in it? Are you afraid of dying for want of drink? After one death there is no fear of another.

TANTALUS.

You say right: but that is a principal part of my punishment, to be desirous of drink, when there is no occasion for it.

MENIPPUS.

Tantalus, you are absolutely mad, and, by Jove, if you want any drink  
it

it is \* Hellebore; for, contrary to those who are bit by dogs, you have the dread, not of water, but of thirst.

T A N T A L U S.

I would drink hellebore itself, if I could get it.

M E N I P P U S.

Be satisfied, Tantalus: for neither you nor any of the dead must drink; it is impossible: they are not all of them, indeed, condemned to thirst, nor does the water expect them, as it does you.

D I A L O G U E XVI.

M I N O S A N D S O S T R A T U S.

M I N O S.

LET this ruffian, Softratus, be cast into Phlegethon: and that sacrilegious fellow torn in pieces by the Chimæra; and, do you hear, Mercury, chain down the tyrant along with Tityus, and let the vulturs gnaw his liver: but go ye good and virtuous into the Elyfian Fields, inhabit the islands of the blessed, as a reward for your piety and virtue whilst upon earth.

S O S T R A T U S.

Do but hear me first, Minos, whether I am right or not.

M I N O S.

What! hear you again? do not you stand convicted already of being a villain, and killing so many people?

S O S T R A T U S.

Granted: but consider whether my punishment is just, or not.

M I N O S.

Most certainly; if every one should have the reward which they deserve.

S O S T R A T U S.

But pray, Minos, answer me one short question.

\* *Hellebore.*] A medicinal plant, constantly alluded to in the writings of antiquity, as a grand specific against melancholy, folly, madness, and all the disorders of the mind. There are two sorts, the black, which we call the Christmas-rose, and the white, called nefe-wort. The island of Anticyra, situate against mount Oeta, was famous for the growth of this plant, whence sprung the proverbial saying, of *naviget Anticyram*, send him a voyage to Anticyra. Amongst the moderns, it has, some how or other, lost all its wonderful efficacy, and is very seldom used amongst us.

M I N O S.

Ask it; but be brief, that I may have time to try some other causes.

S O S T R A T U S.

Whatever I did, whilst upon earth, did I do it of my own accord, or was I compelled to it by \* fate?

M I N O S.

By fate: no doubt of it.

S O S T R A T U S.

And, in obedience to that, do we not all act; those who are called good, and we who seem to do evil?

M I N O S.

Most certainly; as Clotho enjoins them, who pre-ordains what every man shall do, from the moment of his birth.

S O S T R A T U S.

If a man, therefore, kills another, being obliged to it by one whom he dare not disobey; a hangman, for instance, by command of the judge, or an officer, by order of the king, who is guilty of the murder?

M I N O S.

The judge, or the king, undoubtedly: it cannot be the sword, which is no more than an instrument to fulfill the desire of him who directs the use of it.

S O S T R A T U S.

Excellent Minos: thus, in support of my axiom, to add a corollary; again, if any one, sent by his master, brings me gold or silver, who am I to thank for it, to whom am I indebted for the favour?

M I N O S.

To him who sent it: the man who brought was only agent to the other.

S O S T R A T U S.

Do not you perceive, therefore, how unjust it is to punish me, who was only an instrument employed to do those things which Clotho had commanded, and to reward those who only administered the good imparted to them

\* *By fate.*] The doctrine held by many of the ancient philosophers, concerning fate, or necessity, was (like predestination in modern times), the perpetual cause of scepticism in the heathen world, and afforded at the same time an ample subject for ridicule to the satirists and poets: consequently a favourite subject with Lucian, who takes frequent opportunities of laughing at the folly and absurdity of it.

by

by others? you can never say it was possible to act in opposition to the dictates of necessity.

M I N O S.

On a diligent enquiry, Softratus, you will find out many things of this kind not easily to be accounted for; and all you can gain by your discoveries will be, to the title of thief, to add that of sophist also: however, let him go, Mercury, without any farther punishment; but take care you do not teach other ghosts to ask the same questions.

D I A L O G U E XVII.

DIOGENES AND POLLUX.

D I O G E N E S.

POLLUX, I charge you, when you return to the other world, for I think you are to come to life again to-morrow, if you see Menippus the Cynic (you will find him, probably, either in the Craneum at Corinth, or the Lycæum, laughing at the philosophers quarrels with one another), speak thus to him: Diogenes commands you, O Menippus, when you have laughed your fill at things upon earth, that you would come down and laugh still more at things below: there it may be a doubt whether you should laugh or not, and it is a common saying amongst you, "Who knows what is to come hereafter?" But here you will laugh for ever, as I do: especially when you see the rich and great, kings and nobles, sunk into such meanness and obscurity, and only distinguished by superior misery. Tell him how poor and contemptible they seem, in comparison to what they were above, when they recollect their former state: tell him, at the same time, to fill his bag with lupines, or, if he can pick up \* Hecate's supper in the highway, or an egg left at a sacrifice, or any thing of that kind, to bring it with him.

P O L L U X.

Diogenes, I will tell him what you desire me; but how shall I know him? What sort of a face has he?

D I O G E N E S.

He is an old fellow, with a bald pate, in a tattered garment, full of holes, and open to every wind, and patched up with rags of different colours: he is always laughing, and remarkably severe upon the proud philosophers.

\* *Hecate's supper.*] For an account of this, see note, p. 142.

P O L L U X .

By these tokens I shall easily distinguish him.

D I O G E N E S .

Shall I give you any commands for those philosophers ?

P O L L U X .

If you please ; I shall execute them with pleasure.

D I O G E N E S .

Tell them, once for all, to leave off playing the fool, quarrelling about the formation of the world, giving one another \* horns, and making † crocodiles : let them no longer teach the mind to exercise itself in such trifles.

P O L L U X .

But they will call me an ignorant and illiterate blockhead, for pretending to find fault with their doctrines.

D I O G E N E S .

But do you tell them from me, they ought to lament their own ignorance.

P O L L U X .

Diogenes, this also I shall acquaint them with.

D I O G E N E S .

And now, my dear little Pollux, in my name thus shall you accost the rich : Why, ye empty creatures, do ye hoard up your gold, why torment yourselves, why put your money out to usury, and heap talent upon talent ; when in the shades, where you soon must come, one obolus will suffice you ?

P O L L U X .

I will do it.

D I O G E N E S .

A word likewise, to those who boast of their strength or beauty ; Megillus, for instance, the Corinthian, and Damoxenus, the wrestler ; tell them

\* *Horns.*] This alludes to a ridiculous kind of syllogism, much in fashion amongst the Stoic philosophers, who used to say, “ Quod non amisisti, habes : cornua non amisisti ergo cornua habes :” what thou hast not lost, thou hast ; thou hast not lost thy horns, ergo, thou hast horns. The critics tell us, that by horns here, as amongst us, was meant the very ancient practice of cuckoldom, and, in support of their opinion, quote the following passage from Artemidorus : Ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ σου παρενσει, καὶ τὸ ΔΕΓΟΜΕΝΟΝ, ΚΕΡΑΤΑ αὐτῷ ΠΟΙΗΣΕΙ. Onirocrit. lib. 2. cap. xi.

† *Crocodiles.*] Another kind of enigmatical sophism, practised by the small wits of the age. A crocodile, said they, promised to restore a child he had stolen, if a person would give him a true answer to a question he would ask, and the question itself was, whether he should restore the child or not ?—This was something like arguing in a circle. Quintilian, in allusion to this, talks of ceratinos & crocodilinas ambiguitates. See Lucian’s Sale of Philosophers.

we have no yellow hair here, no blue or black eyes, no rosy complexions, no well-strung nerves, or brawny shoulders, but all one heap of dust, as they say, and skulls without hair or beauty.

POLLUX.

This message, also, shall I most willingly deliver.

DIOGENES.

Moreover, my little Spartan, you must tell the poor (for many of them are unhappy, and lament their poverty), that they should not cry and take on : inform them of the equality that reigns amongst us, and that hereafter they shall see those who were so much richer on earth, when they come here, just as poor as themselves ; and withal, if you please, you may tell your countrymen, the \* Lacedæmonians, from me, that they are sadly degenerated.

POLLUX.

No message for the Lacedæmonians, I beseech you, Diogenes ; for I will not carry it : for the rest you may depend on me.

DIOGENES.

We will omit it then, if you think proper : but remember my other commands.

## DIALOGUE XVIII.

DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER.

DIOGENES.

WHAT! Alexander here! could he die like one of us?

ALEXANDER.

It is even so, as you see, Diogenes ; and where is the wonder that a mortal man should die?

DIOGENES.

Did Ammon lie, then, when he called you his son ; and are you really sprung from Philip?

\* *Lacedæmonians.*] From being remarkable for the purity and severity of their manners, the Lacedæmonians became, in process of time, the most luxurious and abandoned people. Pollux, however, did not chuse to tell them so. A temple, we are told, had been erected to him in Laconia. He was a god of honour, and would not be reproached with that worst of all vices, ingratitude.

ALEX-



A L E X A N D E R .

From Philip, most undoubtedly : for had I been the son of Ammon, I had not died.

D I O G E N E S .

Something was whispered too about Olympias, that she kept company with a Dragon, who was seen in bed with her, that you were the fruit of their amours, and Philip deceived, who only imagined himself to be your father.

A L E X A N D E R .

I have heard of this as well as you ; and now I perceive, that neither my mother, nor the prophets of Ammon, spoke one word of truth.

D I O G E N E S .

The tale, however, was not unserviceable to you in carrying on your affairs ; for many, believing you to be a god, feared you as such : but pray, inform me, to whom you have left your empire ?

A L E X A N D E R .

Indeed, Diogenes, I know not : my death was so sudden, that I had not time to determine any thing concerning it, except that, when I was dying, I gave my ring to Perdiccas. What makes you smile ?

D I O G E N E S .

I smile to think how the Grecians behaved when they gave you the empire, how they chose you their general against the Barbarians, flattered and adored you ; some of them were for adding you to the twelve deities, building temples for, and worshipping you as the offspring of the Dragon. But, tell me, where did the Macedonians bury you ?

A L E X A N D E R .

For these three days past I have lain in Babylon ; but Ptolomæus, one of my officers, has promised, when affairs are a little quiet, and he is at leisure, to carry me to Ægypt, and bury me there, that I may be made an Ægyptian god.

D I O G E N E S .

Can I help laughing, Alexander, to see you ridiculous even after death, and hoping to be an Osiris or Anubis ? But, pray, my most divine friend, lay aside your hopes : no one who has ever passed the lake, and descended into the mouth of Tartarus, must ever think of returning : Æacus is not so careless, nor Cerberus so contemptible. But I should be glad to know how you feel on the remembrance of past felicity, when you recollect your guards, your satraps, and your treasures, the people that adored you

at

at Bactria, and at Babylon, your honours and dignities, when you shone so conspicuous, when you were carried by immense wild beasts, crowned with garlands, and cloathed in purple; does not the remembrance of these things torment you?—Ha! fool dost thou weep? Did not your wife Aristotle teach you to have no dependence on the gifts of Fortune?

A L E X A N D E R.

Call you him wise? that basest of all flatterers! I know him well, know how much he solicited; how much he wrote to me, how he abused my love of science, and desire of knowlege; how he complimented and flattered me; sometimes on my beauty, as if that was a species of perfection; sometimes on my actions, and sometimes on my riches, for those also he looked on as a real good, probably the better to excuse his own desire of them. Diogenes, he was an artful and designing man, and all the fruits I reap from his wisdom, is, to be tormented now about those enjoyments which you just now mentioned.

D I O G E N E S.

What is to be done then? Shall I point you out a remedy for this disease? as we have no hellebore growing here, take, as fast as you can, the waters of Lethe; drink, and drink again; Aristotle's good things will then no longer disgust you: but I see Clytus, and Callisthenes, and several more, who are ready to fall upon, and tear you in pieces, for the injuries they have received from: you therefore, go into another path, and remember what I told you; drink away.

## D I A L O G U E XIX.

A L E X A N D E R, H A N N I B A L, S C I P I O, A N D M I N O S.

A L E X A N D E R.

LIBYAN, I tell thee I ought to have the precedency, being the greater man.

H A N N I B A L.

That I deny.

A L E X A N D E R.

I appeal to Minos.

M I N O S.

Who are ye?

A L E X A N D E R.

This is Hannibal of Carthage; I am Alexander, the son of Philip.

M I N O S.

M I N O S.

By Jove, two illustrious men! but what are you quarrelling about?

A L E X A N D E R.

Precedency: he affirms that he was a \* greater general than I; and I, on the other hand, assert, what every body knows, that I was a better soldier, not only than him, but than any that ever appeared before me.

M I N O S.

Let each plead his own cause: do you Hannibal, begin.

H A N N I B A L.

One thing, Minos, I am very glad of, which is, that I learned the † Greek language; in that, at least, he is not my superior: but, moreover, those are, in my opinion, most worthy of praise, who, from being nothing, have turned out great men, and raised themselves to power and empire by their own merit. When I first attacked Iberia, with a very small army, and fought under my brother, I received the greatest honours, and was considered as a hero. I took the Celtiberians, and conquered Hesperia; climbed up vast mountains, run over all Eridanus, laid waste a number of cities, and subdued all the flat country of Italy, even up to the walls of the great city. I slew so many men in one day, that I measured out their ‡ rings by the bushel, and made bridges over the river with their carcases; and all this I did, without calling myself the son of Ammon, or pretending to be a god, or telling my mother's dreams: I acknowledged myself a mere mortal, fought against the most experienced generals, and the bravest soldiers; did not attack Medes and Armenians, fellows that run before any body pursues, and yield the victory to the first man that opposes them. Alexander did, indeed, improve the empire left him by his father, and, by a lucky enterprise, greatly extended it; but, after he had conquered the unfortunate Darius, at Issus and Arbela, he degenerated from his father's virtues, and wanted to

\* *A greater general.*] This dialogue is founded on a passage in Livy, lib. xxxv. cap. 14. where he tells us, that Hannibal being asked by Scipio, whom he looked upon as the greatest general, replied, Alexander the Great, next to him Pyrrhus, and thirdly himself; if, indeed, added he, I had conquered Scipio, I should have placed myself first of all.—Here Lucian makes him retract his former opinion, and claim the precedence.

† *The Greek language.*] Aliquot ejus libri, (says Corn. Nepos, speaking of Hannibal) sunt Græco sermone confecti.

‡ *Rings.*] Livy says, expleffe tres modios super Dimidium. Florus tells us, modios duos annulorum Carthaginem esse missos. Lucian gives us an indefinite number, as more suitable to his purpose. Every account is, perhaps, rather hyperbolic.

be adored; fell into the luxury and effeminacy of the Medes, slew his own friends at feasts, and associated with murderers and assassins. I, on the other hand, ruled my country with equity, and when she called me to her aid, against a mighty fleet sent out to invade her, I obeyed with cheerfulness, reduced myself to a private man, and, though condemned unjustly, bore it with patience and resignation: this I did, though a \* Barbarian, who had never learned Homer, as he had, nor boasted of the Sophist Aristotle for my master, but took nature only for my guide; therefore do I esteem myself superior to Alexander. He may, indeed, claim precedence, because his head is circled with a diadem; in Macedon, perhaps, this may gain him reverence, but surely he is not on that account to be preferred to a noble and distinguished general, who owed his rise not to fortune but to conduct.

M I N O S.

Spoken with strength and spirit, such as one would little have expected from a Barbarian. Alexander, what answer canst thou make to him?

A L E X A N D E R.

So impudent a boaster as this deserves none: to fame alone I might leave it to distinguish between a monarch and a slave: but judge whether I am not far superior to him; I, who, even when a boy, took possession of a divided kingdom, re-established peace, revenged myself on my father's murderers, and intimidated Greece by the subversion of Thebes. Elected generalissimo, by the universal suffrage, I scorned to sit down in Macedon, contented with the kingdom left me by my father, but grasped the whole world in idea; and, thirsting after universal empire, with a small force invaded Asia, conquered nobly at the Granicus, took Lydia, Phrygia, and Ionia, and at length subduing every thing that opposed me, came to Issus, where Darius with an innumerable army waited for me; from thence how many I sent to the shades, you, O Minos, can best testify; Charon will tell you, his boat could not hold them, and he was obliged to bring them over in rafters made on purpose; this I did at the perpetual hazard of my life, fearless of wounds or danger. To pass over what I performed at Tyre and Arbela, I pierced even to India, and made the ocean alone the limits of my empire; I took their elephants, and led Porus captive. I passed the Tanais,

\* *A Barbarian.*] Ergo humanitatis dulcedo etiam in efferata Barbarorum ingenia penetrat—says Valerius Maximus, speaking of Hannibal's tenderness and humanity.

and, with a vast body of horse, overcame the warlike Scythians. I defended myself from my enemies, and endeared myself to my friends by acts of beneficence. If men mistook me for a deity, they might well be forgiven, as they were, induced by the greatness of my actions, to believe me such. Lastly, I died a king, death seized me on the throne; but he perished an exile at Bithynus, the fate which such a cruel and worthless wretch deserved. How he conquered Italy I will not say; not by bravery, but by fraud, cunning, and chicanery, never mindful of justice, openness, or integrity. When he reproached me with luxury, he forgot his own behaviour at Capua, where, abandoned to harlots, he lost all the fruits of his victories in the pursuit of pleasure. But what of great or noble should I have done, had I not contemned my western conquests, and turned towards the East? I might have taken Italy without bloodshed, and Libya, and brought the whole earth, even unto Gades, under my dominion, with the greatest ease: but I thought it not worth my care, to reduce kingdoms, which already trembled at my power, and acknowledged me for their master. Minos, I have given these few out of many reasons that might be brought here before you; judge, and determine.

S C I P I O .

Not before you have heard me also.

M I N O S .

My good friend, who are you, whence come you, and what have you to say?

S C I P I O .

I am Scipio, the Roman general, who destroyed Carthage, and conquered the Africans in several battles.

M I N O S .

And what of that?

S C I P I O .

I acknowledge myself inferior to Alexander, but think I should take place of Hannibal, whom I pursued, overcame, and put to ignominious flight: how dares he to contend with Alexander, when I, who conquered him, pretend not to it?

M I N O S .

By Jove, Scipio, you are in the right; wherefore let Alexander have the precedency; you shall be second, and Hannibal, if you please, who is no contemptible character, come in, third.

D I A .

DIALOGUE XXI.

MENIPPUS, ÆACUS, PYTHAGORAS, EMPEDOCLES,  
AND SOCRATES.

MENIPPUS.

NOW, Æacus, by Pluto, I beseech you, lead me all round, and shew me every thing worth seeing here below.

ÆACUS.

That cannot easily be done, Menippus; but the most considerable are as follows: this is Cerberus; to Charon, who brought you over, you are no stranger; Pyriphlegethon, and the great lake, you saw as you came in.

MENIPPUS.

These I know already, and you, who guard the entrance; I had a fight also of Pluto and the Furies: but shew me your old heroes, those who made the greatest figure in the world.

ÆACUS.

Yonder is Agamemon, the other Achilles, he who sits next to them is Idomeneus; then comes Ulysses, after him Ajax, Diomedes, and several other famous Grecians.

MENIPPUS.

Alas poor Homer! how the glorious subjects of thy rhapsodies lie scattered upon the ground, without form or beauty, mere dust and ashes, with very \* poor heads, trifles now of no value or duration: but who is this?

ÆACUS.

Cyrus; and here comes Craffus, next to him is Sardanapalus, behind them is Midas, and that is Xerxes.

MENIPPUS.

Thou too, impious wretch, wert once the terror of Greece, pretending to sail through mountains, and building bridges over the Hellespont; and what a figure is that Craffus now! but pray, Æacus, let me give that Sardanapalus a box.

ÆACUS.

By no means, you would crack that soft effeminate skull of his.

\* *Poor heads.*] Alluding to that expression of Homer in the *Odysses*,

Νικητων ἀμνηνα κερηνα.

M E N I P P U S.

Then I will e'en spit upon the \* Hermaphrodite.

Æ A C U S.

Shall I shew you some of our philosophers ?

M E N I P P U S.

By Jove, I wish you would.

Æ A C U S.

First of all, then, there is Pythagoras.

M E N I P P U S.

Hail, Euphorbus, Apollo, or by whatever name you chuse to be called.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Hail to thee, Menippus.

M E N I P P U S.

Have you got your † golden thigh yet ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

No : what have you got to eat in your little bag there ?

M E N I P P U S.

Nothing but beans, my friend, which you must not eat.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Give me some, the laws of the other world do not bind us here below : I have learned, since I came hither, that there is no resemblance between beans, and the source of generation.

Æ A C U S.

Besides these, there is Solon, the son of Execestida, Thales, Pittacus, and the rest of them, all seven, as you see, together.

M E N I P P U S.

These, and these alone, seem to be chearful and happy : but who is this fellow, covered with ashes, and full of blisters, like an over-baked loaf ?

\* *Hermaphrodite.*] *Ανδρογυνω*, half man, half woman : no improper appellation for the effeminate Sardanapalus.

† *Golden thigh.*] D. Laertius tells us, that Pythagoras had so noble an appearance, that his disciples looked upon him as a god, and called him the Hyperborean Apollo. The philosopher availed himself of their prejudices, and told them that he had a golden thigh, which, we are told, he shewed several times to Abaris the priest of Apollo : in those times the *ipse dixit* of the master was sufficient ; they took his word, and were not so unreasonably as to ask for the ocular proof.

Æ A C U S.

Æ A C U S.

O, that is Empedocles, just arrived, half roasted, from mount Ætna.

M E N I P P U S.

Good brazen-foot, what could induce thee to leap into the mouth of a furnace?

Æ A C U S.

A kind of melancholy madness, Menippus.

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, by Jove, the madness of pride, affectation, and vain glory; this consumed you and your slippers together: the trick, after all, was of little service to you, for you were seen after death: but where is Socrates?

Æ A C U S.

He is generally diverting himself with Nestor and Palamedes.

M E N I P P U S.

If he was hereabouts, I should be glad to see him.

Æ A C U S.

You see him with the bald pate there?

M E N I P P U S.

They are all so, that is no distinction.

Æ A C U S.

I mean him with the flat nose.

M E N I P P U S.

I shall never know him by that neither, for they all have it.

S O C R A T E S.

Menippus, did you ask for me?

M E N I P P U S.

Yes, Socrates.

S O C R A T E S.

How go affairs at Athens now?

M E N I P P U S.

The young men are all turned philosophers; and, indeed, if you look at their gait and apparel only, you would take them for first-rate ones: but you see what Aristippus is, now he is come amongst you, and Plato himself, one smelling of perfumes, and the other a \* flatterer of Sicilian tyrants.

\* *A flatterer.*] See Cornelius Nepos in Dione.



S O C R A T E S .

But what do they think of me ?

M E N I P P U S .

You are a happy man, Socrates ; they all esteem you as the most excellent of mortals, and aver that you knew every thing, when, in reality (for here we must speak truth), you knew nothing.

S O C R A T E S .

I told them so myself, but they thought it was affectation.

M E N I P P U S .

Who are those standing round about you ?

S O C R A T E S .

Charmides, and Phædrus, and Alcibiades.

M E N I P P U S .

Well done, Socrates, you practise your old employment here I find, and love a pretty fellow still.

S O C R A T E S .

What can I do better ? come and sit down with us.

M E N I P P U S .

By Jove, not I ; I must go to Craffus and Sardanapalus, their weeping and lamentations will afford me no small diversion.

Æ A C U S .

I must be gone too, and see that none of our dead men steal away from us. Menippus, you shall see more another time.

M E N I P P U S .

Æacus, you may go if you please : for the present, this will suffice.

D I A-

DIALOGUE XXII.

CHARON, several Dead Men, MERCURY, MENIPPUS, CHARMOLEUS, LAMPICHUS, DAMASIAS, CRATES, a Philosopher, and Rhetorician.

CHARON.

LOOK ye, gentlemen, thus affairs stand: we have but a small boat, as you see, and that half rotten, and leaky in many places, if you lean it on one side or other, we overset, and go to the bottom; and yet so many of you will press in, and every one carrying his baggage with him; if you do not leave it behind, I am afraid you will repent it, especially those who cannot swim.

DEAD MEN.

What must we do to get safe over?

CHARON.

I will tell you; you must get in naked, and leave all your superfluities on shore, and even then my boat will scarce be able to carry you: you, Mercury, must take care, and let none come in, but those who are stark naked, and have left all their trumpery behind them; stand at the head of the boat, and make them strip before they come on board.

MERCURY.

Right, Charon, so I will: who is this first?

MENIPPUS.

Menippus: I have thrown my pouch and my staff in before me, my coat I did right to leave behind me.

MERCURY.

My honest friend, Menippus, come in, take you the first seat at the helm, near the pilot, and observe who comes: but who is this pretty fellow?

CHARMOLEUS.

I am the handsome Charmoleus, of Megara; a kiss of me sold for two talents.

MERCURY.

Please to part with your beauty, your ponderous head of hair, your sweet kissing lips, rosy cheeks, and fine skin. It is well; you are fit to come in, and may now enter: but here comes a fierce fellow, cloathed in purple, with a diadem on his head. Who are you?

L A M-

L A M P I C H U S .

Lampichus, king of the Geloans.

M E R C U R Y .

What is all that baggage for, you have brought with you ?

L A M P I C H U S .

Was it fitting that a king should come without any thing ?

M E R C U R Y .

A king should not, but a dead man should ; therefore down with them.

L A M P I C H U S .

There ; I have thrown away all my riches.

M E R C U R Y .

Throw away your pride and ostentation also, for if you bring them with you you will sink the boat.

L A M P I C H U S .

At least let me keep my diadem and my cloak.

M E R C U R Y .

By no means : off with them immediately.

L A M P I C H U S .

Be it so : now I have thrown off every thing ; what more must I part with ?

M E R C U R Y .

Your cruelty, your folly, your insolence, and your anger.

L A M P I C H U S .

Now I am stark naked.

M E R C U R Y .

Come in then : and who are you so fat and fleshy ?

D A M A S I A S .

Damafias, the wrestler.

M E R C U R Y .

You are so : I have seen you often in the Palæstra.

D A M A S I A S .

You have : I am naked, you see, and therefore may come in.

M E R C U R Y .

You cannot call yourself naked, my good friend, with all that load of flesh about you ; therefore, away with it ; for, as sure as you put your other foot in, you will sink the boat : but you must throw away your crown and your garlands too.

D A-

D A M A S I A S.

Now, you see, I am thoroughly stripped, and of the same size with my brother shades here.

M E R C U R Y.

How light and easy you are now! come along. You, Crates, too, must lay aside your riches, your luxury, and effeminacy; nor must you bring the epitaphs made upon you, nor your glory, nor your genealogy, nor the dignity of your ancestors; neither must we have the public praises of the city you so highly obliged, nor the inscriptions on your statue, nor the pompous sepulchre erected for you: even so much as the recollection of these things is enough to weigh the boat down.

C R A T E S.

If I must, I must: what is to be done?

M E R C U R Y.

What do you do with armour, and what are these trophies for?

C R A T E S.

Because, Mercury, I am a conqueror, and have done noble deeds, therefore did the city reward me with these honours.

M E R C U R Y.

Leave your trophies on earth: here below we have always peace, and arms are of no use. But who is this, in that grave and solemn habit, so proud and haughty, wrapt in meditation, with a long beard, and contracted brow?

M E N I P P U S.

Some philosopher, I warrant you, some juggler, full of portents and prodigies: strip him by all means, you will find something purely ridiculous under that cloak of his.

M E R C U R Y.

First, then, off with that habit, and then every thing else. O Jupiter, what ignorance, impudence, and vain-glory! what a heap of ambiguous questions, knotty disputes, and perplexed thoughts does he carry about him! what a deal of fruitless diligence, solemn trifles, and small talk! Away with your riches, your pleasures, your anger, your luxury, your effeminacy, for I see it all, though you endeavour to conceal it; your falsehood, pride, and high opinion, which you have of yourself: should you come with all these, a five-oared bark would not be sufficient to carry you.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Your commands are obey'd, I have parted with them all.

M E N I P P U S.

I beseech you, Mercury, let him leave that heavy shaggy beard behind too : the hair of it is worth five minæ at least.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Who will cut it off for me ?

M E R C U R Y.

Menippus shall do it upon deck with the sailors hatchet.

M E N I P P U S.

No no, Mercury, give me the saw : that will be something more ridiculous.

M E R C U R Y.

The hatchet will do : aye, now you have made him something more human, by taking away his stinking goat's beard.

M E N I P P U S.

Shall I nip off a bit of his eye-brow ?

M E R C U R Y.

By all means ; for he stretches it out half over his forehead, for what reason, I know not. Ha ! what is the matter now ? dost thou weep, wretch ? art thou afraid of death ? come along, come.

M E N I P P U S.

He has got something monstrous heavy yet under his arm.

M E R C U R Y.

What is it, Menippus ?

M E N I P P U S.

Flattery ; which, whilst he lived, was of no small service to him.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Do you, Menippus, lay aside your insolence, your flippant tongue, your mirth, your jests, and ridicule : you are the only laugher amongst us.

M E R C U R Y.

On no account, Menippus, part with them ; no, no : keep them by all means, they are light and easily carried ; besides, they may be useful in the voyage : but do you, Mr. Orator, lay by those contradictions in terms, your antitheses, your laboured periods, hyperboles, barbarisms, and all that weight of verbosity.

R H E.

## RHETORICIAN.

There, I have put them down.

## MERCURY.

It is well: now cut your cable, let us weigh anchor, and hoist our sails. Charon, mind the helm: away, let us be merry. What do ye cry for, ye fools? Imprimis, you, Mr. Philosopher, without the beard there?

## PHILOSOPHER.

Because, Mercury, I thought the soul had been immortal.

## MENIPPUS.

He lies: he grieves for another reason.

## MERCURY.

What?

## MENIPPUS.

Because he shall have no more grand suppers; because he shall not, as he used, steal out of an evening unperceived by any one, wrap his head up in his cloak, take his rounds to all the bawdy-houses, then give his lectures in the morning, make the young men admire his wisdom, and take their money: this is the cause of his grief.

## PHILOSOPHER.

And pray, Menippus, are not you sorry that you are dead!

## MENIPPUS.

Who I, that came hither as soon as I could, and \* without calling: but hark! do not I hear a noise, as if some mortals we left behind were making a disturbance?

## MERCURY.

They are so, and in more places than one: some are making themselves merry at the death of Lampichus; the women are got round his wife, and the boys throwing stones at his children: some are hallooing Diophrantus, the rhetorician, for his funeral oration on Crates; and there, by Jove, is the mother of Damafias, crying and lamenting the loss of her son: but nobody, Menippus, weeps for you: who alone seem to rest in peace.

## MENIPPUS.

Never fear; you will soon see the dogs barking after me, and the crows shaking their wings, when they meet, to bury me.

\* *Without calling.*] Diogenes Laertius informs us, that the philosopher Menippus hung himself.

M E R C U R Y.

Well faid, Menippus! But we are got over : go you the neareft way to the feat of judgment : Charon and I muft go back and fetch fome more.

M E N I P P U S.

Mercury, a good voyage to you : let us proceed ; why do you halt ? judged you muft all be, and heavy, they fay, the punifhments are ; wheels, ftones, and vulturs. Every man's life will be ftrictly enquired into.

## D I A L O G U E XXIII.

D I O G E N E S, A N T I S T H E N E S, C R A T E S, and a Poor Man.

D I O G E N E S.

AS we have nothing elfe to do, Crates and Antifthenes, why fhould not we take a walk towards the mouth of Tartarus, to fee who is coming down, and how they behave.

A N T I S T H E N E S.

Diogenes, with all my heart : it will be pleafant enough to obferve fome of them crying, others begging to be let go, others coming down much againft their will, and looking back, whilft Mercury fhoves them on ; they fighting and ftruggling, and all to no purpofe.

C R A T E S.

I will tell you what I faw, as I came down myfelf.

D I O G E N E S.

Pray tell us, Crates ; I am fure there muft be fomething laughable in it.

C R A T E S.

There were a great many of us, and amongft the principal perfonages, the rich Ifmenodorus, our countryman, Arfaces, the Median governor, and Oretes, the Armenian : Ifmenodorus, who was killed by robbers near mount Cithæron, in his way to Eleufis, his hands ftill bloody from the wounds he had received, wept bitterly for the young children he had left behind, and blamed his own rafhnefs and folly, in taking only two fervants, when he was to pafs over Cithæron, and the defarts round about Eleuthera, fo often laid wafte by continual wars, efpecially, as he had carried with him five golden veffels, and four cups : but Arfaces, who was an old man, and, by Jove, had a noble prefence, feemed, as is the manner of thofe Barbarians, extremely angry at being obliged to walk on foot, and ordered his horfe to be brought

brought to him; for the horse was killed with him, both of them being run through by an armed Thracian, in the battle with the king of the Cappadocians, at the river Araxes. Arfaces, as he told us himself, rushing with great rapidity against the enemy, had got a long way before his troops, when the Thracian stooping down, and covering with his shield, struck the spear out of his hand, and thrusting his own javelin underneath, pierced through him and his horse at the same time.

A N T I S T H E N E S.

But how could that be done, Crates, at one stroke?

C R A T E S.

Very easily; Arfaces ran upon him with a staff twenty cubits long, but the Thracian, when he had warded off the blow with his shield, and the point was turned on one side of him, falling on one knee, broke the force of the intended stroke, and wounded, run Arfaces through; the horse, from the rapidity of the pursuit, and rage together, stuck himself upon the pike, and they were both pierced through with it: you see, therefore, it was not the man so much as the horse that was the cause of it; he was angry, therefore, that he and his horse could not come down together. Orates was only a private man, but with such soft feet that he could neither stand nor go: this, indeed, is the misfortune of all the Medes, when they get off their horses, they can scarce walk o' tiptoe, and that with the utmost difficulty, as if they were treading upon thorns: as he lay flat upon the ground, therefore, and could not get up again, Mercury kindly took him on his back, and carried him to the boat: I could not help laughing at it.

A N T I S T H E N E S.

For my part, when I came down, I never associated with any of them, but, leaving them to their lamentations, ran to the boat, and got the best feat I could: as we came over, some cried, and others were sick, whilst I diverted myself with their folly.

D I O G E N E S.

Such were your companions; for mine, I had Blepsias, the usurer, from Piræus, Lampis, the Acharnensian general of the allies, and Damis, the rich Corinthian. The flatterer was poisoned by his own son, and the former killed himself for the love of Myrtium the harlot. Blepsias, it was reported, starved himself to death; he looked, indeed, excessively pale, and was as thin as possible. I asked them, though I knew before hand, how they all died,



died ; and when Damis accused his son of poisoning him, you are rightly served said I, for though you were possessed of a thousand talents, and lived luxuriously yourself to ninety years of age, would allow a young man of eighteen no more than four oboli. And you too, Damis (for he was weeping and cursing his harlot), why dost thou blame love, and not rather thyself ? you, who never was afraid of an enemy, but braved every danger, and appeared first in battle, to be so enslaved by a vile strumpet, with feigned tears and sighs. As for Blepsias, he condemned his own folly, in keeping his riches for heirs, whom he knew nothing of ; but he was foolish enough to think he should live for ever : in short, their sorrows and complaints afforded me no little diversion. But we are come to the mouth of Tartarus ; here we may look up and see them coming a great way off : what a heap of them there is ! and all in tears, except infants and children : how the old men weep ! what charm attaches them so to life ! I must ask this poor decrepid wretch : what dost weep for, friend, an old man as you are ? Were you a king ?

P O O R M A N .

Not I.

D I O G E N E S .

A nobleman ?

P O O R M A N .

No.

D I O G E N E S .

You were very rich, I suppose, and are grieved at leaving so many good things behind you ?

P O O R M A N .

No such thing : I was ninety years of age, and miserably poor, always used to get my bread by fishing, had no children, and withal lame, and almost blind.

D I O G E N E S .

And in this condition, couldst thou desire to live ?

P O O R M A N .

Yes : life is sweet, and death terrible.

D I O G E N E S .

Old man, thou ravest ; this is mere dotage : you, who are as old as Charon here, to be such a child ! and to no purpose too ! What shall we say to young men, when people at this age are so fond of life ; when, one would think, they should wish for death, as the only cure for their infirmities. But let us begone, left by our wandering here, about the entrance into the shades,

shades, we should be suspected ourselves of wanting to make our escape from it.

D I A L O G U E XXIV.

MENIPPUS, AMPHILOCHUS, AND TROPHONIUS.

M E N I P P U S.

I Cannot imagine how you, Trophonius and Amphilochus, now you are dead, come to have temples erected to you, or why you are styled prophets, and foolish mortals take you both for divinities.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Is it our fault, if they mistake dead men for gods?

M E N I P P U S.

But they would never have taken you for such, if you had not, whilst you were alive, boasted of your miracles, as if you could have looked into futurity, and pretended to tell them what was to happen hereafter.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Let Amphilochus answer for himself: as for me, I am a hero, and always prophecy when any body comes down to consult me. But, I suppose, you have never been at Libadia, or you would not have been so hard of belief about these things.

M E N I P P U S.

What! because I have never been there, never came cloathed in a linen garment, and creeping through a narrow hole into a cave, and standing, like a fool, with a cake in my hand; for that, could not I discover that you are as dead as we are, and all the difference lies in your being better able to deceive: but now, by your art of prophesying, tell me, what is a hero? for I really do not know.

T R O P H O N I U S.

Something, between a man and a god.

M E N I P P U S.

Which, you mean, is neither man nor god, but both together: pray, where is that half of you, which belongs to the god, retired to at present?

T R O-

## T R O P H O N I U S.

\* Delivering oracles in Bœotia.

## M E N I P P U S.

Trophonius, I cannot possibly understand you : all I know is, that I see you, and every part of you, now dead before me.

## D I A L O G U E XXV.

## A L E X A N D E R A N D P H I L I P.

## P H I L I P.

NOW, Alexander, I suppose you will own yourself my son ; for if you had been Jupiter Ammon's, you would not have died.

## A L E X A N D E R.

Indeed, father, I always knew well enough that I was the son of Philip, who was the son of Amyntas ; but I laid hold on the oracle in my favour, as I thought it might be serviceable to my designs.

## P H I L I P.

What service could it be to you, to expose yourself to the idle tales of flatterers ?

## A L E X A N D E R.

None ; but it intimidated the Barbarians ; my forces were irresistible, when they imagined they fought against a god, and I subdued them with much less difficulty.

## P H I L I P.

Whom did you ever conquer, that was worth conquering ? you, who

\* *Delivering oracles.*] Trophonius, the principal figure in this little picture of Lucian's (for of Amphiloehus we can pick up scarce any thing), was an oracle-monger of considerable note in the heathen world. According to the best accounts, he was the son of Erginus, king of Orchomenus, and built the temple of Apollo, at Delphos, a service which the god rewarded in a very extraordinary manner : for, eight days after the completion of the edifice, the earth opened and swallowed him up. Apollo, however, had not forgot him, for, being applied to some years after, by the Bœotians, to give his advice concerning the best means of getting rid of a famine, he would not answer himself, but sent the petitioners to the tomb of Trophonius, from whence an oracle was delivered that freed them from their calamity ; in consequence of which they erected a magnificent temple to him, and the oracle of Trophonius was from that time universally resorted to, and continued longer than any other in Greece. It may truly be said of this great prophet, that he made no figure in life till after he was dead. Pausanias, it is remarkable, whose works are still extant, consulted himself the oracle of Trophonius, and has left us a full and elaborate description of it, to which I refer my readers. The cave of Trophonius has furnished Mr. Addison with materials for an excellent paper. See Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 499.

never

never fought with any but cowards, who defended themselves with little bows, short bucklers, and shields made of osier? to conquer Grecians, Bœotians, Athenians, Phocians, the Arcadian foot, the Theffalian horse, the Elean spearmen, the strong-shielded Mantineans; to subdue Thracians, Illyrians, and Pæonians, these, indeed were noble victories: do not you know, that before your time, Clearchus, with ten thousand men, routed the Medes, Perfians, and Chaldæans, a delicate army, all over gold, who would not let the enemy come too near, but fled before a dart was thrown against them?

A L E X A N D E R.

But the Scythians, my dear father, and the Indians, with their elephants, surely they were no contemptible conquests. Besides, I did not subdue them by raising up dissensions amongst themselves, nor did I owe my victories to bribes, treachery, and corruption; neither did I ever forswear myself, or break my word, or pawn my faith for them: add to this, that I took many of the Grecians without bloodshed: you have heard, I suppose, how I attacked the Thebans.

P H I L I P.

All that I know from Clytus, whom you slew at the banquet, because, in recounting our several actions, he was bold enough to speak in praise of me; whilst you, laying aside your own dress, put on the Persian robe, wore a tiara, and expected mean adoration from freemen and Macedonians. But of all things, it was surely the most ridiculous, to imitate the manners of those whom you had subdued. Your other actions I shall pass over; your giving up a \* noble youth to be devoured by lions, your absurd marriage, and your passion for Hephæstion. The only praise-worthy thing I heard of you, was your self-denial, with regard to Darius's wife, and the care you took of his mother and daughters; that was, indeed, a kingly action.

A L E X A N D E R.

You never commend my bravery, that love of danger which I shewed, when at Oxydrace, I leaped first within the walls, and received so many wounds.

P H I L I P.

No: I commend you not for it; not that I hold it unbecoming a general to lead the way in every danger, or to be wounded in battle; but because it was out of character for you: to see one who was accounted a god carried

\* *A noble youth.*] Lyfimachus. See Justin. The fact, however, is doubtful.

out of the ranks groaning, and bleeding with his wounds, must raise the laughter of every spectator: besides that Ammon must be called a false prophet, and the oracle a flatterer. Who could help smiling to see the son of Jove expiring, and calling for the aid of a physician? And, now you are dead, do not you think people will laugh at the fiction, and censure you severely, when they see the body of a god laid out, swelled and putrid like other carcases? As to what you say, with regard to its facilitating your success, in my opinion, it has only detracted from the glory of your actions; for however they might appear to be the work of a god, you seem to have acted in a manner very unworthy of a deity.

A L E X A N D E R .

Men, notwithstanding, think otherwise, and compare me to Hercules and Bacchus. Aornos, which neither of them could take, I easily subdued.

P H I L I P .

To put yourself before Hercules and Bacchus, is talking like Ammon's son indeed; but I see, Alexander, you have no shame in you, are as proud as ever, know as little of yourself, and have as little wisdom, now you are dead, as you had whilst you were living.

## D I A L O G U E XXVI.

ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS, MENELAUS, AND PARIS.

Æ A C U S .

PROTESILAUS, why fall upon Helen thus, as if you were going to strangle her?

P R O T E S I L A U S .

Because, Æacus, she was the cause of my death; for her I left my house half-finished, and my new-married wife, a widow.

Æ A C U S .

Blame Menelaus rather, who led you to Troy in defence of such a woman.

P R O T E S I L A U S .

You are in the right, he is indeed most to be condemned.

M E N E L A U S .

Lay not the fault on me, my worthy friend, but, with more justice, on Paris, who seized my wife, in defiance of all the laws of hospitality: he deserves

deserves to be strangled, not only by you, but by all the Grecians and Barbarians, for being the cause of so much bloodshed.

PROTESILAUS.

It is very true: thee, Paris, will I be revenged of, nor will I ever quit my hold of thee.

PARIS.

There, Protefilaus, you will be guilty of manifest injustice, to fall upon a brother sufferer: I am a lover as well as you, and serve the same deity: you know we act against our wills; the god leads us wherever he pleases, and it is impossible to resist him.

PROTESILAUS.

You are right; would to heaven I could catch that same god of love!

ÆACUS.

I will tell you how he would justify himself: he would, perhaps, acknowledge that he had inspired Paris with a passion for Helen, but, at the same time, you, Protefilaus, and none but you were the cause of your own death, you, who left your new-married wife, and when you came to Troy, without any consideration of danger, and fond of glory, rushed foremost into the battle, and were one of the first that perished in it.

PROTESILAUS.

Æacus, I can assign the real cause; the whole should be imputed, not to me, but to fate; the will of the gods had so decreed it from the beginning.

ÆACUS.

True: why therefore accuse the innocent?

## DIALOGUE XXVII.

NEREUS, THERSITES, AND MENIPPUS.

NEREUS.

HERE comes Menippus, he shall be judge which of us is the handsomest: what say you, Menippus, am not I?

MENIPPUS.

Who are you? for I think I should know that first.

NEREUS.

Nereus and Therfites.

A a z

M E-

M E N I P P U S .

But which is Nereus, and which is Therfites? for that is not clear to me.

T H E R S I T E S .

Thus much then I have gained already, that we are thought like one another: you are not so much above me as that blind\* Homer would make us believe, when he calls you the most beautiful of men; and yet, you see, I, with my wry face, and bald pate, appear to the judge no ways inferior to you: now, therefore, Menippus, pronounce which you think the handsomest.

N E R E U S .

Me, no doubt, sprung from Charops and Aglaia, the most beautiful of all the youths who came before Troy.

M E N I P P U S .

But not so, I think, now you are under ground: your bones are like others, and your scull differing from the scull of Therfites only in this, that it is thinner, softer, and more effeminate.

N E R E U S .

Only ask Homer, what an appearance I made when I fought amongst the Grecian forces.

M E N I P P U S .

Idle dreams: I look at what you are now; what you were, they know best that lived with you.

N E R E U S .

So I am not handsomer here, it seems, than any body else?

M E N I P P U S .

Neither you nor any body else is handsome here: amongst the dead all are equal, and all alike.

T H E R S I T E S .

That is enough for me.

\* *Homer.*] Nereus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,  
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race.

Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book ii. l. 817.

In the same book we meet with the contrast in his description of Therfites:

His figure such as might his soul proclaim,  
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame,  
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mishapen head.

*Iliad*, book ii. l. 263.

D I A-

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

MENIPPUS AND CHIRON.

MENIPPUS.

I HAVE heard, Chiron, that though you might have been a god, you rather chose to die.

CHIRON.

What you heard was very true; and, as you see, I am \* dead, though I might have been immortal.

MENIPPUS.

What could make you so fond of death, a thing in the eyes of most men so unlovely?

CHIRON.

As you are no fool, I will tell you; I found no pleasure in immortality.

MENIPPUS.

Was it unpleasant then to live and behold the sun?

CHIRON.

It was: pleasure in my opinion consists not in sameness, but variety; to live for ever, to enjoy the same things, see the same sun, and eat the same food, to count the same hours, and see every thing in life recurring in continual succession, brought on satiety: there is no happiness but in change.

MENIPPUS.

True, Chiron; but how like you these infernal regions, which you were so desirous of a visit to?

CHIRON.

O, passing well, Menippus: equality is agreeable to all, and whether what we do is done in light or darkness it matters not; besides, that here we neither hunger nor thirst, as in the other world, but are free from every want.

MENIPPUS.

Take heed, Chiron, that you do not contradict yourself, and fall into the very error you declaim against.

\* *Dead.*] Chiron, however, was, according to all accounts, a gainer by the bargain, being afterwards promoted by Jupiter to a star-ship in heaven, which he still enjoys in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

CHI-



C H I R O N .

How so?

M E N I P P U S .

Because, if you were so fatiated in the other world, by a repetition of the same enjoyments, you must be fatiated here also, where every thing is alike; you will therefore be for making another change, and seeking after another life, which cannot possibly be granted.

C H I R O N .

What, then, Menippus, is to be done?

M E N I P P U S .

What should be done by a man of sense, which, they say, you are, and which I believe you to be; be pleased and satisfied with what you have, and think nothing either in life or death insupportable.

## D I A L O G U E   XXIX.

D I O G E N E S   A N D   H E R C U L E S .

D I O G E N E S .

IS not this Hercules? By Hercules it is! his bow, his club, his lion's skin, his size, in short, Hercules all over. Could he die, who was the son of Jupiter? Pray, inform me, my noble conqueror, are you really dead? For, upon earth, I sacrificed to you as a god.

H E R C U L E S .

And you were right in so doing: for Hercules himself is with the gods in heaven, and I am only his image.

D I O G E N E S .

How is that? the image of a god! and is it possible for any one to be half mortal, and half immortal?

H E R C U L E S .

Certainly; for he did not die, but I, who am his \* image.

\* *His image.*] The ancients imagined that the soul, though freed from the body, had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the resemblance of the mould, when separated from it: this vehicle was supposed to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtil than the soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body received, when living, were believed to affect this inward substance, and, consequently, might be visible after separation: this is the strange and unintelligible notion which Lucian ridicules in the dialogue before us, as well as in many other parts of his works.

D I O .

D I O G E N E S.

I understand you now; he gave you up to Pluto, instead of himself, and so you died for him.

H E R C U L E S.

Something like that.

D I O G E N E S.

How happened it that Æacus, who is a sharp looker out, did not know you from him, but took in this sham Hercules?

H E R C U L E S.

Because I am so like him.

D I O G E N E S.

So like, indeed, that you are the very person: I wish you are not the true Hercules yourself, and that it is your image which is wedded to Hebe in heaven.

H E R C U L E S.

You are a faucy prater; and if you do not leave off sneering at me, you shall see presently whether I am an image of a god or not.

D I O G E N E S.

I see your bow is ready stretched; but what have I to fear from it, who am dead already? But, by this fame Hercules, I beseech you, tell me, whilst he lived, were you with him as his image, or were you one and the same during life, and separated after death, he flying off to heaven, and you his image, as became you, descending into hell?

H E R C U L E S.

Such as seem resolved to cavil and dispute, deserve no answer, however, I will give you one; know then, all Amphitryon's part of Hercules, which part I am, died, and all Jupiter's is with the gods in heaven.

D I O G E N E S.

I apprehend you clearly: Alcmena brought forth two Hercules's at the same time, one by Amphitryon, and the other by Jupiter.

H E R C U L E S.

No, fool; we were both one and the same.

D I O G E N E S.

It is past my comprehension how you can make two Hercules's, unless, like the Centaur, the man and god were joined together.

H E R C U L E S.

Are not we all compounded of two parts, the soul and the body, why then

then should not the soul which was from Jove, be in heaven, and I, the mortal part, here below ?

D I O G E N E S .

True, my good son of Amphitryon, if you were a body ; but you are only an incorporeal image. I am afraid, therefore, at last, you will make out a three-fold Hercules.

H E R C U L E S .

How a threefold one ?

D I O G E N E S .

Why, thus ; one, you know, is in heaven, you, the image, are here below, and your body reduced to ashes on mount Oeta ; there are three of you : now find out a third father for your body.

H E R C U L E S .

Thou art an impudent sophist ; who are you ?

D I O G E N E S .

I am the image of Diogenes, the Sinopian. I do not converse, indeed, with the immortal gods, but with the first quality amongst the dead, and laugh at Homer and all such idle story-tellers.

## D I A L O G U E   X X X .

M E N I P P U S ,   A N D   T I R E S I A S .

M E N I P P U S .

TIRESIAS, whether you are blind or not we cannot easily distinguish ; for here all our eyes are hollow, and only their sockets left, we cannot tell which is \* Phineus, and which is Lynceus ; but the poets have informed us that you were a prophet, and that you have been both man and woman : by the gods, therefore, I beseech you, tell me, in which sex did you lead the happiest life ?

T I R E S I A S .

The woman's life, Menippus, was much the most agreeable, and the most easy ; the women always rule the men : besides, that they need not go to war, nor watch in the bulwarks, nor harangue in council, nor dispute in the forum.

\* *Phineus*.] Was a famous blind prophet, and Lynceus, *οξυδερκής*, the most sharp sighted of mortals. Pindar tells us, he saw Castor at a prodigious distance, though hid in the trunk of a tree.

M E-

MENIPPUS.

Did you never hear the Medea of Euripides, where she laments the miseries of her sex, and the intolerable pains of child-birth? But, pray tell me (for Medea's iambics put me in mind of it), did you ever lye-in when you were a woman?

TIRESIAS.

Why do you ask that question?

MENIPPUS.

Nay, no harm; it is easily answered: what say you?

TIRESIAS.

No: never.

MENIPPUS.

And, pray, were you changed at once from a woman into a man?

TIRESIAS.

I wonder what you mean by asking me; you seem as if you doubted whether the fact was really so or not.

MENIPPUS.

Surely one may be allowed to doubt of such things a little; or, do you think we should, like ideots, take them for granted?

TIRESIAS.

You do not believe other things, then, of the same kind, which you must have heard, that women have been turned into birds, beasts, and trees; as Philomela, and Daphne, and the daughter of Lycaon?

MENIPPUS.

When I light on them, I shall hear what they say themselves; but pray, my friend, did you prophecy when you were a woman, and afterwards too? or did you commence man and prophet at the same time?

TIRESIAS.

I see you know nothing of my history; how I made up a quarrel amongst the gods; how Juno deprived me of my sight, and Jupiter made me amends, by bestowing on me the art of prophecy.

MENIPPUS.

And can you, Tiresias, continue to propagate these falsehoods? But it is the fashion with you prophets, who never say any thing that is true.

M E N I P P U S;  
O R T H E  
O R A C L E O F T H E D E A D.  
A D I A L O G U E.

*This Dialogue was undoubtedly designed by LUCIAN as a Burlesque on the eleventh Book of HOMER'S Odyffey, describing the Descent of ULYSSES to the Infernal Regions, and to which it is observable, the ancient Critics, have prefixed the same Title, viz. Νεκρομαντεια, or the Book of Necromancy. There seems to be, likewise, throughout, a visible Allusion to the Oracle of TROPHONIUS, and the ridiculous Ceremonies to be observed by all those who consulted it, as accurately and minutely described by PAUSANIAS.*

M E N I P P U S, P H I L O N I D E S.

M E N I P P U S.

“**H**AIL, \* ye lov'd doors, ye well known manfions, hail!  
Once more to light returned, with blithsome heart,  
You I re-visit ——”

P H I L O N I D E S.

Surely this must be the Cynic, Menippus: if I know what Menippus's are, it is certainly he; but why this strange disguise; what business has he with a lion's skin, a cap, and a lyre? I will make up to him. Menippus, your servant, whence come you? for, I think, we have not seen you in the city this many a day.

M E N I P P U S.

“Far from the gods, where gloomy Orcus reigns,  
In the dark regions of the dead, I come.”

P H I L O N I D E S.

And so you stole from us, without our knowing any thing of the matter, and now are come to life again: O Hercules!

M E N I P P U S.

“No: death received me there a living man.”

\* *Hail, ye loved, &c.*] See the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides.

P H I L

P H I L O N I D E S.

What might be the cause of this strange, incredible expedition of your's?

M E N I P P U S.

“ My youth incited, and my courage drove.”

P H I L O N I D E S.

Prithee, leave off tragedizing, descend from your lofty iambs, and tell me plainly, what you mean by that garb, and what business you had in the regions below : for surely the journey thither has nothing in it very pleasant or agreeable.

M E N I P P U S.

\* “ From earth I fly,  
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky.”

P H I L O N I D E S.

You are certainly crazy, or you would not rant and rhapsodize so with your old friends.

M E N I P P U S.

Do not be surpris'd at it : I am just come from Homer and Euripides ; and so full of their poetry, that verses come into my mouth, whether I will or no. But, tell me, how go things upon earth ? What are they all about in the city ?

P H I L O N I D E S.

Nothing new : they pilfer, swear, cheat, play the usurer, and weigh their farthings, e'en just as they used to do.

M E N I P P U S.

A parcel of miserable scoundrels : they little know what is going forward against them below, and how severe a decree is soon to be issued out against rich rogues ; which, by Cerberus, they will find it a hard matter, with all their art, to evade.

P H I L O N I D E S.

Say you so ? And is there any thing new determin'd below, concerning us here above ?

M E N I P P U S.

Aye, by Jupiter, is there, and a great deal too ; but I must not tell it to every body, or disclose what is not to be revealed, lest I should have an information filed against myself for petty treason against Rhadamanthus.

\* *From earth, &c.*] Pope's Homer's *Odysssey*, book xi. l. 200.

## P H I L O N I D E S.

For heaven's sake, Menippus, be less reserved to an old friend, who, you know, can keep a secret, and, besides, is one of the initiated.

## M E N I P P U S.

It is a difficult task which you enjoin me, and not altogether safe: to oblige you, however, I will venture. The decree is, that those rich rogues, who keep their gold shut up, like Danae in —

## P H I L O N I D E S.

Before you proceed with the decree, I must beg you, my good friend, to let me know, what, above all, I desire first to be acquainted with, the cause of your journey down, and who conducted you thither; and, moreover, what you saw and heard there; as I am satisfied a man of your taste could have omitted nothing that was worthy of his observation.

## M E N I P P U S.

This too I will do for you: when a friend is so obligingly pressing, there is no denying him. First, then, I must acquaint you with my sentiments; and what it was that determined me to visit the infernal regions. When a boy, I was always reading Homer and Hesiod, who recounted the battles and factions, not only of their heroes and demi-gods, but of the gods themselves, their rapes, adulteries, quarrels, banishing their parents, marrying brothers and sisters, and so forth; all which, no doubt, I inferred, must be right and honest, and which, to say the truth, I had no small desire to practise: but when I came to man's estate, I attended to the laws, which taught me a system of morality very different from that of the poets; that I must not steal, stir up factions and seditions, nor commit adultery. I remained in doubt and uncertainty, and knew not how to act: the gods, I thought, would never have been quarrelsome, factious, or adulterers, if they had not thought it right so to be; nor, on the other hand, would the legislators have taught things directly opposite to these, if they had not thought them more conducive to the welfare and happiness of mankind. In this doubtful state I remained, till it occurred to me, that I might apply to certain persons, called philosophers, yield myself up to their direction, and request them to point out to me that safe and simple path of life, which I ought to follow; thus resolved, I went in search of them, little thinking that

that

that I should fall, as they say, out of the \* smoke into the fire : for amongst these, I found, in the end, only more ignorance and insufficiency, and was almost induced to think the life of an idiot preferable to their's. One maintained that we should follow pleasure, in which alone true happiness consisted ; another enjoined perpetual toil and labour, told us, we should keep the body lean, squallid, and emaciated ; that we should be morose and severe ; and then would he chaunt forth the old verses of Hesiod, about virtue, and sweating up to the † top of a high mountain. One exhorted us to contemn riches, as a thing of no value, or estimation ; whilst another acknowledged that Plutus himself had something good in him : not to mention their strange notions about the world, their original ideas, incorporeal beings, atoms, a vacuum, and a heap of such unintelligible jargon, which they were perpetually repeating ; but of all things, the most truly ridiculous, was, that whilst they all held tenets and opinions directly opposite and contradictory to each other, every one supported his argument with such strong and powerful reasons, there was no refuting either one, who said it was hot, or the other, who affirmed it to be cold ; though you were convinced it was impossible for the same thing to be both hot and cold at the same time. For my part, I was like a man half asleep, assenting and dissenting, by a nod, to both parties. I could not, moreover, help observing, that, which was still more absurd, in many of them, their practice was directly contrary to their principles : those, I remarked, who inculcated the greatest contempt of riches, were themselves so strongly attached to, that they were not, by any means, to be torn from them : they quarrelled about usury, they taught for hire, they went through every thing, in short, for the sake of money. Those, in like manner, who were for extirpating the love of fame, attempted every thing from that very motive : whilst all united to rail at pleasure in public, and, in private, thought of nothing else.

Thus, again, and again disappointed, I grew very uneasy, but comforted

\* *Out of the smoke.*] An old Greek proverb. It is adopted by Erasmus ; *fumum fugiens (says he) in ignem incidi.* We have an English adage, which borders nearly upon it. " Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

† *Top of a high mountain.*] Alluding to those lines of Hesiod,

The paths of virtue must be reach'd by toil,  
Arduous, and long, and on a rugged soil,  
Thorny the path ; but, when the top you gain,  
Fair is the future, and the prospect plain.

See Hesiod's Weeks and Days, book i.

myself



myself with the reflection, that though I remained still ignorant, and wandering about in the search of truth, I was a fool, however, in good company, and had many of those, who were most celebrated for their wit and wisdom, to keep me in countenance. One night, at length, as I laid sleepless, and thinking on this matter, it came into my head that I would go to Babylon, and ask the assistance of some magi, the disciples and successors of Zoroaster: these, I had heard, could, by certain ceremonies and incantations, open the doors of hell, set a man down there, and bring him safe back again, whenever they pleased: the best way, therefore, I thought, was, leave being first obtained from some of them, to go immediately to old Tiresias, the Bœotian, and learn of that wise prophet, what was really the best rule of life, which a prudent man should go by; and, accordingly, leaping up as fast as I could, I made the best of my way to Babylon, where I met with a certain Chaldæan, a wise man, a diviner by profession, with white hair, and a most venerable beard, whose name was Mithrobarzanes: whom, after much supplication and intreaty, I at last prevailed on to conduct me, on his own terms, to the infernal regions: he then took me, at the time of the new moon, and washed me nine and twenty days in the Euphrates, with my face towards the rising sun, repeating at the same time a long speech, which I could not well hear, as he spoke it like one of our public criers, who give you something rapid and indistinct, which you can never understand: he seemed, however, to invoke some dæmons; and, after the incantation, spitting three times in my face, returned; taking no notice of, nor even seeing those that met us. Our food was acorns, our drink milk and honey, or the water of Choaspes: we slept upon the grass, in the open air: after being thus dieted, I was led, in the middle of the night, to the Tigris, where he washed, and then purified me with torches and sea-leeks, and so forth, not forgetting to mumble over his incantation: then, to complete the charm, and save me harmless from the spectres, he walked round me, and thus prepared, making me walk backwards all the way, led me home: the rest of the night was spent in preparing for our voyage: he was clothed himself in a kind of magic garment, much resembling the Median dress, and equipped me, as you see, with this cap, a lion's skin, and a lyre; telling me, if any body asked my name, I should not say it was Menippus, but \* Hercules, Orpheus, or Ulysses.

\* *Hercules, &c.*] Because these three heroes had all been indulged with the privilege of visiting the infernal regions; Menippus, consequently, might pass and repass there unmolested.

## P H I L O N I D E S .

And why so, pray? for I cannot conceive any reason for changing, either your habit, or your name.

## M E N I P P U S .

The reason is plain enough. As they had gone down to hell in their lifetimes, long before us, he imagined, to be sure, if we appeared like them, we might easily deceive Æacus's guards, and get there without any interruption, as this heroic dress would be so much more familiar to them.

At length day appeared; we went down to the river, and prepared to embark; the boat was ready, the sacrifices, milk and honey, and every thing else that was necessary for the ceremony: thus prepared, we ourselves went on board, not without melancholy faces, and shedding many tears. After being a little time on the river, we came to the lake, into which Euphrates, emptying himself, disappears; and passing that, arrived at a certain desert, woody, and dark region, where, as soon as we entered, (for Mithrobarzanes went first), we dug a ditch, killed our sheep, and sprinkled the blood round it; the magician, in the mean time, holding a lighted torch, and roaring as loud as he could, called upon the Dæmons, and Furies, and nocturnal Hecate, and lofty Proserpine, with a mixture of strange and barbarous names, of I know not how many syllables long.

Immediately the whole place shook; the earth was rent by the power of magic; the barking of Cerberus was heard from afar, and every thing round us, beyond measure, dreary and terrible!

\* And Pluto trembled in his dark abode.

For now the fiery lake, Periphlegethon, and the palace of Pluto appeared: down, however, we plunged, through the gulph, where we found Rhadamanthus, half dead with fear: Cerberus barked, and raged most furiously; but I immediately struck my lyre, and quickly lulled him to sleep with the sound. When we came to the lake, we were very near being overfet, the boat being heavy laden, and full of dreadful lamentations: for all on board were wounded, one in the head, another in the thigh, and a third in some other part, as if, which I suppose was the case, they had just come from a battle. My friend, Charon, seeing my lion's skin, took me for Hercules, carried me over very willingly; and, when we came out, shewed us the right way on. Mithrobarzanes, however, as we were in the dark, kept the

\* *Pluto, &c.*] See Homer's *Iliad*, x., l. 61.

lead:

lead : I stuck close behind him, till we came to the great mead of daffodils, where a croud of buzzing ghosts hovered round us : proceeding a little further, we arrived at the tribunal of Minos, where we saw him seated on a high throne, with the avenging spirits, furies, and punishments of every kind, as his assessors. On the other side were the malefactors, bound together with a long chain, and dragged towards him : these were all adulterers, pimps, bawds, publicans, parasites, informers, and the rest of those who corrupt and confound every thing in human life. In another part, by themselves, were brought up the rich men, and usurers, pale, pot-bellied, and gouty, each weighed down with his yoke and crow of two talents about his neck. We stood by, saw every thing that passed, and heard their several defences : a new and most extraordinary species of orators appeared to plead against them.

P H I L O N I D E S.

For heaven's sake, who were they ? I suppose you can inform me.

M E N I P P U S.

You have seen the \* shadows of bodies made by the sun ?

P H I L O N I D E S.

Certain'y.

M E N I P P U S.

These, after death, are our accusers, bear witness against us, and lay open every action of our lives : they may, indeed, for the most part, be relied on, as they are never absent from our bodies, and perpetually about us. Minos, therefore, after the strictest examination, dismissed them to the regions of the wicked, every one according to his deserts ; treating those above all with most severity, who, puffed up by avarice and ambition, had expected little less than adoration amongst men. To shew his abhorrence of their short-lived pride and ostentation, which made them forget that they were mortals, and perishable themselves, as well as every thing that belonged to them ; no sooner were they disrobed of their finery, for so I call riches, rank, and power, than, standing naked, with dejected countenances, they began to look back on all the happiness of this life but as a dream. For my own part, I rejoiced to see them in this condition ; and, when I met with any of my acquaintance, came silently up to, and whispering, put him in mind, how “ he used to strut about in his life-time, when crouds of attendants stood at his door, to watch his coming out in the morning, after, per-

\* *Shadows of bodies.*] See the Gorgias of Plato.

haps,

haps, being denied admittance, and thrust out by his servants, whilst he, scarce observing them, dressed in purple, or gold, or some robe of various colours, at last, would condescend to make them happy, by stretching forth his hand or breast for them to kiss." This discourse of mine galled them most severely.

Whilst I was there, one remarkable cause was determined by Minos, on the favourable side. Dionysius, of Sicily, who had been accused by Dion of many heinous crimes, and condemned by the Stoic porch, was just on the point of being chained to the Chimæra; when Aristippus, the Cyrenian, who is highly revered, and has the most powerful influence in the infernal regions, procured a reversal of the sentence, by alleging that he had been liberal to learned men, whom he frequently relieved by his bounty.

We now left the seat of judgment, and proceeded to the place of punishment: where a thousand dreadful objects presented themselves to us. On every side, together were heard the sound of whips, and the groans of those who were scorching in the fire; together were seen the wheels, the collars, the presses, and other instruments of torture. Chimæra tearing some, Cerberus devouring others, all suffering their deserved punishment, kings and slaves, fatraps and beggars, rich and poor, one with another. Not one of them but repented of their crimes. Some of those, we observed, who were but lately dead, hid themselves, and retired from us, and, if by chance we discovered them, looked sneaking and servile; those, particularly, you may suppose, who in their life times were most proud and haughty. The poor had half their punishment remitted, and, after intervals of rest, were again chastised for their misdemeanors.

There did I see the famous Ixion, and Sisyphus, and Phrygian Tantalus, in all his misery, and the earth-born Tityus: O Hercules, what an immense creature! stretching himself over a whole field. Leaving these, we came to the Acherusian Mead, where we found the demi-gods and heroines, with another croud of ghosts, divided into nations and tribes, some old, withered, and, as Homer calls them, \* feeble ghosts. Others looked youthful, and strong; particularly your Ægyptian carcases, I suppose, from

\* *Feeble ghosts.*] Νεκρῶν ἀμετῆρα καίγηρα. Pope calls them wan shades, and feeble ghosts. See the *Odyssey*, book x. Concerning the true sense of the epithet ἀμετῆρα, the critics are much divided.

the nature of their \* pickle. It was no easy matter to know one from another : for, when their bones are laid bare, they are all alike ; nor were we able, till we had for a long time reviewed, to distinguish them, as they laid one upon another, without any of those marks, or that finery, which we knew them by whilst upon earth ; so that, when a heap of skeletons were got together, all resembled one another, with their ghastly terrifying looks, and shewing their naked teeth : I could not know Therfites from the beautiful Nereus, the beggar Irus from the king of the Phæacians, or Pyrrhias the cook from Agamemnon ; for not the least ancient mark remained ; their bones were all alike, without so much as a title to distinguish them.

Reflecting on these things, I could not help comparing human life to a long † public shew, where Fortune, acting the Choragus, disposes all things, and puts on the several habits of those who walk in it : to one she gives the tiara, appoints him satraps, and crowns him with a diadem ; another she clothes in the garb of a slave ; one she adorns, and renders beautiful ; another she makes deformed and ridiculous ; for the spectacle must have variety : often, even in the middle of the ceremony, will she change the dresses of some, and not permit them to go through the shew as they set out. Cœsus she forced to take the habit of a slave ; to Mæandrius, who had long walked in the procession as a servant, she transferred the monarchy of Polycrates, and suffered him for a while to strut in the royal robe. When, at length, the shew is over, every one gives back his garment, and, laying it aside, together with his body, becomes just as he was before, and in nothing differing from his neighbour. Some, when Fortune came to strip them of their robe, were foolish enough to murmur and be angry, refusing to give back, what was but lent them for a time, as if they had been deprived of something which they considered as their own. So have you often seen the ‡ actors of the tragic scene, who appear sometimes as Creons, then as Priams, then as Agamemnons, as the drama requires of them ; and

\* *Pickle.*] Lucian calls it *τάρμηνα*, conditura ; what the preparation was, which the Ægyptians made use of to preserve their dead bodies, was a secret to the ancients, and, I believe, remains so to this day.

† *Public shew.*] This comparison of Lucian's is to the last degree just, elegant, and beautiful, and cannot be sufficiently admired.

‡ *The actors.*] This naturally reminds us of Shakespeare's comparison :

Life—is a poor player,  
Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more, &c.

the

the same man, it often happens, who but a little before has majestically represented Cecrops, or Erechtheus, shall come forth as a poor slave, if the poet so commands him. The play at length finished, every one of them puts off his gilded robes, lays aside his mask, and descending from his buskins, walks about, like a poor and low fellow as he is, no longer called Creon the son of Menæceus, or Agamemnon the son of Arreus; but mere Polus the Servian, son of Charicles, or Satyrus of Marathon, the son of Theogiton. In such a light, after these spectacle, appeared to me the actions of mankind.

P H I L O N I D E S.

But, pray tell me, Menippus, those who, here upon earth, have such splendid and magnificent sepulchres erected for them, who have their monuments, statues, and inscriptions, do they meet with more honours and respect amongst the dead than the vulgar?

M E N I P P U S.

Not they, indeed. I am sure you would never have done laughing, had you seen Mausolus himself, the Carian, so famous for his tomb, contemptuously thrown into a little dark hole, amongst the common rabble: all that he seems to enjoy of the monument is, that he appears miserably oppressed by the weight of it; for when Æacus, you must know, my friend, has allotted to every one his proper place (and he never gives them more than a foot a-piece), there they must lie content, and contract themselves according to their stunted measure. You would have smiled to see some of our kings and satraps turned beggars there, or selling salt fish for their bread, or teaching school, scoffed at, and buffeted like the meanest slaves. I could scarce contain myself, when I saw Philip of Macedon there, as they pointed him out to me, in a corner, \* healing the wounds of old shoes: many others, likewise, did I see begging in the highway; your Xerxes's, Polycrates's, and so forth.

P H I L O N I D E S.

What you have told me, about our princes and great men, is truly ridiculous, and almost incredible: but how was Socrates employed, and Diogenes, and the rest of our philosophers?

\* *Healing the wounds.*] *Ακρωμιος τασαδρα*, says Lucian: the expression is most happily ludicrous. My author has given us here a better Pagan hell than any of the ancient poets, and dealt forth his rewards and punishments with more equity, as well as with much more wit and humour.

## M E N I P P U S .

Socrates was walking about, and disputing with every body, accompanied by Palamedes, Nestor, Ulysses, and all the old praters; his legs seemed to be swelled with the poisonous draught which he had taken. As for my worthy friend Diogenes, he kept constantly with Sardanapalus the Assyrian, Midas the Phrygian, and the rest of our magnificos; and when he hears them groaning, and lamenting their lost grandeur, laughs at, and diverts himself with them; sometimes lying along upon the ground, and, with a most sharp and piercing voice, drowning their cries; whilst the poor creatures, thus tormented, consult together how, by change of situation, they may, if possible, escape from him.

## P H I L O N I D E S .

Well; no more of this. What was that decree you were speaking of just now against the rich?

## M E N I P P U S .

Well remember'd: I intended to have repeated it to you, but, I do not know how, have wandered quite away from it: as I staid then, you must know, some time amongst them, I heard the \* Prytanes give out that there was to be an assembly on some public affairs; and seeing, soon after, a number of people, I mingled with them, and soon became myself one of the council. Many things were agitated, and at last came on the affair of the rich: a number of accusations was brought against them, such as pride, violence, oppression, and injustice; when, at length, one of the demagogues rose up, and read the following decree.

## T H E D E C R E E .

“ WHEREAS the RICH are, in their life-time, guilty of many and very enormous abuses, plundering, oppressing, and by every other means shewing their contempt of the poor; the senate and people do hereby enact, that when they die, the bodies of the said rich men shall be punished as the bodies of other miscreants are, and their souls sent back again into life, metamorphosed into asses, in that state to continue from ass to ass, five and

\* *The prytanes.*] The *prytanes*, were officers appointed by the senate, to assemble the members, and to engrave on tablets any thing proposed to be taken into consideration, that all the senators might previously be acquainted with it; it was their duty likewise to draw up in writing any business which, after public discussion, was to be passed into a decree.

twenty myriads of years, bearing burthens, and driven by the poor, after which they may be at liberty to die. Baldpate, the son of Skeleton, inhabitant of Ghostland, and of the tribe of the Bloodless, proposed this Decree."

The Decree being read, the magistrates gave their votes, the populace held up their hands, Proserpine howled her consent, and Cerberus barked; for thus, whatever is proposed here, must be confirmed, and made valid.

I have told you every thing that passed in the assembly; and now, addressing myself to Tiresias, whom I went down in search of, I acquainted him with all my doubts and difficulties, and begged him to inform me which he thought the best rule of life: he smiled, and replied (for it is a little blind animal, with a feeble voice), "child, I know the cause of all your perplexity is, that your wife men are never agreed among themselves about this matter: but I must not instruct you, it is forbidden by Rhadamanthus." Say not so, my little father, cried I, but tell me, do not leave me as blind as yourself with regard to this life. He then took me aside, a good way off from the croud, and gently whispered in my ear: "The life of plain unlearned men is the best and wisest: wherefore, laying aside the folly of searching into sublime truths, and speculating on ends and principles, no longer swallowing the sophisms of the learned, but looking on them as idle trifles, seek after this alone, to manage as well as you can the present hour, and what lies before you; pass easily through life, laugh at most things, and be not solicitous about any."

When he had said this, he retreated to a beautiful meadow, thick planted with asphodelus; whereupon, for it was now late, come, said I, Mithrobarzanes, what should we stay any longer for? let us return to the upper world. Take courage, replied he, my friend, for I will shew you a short and easy way up: and immediately he led me to a path, darker than that which we were in, and, pointing to a small glimmering light, at some distance from us, that shot as it were through a cranny, that, says he, is the temple of Trophonius, from which the Bœotians come down; get up there, and you will soon be in Greece. Rejoicing at the news, I embraced my good magician, and crept along, with some difficulty, through the mouth of the cavern, and here I am, I know not how, in Lebadia.

C H A.



# C H A R O N,

O R, T H E

## S P E C T A T O R S.

*CHARON is one of LUCIAN's best Dialogues, abounding in true Wit and Humour, great Ease and Elegance of Language, with most judicious Observations, and sound Morality.*

C H A R O N, M E R C U R Y.

M E R C U R Y.

**C**HARON, what makes you so merry? how happens it that you leave your boat, and come thus into open day-light, you, who never used to trouble yourself about any thing in these upper regions?

C H A R O N.

I wanted, you must know, Mercury, to see what was going forward in human life, how mortals employ themselves in it, and what those precious things are which they so much lament the loss of, when they come down to us; for not one ferries over with me but weeps bitterly: wherefore, begging Pluto's leave of absence only for a day, like the Theffalian youth, you see me arisen to light, and happy am I to have lit on you, as I know you will walk about with, and shew me every thing; for there is nothing here but what you are well acquainted with.

M E R C U R Y.

Indeed, ferryman, I am not at leisure: I have some little earthly business to transact for my master Jupiter, which I must go about immediately; he is pretty hasty, and if I delay it, I am afraid, may consign me entirely over to darkness, and give me leave to wait on nobody but yourself; or, perhaps, take me by the heel, as he formerly served \* Vulcan, and throw me headlong

\* *Vulcan.*] This uncivil treatment of poor Vulcan is generally attributed to the fiery Juno, as mentioned by himself, in his speech to Juno, in the first book of Homer's Iliad,

Once, in your cause, I felt his matchless might,  
Hurl'd headlong, downward, from th' æthereal height;

Toft

long out of heaven : then may I turn cup-bearer, and hop about for the entertainment of the company.

C H A R O N.

And would you let me come up here for nothing ; a friend too, a brother sailor, and colleague, as you are ? In good truth, son of Maia, you ought to remember that I never made you labour at the oar, or set you to steer the boat ; you lay, stretched out at your ease, at the stern, with those broad shoulders of yours, or, perhaps, if you lit on some gossiping ghost, kept prating with him all the way : whilst I, a poor old fellow, was left to tug you over by myself. I beseech you, therefore, by your honoured father, my dear little Mercury, do not desert me, but lead me through life, and let me say, when I go back, that I have seen something : if you leave me, I shall be like the blind ; as they totter about and stumble in the dark, so shall I in the light : grant me this favour, then, good Cyllenius, and I will for ever acknowledge it.

M E R C U R Y.

This affair will certainly cost me some blows ; my circumambulation will be rewarded with a few stripes : however, I must consent ; what can one do, when a friend insists upon it ? but as to seeing every thing, and completely too, my good ferryman, it is impossible ; that would be a work of years : Jupiter, then, would have me cried as a runaway ; besides, that it would put a stop to all your business below : if you left off transporting the dead for such a length of time, it would be very prejudicial to Pluto's empire, and Æacus would be in a rage, when not a farthing came into his coffers ; but I must endeavour to shew you at least the heads of things as well as I can.

C H A R O N.

I leave you to judge in what manner we shall proceed ; for, as to myself, being a stranger in these parts, I know nothing of the matter.

M E R C U R Y.

In the first place, then, Charon, we must find out some eminence, from which we may view every thing. If you could have gone up to heaven,

Toft all the day, in rapid circles round,  
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground ;  
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost,  
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

See Pope, book i. l. 760.

now,

now, I should not be at a loss; from our spying-place there, we might have overlooked the whole world: but, as it is not lawful for you, who are always in the shades, to visit the regions above, we must search for some high mountain.

C H A R O N .

You know, Mercury, what I used to tell you when we were on board of ship: if the wind blew hard, and the waves rose high upon us, some of you, who knew nothing of the matter, would be for furling the sails, letting the sheet loose, or running with the wind, whilst I, who was a better judge, told you to be quiet. Now here, my friend, Mercury, you are the pilot, therefore, do what you like: I shall sit still, as passengers ought, and obey you in every thing.

M E R C U R Y .

You are right; I believe I know best in this case, and shall look out, therefore, for a proper observatory. Let me see; Caucasus, or Parnassus, which is higher, or Olympus, which is higher than either of them: and, now we talk of Olympus, something comes into my head that may be of service to us; but in this I shall want both your assistance, and implicit obedience also.

C H A R O N .

Command, and to the best of my power I will obey you.

M E R C U R Y .

The poet Homer tells us, that \* the two sons of Atlas, when they were little boys, tore up Ossa by the roots, and wanted to put it upon Olympus,

\* *Two sons, &c.*] Otus and Ephialtes. Homer tells us they were nine ells, that is eleven yards and a quarter in height, when they were only nine years of age.

The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,  
When high in air, tremendous to behold,  
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,  
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread,  
Such were the youths; had they to manhood grown,  
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.

Pope's Homer's Odyssy, book xi. l. 311.

And well, indeed, he might, if they could move Pelion and Ossa, those immense mountains, with so much facility. Longinus calls this strange fable, an instance of the true sublime in his favourite poet. Lucian, with much more reason, treats it as absurd and ridiculous. Though Homer is by no means answerable for the improbability of the story, which he only gives as he found it. It was undoubtedly one of those fictions which the Grecians invented, to represent the building of the tower of Babel, as it is at large explained and illustrated by the ingenious and learned Bryant. See the beginning of the third volume of his *Mythology*.

after

after which they were to have placed Pelion upon Offa, and so to make a proper ladder and get up to heaven : the children, indeed, for they were wicked rogues, suffered for it ; but why should not we (for we have no design to do the gods any harm by it) build up something of the same kind, by piling mountain upon mountain, till we get to a proper height for our prospect ?

C H A R O N.

And do you think, Mercury, that we two, by ourselves, could lift up Pelion or Offa ?

M E R C U R Y.

Why not ? Do you imagine we are not as able as those two boys ? We, who are gods too ?

C H A R O N.

Certainly : and yet the thing appears to me so difficult, that it is almost incredible.

M E R C U R Y.

Very possibly : but you are a novice, Charon, in these affairs, and what is worse, no poet : the noble \* Homer put his mountains together so expeditiously, that, by the help of two verses only, he scaled heaven. I am surpris'd you think this so miraculous, when you know how Atlas alone bears up heaven, and carries us all upon his shoulders. You may have heard, perhaps, too, of my brother Hercules, how he got under, in the room of Atlas, and eased him of his burthen for a little time.

C H A R O N.

All this I have heard, most certainly : but you and the poets can best tell whether it be true or no.

M E R C U R Y.

All true, Charon, you may depend on it : how could such wise men ever tell lies ? First, therefore, as Homer the architect, and his verses direct us, let us root up Offa, then —

On Offa, Pelion nods, with all his wood.

Do not you observe how easily and poetically this is done ? Get up here, then, and see if this will do, or whether we must pile up some more : excellent, indeed ! we are got to the bottom of heaven already, for I can just see Ionia and Lydia from the east, Italy and Sicily from the west, from the north only those parts that are near the Danube, and a very little of Crete

\* *Homer.*] See the passage above referred to, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssy*.

to the south of us; therefore, look you, my friend, we must remove Oeta, and put Parnassus on top of all.

C H A R O N .

With all my heart; but let us take care how we weaken the building, by raising it too high, lest, if we chance to fall with it, and break our heads, we should prove Homer a bitter bad architect.

M E R C U R Y .

Courage, good Charon, and every thing will go well. Do you move Oeta, and roll Parnassus upon it: now I will get up again: all is right; I can see every thing: come, mount yourself.

C H A R O N .

Mercury, lend me a hand, for this is no little hill that I am to climb up, I assure you.

M E R C U R Y .

If you have a mind to see any thing, get up; to be a lover of fights and run no hazard is incompatible: but come, lay hold of my hand, and take care you do not slip; very well: you are up; and now, as Parnassus has two tops, do you sit down upon one, and I the other, and we may look about us: cast your eyes down upon the world below, and you will see every thing.

C H A R O N .

I see a great deal of land, and a kind of large lake round it, with mountains, and rivers, wider than Phlegethon or Cocytus; men too, that appear very small, and some of their little hiding places.

M E R C U R Y .

Those little hiding places, as you call them, are their cities.

C H A R O N .

Do you know, Mercury, we have been doing nothing all this while? heaping Parnassus, Oeta, Castalia, and all your mountains one upon another to no purpose?

M E R C U R Y .

How so?

C H A R O N .

Because from this eminence I can see nothing distinctly. Besides, I wanted to take a view, not of cities and mountains only, as we may in a map, but of mankind; to know what they do, and what they say: something like what happened to me when I met you first, and you asked me why I laughed so: for I had heard a thing that had delighted me prodigiously.

M E R-

MERCURY.

What was that?

CHARON.

A man was invited by one of his friends to supper: I will come to-morrow, says he, for certain: in the mean time, a tile from the house falls upon his head and kills him. I laughed at the fool for not keeping his promise. But that I may see and hear the better now, I will even get down again.

MERCURY.

Be easy where you are, and I will take care to sharpen your sight with a certain charm that I have from Homer: as soon as I have pronounced the verses, observe now, how clearly you will see every thing without any obstruction.

CHARON.

Repeat away.

MERCURY.

\* From mortal mists I purge thy sight,  
That men from gods thou may'st discern aright.

CHARON.

How is this?

MERCURY.

Now do you see?

CHARON.

Perfectly: Lynceus was blind in comparison to me; now instruct me, and answer when I ask you any thing: but shall I question you out of Homer, to shew you I am not such a stranger to him as you imagine?

MERCURY.

How should a sailor, and a ferryman, like you, know any thing of Homer?

CHARON.

You cannot help being severe upon my profession; but when I ferried him over, after his death, I heard several of his songs, and remember some of them still. We had a terrible storm, I know, at the time; for as he was repeating one of his rhapsodies, an unfortunate one for the poor sailors, and telling us how Neptune gathered the clouds together, threw his trident,

\* *From mortal mists, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 127. Pope has translated it,

From mortal mists I purge thy eyes,  
And set to view the moving deities.

Which (as in many other places), is not the sense of the original.

D d 2

like

like a hook, into the ocean, and raised up so many tempests; the sea, as if disturbed by his rhapsodies, rose in such a manner upon us, that, what with storm and darkness, our vessel turned topsy-turvy. The poet grew sick, and vomited up a heap of verses on Scylla, Charybdis, and the Cyclops.

M E R C U R Y .

It was easy enough, indeed, for you to preserve a little, out of so plentiful an evacuation.

C H A R O N .

But tell me now —

\* What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,  
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?

M E R C U R Y .

Milo, the Crotonian, a famous wrestler: the Grecians are applauding him for carrying a bull over the course, a whole furlong.

C H A R O N .

How much better, Mercury, shall I deserve their applause, when I put this same Milo on board my little boat, as I shall soon, when he comes down to us, laid low by the great conqueror, Death, and wondering who it was that tripped up his heels. Then will the memory of these crowns and acclamations make him weep and lament: though now he plumes himself thus, because he is held in admiration for carrying a bull. What think you? Does he ever expect that he is to die?

M E R C U R Y .

What! in the height of his prosperity, think of death?

C H A R O N .

Well, let him alone, he will make us a good laugh when he comes down amongst us, and, instead of a bull, will not be able to carry so much as a gnat. But tell me who is that other venerable figure? No Grecian, I see, by his dress.

\* *What chief, &c.*] These are the words of Priam to Helen, when he enquires of her concerning the Grecian heroes, in the third book of the Iliad, and are there applied to Ajax. See Pope's translation, book iii. l. 290. As soon as Charon has informed Mercury how he came by so much learning, he begins to shew it in his quotations. The lines suit one hero as well as they did the other.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

That, Charon, is Cyrus, the son of Cambyfes, who transported the empire of the Medes to the Perfians, conquered the Affyrians, took Babylon, and is now planning an excursion into Lydia, to fubdue Crœfus, and be mafter of the univerfe.

C H A R O N.

And where is Crœfus?

M E R C U R Y.

Caft your eyes towards yonder fortrefs, with three walls round it; that is Sardis: do not you fee Crœfus there, fitting on his golden throne, and talking with Solon the Athenian? Shall we liften and hear what they are about?

C H A R O N.

By all means.

C R Œ S U S.

Now, my Athenian gueft, after feeing all my riches and treafures, what quantities of gold and precious furniture I am poffeffed of, tell me, whom do you think the happieft of men?

C H A R O N.

What do you think Solon will fay to him?

M E R C U R Y.

Be eafy about that: nothing unbecoming a great mind, I will anfwer for it.

S O L O N.

Very few in this world, Crœfus,\* are happy: but of all whom I know, Cleobis and Biton, the prieft's fons, in my opinion, deferve to be ranked amongft the happieft of all mankind.

C H A R O N.

He means the men of Argos, who lately died, after drawing their mother in her chariot to the temple.

C R Œ S U S.

Well: grant them the firft place, who deferves the fecond?

S O L O N.

\* Tellus, the Athenian, who lived well, and died in the fervice of his country.

\* *Tellus, &c.*] The converfation of Solon and Crœfus is not a fiction of Lucian's, but related by feveral ancient authors. See Plutarch's life of Solon, Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. Tully calls it. *nota tabula*, though it might, after all, have been invented by one of them, and, as many other good ftories are, retailed by all the reft.

C R Œ-



C R Œ S U S .

And am not I, thou wretch, do not I deserve to be called happy?

S O L O N .

Of that, Crœsus, I cannot determine, till your \* life is ended: death is the only criterion by which we can judge in these matters.

C H A R O N .

Excellent Solon, for remembering me! my boat, after all, is the best place for settling such affairs. But who are those that Crœsus is sending out, and what have they got upon their shoulders?

M E R C U R Y .

Some ingots of gold, which he is making a present of to the Pythian, for certain oracles, which in the end will be his destruction: for he is a mighty lover of prophets.

C H A R O N .

And is that shining stuff, of a palish red colour, gold? I have often heard of it, but never saw any before.

M E R C U R Y .

That is the famous thing that men quarrel so much about.

C H A R O N .

I see nothing in it so extraordinary, except that those who carry it seem to be heavy laden.

M E R C U R Y .

This is the source of wars, murders, robberies, frauds, long voyages, merchandise, slavery, falsehood, and perjury.

C H A R O N .

What! this! that seems little better than brass; for that, you know, I am acquainted with, by receiving a farthing from every passenger.

M E R C U R Y .

True: but there is plenty enough of brass, and therefore it is not esteemed: but this is dug out from a vast depth, and in small quantities, by the industrious labourer: the earth produces it as it does other metals.

\* *Life.*] A sentiment no less trite than true. Ovid, with his usual elegance, has turned it thus,

— Ultima semper  
Expectanda dies homini, dicitur beatus  
Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.

C H A -

C H A R O N.

Men, by your account, must be great fools, to be so fond of such pale heavy stuff as this.

M E R C U R Y

But Solon, you see, does not seem to covet it ; he laughs at Cræsus, and derides the vanity of the Barbarian : he is going to ask him something, let us listen.

S O L O N.

Tell me, Cræsus, do you think the Pythian stands in need of these ingots ?

C R Œ S U S.

By Jove, does he : there is not such an offering in his whole temple.

S O L O N.

And you really think, that in the midst of all his treasures, these golden ingots will make the god happy ?

C R Œ S U S.

Why not ?

S O L O N.

There must be great poverty in heaven, if the gods want gold to be sent them out of Lydia.

C R Œ S U S.

Where can they get so much as from hence ?

S O L O N.

Have you any iron here ?

C R Œ S U S.

None at all.

S O L O N.

Then you want the more valuable metal.

C R Œ S U S.

How can iron be better than gold ?

S O L O N.

If you will argue fairly, and without passion, I will soon convince you.

C R Œ S U S.

Proceed then.

S O L O N.

Which is the greatest, the preserver, or the preserved ?

C R Œ S U S.

The preserver, most indisputably.

S O L O N.

If, therefore, Cyrus should attack the Lydians, would you make golden  
swords

fwords for your army, or do you think iron ones would not be more necessary ?

C R Œ S U S .

Iron, no doubt.

S O L O N .

Yes, or your gold would be carried captive into Persia.

C R Œ S U S .

Good words, I beseech you, man.

S O L O N .

Heaven forbid it should be so : you see, however, that iron is confessedly better than gold.

C R Œ S U S .

And would you have me present iron ingots to the deity, and call my gold back again ?

S O L O N .

He stands no more in need of one than the other : but whether you give him gold or brass, or any thing else, it will only fall to the share of the Phocians, the Bœotians, the Delphians themselves, or, perhaps, to some royal plunderer : for the god himself cares very little for your gold-makers.

C R Œ S U S .

You are always railing at, and envying my riches.

M E R C U R Y .

You see, Charon, the Lydian cannot bear truth and freedom : it appears strange to him that a poor man should talk so openly to him without fear or trembling : but the time will soon come when he shall remember Solon, when he shall be taken prisoner by Cyrus, and ascend the funeral pile : for, but the other day, I heard Clotho reading over the destinies of men, where it was written that Crœsus should be led captive by Cyrus, and Cyrus himself slain by the Massagete : seest thou that Scythian woman, on the white horse ?

C H A R O N .

I do.

M E R C U R Y .

That is Tomyris, who shall kill Cyrus with her own hand, and throw his head into a vessel of blood. But do you see yonder, that youth ? it is his son Cambyses : he shall succeed his father in the empire, and after many misfortunes in Lydia and Æthiopia, kill Apis, and die raving mad.

C H A R O N .

O ridiculous ! who can bear to see these men looking down so contemptuously

ously on their fellow-creatures: or who would think that one would so soon be a wretched captive, and the other have his head thrown into a vessel of blood?

C H A R O N.

But who is that, Mercury, with the diadem and purple robe? \* the cook is presenting him with a gold ring that he found in a fish's belly.

Ev'n in a † sea-girt isle—he seems to boast  
Of royal pomp.

M E R C U R Y.

Well applied, Charon: that is Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, who thinks himself completely happy; but he shall fall in a moment from the summit of felicity, be betrayed by his servant Mæandrius, given up to Orætes the satrap, and hanged on a gibbet: for this also did I learn from Clotho.

C H A R O N.

Excellent Clotho! go on, most noble Clotho; hang some, behead others, that they may know themselves to be but men: raise them to the utmost height, that their fall may be the greater, and their punishment the more severe. I shall laugh hereafter, when I see them in my boat, stripped of every thing, without their purple, their tiaras, or their golden thrones.

M E R C U R Y.

That you most certainly will. But do not you observe a large multitude yonder, some fighting, others sailing, some going to law, others to plough, some getting money by usury, others by begging?

C H A R O N.

I see all life full of trouble and labour, crowds of people of every kind, and their cities like so many hives, where every man is armed with a sting to wound his neighbour, and some of them, like great hornets, are per-

\* *The cook, &c.*] Polycrates having, as Herodotus tells the story, been remarkably successful in every thing he undertook, was advised by Amasis, king of Egypt, by way of sacrifice to Fortune, to part with something which he held most valuable, he, accordingly, took a ring from his finger, of immense value, and threw it into the sea; when lo, to his great astonishment, but a few days after, the very same ring came again to his hands, his cook finding it in the belly of a fish, which had been presented to the tyrant, and which he immediately carried to him. The story adds, that Amasis, hearing of the event, foretold that Polycrates should die a violent death. Imagining, we are to suppose, that such extraordinary good fortune must, some day or other, be followed by an equal calamity.

† *Sea-girt isle.*] Charon quotes part of one verse in Homer, and part of another, making up one whole hexameter.

petually driving about and harassing their inferiors : but what are those that hover thus round them unseen ?

M E R C U R Y.

Those, Charon, are Hope, Fear, Pleasure, Folly, Love of Money, Anger, Hatred, and the rest of the passions, which are mingled together, and scattered amongst men, without their knowlege; and in the same city you will find them all. Fear flies aloft, and then descending, strikes terror and amazement into their hearts. Hope, in like manner, hovers over their heads, and, whilst every man eagerly catches at it, flies away, and leaves the fools gaping with open mouths behind : just as you have seen Tantalus served in the infernal regions. But, if you look narrowly, you may observe the Parcæ above, turning some spindles with slender threads hanging down over the heads of every one of them, like spider's webs.

C H A R O N.

I see a little thread tied up on each.

M E R C U R Y.

You do so; and the reason is, because the Fates have decreed that one should be killed by one, and another by another. He whose thread is longest shall be heir to him that has the short one; and he succeeded by another who has a still longer than himself; their being entangled together forebodes something of this kind. You see what a slender thread they all hang by; behold him who is so exalted above the rest: in a very short time he shall find himself unequal to the weight he sustains, the cord will break, and he shall fall with a mighty noise: the other, who is raised but a little way from the earth, shall drop in silence, and even his nearest neighbour shall scarce hear his fall.

C H A R O N.

It is really pleasant enough.

M E R C U R Y.

O, it is impossible to say how ridiculous these mortals are: mark their care and sollicitude, and observe how suddenly death lays hold on them; see what a heap of ministers he has, Agues, Fevers, Consumptions, Peripneumonies, Sword, Poison, Thieves, Judges, and Tyrants; and yet not one of these do they ever think on whilst they are in prosperity; but, when affliction comes upon them, then it is, O me! and alack, and alas! Whereas, if they had considered in early youth that they were but mortals, doomed to wander

wander for a little while on earth, and quickly to awaken from life, as from a short dream, and leave every thing behind, surely they would live more prudently, and die with less reluctance: but now, fondly imagining they shall for ever enjoy their present possessions, when the minister of death calls upon them, and they are snatched away on a sudden, they cannot bear to part with life, because they so little expected to be torn from it. Observe that man, who is urging on the workmen to finish his house with all diligence, what would he not rather do, if he knew that he must die and leave it to his heir, before he had himself once supped in it? Look on him who rejoices that his wife has brought him a son, and entertains his friends on the event, and calls the boy by his own name; if he knew that the child should die in his seventh year, would he, think you, be so happy at his birth? But he is thinking of one of his neighbours, who is happy in a son that has conquered at the Olympic games; and pays no regard to another, who is carrying out his to the last fire. Mark what a croud of usurers there is yonder, \* heaping up their gold; before they will be able to enjoy it, they will be called away by those same messengers whom I before mentioned to you.

C H A R O N.

I see it all, and am reflecting within myself, what there can be in life so very desirable, that the loss of it should appear so dreadful to them.

M E R C U R Y.

Take the happiest of their sovereigns, those who are placed, as we may say, out of the reach of fortune, you will find more wretchedness than felicity amongst them: surrounded as they are with tumults, fears, conspiracies, hatred, wrath, quarrels, flattery, and disquietude, to pass over those sorrows and distempers, and that perturbation and anxiety of mind, which they have in common with the vulgar: it would take up, in short, as much time to recount their miseries as those of their inferiors.

C H A R O N.

I tell you what, Mercury, I think the lives of men may very properly be compared to; you must have seen those bubbles that rise from the rapid

\* *Heaping up, &c.*] Agreeable to the reflection of the holy Psalmist,

“Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.”

torrent, and swell into a foam: some of them, that are small, quickly break and disappear, others last longer, and meeting with more in their passage, grow to a larger size; but these also, in a little time, burst, and are dissolved into nothing; nor can it be otherwise: such are the lives of men; some long, some short, some swelled up for a time by a momentary blast, others ceasing to be, almost as soon as they exist: for all must break and vanish.

M E R C U R Y.

Your comparison, Charon, is as good as Homer's, who compares them to the \* leaves of trees.

C H A R O N.

And yet, such as they are, how do men employ them, how eagerly do they contend for honours, wealth, and empire; all which they must leave behind them, and come down to us at last with a single farthing! As we are seated on an eminence, suppose I should call out to them as loud as I can, and exhort them to leave off their idle pursuits, and, in the midst of life, ever to have death before their eyes: "Fools, as ye are, would I say to them, why do you seek after these things with so much anxiety? Cease from your labours, for you cannot live for ever: none of those things, which now appear so desirable to you, are eternal; nor, when you die, can you carry them along with you: naked you must all depart hence; your houses, fields, and riches must go to others, and soon change their master." By talking thus to them, could I make them hear, might not, think you, human life be improved, and men grow wiser?

M E R C U R Y.

Bless you, friend; you know not what slaves they are to ignorance and error: you may bore their ears through before they will hear you: they stop

\* *Leaves, &c.*] Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;  
 Another race the following spring supplies,  
 They fall successive, and successive rise;  
 So generations in their course decay,  
 So flourish these when those are pass'd away.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 181.

There is the same thought in the book of Ecclesiasticus, "As of the green leaves of a thick tree, some fall and some grow: so is the generation of flesh and blood; one cometh to an end, and another is born."

them

them up with wax, as \* Ulyffes did thofe of his followers, that they might not hear the fongs of the Syrens. You may ftrain your voice, therefore, till it cracks again : ignorance is to them, what Lethe is to you. Some few, indeed, there are amongst them, whofe ears are not fhut againft truth, who fee into things with penetration, and know what they are.

C H A R O N.

Shall I call out to them ?

M E R C U R Y.

That would be unneceffary, becaufe it would be only telling them what they know already : you fee how, withdrawing themfelves from the vulgar, they laugh at the follies of others, not delighted with any worldly enjoyments, but meditating their flight from life to the regions below : fhunned and hated by all thofe whofe errors they condemn.

C H A R O N.

Noble and generous fouls : but thefe, Mercury, are very few indeed.

M E R C U R Y.

Thefe, however, muft fuffice : but let us get down.

C H A R O N.

One thing more, Mercnry, I would fain know, and then our tour would be complete : I muft take a view of the repositories for human bodies, which are dug in the earth.

M E R C U R Y.

You mean, what they call monuments, tombs, and fepulchres : do you obferve, clofe to the cities, thofe heaps of earth, columns, and pyramids ? thofe are all receptacles for dead bodies.

C H A R O N.

Why muft they hang garlands upon them, and anoint them with fweet ointments ? Some are making fires about the graves, digging foffes, pouring wine and † honey into them, and confuming, if I fee right, magnificent entertainments in the flames.

\* *Ulyffes.*] The ductile wax with bufy hands I mould,  
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd againft the ftrain,  
And, from excefs of frenzy, lock'd the brain.

See Pope's Homer's *Odyffey*, book xii. l. 208.

† *Wine and honey.*] The ancients made libations to the dead of blood, honey, wine, &c. to render the ghofts propitious. Honey was accounted *θανατη ου βολον*, a fymbol, or emblem of death : hence, as fome think, the ghofts of the deceafed came to be termed, *μελιβαι*, the infernal gods *μελιχιτοι*, and their oblations *μελιθυματα*. See Potter.

M E R-



In truth, Charon, I cannot conceive what business the dead have with these things : but they believe that the departed souls return from the shades, hover over the suppers, and, attracted by the fumes, as it were, partake of it, and drink the wine and honey out of the fofs.

C H A R O N .

What ! dead men eat and drink, whose heads have no moisture in them ! but it is ridiculous to talk so to you, who carry them down every day, and must know whether, after they once get below the earth, they ever return to it again. I should be foolishly employed, indeed, if, with all the business that I have, I should be obliged, not only to carry them over, but to bring them back again to drink. Fools and madmen, as you are, not to know how wide the distance is between the living and the dead, and what passes with us below, where

\* All are the same, the man who hath a tomb,  
Or hath it not ; in equal honour there  
Is the poor Irus, and the great Atrides,  
Thersites, or the fair-hair'd Thetis' son,  
All dry and wither'd are the skulls that dwell  
In the fair fertile meads of asphodel ?

M E R C U R Y .

O Hercules ! what a quantity of Homer have you pumped up ! and now, you put me in mind of it, I will shew you the tomb of Achilles ; look, yonder it is, by the sea side, near the cape of Sigæum ; over against it Ajax was buried, in Rhætium.

C H A R O N .

It is not very magnificent : but shew me those famous cities, which we hear so much about in our lower regions, Nineveh, the residence of Sardanapalus ; Babylon, Mycene, Cleone, and Troy itself : I remember carrying over so many from thence, that, for ten years together, I could never get my boat ashore, or have time to refit her.

M E R C U R Y .

Nineveh is totally destroyed, nor is the least vestige remaining of her, to

\* *All are the same, &c.*] This is a parody of Homer, consisting of passages and expressions, selected from different parts of his works, and humourously applied by Lucian to his subject.

point

point out where she once stood. Yonder is Babylon, furrounded by an extensive wall, and defended by many towers; in a few years, she, like \* Nineveh, will be no more, and you may search for her in vain. As for Mycene, and Cleone, I am ashamed to shew them to you, and, above all poor Troy: for I know, when you return, you will throttle the poor bard for his magnificent encomiums: these were all in their time flourishing and happy, but they are gone; cities, like men, must perish: and, what is more astonishing, whole rivers also, inasmuch that not the least remains of Inachus are now to be found in Argos.

C H A R O N.

What, Homer, then avail thy pompous titles of sacred Troy, so famed for her broad streets,

Well built Cleone, &c.

But see, whilst we are talking, who are those yonder, that fight so, what is the cause of their quarrel?

M E R C U R Y.

Those, Charon, are the Argives and Lacedæmonians, with their dying general † Othryades, erecting a trophy, and writing his own name upon it in his own blood.

C H A R O N.

What is the cause of the war?

M E R C U R Y.

The very field on which they fight.

C H A R O N.

O the folly of these mortals, who are so ignorant as not to see, that if every one of them were now masters of all Peloponnesus, a little spot of scarce a foot long, must be all they shall receive from Æacus hereafter; another and another owner shall till this field, and with their ploughs tear up the trophy from its foundation.

\* *Nineveh.*] Swift seems to have had this passage in his eye, when he wrote the following,

If neither brass nor marble can withstand,  
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;  
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,  
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;  
When my old cassock (said a Welch divine),  
Is out at elbows, why shou'd I repine?

† *Othryades.*] See Ovid's *Fast.* book ii. l. 665.

M E R-

## C H A R O N, &amp;c.

## M E R C U R Y.

It muſt, indeed, be fo : but let us get down ; put theſe mountains in their places again, and away, I to my buſineſs, you to your boat. I ſhall be with you ſoon, on my old errand.

## C H A R O N.

Mercury, you have highly obliged me, you ſhall be enrolled amongſt the great \* benefactors, and I will ſet you down amongſt my beſt friends, for helping me to this agreeable tour. What wretches are theſe mortals ! kings, hecatombs, battles, riches, are all they talk and think of : but not a ſyllable of Charon.

\* *Benefactors.*] The word *εὐεργετης*, or benefactor, was frequently uſed in public inſcriptions, coins, ſtatues, &c.

O N

O N  
S A C R I F I C E S.

*In this little Tract several Parts of the ancient Theogony, with many of the absurd Stories propagated by the Poets, are severely ridiculed.*

WHEN we consider how ridiculously men act with regard to their sacrifices, solemn feasts, and supplications to the gods; what they pray for to, what they expect from, and what they think of them, I know not whether any of us, be he ever so grave or melancholy, can refrain from laughing, who beholds the folly of it. But, before he laughs, might he not ask himself, whether those should be called good and pious, or rather, on the contrary, miserable wretches, and enemies to the gods, who can suppose the divine nature so mean and illiberal as to want the aid of man, to rejoice in flattery, and to be angry when neglected. For all the calamities of Ætolia, the misfortunes of the Calydonians, all the battles and slaughter, with the destruction of \* Meleager, all, it seems, was the work of Diana, who was incensed at being forgotten in the sacrifices; so heinously did she resent the affront. I see her, methinks, left all alone in heaven, whilst the rest of the gods were gone to Oeneus, lamenting her fate, and complaining what a noble feast she had been disappointed of. Thrice happy, on the other hand, must we esteem those Æthiopians, whom Jupiter so kindly remembered; because, as we read in the beginning of Homer's poem,

\* *Meleager.*] The story is briefly thus: Oeneus, king of Calydon, a city of Ætolia, made a sacrifice to all the gods, in gratitude for a year of remarkable plenty in his kingdom; but happening, either by chance, or designedly, to forget Diana, she resented the neglect, and sent a furious wild boar, who ravaged the whole country. Meleager, the son of Oeneus, destroyed the boar; but a quarrel afterwards arose, stirred up, it seems, by the goddess, between the Curetes and the Ætolians, about the head and skin of the beast: each party claiming them as the reward of their valour: the Ætolians were worsted, and on the brink of destruction, but were saved at last by the valour of Meleager. For a full account, see Ovid. *Met.* book viii. Homer's *Iliad*, book ix. and the first book of Apollodorus.

they feasted him, and the rest of the gods whom he carried along with him, for twelve days. Thus, nothing, it should seem, of all they do, will they do without being paid for it, but sell all sorts of good things to mankind: one, perhaps, buys health of them for the small price of a heifer; another gets riches for four oxen; a third purchases a kingdom with a hecatomb; for \* nine bulls a man may return from Troy, safe and sound to Pylos; but the passage from Aulis to Ilium will cost a † royal virgin. ‡ Hecuba purchased the redemption of Troy, of Minerva, for twelve oxen, and a fine garment. Many things, however, we must suppose will come cheaper, and may be bought of them for a cock, a garland, or even a little common incense. For this reason, I suppose, Chryses, the high-priest, an old man, and well skilled in divine matters, after his unsuccessful attack on Agamemnon, expostulates with Apollo, whom he had bribed high for his favour, asks a proper return for it, and, scarce refrains from abuse, when he says, § “ Thy temple, O good Phœbus, unadorned before, with garlands often have I crowned with them, and with the thighs of many a bull and goat have I fattened thy altars; but thou thinkest no more of me, who have suffered so much, and holdest in no esteem him who has deserved so well of thee.” This speech made the god so much ashamed of himself, that he took up his arrows, placed himself on an eminence near the ships, and smote the Greci-

\* *For nine bulls.*] When old Nestor returned from Troy, to Pylos, his native country, he offered up seven oxen to Neptune, in gratitude, as Lucian intimates, for his safe delivery. Telemachus, when he landed at Pylos, found him engaged in this pious office. See Homer's *Odyssæy*, book iii. the beginning.

† *Royal virgin.*] Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon. This story is too well known to stand in need of any illustration.

‡ *Hecuba, &c.*] See the sixth book of Homer's *Iliad*, where Hector retires from the battle, on purpose to tell Hecuba to make this sacrifice:

Twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke:  
But thou, aton'd, by penitence and prayer,  
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!      Pope's Translation.

§ *Thy temple.*] Alluding to those lines spoken by Chryses, in the beginning of the *Iliad*:

If e'er with wreaths I hung the sacred fane,  
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
God of the silver bow, &c.

Lucian puts the words into prose, and adds something of his own, the better to turn it into ridicule.

223,

ans, mules, dogs and all, with the pestilence. And, now I am speaking of Apollo, I will mention some things, which the learned report concerning him. To pass over his unfortunate amours, the slaughter of Hyacinthus, and Daphne's contempt of him, he was condemned for killing the \* Cyclops, was banished, by † ostracism, from heaven to earth, and sentenced to live like a mere mortal: he served in Thessaly with Admetus, and in Phrygia under Laomedon; with the latter, indeed, not alone, but in company with Neptune, both of them making bricks, and hiring themselves out, from mere want, to build walls, for which they say the Phrygians never paid them their whole wages, but to this day owe them above thirty Trojan drachmas.

How many things of this kind have the poets most gravely and pompously related concerning the gods; how many, still more solemnly, about Vulcan, Prometheus, Saturn, Rhea, and almost all the family of Jupiter! and this they do, in the beginning of their poems, not without invoking the gods to assist them in their songs, where, inspired, as it seems, by the deity, they recite, how Saturn cut off his father Heaven, and reigned in it, and eat up his children, like the Grecian Thyestes; and how, moreover, Jupiter, Rhea having privily put a stone in the room of him, was exposed in Crete, and nourished by a goat, as Telephus was by a hind, and Cyrus, the Persian, by a dog; how, afterwards, he expelled his father, threw him into prison, and took possession of his kingdom: how he took many wives, and, last of all, Juno, his own sister, according to the laws of the Persians and Assyrians: how general a lover he was, and so given to venery, that he

\* *The Cyclops.*] Apollo lamented much the death of his son Æsculapius, but, not being able to revenge his death on Jupiter, turned his resentment against the Cyclops, who made the thunder and lightning which was supposed to have destroyed that famous physician. Pluto, it seems, had complained to Jupiter, that his dominions were thinned by the numbers of people whom Æsculapius had cured, and consequently, kept upon earth. Jupiter, in compliment to his brother, immediately knock'd him o' the head. How few modern physicians run the hazard of Jupiter's displeasure on this account!

† *Ostracism.*] Οστρακισμος, so called from the assemblies giving their votes in an οστρακον, or shell. This was a kind of popular judgment, or condemnation, peculiar to the Athenians, being a sentence of banishment against persons whose extraordinary power and influence were thought dangerous to the state. It generally lasted for ten years, but the banished person had, during the whole time, the enjoyment of his estate. No less than six thousand citizens must be in the assembly when the decree was passed.

foen filled heaven with his offspring; some of celestial breed, others of terrestrial; most benevolently transforming himself into a bull, or a swan, or an eagle, or a shower of gold: more changeable than Proteus himself. How he begot Minerva alone, out of his own head, and conceived her in his brain: as to Bacchus, we are told, who was snatched, half-formed, from his burning mother, he hid him in his thigh, and when the labour-pangs were over, cut him out again.

Something of the same kind do they sing concerning Juno, that, without knowledge of man, she brought forth Vulcan, whom she conceived by the \* wind, that unfortunate dirty black-smith, a dealer in brass and fire, living in perpetual smoke, surrounded with furnaces and flames, short of one leg, and lame from the fall he received, when Jupiter threw him out of heaven; if the Lemnians, indeed, had not kindly received him, there would have been an end of our Vulcan, who had perished like Aftyanax, thrown from the tower. All this is tolerable: but who has not heard of Prometheus, and what he underwent, for loving mankind too well! and how Jupiter sent him to Scythia, hung him upon mount Caucasus, and placed a vultur near him, to feed every day upon his liver.

He has suffered sufficiently. Rhea too (for this likewise should, perhaps, be mentioned); how indecently did she act, and unworthy of herself, an old woman, as she is, and worn out, the mother of so many gods, to love the boys, to be jealous, to put the lions to her car, and take her Attis about with her; one, besides, who can be of so † little service. If these things are so, who can be angry with Venus for her adulteries, or Luna for stopping so often half way to meet her Endymion?

But, to say no more of this, let us take poetical licence, and get up at once into heaven, by the same road as Homer and Hesiod travelled thither, and see how every thing above is adorned and beautified. That the outside

\* *The wind.*] Pliny believed conceptions of this kind to be probable, and relates them as matters of fact. It is told likewise of Spanish mares. This idea gave rise to an excellent pamphlet, published some few years ago, abounding with wit and humour, under the title of *Lucina sine Concubita*, to which I refer my readers, if it is now to be purchased.

† *Little service.*]

Virilia enim ipsi sibi excidunt: unde postea  
Cybelis sacerdotibus mos iste.

See Lactantius.

is \* *brass*, we know from Homer. As soon as you come in there, raise your head up, and peep about you, or lay along upon your back, and look at it, the light becomes more clear, the sun emits a purer ray, the stars shine brighter, we meet with perpetual day, and a golden pavement. At the entrance of it are the Hours, who open the gates, then appear Iris and Mercury, the ministers and messengers of Jove, then Vulcan's work-shop, filled with instruments of every kind: then comes the residence of the gods, and the palace of Jupiter: all the beautiful work of the lame deity.

† And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;  
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold.

(For when you get into heaven you must speak pompously), and look down upon earth, casting their eyes on every side, to see if there are any fires lit, or any fumes from the fat rising up before them: if any sacrifices are going forward, they feast upon the smoke, and suck in the blood from the altars, like so many flies. When they sup at home, they have nothing but nectar and ambrosia. Formerly, mortals were admitted to eat and drink with them; Ixion, for instance, and Tantalus; but they were insolent, and told tales, for which they suffer to this day, and from that time heaven has been inaccessible to men.

Such is the life of the gods. Agreeable to it, and such as might be expected, is the religion of men; they hallow groves, dedicate mountains, make birds sacred, and give to every god his favourite plant. Various nations worship various deities, and make them fellow-citizens; the Delphian and Delian has his Apollo, the Athenian his Minerva, (the ‡ name

\* *Brass*.] Thetis, in the first book of the Iliad, says to Achilles,

Then will I mount the *brazen* dome —

But in the fourth book, Homer talks of the gods being met, χρυσῶν ἐν θηπέδῳ, in golden pavements. Pope, for what reason I know not, has turned this pavement into a throne—they

Assume their thrones of gold.

Lucian probably mentions these two expressions on purpose to ridicule them, as contradictory to each other.

† *And now Olympus*.] See Iliad, beginning of book iv.

‡ *The name*.] The city of Athens took its name from Ἀθηνᾶ, Athene, Minerva, its protectress.

sufficiently



sufficiently points out the affinity), the Argive his Juno, the Mygdonian his Rhea, the Paphian his Venus; and, as to Jupiter, the Cretans assert, not only that he was born and bred up amongst them, but shew his tomb also: we have therefore been mistaken all this time, in supposing that Jupiter thundered, and rained, and did every thing else, and forgot that he was dead, and buried with the Cretans.

When they have built temples for them, lest they should be without a house, or an altar, they procure images and resemblances of them, calling in the assistance of a \* Praxiteles, Polycletus, or Phidias: these, though how they came to the † sight of the gods I know not, give you an exact representation of them: Jupiter has a long beard, Apollo is for ever young, Mercury just approaching to manhood, Neptune has his blue hair, and Minerva her blue eyes. Those who enter the temple; behold not the Indian ivory, or Thracian gold; but the very son of Saturn and Rhea is brought down upon earth by Phidias, and ordered to preside over the Pææan deserts, and to think himself well off, if, at the Olympic games, once in ‡ five years, any one, perchance, shall honour him with a sacrifice.

When the altars, and the edicts, and the lustral vases, are prepared, they bring the victim; the husbandman his plough-ox, the shepherd his sheep, the goat-herd his goat; some offer a cake, or a little incense; and a very poor man, perhaps, appeases the deity only by kissing his hand. But, to return to the

\* *Praxiteles, &c.*] The three eminent sculptors of Greece.

† *To the sight.*] Agreeable to this idea of Lucian's, is a very pretty epigram, which we meet with in the *Anthologia*, which pays no little compliment to one of the ingenious artists above-mentioned, and which is thus translated by Addison. Venus is supposed thus to address Praxiteles.

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,  
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view:  
All this I frankly own, without denying;  
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

‡ *Five years.*] The Olympic games, celebrated at Olympia, a city of Elis, in honour of Olympian Jupiter, returned every five years, because, according to Pausanias, the brothers, called the Idæi Dactyli, of whom Hercules, the founder of these games, was the elder, were five in number. They lasted also five days. For a full and comprehensive view of this subject, I would refer my readers to the late learned Mr. Gilbert West's Dissertation, subjoined to his excellent translation of Pindar.

sacrificers;

sacrificers; they crown the animal with garlands, first taking care that it is whole and perfect, that nothing impure and unworthy should be offered up; they lead it then to the altar, and, in sight of the god, murder it; the creature making a melancholy noise, which they interpret as a lucky omen, and accompany the dying sounds with the flute: who can suppose but that the gods must be highly pleased with such a sight?

The edict sets forth, "that none must dare to enter into the interior part of the temple with impure hands;" but the high-priest, himself, stands all over blood, like the \* Cyclops, pulling out the heart and the entrails, † sprinkling the blood upon the altars, and performing every thing that is good and pious; then, lighting the fire, he places on it the goat with his skin, and the sheep with his wool on: then a holy fume, worthy of the deity, ascends, and penetrates into, and diffuses itself by degrees, all over heaven. The Scythian leaves all victims, which he thinks an ignoble sacrifice, and offers up men at the altar of Diana: and with this the goddess is well pleased.

These customs, perhaps, are not worse than what we meet with amongst the Phrygians, Lydians, and Assyrians. But if you go into Egypt you will see many things truly worthy of heaven and the gods: Jupiter with the face of a ram, the noble Mercury with that of a dog, Pan a goat all over; one in the shape of ‡ ibis, another of a crocodile, another of an ape.

§ But, if still more it is thy wish to learn,

there you will hear sophists, scribes, and prophets, with their heads shaved, who will tell you, (crying out beforehand, drive away the prophane from these doors), that the gods, afraid of the rebellion of their enemies, the giants, fled into Ægypt; where, in hopes of being concealed,

\* *The Cyclops.*] Polypheme. See Homer's *Odyssy*, book xii.

† *Sprinkling the blood, &c.*] This part of the heathen sacrifice, we find practised by the Hebrews in the Mosaic dispensation. "In the place where they kill the burnt-offering shall they kill the trespass-offering, and the blood thereof shall be sprinkled round about the altar." *Levit.* vii.

‡ *Ibis.*]

*Crocodilon adorat*

*Pars hac, illa paret saturam serpentibus Iberi.*

For a full account of Ægyptian worship, I refer my readers to the *Mensa Isiaca* of Pignorius.

§ *But if, &c.*] From a line in Homer.

they

they took the shapes, one of a goat, another of a ram, every one, in short, that of some beast or bird; and that this was the cause of their appearing in such forms to this day. Thus has it been written above ten thousand years ago, in the inner parts of the temples.

With regard to the sacrifices amongst them, they are the same as the others, except that they stand round, and weep over the victim that is slain: others bury after they have destroyed it: but if Apis, the chief of their gods, dies, who is it that prizes their hair so much as not to cut it off immediately, and shew his naked grief upon his head, even if he had the purple locks of Nifus? Apis, you must know, is a god selected from the herd, voted so for his excellency, being handsomer and more venerable than the common oxen. These tales are believed by the multitude, who want only an Heraclitus, or Democritus; one to laugh at their folly, the other to deplore their ignorance.

S A L E

T H E  
S A L E O F P H I L O S O P H E R S .  
A D I A L O G U E .

*The Title of this Dialogue in the Original is Βιωη Πρασις, which Translators have interpreted, VITARUM AUCTION, or, the AUCTION OF LIVES: but where there is no Bidding one upon another, we cannot, with any Propriety, call it an Auction: we have, indeed, no Authority to suppose the Ancients acquainted with this Method of selling Goods, at least, according to our modern Idea of it; I have therefore called it, what it certainly is, THE SALE OF PHILOSOPHERS, whom LUCIAN thinks proper to put up, as so many Slaves, in the Market-Place. The absurda Tenets, Modes, and Principles of every Sect are here exposed with infinite Humour. It may not be improper to observe, that throughout this Dialogue, by the Life of the Philosopher, (a peculiar mode of Expression) is understood, the Philosopher himself.*

J U P I T E R .

**P**REPARE the seats there, and get the place ready for the company; bring out the goods in order, but brush them up first, that they may appear handsome, and invite customers to purchase them. You, Mercury, must be crier, and give notice to the buyers to assemble at the place of sale: we intend to sell philosophers of every sect and denomination whatsoever: if they cannot pay ready money for them, they may give security, and we will trust them till next year.

M E R C U R Y .

A large croud is already assembled: we must have no delay.

J U P I T E R .

Begin the sale then.

M E R C U R Y .

Who shall we put up first?

VOL. I.

G g

J U P I .

J U P I T E R.

This Ionian, with the \* long hair ; he seems to be a respectable personage.

M E R C U R Y.

You, Pythagoras, come down here, and shew yourself to the company.

J U P I T E R.

Now cry him.

M E R C U R Y.

Here, gentlemen, I present you with the best and most venerable of the whole profession. Who bids for him ? Which of you wishes to be more than man ? Which of you would be acquainted with the † harmony of the universe, and desire to live a second time in the world ?

B I D D E R.

The appearance of him is not amiss ; but what is his principal skill in ?

M E R C U R Y.

Arithmetic, astronomy, prognostics, geometry, music, enchantment : a tip-top prophet, I assure you.

B I D D E R.

May I ask him a few questions ?

M E R C U R Y.

Ask him, and welcome.

B I D D E R.

What countryman are you ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

A Samian.

\* *Long hair.*] Pythagoras. Iamblichus calls him, 'Ο ἐν Ζακύνθῳ Κομῆτης, the Samian with the long hair. See also Diogenes Laertius.

† *Harmony of the universe, &c.*] Pythagoras asserted that the world was made according to musical proportion ; and that the seven planets, betwixt heaven and the earth, which govern the naticities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and intervals correspondent to musical diatonics, rendering various sounds according to their several heights, so consonant as to make the sweetest melody, or what we call the harmony of the spheres. He likewise told us, which we may believe or not as we think proper, how many stadia there are betwixt the earth and every star ; from the earth to the moon is 12600 stadia, and that distance, according to musical proportion, is a tone ; from the moon to Mercury, half as much, or a hemitone ; from thence to Phosphorus (the star Venus), another hemitone ; from thence to the sun, a tone and a half : thus the sun is distant from the earth, three tones and a half, or diapente ; from the moon, two and a half, or diatessaron ; from the sun to Mars, one tone, from thence to Jupiter, a hemitone ; from thence to the highest heaven, another hemitone ; from heaven to the sun, diatessaron ; and from heaven to the top of the earth, six tones, or a diapason concord : he referred, moreover, to other stars, many things which the ancient musicians treat of, and held that all the world was enharmonic. See Stanley's *Life of Pythagoras*.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

Where were you educated ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

In Ægypt, amongst the wise men there.

B I D D E R.

Well, and if I buy you, what will you teach me ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

I shall teach you nothing, but recall things to your memory.

B I D D E R.

How will you do that ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

By first purifying your soul, and washing away the unclean parts of it.

B I D D E R.

But suppose it is purified already, how are you to recall the memory ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

First by long repose, silence, and saying nothing for \* five whole years.

B I D D E R.

This may be good instruction for the † son of Cræsus; but I want to talk, and not to be a statue. And, after this five years silence, what is to be done next ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

You will be exercised in music and geometry.

B I D D E R.

An excellent method, indeed; so we must be fiddlers first before we can be wise men.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Then you must learn figures.

B I D D E R.

I can count already.

\* *For five whole years.*] The injunction of five years silence, said to be laid by Pythagoras on all his disciples, probably meant no more, than a prohibition from attempting to teach or instruct others, till they had spent that portion of time in fully acquainting themselves with every part of his doctrine: an injunction very proper in every age, and which would not be unserviceable in our own, by preventing many of our raw young divines from exposing themselves in the pulpit, before they have read their Greek Testament.

† *Son of Cræsus.*] This alludes to the following story. The son of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who was born dumb, and had continued so to the age of maturity, attending his father to battle, saw a soldier, in the heat of the engagement, lifting up his sword over the head of Cræsus; the apprehension of a father's imminent danger worked so powerfully on the mind of an affectionate child as on a sudden to loosen his tongue, which had been tied up for so many years, and he cried out immediately, "Soldier, do not kill Cræsus."

P Y T H A G O R A S.

How do you count ?

B I D D E R.

One, two, three, four —

P Y T H A G O R A S.

There now ; you see : what you call \* four are ten, the perfect triangle, and our great oath.

B I D D E R.

Now, by the great oath, the holy four, never did I hear such sacred and divine discourse.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

After this, stranger, I will instruct thee concerning the earth, and the water, and the fire, what their action is, what their body, and how they are moved.

B I D D E R.

Have fire, air, and water, a shape then ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Most manifestly ; for without form or body how could they be moved ? hence you will learn that god himself is number and harmony.

B I D D E R.

Wonderful, indeed !

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Besides this, I shall convince you, that you yourself, a seeming individual, appear to be one, and in reality are another.

B I D D E R.

How say you ? that I, who now converse with you, am not myself, but another ?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

At present you are here, but formerly you appeared in another body, and under another name, and, hereafter, you shall be changed into a different person.

\* *Four are ten.*] i. e. 1, 2, 3, 4, make up ten.—The Pythagoreans, seeing they could not express incorporeal forms and first principles, had recourse to numbers. Four, or the tetrad, was esteemed the most perfect number, the primary and primogeneous, which they called the root of all things. Ten is the tetractys, or great number, comprehending all arithmetical and harmonical proportion. All nations, Greeks and Barbarians, reckon to that, and no further. Now the tetrad is the power of the decad, for before we arrive at the perfection of the decad, we find an united perfection in the tetrad, the decad being made up by addition of 1, 2, 3, 4. See Stanley's History of Philosophy, p. 381.

This whimsical kind of reasoning, as practised by the Pythagoreans, was a fine fund of ridicule for the laughing Lucian.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

Sayest thou that I shall be immortal, and put on different forms? but enough of this. How are you with regard to diet?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

I eat no animal food; but abstain from nothing else, except BEANS.

B I D D E R.

And why do you hate beans?

P Y T H A G O R A S.

They are sacred, and their nature is marvellous: in the first place, they are all over genitals: take a young bean, and strip the skin off, and you will find it an exact representation of the virile member and its appurtenances. Moreover, if you leave it in the open air for a certain number of moonlight nights, it will turn to blood. And what is more, the \* Athenian law enjoins that their magistrates shall be chosen by a ballot of beans.

B I D D E R.

Wonderful is all thou hast said, and worthy of a sacred character: but strip, for I must see you naked. O Hercules! he has got a † golden thigh: surely he is no mortal, but a ‡ god. I must buy him by all means. What do you value him at?

M E R C U R Y.

Ten minæ.

B I D D E R.

I will give it: he is mine.

J U P I T E R.

Write down the buyer's name, and whence he comes.

M E R C U R Y.

He seems to be an Italian, and one of those who inhabit that part of

\* *The Athenian law.*] The most ancient way of determining matters in courts of justice was by black and white sea-shells; they afterwards used pellets of brass, which were at length exchanged for black and white beans, a mode of balloting which we have ourselves adopted. Lucian, after mentioning other superstitious notions of the Pythagoreans with respect to beans, humorously introduces this, which he supposes might be just as good a reason for abstaining from beans as any of the rest.

† *A golden thigh* ] The story of the golden thigh is mentioned by Porphyry, Jamblichus, and several other writers. Origen alone has turned the golden into an ivory one.

‡ *But a god.*] Alluding to the last of what are generally called the Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

Εσσειαι αθανατος Θεος αμφοροτος. ηκετι θεητος.  
Thou shalt not be a mortal, but a god.



Greece which lies round about Croton and Tarentum : the truth is, he is not bought by one, but by three or four hundred of them, who are to possess him in common.

J U P I T E R.

Well, let them take him away : bring out another.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have that dirty fellow, from Pontus ?

J U P I T E R.

By all means.

M E R C U R Y.

Hark ye ! you round-shoulders, with the fatchel on your back, come this way, and walk round the bench. Here is a character for you, gentlemen, manly, noble, free : who bids here ?

B I D D E R.

What is that you say, cryer ? sell a freeman !

M E R C U R Y.

Yes.

B I D D E R.

And are not you afraid he should summon you to the Areopagus for making him a slave ?

M E R C U R Y.

He never minds being sold ; for he thinks himself free in every place.

B I D D E R.

But what use can I make of such a dirty ill-looking fellow ! unless I wanted a digger, or a water-carrier.

M E R C U R Y.

O he is fitter for a porter at your door ; you will find him faithful as a dog ; \* a dog, indeed, he is called.

B I D D E R.

What sort of a fellow is he ; and what does he profess himself ?

M E R C U R Y.

Ask him, that is the best way.

B I D D E R.

I am afraid, by his fierce furlly countenance, that he will bark at me when I come near him, or perhaps bite : do not you see how he takes up his staff, knits his brow, and looks angry and threatening ?

\* *A dog indeed.*] For the appellation I refer the reader to a former note. Lucian's account of the Cynic philosopher is excellent.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

Do not be afraid of him, he is quite tame.

B I D D E R.

In the first place, then, good man, of what country are you ?

D I O G E N E S.

Of all countries.

B I D D E R.

How is that ?

D I O G E N E S.

I am a citizen of the world.

B I D D E R.

Who are you a follower of ?

D I O G E N E S.

Hercules.

B I D D E R.

I see you resemble him by the club ; have you got the lion's skin too ?

D I O G E N E S.

My lion's skin is this old cloak : I wage war, like him, against pleasures, not, indeed, by \* command, but of my own free will, appointed to reform the world.

B I D D E R.

A noble design : but what is your art, and in what does your principal knowledge consist ?

D I O G E N E S.

I am the deliverer of mankind, the physician of the passions, the prophet of universal truth and liberty.

B I D D E R.

Well, Mr. prophet, if I buy you, in what manner will you instruct me ?

D I O G E N E S.

I shall take you first, strip you of all your finery, put you on an old cloak, keep you poor, make you work hard, lie upon the ground, drink water, and take what food you can get : if you have any riches, at my command you must throw them into the sea : wife, children, and country you must take no notice of, deeming them all trifles : you must leave your father's house, and live in a sepulchre, some deserted tower, or a tub. Your scrip, however, shall be full of lupines, and parchments, scrawled over

\* *By command.*] The labours of Hercules were all performed by command of Eurystheus, at the instigation of Juno.

\* on the outside. In this condition you shall say you are happier than the † great king. If any body beats or torments you, you shall think it no hardship, nor complain of it.

B I D D E R.

How! not complain when I am beaten: I have not the shell of a crab or a tortoise.

D I O G E N E S.

You shall say, with a very little alteration, what Euripides did.

B I D D E R.

What's that?

D I O G E N E S.

‡ My mind is hurt, but my tongue shall not complain. But now, mind how you are to behave: you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to every body, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanor suitable to it: every thing you say savage and uncouth: modesty, equity, and moderation you must have nothing to do with: never suffer a blush to come upon your cheek: seek the most public and frequented place, but when you are there desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire. Do that boldly, before every body, which nobody else would do even in § private, and let your amours be as ridiculous as possible: at length, if you chuse it, you may die with eating a raw || polypus, or an onion. And this felicity I heartily wish you may attain to.

\* *On the outside.*] People of fashion never wrote but on the inside of the parchment, though the poorer sort made use of the outside also. Juvenal alludes to this in his first Satire,

Scriptus et in tergo, &c.

† *The great king.*] The king of Persia,

Μεγας δε βασιλευς εχθι δια τετον κομα;

Aristophanes in his *Plutus*, ver. 170.

So Horace also,

Perfarum vigui rege beator.

‡ *My mind, &c.*] See the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, v. 612.

§ *In private.*] Quid ego de Cynicis loquar? says Lactantius, quibus in propatulo coire cum conjugibus mos fuit? Sic Crates cum uxore palam in pocile rem habuit.

|| *A raw polypus.*] Alluding to the death of Democritus, who, some say, died in this manner. Laertius, however, assures us, that he lived to the age of a hundred, and died of old age.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

Away with thee : thy tenets are filthy, and abhorrent to humanity.

D I O G E N E S.

But hark ye, friend, after all, mine is the easiest way, and you may go it without any trouble : it is a short cut to glory, you will want no education, learning, or trifles of that sort : be you ever so ignorant, a cobbler, a sausage-monger, a blacksmith, or a futler, you will not be a whit the less admired, provided you have but impudence enough, and a good knack at abuse.

B I D D E R.

I want you not for such things : you may serve, however, by and by, for a sailor, or a gardener, if he will sell you for two oboli.

M E R C U R Y.

Aye, aye, take him ; for he is so troublesome, makes such a noise, and is so abusive and insolent to every body, that we shall be glad to get rid of him.

J U P I T E R.

Come, call up another : let us have that Cyrenian there, in purple, with the garland on.

M E R C U R Y.

Now, gentlemen, draw near : this a valuable commodity, indeed, and demands a rich purchaser. The sweet, the lovely, the thrice happy : which of you longs for pleasure ? Which of you buys my most \* delicate of all philosophers ?

B I D D E R.

Come this way, you, and tell me what you know ; I will buy you if you are good for any thing.

M E R C U R Y.

Do not disturb him, friend, nor ask him any questions ; for he is so tipsy, and his tongue falters so, he cannot answer you.

B I D D E R.

What man in his senses then would buy such a debauched good-for-nothing fellow ! How he smells of ointment ! staggers as he walks, and goes all a-wry ! but tell me yourself, Mercury, what is he good for ?

\* *Most delicate, &c.*] Aristippus (see Stanley), chief of the Cyrenaic sect of philosophers : he leaned to the doctrine of Epicurus, and, from what we can gather concerning him, was rather of base principles. Pope, however, has put him into better company than Lucian, if now alive, would probably think him fit for,

— Like Aristippus, or St. Paul,

— Grow all to all.

M E R C U R Y.

To sum up his character, he is a boon companion, and an excellent toper; very fit, in company with a fidler, to wait upon a luxurious and intriguing master; an expert cook, extremely knowing in dainties, and, in short, a perfect master in the science of luxury. He was brought up, and served under the tyrants of Sicily, with whom he was in high esteem: the whole of his philosophy consists in treating every thing with indifference, enjoying as much as he can, and industriously searching after pleasure wherever it can be met with.

B I D D E R.

You must look for another buyer amongst the rich and great; I cannot afford to purchase such a very merry companion.

M E R C U R Y.

I fancy, Jupiter, he must stay with us, for nobody will buy him.

J U P I T E R.

Let him stand on one side. Bring out another, or let us have those \* two, one from Abdera, that is always laughing, the other from Ephesus, that is for ever crying: we will sell them both together.

M E R C U R Y.

Come down, you, and stand here in the middle. Take notice, gentlemen, I am putting up two of the best and wisest philosophers in the world.

B I D D E R.

O Jupiter! what a contrast! one never ceases laughing, the other seems to lament the loss of somebody; for he is weeping perpetually. Hark ye, you, what do you laugh at?

D E M O C R I T U S.

Can you ask me? Every thing you have is ridiculous, and you yourselves as ridiculous.

B I D D E R.

Sayest thou so? You laugh at us all then, and think every thing we have is of no value!

D E M O C R I T U S.

Most certainly: there is nothing serious in them: all is vanity: the sport of atoms: all infinite, all undefinable.

B I D D E R.

No such thing: you are vain indeed, and undefineable yourself. What

\* Two.] Democritus and Heraclitus.

insolence!

infotence! you will never have done laughing—But now to you, friend, for you I had rather talk with: what is it you cry for?

HERACLITUS.

Stranger, I think all the affairs of men deserve our lamentation and our tears, nor is there any thing belonging to them that is not doomed to misery; therefore do I weep and lament. The present evil I hold not so great, but those to come are terrible indeed: the burning and total destruction of all things. I lament that nothing is firm and permanent, but all mixed, as it were, into one bitter potion, \* painful pleasure, ignorant knowledge, great is small, and high is low, for ever turning about and changing in the childhood of human life.

BIDDER.

What then would you call life?

HERACLITUS.

A child playing, throwing marbles about, and quarrelling.

BIDDER.

What are men?

HERACLITUS.

Mortal gods.

BIDDER.

And what the gods?

HERACLITUS.

Immortal men.

BIDDER.

You talk in riddles and † griphi, friend; like the Loxian Apollo, you speak nothing clear or intelligible.

HERACLITUS.

I trouble not my head about you.

BIDDER.

Nobody, therefore, in their senses will purchase you.

HERACLITUS.

I command you all to weep, buyers or no buyers, great and small, one with another.

\* *Painful pleasure.*] Τερψις ἀτερψις. The followers of Heraclitus talked also of *καίρος ἀκαίρος*, *ασοφὸς σοφία*, *ἀσέβης εὐσεβία*, with a hundred other quaintnesses of the same kind, merely to puzzle and perplex. Hippocrates, in his treatise *De Diæta*, gives a particular account of Heraclitus's philosophy, to which I refer my readers.

† *Griphi.*] The *griphi* were not very different from our riddles and conundrums, though they required, perhaps, a little more learning to unravel them. See Athenæus, book x.

B I D D E R.

This borders upon melancholy madnefs. I will have nothing to do with either of them.

M E R C U R Y.

Neither of these, then, will go off, I find

J U P I T E R.

Put up another.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have the Athenian? the prating man?

J U P I T E R.

Aye.

M E R C U R Y.

Come hither, you Sir: here, gentlemen, is the good, the prudent, the most holy: who bids for him?

B I D D E R.

Tell me, Sir, what are your perfections?

S O C R A T E S.

I am fond of boys, and a great proficient in the art of love.

B I D D E R.

Then I must not buy you, for I wanted a tutor for my child, who is very handsome.

S O C R A T E S.

And who is fitter than myself to take care of a beautiful youth? I am no lover of the body; it is the beauty of the soul that I admire: be not alarmed, though they lie under the same \* covering with me, they will tell you I never hurt them.

B I D D E R.

A lover of boys, and think of nothing but their minds! under the same covering too. It is rather incredible.

S O C R A T E S.

By the † dog and plane-tree, but it is so.

\* *The same covering.*] The story, here alluded to, is told at large by Alcibiades, in the Symposium of Plato, to which I refer the curious reader. Lucian is not the only writer who has attacked the character of Socrates with regard to his pæderasty. The silence, however, of contemporary authors on this head, particularly Aristophanes, who treated him so severely in other respects, seems to exculpate him from any crime of this nature.

† *By the dog.*] That is, by Cerberus; this is called *Ραδαμανθίνος ορκος*, the oath of Rhadamanthus, who, it seems, made a law that his subjects should swear thus (for a very good reason), *ὕπερ τε μη τῶς θεῶν ἐπι πᾶσιν ὀνομαζέω*, that they might not make use of the names of the gods on every trifling occasion: Socrates, therefore, did it conscientiously, and with a pious intention. Lucian's making him swear this strange oath puts us in mind of Bobadil's swearing by the foot of Pharaoh, &c.

B I D-

B I D D E R.

O Hercules! what strange kind of gods to swear by!

S O C R A T E S.

How! is not the dog a god? Knowest thou not how great Anubis is in Ægypt, and Sirius in heaven, and Cerberus in hell?

B I D D E R.

You are right; I was mistaken: but what is your manner of living?

S O C R A T E S.

I live in a certain city, which I built myself, in a new \* republic, and abide by my own laws.

B I D D E R.

I should be glad to hear one of them.

S O C R A T E S.

I will tell you one that I made, the greatest of them all, concerning women: it is enacted, that none shall be the property of any particular person; but that as many as please may come in for a share of her after marriage.

B I D D E R.

How is that! annul the laws against adultery!

S O C R A T E S.

Aye, by Jove, and put an end at once to all the idle talk about such trifles.

B I D D E R.

And what have you decreed with regard to boys in the flower of their youth?

S O C R A T E S.

These are reserved for the good and brave, as their reward after any noble and great action.

B I D D E R.

What amazing generosity! But what is your great discovery, the crown, as it were, of your wisdom?

S O C R A T E S.

The ideas and resemblances of things: for know, of whatever thou beholdest, the earth, and all belonging to it, heaven, and the sea on the outside of this world, there are certain invisible images.

\* *A republic.*] Alluding to Plato's famous tract *De Republica*. My readers will observe, that this account of Socrates is meant by Lucian as a ridicule on every part of the Platonic philosophy.

B I D.



B I D D E R.

And where are they?

S O C R A T E S.

No where; \* if they could be in any place, they would not be at all.

B I D D E R.

I see no such images as you talk of.

S O C R A T E S.

And no wonder; for the eyes of your soul are blinded: but I see the images of all things: I see another body of thine, not visible to the corporeal eye, and another of myself: every thing, in short, is double.

B I D D E R.

You are so wise, and so sharp-sighted, I must purchase you—What do you ask for him?

M E R C U R Y.

You must give me two talents.

B I D D E R.

I take him at that price. I will pay you the money presently.

M E R C U R Y.

What is your name?

B I D D E R.

† Dion of Syracuse.

M E R C U R Y.

Take him away, and speed you well with him. Now, Epicurus, I must call you. Who buys him? This, gentlemen, is a † disciple of the laughing philosopher, and the drunken one, whom I just now put up to sale: he has the advantage of them both in one thing, that he has more wickedness in him. Moreover, he is very good-natured, and a great lover of eating.

B I D D E R.

What is the price of him?

M E R C U R Y.

Two minæ.

B I D D E R.

Take them: but tell me what food is he most fond of?

\* *If they could, &c.*] See Stanley's Plato. The Platonic doctrine of ideas is, to say the truth, very obscure and unintelligible, as may be seen by consulting the works of that philosopher, and Lucian has accordingly represented it in the most ridiculous light.

† *Dion of Syracuse.*] See Cornelius Nepos's Life of Dion. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Plato was sold in Sicily for twenty minæ. Book xv. p. 461.

‡ *A disciple, &c.*] Epicurus is called a disciple of Democritus, because he adopted his theory of atoms; and of Aristippus also, because his ideas of sensual pleasure were supposed to coincide, in a great measure, with those of that celebrated philosopher.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

He lives upon sweet things, such as have the taste of honey, particularly, figs.

B I D D E R.

They are easily procured: I will buy him a load of—good \* Carians.

J U P I T E R.

Call another: him yonder, with the bald pate and forrowful countenance, from the portico.

M E R C U R Y.

Well thought on: for a number of people are 'got, I see, about the market-place, in expectation of him. I am now, gentlemen, going to sell the most perfect of all men, virtue itself: which amongst you is desirous of engrossing all knowledge?

B I D D E R.

What sayest thou?

M E R C U R Y.

He alone is wise, he alone is beautiful, just, brave, a rhetorician, a legislator, a monarch, and what not?

B I D D E R.

An excellent cook too, I suppose, a cobbler, a smith, and so forth.

M E R C U R Y.

So it seems.

B I D D E R.

Come this way, friend, and tell me, for I am going to buy you, what sort of a man you are: and first of all, inform me, whether you are not sadly chagrined at being sold thus for a slave.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Not at all: these things are not in our own power, and what is not in our power should be indifferent to us.

B I D D E R.

I do not understand you.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Not understand me? do not you know that some things are † preferable and others rejectable?

B I D-

\* *Carians.*] i. e. Carian figs: the best figs came from Rhodes, those of Caria were an inferior sort, and generally given to slaves, and for this reason, as being cheaper, they are preferred by the purchaser of Epicurus, for whom he thinks they would be good enough.

† *Preferable.*] See Stanley's account of the Stoics. It would take up more time than either I or my readers have to spare, to explain all the tenets and opinions here alluded to. I must refer

B I D D E R.

Still unintelligible.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

May be so: you are not accustomed to our terms, nor have the faculty of cataleptic perception; but the learned, who understand the rationale of things, not only know this, but can tell the difference between the symbama and parafymbama.

B I D D E R.

Symbama and parafymbama! in the name of philosophy, I intreat thee let me know the meaning of them: for I know not how it is, but the harmony of these words strikes my ear most surprisngly: do not refuse me.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

I will not: suppose a man that is lame hits his lame foot against a stone, and is suddenly wounded, now the lameness which he had before was symbama, or the accident; and the wound which he got over and above is the parafymbama, or accident upon accident.

B I D D E R.

How ingenious! What else are you famous for?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Word-nets, which I catch every body in that talks to me: I hedge them in, and dumb-found them immediately; and this I do by my renowned syllogism.

B I D D E R.

A most powerful and invincible faculty indeed!

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Observe now: suppose you have a little boy.

B I D D E R.

Well, what then?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

If by chance, as he is rambling by the river side a \* crocodile should seize upon him, and promise afterwards to restore the child to you, on condition that you tell him truly whether he had determined at that time,

refer the curious, therefore, to Diog. Laertius, Cicero De Finibus, and, above all, to the excellent Stanley's History of Philosophers, and shall never enter into a full explanation of the terms but when it is absolutely necessary.

\* *A crocodile.*] This species of argumentation, quibble, quiddity, or whatever we may chuse to call it, takes its name, like the rest, from a ridiculous and improbable circumstance, invented for the purpose, and is amongst those absurdities, the bare mention of which, without any remark or illustration, renders it sufficiently ridiculous.

in

in his own mind to restore him or not: what would you say was the crocodile's resolution?

B I D D E R.

You have asked me a question not easy to be resolved, nor can I possibly answer it. I beseech you answer it yourself; lest, before I am able to do it, my boy should be devoured.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Never fear: I will teach you more wonderful things than this.

B I D D E R.

What are they?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

\* The reaper, the ruler, the Electra, and the mask.

B I D D E R.

What do you mean by the mask, and the Electra?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

I mean Electra, the famous daughter of Agamemnon; who knew something, and at the same time knew it not. When Orestes stood before her undiscovered, she knew Orestes was her brother, but she knew not that he who stood before her was Orestes.

But now you shall hear the mask, that most admirable of all syllogisms. Answer me, now, do you know your own father?

B I D D E R.

Aye, sure.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Suppose then a man standing before you masked, and I ask you, do you know this man? What would you say?

B I D D E R.

Certainly: that I did not know him.

• *The reaper, &c.*] “Sophismatis hujus (says the famous annotator M. du S.) meminere alii antiqui scriptores, nemo autem exemplum affert unde certo quid fuerit, constat:” and a little after, speaking of the ruler, “hujus, says he, Diog. Laert. oblitus videtur, nec quid sit, conjectura assequi possum.” M. du S. we see fairly, acknowledges, with regard to both the reaper and the ruler, that he cannot tell what they were, nor does he know how to explain them. It is a task, therefore, which I shall not presume to undertake: though, by raking painfully into the dust of antiquity, all these strange riddles might probably be solved: but the reader, I hope, will think with me, that, “il ne vaut pas la peine.” Chryippus and his followers had, we are told, a great many more of these pretty sophisms of different appellations, such as the Sorites, Achilles, Cornuta, Nemo, and several others, equally ridiculous with those which Lucian laughs at: these were adopted and improved upon by our schoolmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And yet that very man was your father : if you did not know him, therefore, it is plain you do not know your own father.

B I D D E R.

True ; but if he was unmasked, I should know him well enough. But, inform me ; what is the end of all your wisdom, and when you are arrived at the perfection of virtue, how will you act ?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Follow nature, and enjoy her blessings, as riches, health, and so forth : but first we must labour hard, pore over small written manuscripts, collect commentaries, abound in \* solecisms and obscurity ; and, to crown all, you can never be a wise man without taking three draughts of hellebore.

B I D D E R.

All this is noble, and worthy of a man ; but, tell me, to be a usurer (for so you seem to intimate), does that too become the man who is purged with hellebore, and arrived at the perfection of virtue ?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Most certainly : only the wise should be usurers : for to † syllogize, you know, and to scrape together is the same thing : moreover, it becomes the wise man, not only to take interest, but interest upon interest : for knowest thou not that there is a first usury, and likewise a second usury, the daughter of it ? you see, therefore, what the ‡ syllogism says, if the wise man may take the first usury, he may take the second ; now he does take the first, ergo, he may take the second.

B I D D E R.

We may say the same thing then with regard to the stipend you receive from your pupils, whence it plainly appears, that none but good men take a reward for teaching virtue.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

You are perfectly right ; nor do I take it for my own sake, but for the

\* *Solecisms.*] See Watts's Logic.

† *To syllogize, &c.*] The wit of this depends on the similitude of sound between two Greek words of different significations : but puns, as Addison observes, are untranslatable.

‡ *The syllogism.*] Lucian's observation here is no less arch than true, and in ridicule of the ancient philosophers, tends to shew, that by puzzling syllogism, and false reasoning, men may prove any thing ; and not only this, but immediately after, by the same method, prove the direct contrary, as appears in the example of the stone which follows.

fake of him that gives it to me; for as one man must be the pourer in, the other the pourer out, is is proper I should be the former, and my disciple the latter.

B I D D E R.

I thought you said just the contrary: that the young man took every thing in, and that you, who alone are rich, were the pourer out.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

You make a jest of it: but take care I do not shoot at you with my \* indemonstrable syllogism.

B I D D E R.

And what am I to fear from that arrow?

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Eternal doubt, everlasting silence, and total distraction of mind. This moment, for instance, if I have a mind, I can prove you to be a stone.

B I D D E R.

Into a stone, say you? You are a † Perseus then, it seems.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Thus, then, I proceed: is a stone a body?

B I D D E R.

Certainly.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And what is an animal, is not that a body?

B I D D E R.

No doubt of it.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

And are not you an animal?

B I D D E R.

So it seems.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

If you are a body, therefore, you must be a stone.

B I D D E R.

By no means: but for heaven's sake set me free, and make me a man again, as I was before.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

So I will, with all the ease in the world: answer me now, is every body an animal?

\* *Indemonstrable.*] See Diogen. Laert.

† *A Perseus.*] Alluding to the well-known story of the Gorgon's head, which turned the beholder into stone.

B I D D E R.

No.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Is a stone an animal?

B I D D E R.

No.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Are you a body?

B I D D E R.

Certainly.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Being a body, you are an animal!

B I D D E R.

True.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Being an animal, therefore, you cannot be a stone.

B I D D E R.

Very well done, indeed; the vital spirit was just departing, and my limbs, like Niobe's, began to petrify. I will buy you, however: what is the price of him?

M E R C U R Y.

Twelve minæ.

B I D D E R.

Here, take the money.

M E R C U R Y.

Do you purchase him for yourself only?

B I D D E R.

No: for all these that you see here.

M E R C U R Y.

A fine number of them, indeed, rare broad-shouldered fellows, and fit for \* reapers.

J U P I T E R.

Come, let us have no delays; call out another.

M E R C U R Y.

Come forth, you † Peripatetic there, the beautiful, the rich: now, gentlemen, who buys my wisest of all philosophers, skilled in every science.

B I D D E R.

What is he famous for?

\* For reapers.] Τα θεριζοντες λογος αξιοι, says Lucian, i. e. digni qui collegant manipulas, aut opus agris faciunt: proper fellows for reapers, alluding to the sophism above mentioned, called by that name.

† Peripatetic.] Aristotle.

M E R.

M E R C U R Y.

Temperance, justice, knowledge of life, and, above all, for his \* double character.

B I D D E R.

What do you mean?

M E R C U R Y.

He appears one thing without, and another within; remember, therefore, before you purchase him, some call him esoteric, and some exoteric.

B I D D E R.

What are his principal tenets?

M E R C U R Y.

That the † *summum bonum* consists in three things, in the soul, in the body, and in externals.

B I D D E R.

He seems to have great knowledge of mankind. What do you ask for him?

M E R C U R Y.

Twenty minæ.

B I D D E R.

A great price!

M E R C U R Y.

By no means, friend; for he seems to have something rich about him, so that you would be no loser by the purchase: besides, he can tell you how long a flea lives, to what depth the sea is lighted by the sun, and what sort of soul oysters have.

B I D D E R.

O Hercules! what a curious discussion!

M E R C U R Y.

What would you say if you were to hear his infinitely more subtle discoveries concerning feed, and generation, and the formation of embryos in the womb; and how man is a rifible animal, and an afs neither a rifible animal, nor a building, nor a failing one.

\* *Double character.*] Alluding to Aristotle's τῆς λόγου ἰσσηρικῆς τῆς διαλεκτικῆς, ἐξωτερικῆς τῆς ἰστορικῆς, the doctrine of Aristotle, we are told, was of two kinds, exoteric, and acroatic: under the first were ranked rhetoric, meditation, nice disputes on the knowledge of civil things; under the other, the more remote and subtle philosophy, the contemplation of nature, and dialective disceptations. See Stanley's Life of Aristotle.

† *Summum bonum.*] Aristotle held that the summum bonum, or greatest possible beatitude, consisted in the function of perfect life, according to virtue; and the use of virtue, according to nature, without any impediment.

B I D.



B I D D E R.

Most wonderful doctrines, indeed, and amazingly useful! I will give you twenty for him.

M E R C U R Y.

Very well. Who have we left? O, this Sceptic, you \* Pyrrhian there, stand forth, that you may be sold immediately: numbers are going away, I see, and the sale must be amongst a very few. Now, gentlemen, who buys him?

B I D D E R.

I will: but first tell me, you, what do you know?

† P H I L O S O P H E R.

Nothing.

B I D D E R.

What do you mean?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That nothing appears to me to be certain.

B I D D E R.

And are we nothing ourselves?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That I am not certain of.

B I D D E R.

And do you know yourself to be nothing?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

That I am still more in doubt about.

B I D D E R.

Strange perplexity! but what are those scales for?

P H I L O S O P H E R.

In them I weigh the reasons on each side, and when I find the balance equal on both, conclude that I know nothing.

B I D D E R.

And can you do any thing else well?

\* *Pyrrhia.*] Meaning Pyrrho, the famous sceptic; as he is putting up to sale, he calls him Pyrrhia, the name of a slave.

† *Philosopher.*] As nothing remains in the original but the initial letters ΦΙΛ. the commentators are in doubt whether Lucian meant the contraction Phil. for Philosopher, or the famous sceptic Philo. I have preferred the former, because Pyrrho, the founder, had been mentioned before, and Lucian did not mean to change the person, but only to call him by the general name of philosopher; it is a matter, however, of no great consequence which name we call him by.

PHILOSOPHER.

Every thing, but overtake a fugitive.

BIDDER.

And why not that ?

PHILOSOPHER.

Because, friend, I cannot \* apprehend him.

BIDDER.

I believe you, for you seem very lazy, and very ignorant : but what is the sum of all your knowlege ?

PHILOSOPHER.

To learn nothing, to hear nothing, and to see nothing.

BIDDER.

And so, you say, you are deaf and blind.

PHILOSOPHER.

Aye, and, moreover, without sense or judgment, and in nothing differing from a mere worm.

BIDDER.

With all these good qualities, I shall certainly buy you : what do you think him worth ?

MERCURY.

An Attic mina.

BIDDER.

There it is : what say you, friend, have I † bought you ?

PHILOSOPHER.

That remains a doubt.

BIDDER.

By no means, for I have bought and paid for you.

PHILOSOPHER.

That I must consider on, and call in question.

BIDDER.

Follow me, however, as a servant ought.

PHILOSOPHER.

Who knows whether you speak truth or not ?

\* *Apprehend him.*] ἢ καταλαμβάνων. “ *Καταλαμβάνειν*, says a learned commentator, ad intellectus facultatem creberrime referunt Sceptici, negantque aliquid a se COMPREHENDI.” The word apprehend, luckily answers exactly to the original in its double sense.

† *Have I bought you.*] The Sceptic’s doubting, after all, whether he was bought or not, and whether any body was present, are fine strokes of true humour. The whole satire on the absurdity of universal Scepticism, is, indeed, inimitable.

BID-

B I D D E R.

The crier there, my money, and every body here present.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

And are there any present ?

B I D D E R.

I shall throw you into the \* mill, and convince you that I am your master, by † chirology.

P H I L O S O P H E R.

Of that I beg leave to doubt.

B I D D E R.

By heaven, but I have determined it already.

M E R C U R Y.

Cease contradicting, and follow your master. I invite you all here, gentlemen, tomorrow, when I shall sell you some common people, lawyers, mechanics, and so forth.

\* *The mill.*] This was a common punishment, both amongst the Greeks and Romans. Terence always sends his slaves ad pistrinum.

† *Chirology.*] The critics explain this passage, by telling us that the κρειττω λογος, or best kind of argument, was that which, by dint of sophisms, could make the weaker cause appear the strongest; and, on the contrary, the ηττω, or χειρω λογος, was the worst, or weakest kind of argument, which made even a good and just cause appear to be a bad and unjust one: and this is the argument by which the buyer was to convince the philosopher that he was in the wrong. Lucian, however, seems to me, in this place, though it is not suggested by any of his commentators, to play upon the word χειρω, and to intimate that the philosopher should be convinced by the hand argument (in the same manner as we say argumentum baculinum), or a good beating, which I have ventured to render by the word chirology, which may be applied to both meanings.

T H E

T H E  
F I S H E R M A N,  
A D I A L O G U E.

*The excellent Satire of the preceding Dialogue, apparently aimed at the false Philosophers of Antiquity, who, to speak in the Language of Scripture, professing themselves to be wise, became Fools, had so alarmed the whole indignant Race, that they fell upon LUCIAN, we may suppose, as the Heroes of the Dunciad did on Pope, with no small Degree of Acrimony and Resentment. In the following Answer to their Accusations, he defends himself in such a Manner, as must convince every impartial Reader, that he was an Enemy, not to true, but false Philosophy. This Dialogue is called the FISHERMAN, from a very laughable Circumstance, introduced towards the End of it. The whole abounds with good Sense, Wit, and Humour.*

S O C R A T E S.

**P**ELT, pelt the rascal with stones upon stones; at him again with clods; cover him with shells, bruise him with staves: do not let him get away from you: at him, Plato; at him, Chryfippus; and you, and you: let us make a phalanx of shields, and fall upon him all together:

\* Let staves on staves, on pouches pouches fall,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.

He is our common enemy, and there is not one of us whom he hath not abused. Now, Diogenes, if ever, use your club, and do not spare him; let the blasphemous wretch suffer the punishment he has deserved:

† Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.

\* *Let staves, &c.*] A parody on that verse in Homer,

Ως φρητην φρητηφην αρηνη, φυλα δε φυλοις.

Il. book B'. 363.

In tribes, and nations, to divide thy train,  
His separate troops, let every reader call,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 431.

† *Now call to mind.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 287.

Aristotle, make more haste : that is right : the wild beast is taken : we have got you, rascal, and will teach you soon who it is you have calumniated. What shall we do with him ? Let each of us find out a different way of killing him, so we shall all be revenged : he ought to suffer \* seven deaths from every one of us.

P L A T O.

† Let him be crucified.

S O C R A T E S.

But first, by Jupiter, I will have him whipped.

C H R Y S I P P U S.

Dig out his eyes.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Better pluck his tongue out.

S O C R A T E S.

What say you, Empedocles ?

E M P E D O C L E S.

Throw him into the furnace of mount Ætna, that he may take heed for the future how he abuses his betters.

P L A T O.

O, best of all ! like Orpheus, or Pentheus, let him be torn to pieces amongst the rocks, that every one of us may take a bit of him before we go.

L U C I A N.

O do not, do not ! spare me, I entreat you, by suppliant, befriending Jove.

S O C R A T E S.

It is decreed, and nothing can save thee. Hear what ‡ Homer says— and expect nothing but

\* *Seven deaths.*] That is, seven deaths from each of the seven philosophers whom he had abused : thus each man was to revenge, not only his own cause, but that of every one of his brethren, who had suffered the same indignity : this, no doubt, was the summum jus, which is so often and so truly called summa injuria.

† *Let him, &c.*] The transcribers of Lucian have here, in my opinion, much injured the original, by putting all the punishments into the mouth of Plato, as the satire is certainly more pointed by dividing them, as I have done in the translation : Plato is for hanging, Socrates for whipping, Chrysisippus for digging out his eyes, and Pythagoras (who the reader will remember enjoined silence to his followers), is for cutting out his tongue : whereas, by making Plato speak the whole, all the humour and propriety is lost.

Swift had probably this passage of Lucian in his view, in his humorous account of the poisoning Edmund Curl.

‡ *Homer say.*] Part of Achilles' furious speech to Hector, when he is going to kill him. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 338.

Such

Such leagues as men and furious lions join.

LUCIAN.

Let Homer, then, speak for me also; perchance you will revere his words, and not despise the reciter.

\* Spare a good man, and, for the life I owe,  
Rich heaps of brags shall in thy tent be told,  
And steel, well-temper'd, and persuasive gold;  
Which ev'n the wisest love.

PLATO.

Homer will supply us with an answer too: for instance,

† Think not to live, tho' all thy gold be shown:  
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife,  
To risk, more bravely, thy now forfeit life?

LUCIAN.

Wretch that I am! even my best hope, my Homer, fails me. I must fly to Euripides; he, perhaps, may save me.

○ Save the suppliant man! for him, thou know'st,  
'Tis impious to destroy.

PLATO.

And does not the same Euripides say,  
Shall not the evil-doer suffer ill?

LUCIAN.

And must I then be killed for a few words only?

PLATO.

By Jove, you shall; for, as he says in another place,

‡ The sure reward of an unbridled tongue,  
And impious pride, is misery, and woe.

LUCIAN.

If by no art, or subterfuge whatever, I can escape, and you are determined to make an end of me, at least inform me what irremediable injury I have done you, that you should thus seize upon, and condemn me.

\* *Spare a good, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xi. and other places; the words, "Which ev'n the wisest love," are not in Homer, but added by Lucian.

† *Think not to live.*] From Diomed's speech to Dolon. See Pope's Iliad, book x. l. 517.

‡ *The sure reward, &c.*] See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

P L A T O.

Ask thyself, villain, what thou hast done; ask those \* fine books thou hast written, where thou hast traduced Philosophy herself, and shamefully abused us; putting up to public sale philosophers, and, what is more, freemen: incensed at this, as well we may be, we have got leave of Pluto to leave the infernal mansions; Chryfippus here, and Epicurus, and myself, and Aristotle, and silent Pythagoras, and Diogenes, and all those, whom thou, in thy writings, hast so inhumanly torn to pieces.

L U C I A N.

Now I begin to breathe again; for I am sure you will not kill me when you know how I have really behaved towards you; therefore, throw away your stones, or rather, if you please, keep them for those who deserve them better.

P L A T O.

Nonfense: I tell you, die you must, and this very day,

† Prepare for death, thy deeds have well-deserv'd it.

L U C I A N.

And would you, good men as you are, kill your familiar friend, one who wishes you well; one whom you ought rather to commend, who thinks with you; one, who if it is not too much arrogance to boast of it, may be called the patron and promoter of your studies, and has laboured so much in your service. Take heed you do not act like the philosophers of these our days, who are angry with, and ungrateful to, the man who has deserved every thing from them.

P L A T O.

What impudence! as if we were indebted to you for your abuse, and you really thought you were conversing with slaves, and all your calumny and reproach, it seems, is a favour conferred upon us.

L U C I A N.

Where, and when, have I ever abused or reproached you? I, who, through all my life, have praised and admired philosophy; always extolling you, and studying your works: whence have I borrowed every thing I say, but from you? tasting, like the bee, your flowers, and producing the honey to man-

\* *Those fine books, &c.*] The Sale of Philosophers.

† *Prepare, &c.*]

Λαινον εισσο χιτωνα, κακων ενικ' οσσα νοργας.

Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 57.

kind:

kind: They know from whom it comes, distinguish every flower, and admire, praise, and envy him, who gathered it: though, in truth, their praises are due to you alone, and to that fertile meadow which produces them in such infinite numbers and variety, as requires a skilful hand, so to blend and unite them, that they may recommend and adorn each other. And can he, who thus enjoys your bounty, speak ill of those to whom he is so much obliged; those, to whom alone he is indebted for his character, and reputation? unless he were of the same disposition with \* *Thamyris*, or † *Eurytus*, of old, who pretended to vie with the very Muses, that inspired him; or contend with Apollo himself, and aim a dart at him, who taught him the use of the quiver.

## P L A T O.

This is all rhetorical declamation, directly contrary to the truth, and only makes your insolent behaviour more unpardonable; to the injury, you have done us, it adds ingratitude also; for receiving, by your own confession, arms from us, you turned them against us; made us your butt, and said every thing you could against us. This was the reward we met with, for opening our field, and permitting you to fill your bosom with our spoils: and for this, you but the more deserve to perish.

## L U C I A N.

Observe, now, how you give ear to resentment alone, unmindful of justice. Little did I think that ever anger would thus subdue Plato, Aristotle, Chrysisippus, or any of you; you, whom, of all men, I looked upon as far from such weakness. Surely, however, my most venerable adversaries, you will not kill me unheard, and unconvicted: do not determine any thing by force, or violence; but hear the arguments on both sides, and decide according to equity and truth. Appoint, therefore, a judge, let all accuse me, or any one of you whom you shall choose by vote, and I will answer to the crimes alleged against me. If it appears that I have done

\* *Thamyris*.] *Thamyris* was so renowned for his skill in music, as to rival his master Apollo, who, growing jealous, took his eyes and lyre away from him.

† *Eurytus*.] *Eurytus* was king of Oechalia, and famous for his skill in archery. He proposed his daughter, Iole, in marriage, to any person that could conquer him at the exercise of the bow. This, probably, gave rise to the story of his rivalling Apollo, and being slain by him. Homer calls him, vain *Eurytus*,

— whose art became his crime,  
Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime.

See Pope's *Odyssey*, book viii. l. 257.

you



you any wrong, and justice condemns me, I am content to suffer the punishment deserved: and you will do no violence. If, on the trial, I shall be found innocent and irreprehensible, the judge will acquit me, and you will turn your resentment towards those who deceived, and set you against me.

P L A T O.

What! turn the \* horse into the field; so you may deceive the judges, and escape. It is well known you are an able orator, a subtle pleader, and rather too knowing in disputation: what judge can we have whom you will not bribe (for you are capable of any baseness), to give sentence in your favour?

L U C I A N.

Be satisfied with regard to that: I want no partial, or suspected judge, none who will sell me their opinion; for, behold I have brought with me, and here appoint your own Philosophy, herself, to be our umpire.

P L A T O.

But, if we are judges, who is to be the accuser?

L U C I A N.

You shall yourselves be both; nor am I fearful of the event: so much have I the better of the cause, and infinitely more than is necessary in my favour.

P L A T O.

What say you, Socrates and Pythagoras? The man desires nothing unreasonable, when he thus provokes the trial: how must we act?

S O C R A T E S.

What can we do, but proceed to the tribunal, and, taking Philosophy with us, hear what he has to say in his defence: for to condemn without trial, becometh not men like us, but fools alone, the slaves of anger, and those who measure justice by the strength of their arm: if we stone him unheard, and unconvicted, we shall give our enemies occasion to speak ill of us; we, more especially, who profess ourselves lovers of equity: what shall we say of Anytus and Melitus, of my accusers, or of my judges, if this man is condemned by us, without giving him the chance of the † hour-glass?

P L A-

\* *Turn the horse.*] A proverbial expression, (see Erasmus), as much as to say, "Turn a horse loose, and catch him again if you can." The proverb, we see, is very applicable to the occasion.

† *The hour-glass.*] In the Athenian courts of judicature, the plaintiff, being placed on the left hand of the tribunal, and the defendant on the right, both of them spoke set orations in their

## P L A T O.

Socrates, you are right: let us go in search of Philosophy; she shall be the judge, and we will abide by her determination.

## L U C I A N.

This, O wife and prudent men, is certainly the best and most legal method: keep your stones, however, as I advised you, for you will want them soon at the tribunal. But where shall we find Philosophy? for I do not know where she lives; though I have been looking out for her house a long time, in hopes of meeting with her there. In my way I lit on several men with long beards, and cloaks, who said they had just come from her; imagining, therefore, that they must know her place of abode, I enquired of them, but they, who knew no more than myself, either gave me no answer, in order to conceal their ignorance, or directed me from one door to another, so that to this day I could never find the house. Many a time, either led by my own fancy, or following some guide, I visited certain places, where I thought myself sure of catching her, attracted thither by the multitude of comers and goers, who all appeared with severe countenances, grave habits, and looks, that carried with them the appearance of deep thought and meditation. With these I crowded myself in, unobserved, and gained admission. There saw I a woman, who, though she seemed to have dressed herself with a kind of studied neatness, had not the true air of simplicity about her. Her hair, it was too visible, which she wished to appear loosely flowing, she had taken care to adorn, nor was her robe put on without affectation: her whole dress was plainly an artful imitation of easy negligence; the paint and varnish, notwithstanding, appeared through all; her discourse was loose, like that of a harlot; she seemed happy when her lovers praised her beauty, and, if they made her any present, accepted it with greediness: would sit always near the rich, but took no notice of the poor amongst them. When she was uncovered, I observed a gold necklace, as thick as a dog-chain: when I saw this, I retired immediately, not with-

their own behalf; and lest, by the length of their speeches, they should weary the judges' patience, and hinder them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain space of time, which was measured by a κλεψυδρα, or hour-glass, differing from ours in this, that, instead of sand, they made use of water. To prevent fraud, there was an officer appointed to distribute the water equally to both sides; when the glass was run out, they were permitted to speak no farther. If other business intervened, the glass was stopped for the time; and if any person had finished his speech, before all his water was run out, he might make over the remainder to another.

out

out pitying those miserable wretches, who suffered themselves thus to be led by her, not by the nose, but by the beard, and, like Ixion, embraced a cloud for a Juno.

P L A T O.

So far you are right; for the door is not easily found, nor open to every one: neither, indeed, is there any necessity of going to her house, for we shall meet her here in the Ceramicus, on her return from the Academy, when she comes to walk in the portico, as she usually does every day: and behold! here she is: observe her decent habit, the mildness of her aspect, how slow she walks along, and seems wrapped in thought.

L U C I A N.

I see several, whose gait and habit are the same, and yet but one of them can really be Philosophy.

P L A T O.

True: but when she comes to speak, you will soon know which it is.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Ha! Plato, Chryippus, Aristotle, and all of you, my best and noblest followers, here! What brought you again to life? Who has injured you in the regions below? for ye all seem angry: who is this prisoner you are dragging along with you? Is he a murderer? Has he stripped the dead, or robbed a temple?

P L A T O.

O Philosophy, he is worse, and more wicked than all of them; for he has dared to asperse thy most venerable character, and abused us all, for what we learned of thee, and left in our writings to posterity.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

And are you so highly enraged at him for speaking evil of me? Know you not what I suffered from Comedy, at the \* feast of Bacchus, and yet I never called her to account, or reproved her for it; she is at liberty to sport, it suits a festival; and well I know, that nothing truly good and valuable is ever the worse for the ridicule thrown upon it, but comes out, like gold from the hammer, only more bright and splendid. You are angry and provoked, ye know not why. What makes you pull him so tight? you will strangle him.

\* *Feast of Bacchus.*] Alluding to the Comedy of the Clouds, by Aristophanes, represented during the solemnity of that festival, when Philosophy suffered so much in the person of Socrates, from the indecent raillery of that celebrated poet.

P L A T O.

P L A T O.

We have got leave for a day, and came up on purpose to inflict on him the punishment which he deserves, as soon as we heard what he had published against us.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

And would you put him to death unheard, and before any trial? He seems as if he wanted to say something in his own defence.

P L A T O.

No: we have referred every thing to you; your opinion must decide the controversy.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

What say *you*?

L U C I A N.

To you, my divine mistress, I submit, for you alone can discover truth; but, with much intreaty, scarce could I prevail on them to refer the cause to your determination.

P L A T O.

Now, rascal, you can call her your mistress: but a little while ago, in a full assembly, you pronounced her most contemptible, and would sell all her doctrines for two pence.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

But, suppose he meant only to expose, not Philosophy, but some impostors, who committed bad actions in my name.

L U C I A N.

That you shall soon be assured of, if you will attend to what I shall say in my defence: but let us step aside a little to the \* Areopagus, or rather to the Acropolis itself, whence, as from a watch-tower, we may see every thing about the city.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

You, my friends, in the mean time, may walk about the † Portico; I will come to you again, as soon as this affair is determined.

L U C I A N.

Who are these? by their mein and deportment they seem to be most truly respectable.

\* *Areopagus.*] The great Athenian court of judicature, called the Areopagus, or Mars's Hill, as fables tell us, from the arraignment of Mars, who was the first criminal tried in it.

† *Portico.*] The Ποικίλη, or Pœcile, so called from the VARIETY it contained of curious pictures, done by the greatest masters, was the famous Portico where Zeno taught philosophy, and instituted the Stoic sect, so called from *στοα*, *stoa*, another name for this portico.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

That masculine figure is, Virtue, the other, Wisdom, the other, Justice; she who goes before them is, Education; that colourless, and almost imperceptible form, is, Truth.

L U C I A N.

I cannot see her.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Do not you observe that simple, unadorned figure, naked, and that seems to withdraw itself, and slide away from you?

L U C I A N.

Now, I have just a glimpse of her: but why not carry them with us, as accessories? it will make the court more full and complete: Truth I would wish above all to appear as an advocate for me.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Come then, follow me: one cause will not be much trouble to you, especially where I am so nearly concerned.

T R U T H.

Go you along: there is no occasion for me to hear, again, what I am already so well acquainted with.

L U C I A N.

But to me your presence will be highly necessary, to point out every thing to them.

T R U T H.

I must bring, then, my two attendants, who are my best friends.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Carry as many as you please.

T R U T H.

Follow me then, Liberty, and Freedom of Speech, that we may save this little man, my friend, and admirer, who is brought into peril without a cause. You, Conviction, may remain here.

L U C I A N.

By no means, my honoured mistress; she, if any, should certainly come with us: for I must contend, not with beasts, but with the most insolent of men; men who will not easily be argued out of their opinion, but are perpetually finding some subterfuge, or evasion. Conviction, therefore, will be necessary.

P H I-

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Most certainly : it will be still better if you take Demonstration also.

T R U T H.

Follow me, all of you, as your presence will be necessary at the trial.

A R I S T O T L E.

Observe, Philosophy, he has gained over Truth against us.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

And are Plato, Aristotle, and Chryippus afraid that Truth herself should bear false testimony in his favour ?

P L A T O.

By no means : but he is an artful flatterer, and may over persuade her.

T R U T H.

Take courage, for nothing unjust can be done, where Justice herself, is present : let us be gone.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

But tell me first, what is your name ?

L U C I A N.

My name is Parrhesiades, or, the Free Speaker, the son of Alethion and Eleuxicles, or, Truth and Conviction.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Of what country are you ?

L U C I A N.

I am a Syrian, and born near Euphrates ; but that is nothing to the present purpose, for many of my adversaries here, I know, are Barbarians as well as myself ; their learning and their manners, however, are not from Solea, from Cyprus, from Babylon, or Stagyra : besides, that, with you, a foreign accent is no fault, where the opinion is just and good.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

True : I need not have asked you those questions. But what is your profession ? For that it much imports us to know.

L U C I A N.

I am a hater of pride, imposture, falsehood, and ostentation : I hate, in short, all wicked men, of whom, you well know, there are but too many.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

By Hercules, a most invidious occupation yours.

L 1 2

L U -

LUCIAN.

It is indeed : you see what hatred I incur by it, and what dangers I am liable to : but I have another business also, the very opposite to that ; the business I mean, of love, esteem, and approbation. I am the friend of truth, of honour, beauty, of simplicity, of every thing that is amiable and good ; but few there are who deserve this love : whereas, of those who merit my hatred there are millions. Thus, there is no little danger of losing all my skill in one profession, for want of opportunities to exercise it ; and of being too great a proficient in the other.

PHILOSOPHY.

Never fear : you may do both, without dividing the business ; they seem, indeed, to be two different professions, but in reality are but one.

LUCIAN.

You are the best judge of that : my maxim, however, is to hate the bad, and to love and praise the good and virtuous.

PHILOSOPHY.

Well : we are at the place appointed, we will determine this affair in the temple of Minerva. Do you, priests, dispose the seats : we, in the mean time, will pay our adorations to the goddesses.

LUCIAN.

Come, now, O guardian of Athens ! to my assistance, against these proud and wicked men ; thou, who, every day, art witness to their perjuries, thou alone, who seest all things, hast beheld their actions ; now is the time to punish them. But, if I should be overcome, and the black balls prevail, O throw in thy suffrage, and preserve me.

PHILOSOPHY.

Now, we are seated, and ready to hear your pleadings. Choose one amongst you, who has the best hand at an accusation, to make out the indictment ; do you put your arguments together, and prove his guilt : but you must not all speak at once. You, Parrhesiades, must afterwards endeavour to defend yourself.

PLATO.

Which of us is most fit for this undertaking ?

CHRYSIPPUS.

That sublimity of sentiment, that truly Attic eloquence, so full of grace, and persuasion ; that prudence and sagacity, that power of words in demonstration

stration, so attractive and commanding, which all unite in Plato, sufficiently point out the proper person : you, therefore, must open the cause, and speak for us all. Now call to mind, and bring together, all the good things you have said against Gorgias, and Polus, and Prodicus, and Hippias : for this man is more formidable than either of them. Sprinkle, withal, a little irony, and some of those pretty interrogatories, in which you so abound. Add, moreover, if you please, that inexpressible charm, which will put the great Jupiter, who drives the swift chariot, into a passion if he is not condemned.

P L A T O.

By no means appoint me, but rather one of these much sharper orators, Diogenes here, or Antisthenes, or Crates, or you, Chrysippus : we do not want elegance or strength of style upon this occasion, but a regular judicial process. We will leave oratory to Parrhesiades.

D I O G E N E S.

Well then : I will begin the accusation ; nor will there be need of any long speeches about it. I have most reason, for he has treated me worse than any of you, and sold me for two oboli.

P L A T O.

Diogenes, O Philosophy, will speak for us all : but, remember, my worthy friend, in your accusation, to have an eye, not only to yourself alone, but to the common cause : if we happen to disagree amongst ourselves in opinion, you are not to enter into examination, or determine which is in the right ; but confine your resentment to the injuries done to Philosophy herself, abused and calumniated by Parrhesiades : and, leaving our diffensions untouched, defend strenuously what we have in common one with another : remember, we have appointed you alone to act for us, we trust our all to you, and on you it will depend, whether what we do shall appear fair and honest, or be deemed what he has thought fit to call it.

D I O G E N E S.

Never do you fear : I shall omit nothing, but speak as well as I can for you all : if, perchance, Philosophy, overcome by his eloquence, for she is of a mild and gentle disposition, should, after all, acquit him, it shall not be my fault ; I will stick close to the cause, and endeavour to convince him, that I do not bear the \* staff in vain.

P H I-

\* Staff.] Diogenes is always described as carrying a large club, or staff in his hand : this, says



P H I L O S O P H Y.

We want not your staff here, but your arguments; let us have no more delay: for the water is already poured out, and the court waits for you.

L U C I A N.

Let Diogenes alone accuse me; the rest may fit with you, and give their ballot.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Are not you afraid they will give it against you?

L U C I A N.

Not at all: but I would wish to carry it by a great majority.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Nobly said: come sit ye down: do you, Diogenes, begin.

D I O G E N E S.

Who, and what we are, you, O Philosophy, well know; words, therefore, are unnecessary on this occasion; for, to say nothing of myself, who can be ignorant of how much benefit to mankind have been the works of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and the rest of us? Against characters thus respectable, I will now proceed to shew what this execrable Parrhesiades has wickedly suggested: renowned for oratory, in which it seems he excelled, he left the courts of justice, and the reputation he acquired there, to summon all his forces against us, whom he is perpetually employed in calumniating, calling us hypocrites, and impostors, and persuading the multitude to laugh at and despise us, as men of no account or estimation. Already he has brought upon us, and on you, O Philosophy, universal hatred; calling all you do madness and folly. What you had taught us to look upon as serious, he has turned into jest and laughter; only to insult us, and gain applause to himself from the spectators: for such is the nature and disposition of the vulgar, that they are ever delighted with the scoffer and calumniator, especially when things the most sacred and respectable are laughed at by them: and therefore was it that formerly they were so pleased with Eupolis and Aristophanes, who brought our Socrates on the stage, to ridicule him, and invented so many strange fables concerning him: all this they did against one man, at the feast of Bacchus; it was part, indeed, of the solemnity: he is

says he, which, in his new character of first counsel in the cause, he considers as a staff of office, I shall not carry in vain, i. e. in case of conviction, he should exercise it on the delinquent.

a laugh-

a laughter-loving god, and rejoices, perhaps, in this kind of diversion. But this man, with malice prepense, and after long preparation, calls all the great people together, makes up a large volume of abuse, and, with a founding voice, pours it forth upon Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chryfippus, myself, and all of you, without any specious excuse of a public festival, or the least provocation from us; had he been injured, indeed, it had been more pardonable: but, which is worse than all, he pretends to do these things in your name, and, taking Dialogue, our intimate friend and acquaintance, makes use of him as a brother-actor, and fellow-combatant against us. Moreover, he has prevailed on our companion, Menippus, to join in farces with him: you will please to observe, that he alone, of all our companions, is not here to assist in the accusation, but has betrayed the common cause, and absented himself on purpose.

For all these crimes, most noble judges, it is meet he should suffer condign punishment. What, indeed, can he say in his defence against the proof of so many witnesses? Besides, that it will be right to make an example of him, and deter others from the like contempt of Philosophy hereafter: whereas, if you quietly submit to the injury, it will be deservedly called, not temperance and moderation, but indolence and folly. For who would bear such an affront as the last which he put upon us, when he brought us into the marketplace, like so many slaves, appointed a crier, and sold some of us for an Attic mina, some for more; me, in particular, the rascal disposed of for two oboli, to the no small diversion of the spectators. These, O Philosophy, are the reasons of our returning thus to earth, to shew our indignation against him, and, affronted as we have been, to request that you will revenge us.

## P L A T O.

Well argued, Diogenes; you have said every thing, and most excellently, that could be said for every one of us.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Let us have no encomiums, but \* pour in for the defendant. Parrhesiades, it is your turn to speak: your water flows now; therefore, without farther delay, begin immediately.

\* *Pour in.*] i. e. Pour the water into the hour-glass. See note on the Clepsydra.

## P A R R H E.

## \* PARRHESIADES.

Know then, O Philosophy, that Diogenes has not advanced every thing against me which he might have done, but, for what reason I know not, has passed over many accusations, much heavier than any he has yet produced: for my own part, so far am I from denying any thing I have said, or thinking that it stands in need of a defence in this place, that I had resolved, before I came here, that whatever he might forget to mention, or I had not thought of before, I would now take the opportunity to add, that you might be a better judge what kind of men I put up to sale, and branded with the name of boasters and hypocrites: above all, I must beg you to observe, that I have said nothing of any man but what is true: and, if the reflections appear harsh or cruel, those who do the evil are to blame, and not I, who accuse them of it. At my first setting out in the law, I perceived so much deceit, lying, impudence, noise, quarrelling, and a thousand more things, necessarily attendant on the profession, that, disgusted at them, as I must naturally be, I threw it aside, turned my mind, O Philosophy, towards thy beauties, and resolved, like one escaped from storm and tempest, into a peaceful haven, to spend the rest of my life under your patronage and protection. No sooner did I become acquainted with, but I admired both you, and these guides to happiness and virtue; stretching out their hands to all who are willing to meet you; inculcating the best and most salutary precepts in the minds of those who will not depart from them, but, keeping their footsteps firm, and their eyes always fixed on the rules prescribed by you, direct their lives according to them, which, indeed, but few, even of your followers, are able to perform. But when I beheld such numbers, not smitten with the love of Philosophy, but from a thirst after that glory and honour, which accompany her; by those external appearances, which all may easily put on, aping the good and great in their beard, their habit, or their walk; and, at the same time, in their lives and manners, belying their profession, debasing its dignity, and acting in direct opposition to your precepts; I must own, I could not look upon them without indignation. They seemed to me like some tragic actor, who, though soft and effeminate himself, should play the part of Achilles, or Theseus, or Her-

\* *Parrhesiades.*] i. e. Lucian, who had taken upon him the name of Parrhesiades, or the Free Speaker. Seneca, in like manner, calls Demochares, Parrhesiades, “ita, says he, ob nimiam & procacem linguam appellatus.” See Seneca de Tran. lib. iii.

cules,

cules, without any thing of the hero, either in his voice or gait, and delicate and enervated, under the mask of strength and valour, Helen and Polyxena, would never bear such base resemblances, and the victorious Hercules would soon, with his club, destroy the hero, for thus ignominiously making a woman of him.

In the same manner, when I saw you misrepresented, I could not bear such shameful acting; to behold our apes thus putting on the appearance of heroes; to see them imitating the as of \* Cumæ, who, putting on the lion's skin, and roaring dreadfully, thought he might pass among the Cumæans for a real lion, till the stranger, who often had seen both, and could distinguish one from the other, discovered, and drove him off with a good threshing. But what appeared to me, O Philosophy, of all things most intolerable, was, that when these men acted foolishly, wickedly, and unbecomingly, every body laid the blame on you, and immediately abused Chrysisippus, Plato, Pythagoras, or whatever philosopher's name they had assumed, or whose precepts they had pretended to adopt: from the bad lives of these men, the world formed a resemblance of your's. Had you been alive this would never have happened; but you were long since departed, and these they every day saw living in a most shameful and dishonourable manner; thus you are accused with them, and brought under the same condemnation. These things I could not suffer; I attacked them, therefore, and endeavoured to discriminate you from each other; and for this, instead of thanking me for it, you bring me to justice. Were I to see any of the initiated dancing unseemly † out of his place, and revealing the mysteries of the ‡ goddesses, and, being incensed, should fall upon and reprove him, would you call me impious? that would be the highest injustice. When any

\* *The as of Cumæ.*] Cumæ was an ancient town of Campania, in Italy, where Tully had a feat, called Prædium Cumanum. Lucian here alludes to the known fable of the as in the lion's skin, which we meet with in Æsop, who, however, has not, as I remember, honoured him so far as to mention the place of his nativity.

† *Out of his place.*] See Lucian's Treatise on Dancing.

‡ *The goddesses.*] Ceres and Proserpine. Lucian here alludes to the Thesmophoria, or Feasts of Ceres the Legislatress, celebrated every five years. Cicero calls them *μυστηρια*, and *initia*, usually divided into the great and the little, the former in honour of Ceres, the latter of Proserpine. The person who initiated to the mysteries, was called the hierophantes, or chief priest, whose business, and whose alone it was, *τα Ελευσινια ανοιξειν*, i. e. to reveal the mystery of Eleusis: he had likewise the title of *mystagogus*. If any person divulged the mysteries of these sacred rites, it was accounted unsafe to abide under the same roof with him.

actor represents Jupiter, Neptune, or Minerva, and does not perform his part suitable to the dignity of the character, those who preside over the sacred festivals frequently chastise them for it, nor are the gods angry with the executioners for punishing those who thus misrepresent them, but rather favour and applaud their defenders: for to act vilely the part of a servant or messenger, is a small fault; but to give the spectators a false idea of a Jove, or a Hercules, is most shameful and abominable.

The most absurd thing of all is, that most of these men, who so diligently apply themselves to the study of your doctrines, live, at the same time, as if they only read and admired, with the design of acting directly contrary to them. When they tell us, for instance, that they despise glory and riches, that nothing can be good that is not honest, that we should never be angry, that we should hold the great in contempt, and treat them as our equals, all this is right, and wise, and worthy of admiration; and yet the very men who teach these things, are paid for it, are perpetually gaping after wealth, and paying their court to the rich; more curst than lap-dogs, more timid than hares: asses are not so lewd, cats so rapacious, or game-cocks so quarrelsome. How truly ridiculous it is to see them hunting one another from great men's doors; present at every good supper, and finding fault with every thing at it, and philosophising in their cups, and saying the most foolish and disagreeable things, when the wine is too much for them: whilst the guests laugh, and are heartily sick of such philosophy.

But the worst of all is, to hear them crying out that they want nothing; that the wise man alone is truly rich: and, a little after, asking for money, and being highly offended if you do not give it them: just as if a man with a tiara, a diadem, and all the ensigns of royalty about him, should go a begging. When they receive any thing themselves, you are sure to have an oration about the equal partition of every good, and the vanity of riches: for what, say they, are gold and silver, are they not like the sand on the sea shore? But if an old friend or acquaintance comes to ask them for any thing, then it is all poverty, silence, or denial, and every thing they had said is retracted: all their fine speeches about friendship and virtue are gone, we know not where, like so many birds, all fled; as if words were only meant to fight sham battles with, in their schools and public meetings. As long as there is no gold or silver before them, they are very good friends; but shew them a single farthing, and the peace is broken immediately; there

is

is no longer any order or agreement amongst them: they are just like the dogs; throw but a bone, they all fall out, bite one another, and bark at him that carries it off.

Once, upon a time, a certain *Ægyptian* monarch, we are told, taught some apes to dance the \* *Pyrrhic* dance; the beasts (for they mimic every human action), soon learned their lesson, and skipped about in masks, and purple robes, and the sight pleased for a long time; till an arch fellow, who came as a spectator, took some nuts out of his bosom, and threw a handful amongst them, when the performers immediately forgot their profession, and, from *Pyrrhic* dancers, returned to mere apes again, tore off their masks and cloaths, and went to fighting for the fruit: thus was the celebrity at once dissolved, to the great diversion of the spectators. And just in the same manner do these men act. These I have exposed, nor will I ever cease to detect their frauds, to laugh at, and to ridicule them: but of you, and such as resemble you (for many still there are who follow true philosophy, and observe your laws), I were mad indeed, to utter any thing severe, or disrespectful. What, indeed, could I say, or what is in there in your lives similar to theirs? But, surely, to detest those who are insolent to men, and hateful to the gods, is meritorious. What is there in you, *Pythagoras*, or *Plato*, or *Aristotle*, or *Chrysippus*, that has the least similitude with them? As the proverb says, it is † *Hercules* and the ape: do they imagine themselves like you, because they wear long beards, put on austere faces, and philosophize? I could even bear all this, if they acted their parts well; but a vultur more resembles the nightingale, than they do the real philosopher.

I have done; and now, O Truth, I call on thee to bear testimony for me, whether these things are so.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

*Parrhesiades*, retire a little.—And now, what are we to do? How do you think he has acquitted himself?

V I R T U E.

I must own, O Philosophy, whilst he spoke I was ready to sink into the earth, so true was every thing he said, and all the time knew very well whom he alluded to; such a one, I said to myself, did this; and another,

\* *Pyrrhic dance.*] For an account of this, see *Lucian's* Treatise on Dancing.

† *Hercules, &c.*] A proverbial expression, to signify two things as different as possible from each other.

that : he pointed out the men, as clearly as the painter who draws a perfect likeness, and with his pencil expresses, not only the features and limbs of the body, but the very souls of those whom he would represent.

PHILOSOPHY.

In good truth, Virtue, I blushed also : but what is your opinion ?

PLATO.

What can it be, but that he stands acquitted of the crimes imputed to him, and deserves to be publicly acknowledged as our common friend and benefactor. Like the Trojans of old, we have raised up this tragedian against us, to sing concerning our misfortunes ; but let him sing on, and declaim against those who are hateful to the gods.

DIOGENES.

Philosophy, I join my suffrage also in commendation of him, retract my accusation, and henceforth shall place him in the number of my best and worthiest friends.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrhesiades, well done : you are unanimously acquitted, and now we admit you as one of us.

PARRHESIADES.

I began in an humble and beseeching style ; I must now rise to tragic sublimity, as more becoming my condition : therefore,

\* Now, splendid Vict'ry, know me for thy own,  
And with thy flow'ry wreath my brows adorn.

VICTORY.

Let us now taste of the other cup, and punish those who have abused us. Parrhesiades shall indict them one after another.

PARRHESIADES.

That is right : you, young Syllogism there, turn towards the city, and call up the Philosophers.

† SYLLOGISM.

Silence, there ! Do you hear, Philosophers ? You must come immediately to the Acropolis, to take your trials at the tribunal of Justice, Virtue, and Philosophy.

\* *Now splendid, &c.*] See the Orestes of Euripides, last speech.

† *Syllogism.*] Making a person of Syllogism, and employing him as a crier, to summon the Philosophers together, has no small degree of humour in it. Lucian is remarkably happy in his *dramatis personæ*.

PARRHE-

## PARRHESIADS.

You see how few of them obey the summons; they are afraid of Justice; besides, that most of them are so busy about the great, they cannot find time to come. If you have a mind to bring them all together, you must harangue them thus —

## PHILOSOPHY.

Well, do you call them then yourself.

## PARRHESIADS.

Nothing so easy. Silence, there! Let all those, who call themselves philosophers, and go by that name, repair immediately to the Acropolis, to partake of a public donation. To each man will be given two minæ, and a cake of Indian corn. Whoever has a very long beard, shall be intitled to a basket of figs into the bargain. Of wisdom, temperance, or justice, they need not bring any with them, as these things are totally unnecessary; provided every one of them has at least five syllogisms, without which it is impossible to be wise:

\* Before them, lo, two golden talents lay;  
Who wrangles best, shall bear the prize away.

Look what a heap of them there is, shoving one another on, only at the found of the two minæ: some are got about the † Pelasgicon, some about Æsculapius's temple, some round the Areopagus, and some to ‡ Talus's sepulchre, others are planting ladders against the temple of the § Dioscuri, and swarming up like bees, or so many clusters of grapes: to speak with Homer,

|| Thick, as in spring, the flow'rs adorn the land,  
Or leaves the trees —

\* *Before them, &c.*] A parody of two lines in Homer's description of Achilles' shield, in the 19th book of the Iliad, l. 507. Lucian has changed the words of the second line, from

Τῷ δομένῳ—ὅς μετα τοῖσι δικήν ἰθὺνταλα εἶπη

To Τῷ δ' μὲν—ὅς μετα πασιν ἐρίζεμεν ἐξοχος εἶη.

Qui reliquos τῖχα superaverit omnes.

† *The Pelasgicon.*] The north wall, or Pelasgicon, so called from its founders the Pelasgi, close to the citadel, which was adorned with innumerable edifices, statues, and monuments.—See Potter's Description of Athens.

‡ *Talus's sepulchre.*] See *Orch.* cap. 49. and *Φιλοφ.* cap. 29.

§ *Dioscuri.*] The *Ἀνακείων*, or temple of the Dioscuri (Castor and Pollux), who were called *Ἀνακτες*. In this place slaves were exposed to sale.

|| *Thick as, &c.*] See Pope's *Homer*, book ii. l. 551.

In



In a very little time the Acropolis will be full; what a bustle they make! Beards, flattery, scrips, impudence, clubs, gluttony, syllogisms, and avarice, all crowding together. The few that were come up at the first summons are scarce to be seen; having no particular mark, they are lost in the croud, and from the similitude of habit, are easily concealed. This, indeed, is shameful, and what most people blame you for, Philosophy, that you put no mark on these men, to distinguish them by: the impostors, to say the truth, to all outward appearance look most like philosophers.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

This may be done by and by; in the mean time let us receive a few of these gentlemen.

## A Croud of P L A T O N I C S.

We, Platonics, ought to be taken first.

## P Y T H A G O R E A N S.

No: we Pythagoreans; for Pythagoras was first in order of time.

## S T O I C S.

Nonsense and folly: we, from the Portico, are better than all of you.

## P E R I P A T E T I C S.

No such thing, when money is concerned; we \* Peripatetics, are certainly the first to be considered.

## E P I C U R E A N S.

Give us Epicureans, the cakes; we will wait for the minæ, and you may give them to us the last.

## A C A D E M I C I A N S.

Where are the two talents? we, Academicians, will soon convince you we are the best disputants.

## S T O I C S.

Not whilst we Stoics are present.

## P H I L O S O P H Y.

Let us have no quarrelling: you, Cynics, there, do not croud so, nor beat one another with your clubs; you are called here for a very different purpose. Virtue, Truth, and myself shall now examine you, and see which of you are true philosophers: those amongst you who shall be found to live according to our dictates, shall be happy, and meet with our probation;

\* *We Peripatetics, &c.*] Because riches were by this sect ranked amongst the bona, or most valuable things in this life: for the same reason the Epicureans, who were fond of good eating, take the cakes.

but

but the wicked, and the hypocrite, who do not belong to us, we shall treat as they deserve, that they may not for the future, from pride and affectation, pretend to such things as are above them.--How is this? By Jove, they are all fled, jump'd, I know not how many of them, down the precipice, and gone off; the Acropolis is empty, and none left but two or three, who are not afraid of Justice. Boy, take up that scrip the Cynic dropped in his flight: let us see what it contains, some lupines, perhaps, or a book, or a scrap of black bread.

## PARRHESIADS.

No such thing; but some gold, a box of ointment, a \* knife for a sacrificial feast, a looking-glass, and a pair of dice.

## PHILOSOPHY.

Well done, Philosopher; are these the implements of your profession? thus provided, you think yourself enabled to instruct your pupils, and abuse every body else.

## PARRHESIADS.

Such they are in general: but as this is not known to every body, it lays upon you to distinguish and point out which amongst them are really good men, and which the contrary: you, O Truth, must find this out; for it concerns you nearly, to prevent Falsehood's prevailing against you, and the bad, through ignorance and error, mingling with the just and honest.

## TRUTH.

With your leave, Philosophy, we will let this office devolve on Parrhesiades, who has shewn himself our trusty friend, and your most faithful admirer: let him, therefore, taking Proof and Conviction along with him, judge and determine concerning these men, who call themselves philosophers: whenever he finds one really and truly so, crown him with an olive garland, and call him to the † Prytaneum: if, on the other hand, he should light on a rascal, (and many such there are, who only play the part of philosophers), let him take off his cloak, and with a knife, such as they shave goats with, slice off his beard close to the skin, then put a mark on

\* *A knife, &c.*] The Cynics, like our modern Methodists, pretended much to self-denial, abstinence, and sobriety; but, as Lucian intimates, were, like them, mere pretenders; who indulged privately in the gratification of every sensual appetite.

† *Prytaneum.*] The common-hall, or court of justice, near the senate house at Athens.

his

his forehead, or burn it in between his eye-brows; and let the impression be, a fox, or an ape.

PHILOSOPHY.

An excellent method! the proof, then, Parrhesiades, will be, like that of the eagles before the sun; not that I mean they should look against it, or be tried by that; but by gold, glory, and pleasure; if, when you place these before them, you find any one that shall seem to despise, or is not attracted by them, let him be crowned with an olive-branch: but, if you see one fixing his eyes upon the gold, and grasping at it, be sure you first cut off his beard, and then cauterise him.

PARRHESIADES.

It shall be done as you direct: you will soon see three parts of them marked with a fox, or an ape; and a few, perhaps, crowned with laurel: but, if you please, I will produce two or three of them.

PHILOSOPHY

What! bring those back again that are ran away?

PARRHESIADES.

Yes: if your high priests there, will lend me that hook and line, which the fisherman left as an offering in the \* Piræum.

PRIESTESSES.

There, take them, rod and all.

PARRHESIADES.

Cannot you give me a few figs too, and a little gold?

PRIESTESSES.

There is some for you?

PHILOSOPHY.

What is he going about?

PRIESTESSES.

He has baited his hooks with the gold and the figs, fits o' top of the wall, and lets it down into the city.

PHILOSOPHY.

Parrhesiades, what are you fishing for? Stones from the Pelasgicum?

PARRHESIADES.

Silence, I beg, and mark what I shall catch. Do thou, O fishing Nep-

\* *Piræum*. The great Athenian haven, by the lower city.

tune,

tune, and thou, dear Amphitrite, grant me good sport! I think I see a fine wolf, or rather a \* chrysofrys.

E L E N C H U S.

No, it is a sea-dog: he gapes at the hook, he smells the gold: he comes near, he has got it, we have him: let us draw him up.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

Put your hand upon the line: here he is. Now, my noble fish, what are you? let us see, O Hercules! this is a dog: what teeth he has got! So, I have caught you, my honest friend, feeding deliciously amongst the rocks, where, I suppose, you thought you might lie hid with safety: but you shall be seen now, for I will hang you up by the gills: we will take off the bait: O ho! the hook is bare, the fish devoured, and the gold is gone down into his belly.

D I O G E N E S.

Then, by Jove, he shall give it us up again; the bait may serve for another.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

What say you, Diogenes, do you know who he is? Does he belong to you?

D I O G E N E S.

Not he, indeed.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

What is he worth? I valued him, I think, before, at two oboli.

D I O G E N E S.

It was a great deal too much: for he is not fit to eat, horribly ugly, very harsh, and, in short, worth nothing: throw him down headlong from the rock, and try for another: but take care you do not break your rod.

P A R R H E S I A D E S.

O, never fear: they are light enough, they do not weigh more than a tad-pole.

D I O G E N E S.

True: they are, as you say, † most tad-pole-like creatures, indeed: up with them, however.

\* *Chrysofrys*.] A gold-fish, or, perhaps, what we call a crucian, from the colour of it resembling gold.

† *Most tad-pole like*.] Των αφυων ελαφροτεροι, says Lucian; to which Diogenes replies, αφυεγατοι γε. The original, we may observe, as the learned reader will perceive, is a pun on the words, and, consequently, untranslatable.

## THE FISHERMAN.

PARRHESIASES.

Here comes a fine broad \* flat-fish, that looks as if he was cut in two: he gapes at the hook like a sparrow; he has swallowed it, we have him: draw him up; who is it?

DIOGENES.

He calls himself a Platonic.

PLATO.

What, do you bite at the gold? rascal.

PARRHESIASES.

Well, Plato, what shall we do with him?

PLATO.

Throw him down the same rock.

DIOGENES.

Come, now, let down your hook for another.

PARRHESIASES.

Yonder is a beautiful one coming, one may see him quite at the bottom, spotted all over with various colours, and scales of gold upon his back: see there: O this is an Aristotelian: here he comes, now he swims back again: observe him carefully; he is returned, he bites, he is caught: pull him up.

ARISTOTLE.

Do not ask me about the fellow, I know nothing of him.

PARRHESIASES.

Then I shall down with him after the others.

DIOGENES.

See, see, yonder is a heap of them together, all of the same colour, prickly, monstrous ugly, and harder to catch than † crab-fish. We must have a drag-net for them; but there is never a one at hand: well, let us catch one, that will be sufficient: the boldest of them, perhaps, will bite.

ELENCHUS.

Let down your line, but you had better cover it first with iron, or they will snap it in two with their teeth.

\* *Flat-fish.*] Lucian calls it, ο πλατυς, platys, which he meant for another pun, as bordering on Plato. The fish alluded to was, probably, what the Germans call halbesche. With us, I believe, it goes by the name of a hollybutt, not unlike a turbot.

† *Crab-fish.*] The echinus, or erinaceus. Lucian says they are prickly, alluding to the thorny subtleties of the Stoics. Severitatem & spinosas Stoicorum subtilitates carpit, says the commentator.

PARRHE-

## PARRHESIADES.

There it goes : now, Neptune, be propitious. Oho ! they are fighting for the bait : some are gnawing the figs, others lay hold of the gold : very well : look, one of the strongest of them has got the hook in him : let me see, what do you call yourself ? but I am a fool to expect a fish will talk to me ; for they are all mute. Tell me, Elenchus, who is his master ?

## ELENCHUS.

Chryippus.

## PARRHESIADES.

True. I see it is ; one might know that, indeed, by the \* name. Do you, therefore, O Chryippus, by Minerva, I intreat you, tell me, do you know these men, or did you teach them to act as they do ?

## CHRYIPPUS.

You affront me, Parrhesiades, by that question ; can you imagine I have any thing to do with such fellows as these ?

## PARRHESIADES.

Well said, Chryippus, spoke like a man : so down he goes headlong with the rest. It is a prickly rogue, and would break any man's teeth who should attempt to eat him.

## PHILOSOPHY.

We will bait for no more, Parrhesiades, for fear one of them should run away with the hook and gold together ; and then you must apply to the † priests again. Come, we will even take our walk : do you return to the place from whence you came, that you may not stay beyond your limited time : you, Parrhesiades and Elenchus, must go about to them all, and either crown or stigmatise them, as I commanded you.

## PARRHESIADES.

It shall be done : most noble friends, fare ye well. You and I, Elenchus, must go down and do as we are ordered. Which way shall we steer our course first ? to the Academy, or the Portico ? we will begin at the Lyceum : but it is no matter where ; all I know is, wherever we go, we shall want very few crowns, but a number of hot irons to mark with.

\* *By the name.*] Another pun. Chryippus, from χρυσος, chrysus, gold ; alluding to the bait they were so easily caught with.

† *The priests.*] The reader will recollect, that the gold they baited with was lent them by the priests, as well as the rod and line, which Lucian tells us some fishermen had left as an offering in the Piræum.

T H E  
T Y R A N T,  
A D I A L O G U E.

*In this Dialogue, which is one of LUCIAN's best, the Cruelty, Extravagance, and Insensibility of the Rich and Great, with their fond Attachment to Life, and all its Follies, are painted in the liveliest colours. The Characters of MICYLLUS is a fine Contrast to MEGAPENTHES. His Burlesque of the Tyrant's Lamentation, personifying the Bed and Lamp, and bringing them in as Evidence, with several other Strokes of Humour, must divert the most phlegmatic Reader. This Dialogue is likewise called Καταπλις, or THE PASSAGE (from one World to the other), but, as the TYRANT is the principal Personage concerned, and one Title is sufficient, I thought it most proper to retain that only.*

C H A R O N, C L O T H O, M E R C U R Y, and Others.

C H A R O N.

**W**ELL, say no more, Clotho, for my boat is ready to put off, the pump is clean, the mast raised, the sails spread, the oars all hang in their proper places, and nothing, as far as I am concerned, prevents our weighing anchor immediately: but Mercury is tardy, who ought to have been here long ago. There are no passengers, you see: by this time we might have been thrice over and back again. It is almost dark already, and not a farthing have I taken yet. Pluto, I know, will think it is owing to my neglect, when somebody else is in fault: but this excellent conductor of the dead having tasted, I suppose, some Lethean water above, the same as we drink here below, has forgot to come back to us: he is wrestling with the boys, playing on his pipe, teaching rhetoric, shewing some of his tricks, or, perhaps, pilfering, for that is one of the arts he professes; and this is the reason why he thus plays loose with us; though he is, properly speaking, at least \* half our own.

C L O.

\* *Half our own.*] Charon seems to have had a fair right to call him so, as half Mercury's business was to conduct the shades to hell and back again, and carry on the intercourse between Jupiter and Pluto: in consequence of which there are figures of him, representing his face half  
white

C L O T H O.

How do you know, Charon, but he may be detained about business. Jupiter, perhaps, may want him on some particular occasion in the regions above; and he, you know, is his master.

C H A R O N.

I grant you, he is; but that is no reason why he should perpetually employ a servant that is in common to us both: we never keep him back when he has done his business here; but I know the bottom of it: we have nothing for him but asphodelus, and libations, and \* salt cakes, and funeral offerings, with clouds and darkness: whilst, in heaven, all is light and cheerful: there he has good ambrosia, and nectar in plenty, and there he likes to stay longest: away he flies from us as from a prison; but when he is to come down again, he paces it very slow, and it is with much ado we can get him at last.

C L O T H O.

Do not be in a passion, Charon, for here he comes, with a large tribe for us, driving them before him with his rod, like so many goats: but what is here? one of them I see bound, another laughing, another with a fatchel on his shoulder, and a club in his hand, looking fiercely, and pushing on the rest: and yonder is Mercury himself, all over in a sweat, puffing, and blowing, his feet covered with dust, and half out of breath. What is the matter, Mercury? Why all this bustle? You seem mightily disturbed.

M E R C U R Y.

How should I be otherwise, when this rascally run-away has so harassed me in pursuing him, that I had like not to have reached you to-day.

C L O T H O.

What could he mean by endeavouring to escape you?

M E R C U R Y.

The meaning is plain enough: he wanted to continue longer in the land of the living: he is some king or tyrant, I suppose, by his crying and lamenting the great happiness he has been deprived of.

white and half black, to signify that he was sometimes employed in heaven or earth, and sometimes in the infernal regions. He had more business than all the gods put together, had a variety of offices, with names expressive of them, and was, indeed, a perfect *Mungo* amongst the deities of antiquity.

\* *Salt-cakes.*] The *πρωια* were round broad and thin salt-cakes, which usually made a part of the funeral offerings to Hecate, or the moon. No oblation, it is observable, was thought acceptable to the gods without salt.

C L O.



C L O T H O.

And so the fool thought, by flying, to return to life again, after his thread had been spun by me.

M E R C U R Y.

Aye, and had got off too, if that brawny fellow there with the club had not helped me to catch and bind him. All the way he came, from the time when Atropos delivered him to me, he struggled, and hung back, held fast by the earth, and could scarce be dragged along; sometimes would endeavour, by supplications, and mighty promises of what he would give, to persuade me to let him go for a little while: but I, as it was my duty, remained inflexible, when he asked what was impossible to be granted. As soon as we came to the mouth of hell, where Æacus, according to custom, called over the dead, from the list which your sister had sent him, all on a sudden we discovered that the rascal had stole away, one of our shades was wanting; when Æacus, frowning severely at me, cried, Mercury, you must not practise your thieving every where, you have played tricks enough already in heaven, we are more regular and exact here below, nor can things be so easily concealed; the account, you see, says, one thousand and four, you have brought me one less; and now, I suppose, you will tell me it is the mistake of Atropos. Blushing at this speech, and recollecting what had passed on our journey, I looked about for my king, and finding he was decamped, pursued him as fast as I could, in the path leading towards earth; my good friend there, of his own accord accompanied me, till, running like prisoners broke out of goal, at last we overtook him just at \* Tænarus: so near was he getting clear away from us.

C L O T H O.

And all this while, Charon, we were blaming Mercury for it.

C H A R O N.

But what do we wait for now? We have had delays enough already.

C L O T H O.

Very true; let them come aboard. I will take my book, as usual, sit on the ship's ladder, mark them down as they enter, and enquire who they are, and whence they come, and what they died of; do you, Mercury, put them together, and sort them: throw me in those children first who cannot give me an answer.

\* *Tænarus.*] A promontory in Laconia, from whence the ancients supposed there was a descent to Tartarus.

M E R.

MERCURY.

There, take them, Charon; three hundred in all, including the deserted and exposed.

CHARON.

A noble capture, indeed! and a fine cargo of unripe fruit you have brought us.

MERCURY.

Now, Clotho, shall we send you in those of our dead whom nobody laments?

CLOTHO.

The old folks you mean: aye, aye, in with them. I shall ask no questions, we trouble not ourselves about what was done \* before Euclid. You that are above sixty there, come forward: hei, hei! how is this? they hear me not: all deaf, I suppose, from old age. Come; off with them too.

MERCURY.

There is four hundred of them for you, wasted, withered, and not gathered, you see, till they were rotten ripe.

CLOTHO.

So it seems, for they look like so many dried grapes. Now, Mercury, hand me those who died of their wounds; but stay, I will examine them by the list here: yesterday, in Media, were to be killed in battle eighty-three, and amongst them Gobares, the son of Oxyartes.

MERCURY.

Here they are.

CLOTHO.

Seven, aye, let me see, seven died for love; besides Theagenes the philosopher, who killed himself for a harlot of Megara.

MERCURY.

Here.

CLOTHO.

Where are the two heroes who slew each other in fighting for a kingdom?

MERCURY.

There they are, close to you.

\* *Before Euclid.*] The thirty tyrants, who ruled over Athens after the Peloponnesian war, were expelled, and the kingdom restored to its ancient freedom, in the archonship of Euclid; and, that the memory of so shameful a slavery might be obliterated, a law was made, that whatever had been done before the time of Euclid should be *ακυρον ον ανεξεταστον*, totally void, and of no force or validity. The reader will find this law again alluded to in the *Hermotimus*.

C L O.

C L O T H O.

And he that was slain by his wife and the adulterer ?

M E R C U R Y.

You have them.

C L O T H O.

Now give me the condemned malefactors, those who were beat to death with clubs, and those who were crucified. Sixteen, I think, were murdered by robbers : where are they ?

M E R C U R Y.

There they are, covered with wounds, as you see. Shall I bring the women now ?

C L O T H O.

By all means, and those who were shipwrecked, for they all perished together, and in the same manner. Now, give me those who died of fevers, and with them Agathocles the physician : but where is Cyniscus the philosopher, who was to die for eating Hecate's supper, sacred eggs, and raw onions ?

C Y N I S C U S.

I have been here some time : but wherefore, Clotho, would you leave me so long upon earth ? my thread was well nigh spun, I often endeavoured to cut it, but, I know not why, could not succeed.

C L O T H O.

I had left you to take care of mankind, and cure them of their wickedness : but come along ; you are welcome here, and happy may you be !

C Y N I S C U S.

I come ; but let me first deliver safe to you our prisoner here : I am afraid his intreaties will over-persuade you to release him.

C L O T H O.

Let me see him : who is he ?

M E R C U R Y.

Megapenthes, the tyrant of Lacidos.

C L O T H O.

Come along.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Spare me, good Clotho, and let me return to the other world, only for a short time. I will come to you again presently, without sending for.

C L O T H O.

What do you want to go back for ?

M E-

THE TYRANT.

281

MEGAPENTHES.

Only to finish my house, that is but half-built.

CLOTHO.

Ridiculous! come along, I tell you.

MEGAPENTHES.

I ask but for a little time, only permit me to stay one day, to give orders about some money to my wife: I have a treasure hid, and would let her know where it is.

CLOTHO.

Your fate is determined; it is impossible.

MEGAPENTHES.

And must so much gold be lost?

CLOTHO.

It will not be lost, never fear: your relation, Megacles, will take care of it.

MEGAPENTHES.

O-dreadful! my worst and most inveterate enemy, whom I was so idle as not to destroy.

CLOTHO.

The very man: who will survive you forty years and upwards, possess your concubines, be clothed in your apparel, and enjoy all your treasures.

MEGAPENTHES.

It is very unjust, thus to bestow all I had on my greatest foes.

CLOTHO.

Did not you do the same thing by Cydimachus, when you took all he had, killed him, and slew his children before his face, whilst he was breathing his last.

MEGAPENTHES.

They were mine then, however.

CLOTHO.

And now they are your's no longer.

MEGAPENTHES.

I have something to say to you, Clotho, that no body must hear; please to step on one side. If you will let me go, I will give you a thousand talents of stamped gold this very day.

CLOTHO.

Still thinking upon gold and talents? ridiculous!

## THE TYRANT.

MEGAPENTHES.

I will make you a present, moreover, of two cups, which I took from Cleocritus, when I slew him, both of the purest gold, of a hundred talents weight.

CLOTHO.

Lay hold on him; for he seems not very willing to come in.

MEGAPENTHES.

I call you all to witness there: my walls and my haven are yet unfinished; if I were permitted to live but five days, they might be completed.

CLOTHO.

Do not concern yourself about them, they will be finished by another.

MEGAPENTHES.

One thing, however, I have to ask, which I am sure you will not think unreasonable.

CLOTHO.

What may that be?

MEGAPENTHES.

Only that I may live till I have subdued the Pisidæ, imposed a tribute on the Lydians, and made them promise to erect a monument to me, on which shall be inscribed the many noble military exploits I have performed in my life-time.

CLOTHO.

So, so; now you are for asking, not one day, but, perhaps, twenty years.

MEGAPENTHES.

I will give you security for my immediate return, you shall have my only son as a hostage.

CLOTHO.

What! him whom you have so often prayed that he might survive you! O thou wretch!

MEGAPENTHES.

Formerly, indeed, I wished it might be so; but now I know better.

CLOTHO.

He must follow you soon himself, for he will be taken off by the present reigning tyrant.

MEGAPENTHES.

Grant me then, O Fate, but this one thing.

CLOTHO.

What is it?

MEGAPENTHES.

That I may know how my affairs will go after my decease.

CLO.

C L O T H O.

You shall hear : but it will only make you more unhappy. In the first place, Midas will enjoy your wife, he who was formerly her gallant.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

That villain, whom I made free but to oblige her.

C L O T H O.

Your daughter will be one of the succeeding tyrant's concubines : the images and statues of you, which the people had set up, will be all pulled down, the laughing-stock of the gaping multitude.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And have I no friend that will resent the injury ?

C L O T H O.

What friends have you ever had, or how could you expect any ? Know you not that all those flatterers, who praised every thing you said or did, were actuated by their hopes or fears, time-servers, and lovers not of you, but of your power and empire ?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And yet at our banquets they would roar out health and happiness to me, pray for every good, and promise even to die for me, if required of them. I was their god, and they swore by me.

C L O T H O.

And supping, yesterday, with one of them, you perished : the last cup you drank of sent you hither.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

It was that then that tasted so bitter. What did they do it for ?

C L O T H O.

You ask a thousand questions, instead of coming in.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

There is one thing which hurts me more than all, and makes me wish I could return to life.

C L O T H O.

What can that be ? something, I suppose, very extraordinary.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

My servant, Cario, came, the very evening I died, into the chamber where I lay, and seizing the opportunity, as nobody attended me, shut the door, and took possession of my mistress, Glycerium, whom, I believe, he

O O 2

was

was before pretty well acquainted with; when he had sufficiently diverted himself with her, he cast his eyes upon me, and cried, Many a time, rascal, have you beat me for nothing; so saying, he pulled me by the nose, and slapped my face; then, spitting on me, and bidding me get away as fast as I could to the habitations of the wicked, departed. I was not a little enraged, you may suppose, but, cold and lifeless as I was, could not revenge myself. The wicked jade, hearing a noise of people coming up, wetted her eyes with spittle, and pretended to cry, and repeating my name, as if in the greatest distress, took her leave also. \* If I could once catch them again —

C L O T H O.

Let us have none of your threats, but come along: it is time for you to appear at the tribunal.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

And who will dare to accuse a king?

C L O T H O.

Nobody will accuse the king; but the dead man Rhadamanthus will take in hand, who, you will soon find, is a just judge, and determines impartially concerning every one. Let us therefore have no more excuse or delay.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Reduce me to a private station, let me be a poor man, nay a slave, so as I do but return to life again.

C L O T H O.

Where is that fellow with the club? Drag him in, Mercury, with his feet foremost: for he does not chuse to come of his own accord.

M E R C U R Y.

Come along, you run-away: here, Charon, lay hold on him, and to make all sure, let him be tied to the mast.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

I expect to fit in the first seat.

C L O T H O.

Why so?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Because I was a king, and had ten thousand guards,

\* *If I could, &c.*] This is exactly the  
Quos ego — of Virgil.

C L O.

C L O T H O.

And was not Cario right in pulling you by the nose, such a tyrant as you have been ? but you shall now have a better kingdom, and taste of the club.

M E G A P E N T H E S.

Shall Cyniscus dare to lift up his stick against me ? When thou wert bold and impudent, slave, and offered to find fault with me, was I not near beating thee to death ?

C L O T H O.

And for that very reason you shall now be tied to the mast.

M I C Y L L U S.

Pray, Clotho, why must I be treated so contemptuously ? because I am poor I must come aboard last.

C L O T H O.

Who are you ?

M I C Y L L U S.

Micyllus, the cobbler.

C L O T H O.

And are you sorry to be detained from us, whilst the tyrant, here, makes such liberal promises, if we will but spare him ever so short a time ? I wonder the delay is not more grateful to you.

M I C Y L L U S.

But, my dear good Fate, attend a little : I never admired that Cyclop's generosity, who promised \* *Outis*, he should be the last devoured ; for first or last, the same teeth must make an end of him. Besides, we differ greatly from the rich ; our way of life, indeed, is † diametrically opposite. The tyrant, whilst he lived, seemed happy, the dread and the admiration of all ; but, when deprived of his treasures, his fine cloaths, his sumptuous entertainments, his horses, and his beautiful concubines, had reason to complain, and might well lament his being so suddenly snatched away from them. The soul, I know not how, sticks like bird-lime to these things, and cannot easily part with what it took so much delight in : the chain that binds them together is not to be broken : if they are separated by violence, the sufferer will cry out in agonies, and, brave as men may be in other things,

\* *Outis*.] Alluding to that passage in the ninth book of Homer's *Odysses*, where Ulysses calls himself *Ovris*, Nobody, and Polyphemus tells him,

When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,  
No man shall be the last I will devour.

† *Diametrically*.] A literal translation of the original *en diametris*.

when



when they travel towards these regions, they are all cowards: like unsuccessful lovers, they still turn back to look on the desired object, and wish for what they left behind; as this fool just now did, who, in his journey hither, tried to escape, and, ever since he came, has been wearying you with perpetual prayers to release him. But I, who have left nothing dear behind me, who had no lands, nor houses, nor feasts, nor honours, nor statues, was ready prepared for you. At the first nod of Atropos, I leaped up with joy, threw aside my knife and my leather, slipshod as I was, my last in my hand, and without so much as washing off the black, I followed immediately, or rather led the way hither, never once looking behind me. Every thing here is agreeable to me, and, above all, the equality of condition, which I find in this place, where one is not above another: here no tribute is demanded, no creditors gather in their debts, here is no starving in winter, no sickness, no beatings; but peace on every side of us: things, in short, are totally reversed; for here the poor laugh, the rich groan and are tormented.

## C L O T H O.

This, I see, diverts you, Micyllus: but what is it that moves your laughter most?

## M I C Y L L U S.

I will tell you: when I was upon earth I lived near the tyrant, watched him attentively, and thought him, I own, most like a god. When I saw his purple garments, his numerous household, his gold, his cups inlaid with gems, and his gilt beds, I deemed him the happiest of men: the very smell of his pompous suppers overcame me: surely he must, I imagined, be more than mortal, handsomer, and taller by a royal cubit than the rest of mankind, walking with such solemnity, and striking terror into all beholders: but after death, when stripped of all his finery, how ridiculous did he appear! how did I laugh at my own folly in admiring him, in esteeming his felicity by the smell of his kitchen, and pronouncing him happy, because the blood of a \* shell-fish had stained his garment.

No less am I diverted with Gniphos, the usurer, that poor miserable creature, who never, whilst living, enjoyed his riches, and now has left them to the extravagant Rhodochares, his heir at law. I could not refrain from laughter, when I called to mind his meagre, dirty face, and forehead,

\* *A shell-fish.*] The murex, from which was extracted the purple dye. The kings of antiquity, and after them, every Dives was clothed in purple.

wrinkled

wrinkled with care, rich only in those fingers which handled his thousand thousand talents; scraping up those treasures which will soon be squandered away by his happy successor. But why do not we set sail? We may laugh at these wretches as we go along.

C L O T H O.

Come in then, that Charon may cast anchor.

C H A R O N.

Holla, there! where are you coming? The boat is full. You must stay behind: we will carry you early to-morrow morning.

M I C Y L L U S.

It is using me very ill, Charon, not to take me now, when you know I died yesterday. I will bring an indictment against you before Rhadamanthus. They are setting sail, and I shall be left here by myself: but why should not I swim after them? I think I am strong enough, and, being dead already, I need not be afraid of suffocation: besides, I have not a half-penny left to pay the ferryman.

C L O T H O.

What are you about? Stay, Micyllus, you must not come that way.

M I C Y L L U S.

Perhaps, I may be over as soon as you.

C L O T H O.

No, no, that must not be: we'll put in for him: help him in, Mercury.

C H A R O N.

And where can he fit now? You see we are brim full.

M E R C U R Y.

O, clap him on the tyrant's shoulders.

C L O T H O.

A good thought of Mercury's: come, get astride, and kick the rascal's neck, and now a good voyage to us!

C Y N I S C U S.

Charon, I must even tell you the plain truth, I have not a half-penny to pay you for my passage; I have nothing but this pouch, which you see here, and my staff. I will pump for you, however, if you please, or row, if you will help me to a good strong oar.

C H A-

## THE TYRANT.

C H A R O N.

Row away, then : I will ask nothing more of you.

C Y N I S C U S.

Shall I give the rowers a catch to encourage them ?

C H A R O N.

By all means, if you have ever a failor's song.

C Y N I S C U S.

I know a great many : but these people here will only answer me with tears and groans, and my song will be sadly interrupted.

One of the P A S S E N G E R S.

O my riches, my riches !

A N O T H E R.

O my lands !

A N O T H E R.

How many talents of mine will my heir squander away !

A N O T H E R.

O my poor infants !

A N O T H E R.

Who shall gather my grapes, and take care of the vineyard I planted last year ?

M E R C U R Y.

Micyllus, have you nothing to moan after ? We must not carry any body over that does not cry.

M I C Y L L U S.

Ridiculous ! What should I cry for, when I am glad to go ?

M E R C U R Y.

But you must lament a little, if it is only for decency's sake.

M I C Y L L U S.

Well, if you insist upon it, I will. O my bits of leather ! my old lasts ! my rotten shoes ! Wretch that I am ! no more shall I go from morning to evening without victuals ; no more shall I ramble about half naked all the winter, my teeth shaking with cold : who shall inherit my knife, and my awl ? But, come, now we have cried enough. We are almost over.

C H A R O N.

Give me my fare for your passage, every one of you : come, Micyllus, your half-penny.

M I C Y L L U S.

You are in jest sure ; you \* write upon the water, as they say, Charon,

\* *You write upon, &c.*] A Greek proverb, to express any thing impossible.

to

to ask Micyllus for money. I do not know whether a half-penny is round or square.

C H A R O N.

I shall make a fine day's work of it, I see; but come, away with you: I must go for the oxen, dogs, and horses, for they must be brought over too.

C L O T H O.

Here, lay hold o' these: I must return to the other shore, to look after Idopates and Heramithres, who died in a contest about the limits of their empire.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us proceed: follow me, all of you.

M I C Y L L U S.

How dark it is here! Where is now the beautiful Migyllus? Who can tell in this place whether Phryne or Simmica is the handsomest? All are on a level, all of a colour; there is no such thing as beauty, nor different degrees of it; the torn and ragged garment, that once was so disgusting, has equal honour here with the royal purple; for neither can be seen, where the same darkness conceals them both. Where are you, Cyniscus?

C Y N I S C U S.

Here am I, Micyllus; if you please, we will walk together.

M I C Y L L U S.

So we will; give me your hand: and pray now, tell me, you are initiated, it seems, into the Eleusinian mysteries, does not this place put you in mind of them?

C Y N I S C U S.

It does: and see, yonder comes a female with a torch in her hand, with a terrible and threatening aspect! is not that one of the Furies?

M I C Y L L U S.

By the appearance it must be.

M E R C U R Y.

[Supposed to be speaking to Tisiphone.

Here, take these thousand and four.

T I S I P H O N E.

[To the Shades.

Rhadamanthus has expected you some time.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Bring them along there: you, Mercury, must be crier, and call them up.

## THE TYRANT.

CYNISCUS.

By thy great \* father, I intreat thee, Rhadamanthus, let me be first examined.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Why so ?

CYNISCUS.

Because I have something to say against a certain criminal, and could not expect to be credited before it appears who I am, and how I have lived myself.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Who are you ?

CYNISCUS.

Cyniscus, the philosopher.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Come this way : you shall be tried first. Do you, Mercury, call in the witnesses against him.

MERCURY.

Whoever has any thing to allege against Cyniscus the philosopher, let him appear.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Nobody appears. That, however, is not sufficient : Cyniscus, strip yourself, that we may see if you have any marks.

CYNISCUS.

Where should they be ?

RHADAMANTHUS.

Whoever amongst you is guilty of any crimes during his mortal life, bears about him certain marks of them in his breast not publicly seen.

CYNISCUS.

There then : now I stand naked before you : look, if you please, for the spots you talk of.

RHADAMANTHUS.

He is entirely innocent, except a few little blemishes, which are scarcely visible : but stay, here are some remains of a few spots, that seem as it were to have been burned in, and now are, by some means or other, almost blotted out and obliterated : what is the meaning of this ? how happens it, Cyniscus, that you are thus wonderfully recover'd ?

\* *Great father.*] Rhadamanthus, we are told, was the son of Jupiter and Europa : he reigned in one of the islands of the Archipelago, and being a prince of remarkable probity and virtue, was, after his death, raised to the rank of one of the lord chief justices in Tartarus, where he presided with universal approbation.

CYNIS-

CYNISCUS.

I will tell you how; formerly, from the want of education, I was very guilty, and contracted many stains; but from the time I took to philosophy, by degrees I washed them all out.

RHADAMANTHUS.

You made use of the best and most powerful remedy. When you have given in your evidence against the tyrant, you may retire, and associate with good men in the habitations of the blessed. Call up the rest.

MICYLLUS.

With me, Rhadamanthus, you will not have much trouble; a very short examination will suffice; for I have stood naked before you some time: look and see.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Who are you?

MICYLLUS.

Micyllus, the cobbler.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Very well, Micyllus: you are clear, not a spot about you: you may join Cyniscus. Now call the tyrant.

MERCURY.

Megapenthes, of Lachys, come into court: where are you going? You, tyrant, there, I call upon; stand forth. Tisiphone, throw him headlong into the middle here: he comes; now, Cyniscus, accuse and convict him.

CYNISCUS.

There is no necessity of saying much on this occasion; you see already, by the marks upon him, what he is; I will open him, however, to you a little: passing over, therefore, the crimes he committed whilst a private man, I shall observe to you, that when he had raised an army of villains, as bold and impious as himself, he attacked the city, took possession of the throne, and, without trial, put ten thousand to death; and growing immensely rich, by seizing all they were possessed of, indulged in every species of luxury and vice, behaved in the most shameful and cruel manner to the citizens, debauched their virgins, corrupted their youth, and, intoxicated with power, trampled on all beneath him: for all his pride, insolence, and oppression, there was no calling him to account, or procuring any satisfaction; as soon might you gaze upon the mid-day sun, without winking, as dare to fix your eyes upon him. His ingenuity in devising new torments

who can describe? He spared not even his most intimate friends and acquaintance. To prove the truth of my assertion, and that this is no idle calumny against him, you need only call in those whom he has murdered; and, behold, here they are, standing round, and torturing him: all these, Rhadamanthus, were cut off by that execrable villain; some for the sake of their handsome wives, others for resenting his ill treatment of their sons, others because they were rich, others because they were sensible and ingenious, or too wise and honest to approve of his actions.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

What answer, wretch, canst thou give to this accusation?

M E G A P E N T H E S.

The murders I acknowledge; but my ill treatment of the young men, debauching virgins, adultery, and the rest are all falsehoods of his own invention.

C Y N I S C U S.

Rhadamanthus, I can bring witnesses to prove them all.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Where are they?

C Y N I S C U S.

Mercury, call in his bed and lamp: these shall bear testimony against him.

M E R C U R Y.

Megapenthes's bed and lamp, make your appearance. O, very well; here they are.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Come, let us hear; what do you know of Megapenthes?

B E D.

All that Cyniscus has affirmed is true: but such, Rhadamanthus, were the actions he committed on me, that \*modesty forbids me to reveal them.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

The guilt of his actions is too plain when they will not bear even to be mentioned; now Lamp, for your evidence.

L A M P.

What he did by day-light I know not, and his nightly works I should be sorry to repeat; I was witness to some transactions beyond expression infa-

\* *Modesty forbids me.*] Crebillon, who probably founded his famous Conte Moral, or rather immoral tale of the Sopha, on this thought of Lucian, seems to be of a different opinion.

mous :

mous : often would I have wished not to drink the oil poured in upon me, and rejoiced to be extinguished ; but he would make me a witness of his deeds, and prostituted the light I lent him to every kind of wickedness and pollution.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

We have evidence enough against him : take off, however, your purple robes, and let us see what number of spots you have. O heaven ! he is all over livid, black and blue with spots. How must we punish him ? Shall we cast him into \* Phlegethon, or throw him to Cerberus ?

C Y N I S C U S.

No : let me propose a new kind of punishment for him, one that shall be equal to his crimes.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Mention it, I shall be much obliged to you.

C Y N I S C U S.

It is usual, I think, for all your dead to drink the water of † Lethe.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

It is.

C Y N I S C U S.

Let him then be the only one not permitted to taste of it.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Why so ?

C Y N I S C U S.

Thus shall he suffer in the severest manner, by calling to remembrance what he was, the power he had whilst upon earth, and all the pleasures which he once enjoyed.

R H A D A M A N T H U S.

Good ; very good indeed : thou art condemned : bind him, and away with him to Tantalus, with the full remembrance of all that passed in his whole life.

\* *Phlegethon.*] A burning lake or river in the ancient hell, that surrounded the habitations of the damned.

† *Lethe.*] The punishment of the tyrant, by not permitting him to forget his former condition, is an excellent stroke of poetical justice.



O N  
**D E P E N D A N T S**  
 I N  
**G R E A T F A M I L I E S.**

*The Title in the Original is Περὶ τῶν ἐπι μισθῶ συνόντων, De mercede conductis potentium familiaribus, or, those who are Domestic Companions for Hire. In the Time of LUCIAN, it was customary for the great Men of Rome, who, as the Poet says,*

— Borrow'd arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.

*to keep in their Houses some indigent Greek Philosopher, or Rhetorician, by way of Preceptor to their Children, or humble Companion for themselves. In the following Essay, handed down to us in the Form of a Letter from LUCIAN to his Friend, the Satirist describes, with infinite Humour, the miserable State of Dependants in great Families, and the Indignities which they were forced to submit to. The many judicious Reflections in it, as they are founded on Experience, and the Knowledge of human Nature, may convey Instruction and Entertainment, as well to modern as ancient Times, and afford very good Lessons to all the led Captains, Toad-eaters, and domestic Tutors of the present Age.*

**W**HAT \* first, what last, my friend, shall I relate ?

As the poet sings, whilst I describe all that the hired dependants on the great are forced to suffer and to act, to gain their friendship, if slavery like that deserves the name. I am well acquainted with many circumstances, with most, indeed, of those which happen to men of this kind, not from my own experience (for never was I driven to it, and grant heaven I never may), but from numbers who have fallen into this way of life; from some, who long inured to it have still lamented their misfortune, and from others, who, having escaped the dreadful prison, have related their sufferings to me, not without some degree of satisfaction: for happy were they in recounting the miseries which they were delivered from. Those witnesses, however, seemed most deserving of credit, who were skilled, as I may say, in all the mysteries, and had seen every thing from beginning to end. Not incuriously, therefore, nor

\* *What first, &c.*] See the beginning of the ninth book of Homer's *Odyssæy*.

unat-

unattentive did I listen to those who, saved as it were from shipwreck, related their adventures, like those happy few whom we behold in the temples, with \*shaved crowns, talking over their perils by waves and storms, promontories, throwings overboard, broken masts and rudders, telling, withal, how † Castor and Pollux appeared propitious to them (for these are necessary attendants on tragedies of this kind), or some other god descending from his car, as they do on the ‡ stage, perched on the top-mast, or stood at the helm, and guided the vessel to some soft shore, where it was soon freed from every danger, and the passengers, saved by their protecting deity, returned to their homes in peace; where they tragedize most abundantly, and relating all their sufferings, and how, with all their calamities, they seemed to be peculiarly favoured and beloved by the gods. In like manner did these men frequently entertain me with their domestic storms and tempests, their three-fold, five-fold, aye, and ten-fold waves. Shewing how, when they first set off, the sea was placid; and afterwards, what difficulties they went through in the voyage, from the salt water, thirst, and sickness; how they bulged on rocks, staved their vessel, and swam naked to shore, and in want of every necessary. I observed, moreover, that all this time they seemed purposely to conceal many circumstances, which they were ashamed to relate, and wished to bury in oblivion. But these, and a great deal more, which I have collected on this subject, I shall make no scruple of imparting to you, my good Timocles, as I understand you have for some

\* *Shaved crowns.*] Those who were so fortunate as to escape from a shipwreck always cut off their hair as an offering to the deities of the sea, who were supposed to have preserved them, probably, because they thought a few hairs no improper returns for saving the whole head, or, perhaps, for the reason assigned in the following epigram, which we meet with in the Anthologia.

Γλαυκῶ καὶ Νηρεί, καὶ Ἴω, καὶ Μιδακέρτῃ  
 Καὶ σὺθῖω κρονίδῃ καὶ Σαμοθῆζι θεοῖς  
 Σὺθῆεις ἐκ πελαγῶς Λακίλλιος, ὡδὲ κικάρμαι  
 Τῆς τριχῶς ἐκ κεφαλῆς.— Ἄλλο γὰρ ὕδιν ἔχω.

Which may be thus translated, leaving out the names,  
 To those kind gods, who deign'd his life to spare,  
 Lucilius offers up his votive hair;  
 He hopes this little boon they will receive,  
 For, in good truth, 'tis all he has to give.

† *Castor and Pollux.*] Supposed to be the tutelary deities of mariners, who always addressed their prayers to them in times of danger and distress.

‡ *On the stage.*] According to the practice of the ancient dramatists, of calling in some deity at the end of the play to untie the knot, and bring on the catastrophe, alluded to by Horace,

Nec deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

time

time past had an inclination to enter into this course of life: for, frequently, when the conversation turned upon it, and any of the company extolled the happiness of those who lived with any noble Roman, when he observed what elegant entertainments they partook of, without any expence, lived in fine houses, travelled with ease and pleasure, lolled in chariots drawn by white horses, and, with all this, were paid well for their company, men who neither \* sow nor till, and yet enjoy every thing; how often, my friend, have I seen you gaping at these, and such like stories, with your mouth wide open to swallow the bait! That you may not, therefore, lay the blame on me, or say, that when I saw you bite at this fig-baited hook, I did not endeavour to draw it back before you had swallowed it, but waited till nothing but mere force could extract it, and then stood still, and only cried at your misfortune, lest, I say, you should bring this argument against me, which I could not refute, and my silence should thus be injurious to you: I will tell you every thing from first to last, that you may remember there is but one way out of the net, and when you have considered that the hook is sharp, and bent withal, and do not find, if you try it on your cheek, that it is intolerably painful, and hard to draw out, then mark me down as a fool, and as hungry after this bait as yourself, continue in your resolution, and, if you will, gorge down the whole bait like a sea-wolf.

Though my discourse is designed principally for your service, it will not be confined to philosophers alone, or men of serious and grave professions; but extend itself to grammarians, orators, musicians, all those, in short, who think it not beneath them to become hirelings and dependants, under the character of teachers and companions. The same, indeed, is the treatment of all; but when philosophers meet with it, it is certainly more reproachful and ignominious, as their masters seldom use them better than they do other men. In the course of my remarks it will appear, that those who do the injury, and those who suffer it, are equally to blame. I shall, however, remain guiltless, unless truth and freedom are unpardonable. The vulgar herd of sycophants and parasites, who have low and little minds, I shall not attempt to dissuade from this way of life, nor would they, indeed,

\* *Who neither sow, &c.*] Alluding to that passage in the *Odyssey*, where Homer describes the land of Cyclops,

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or sow,  
They all their products to free nature owe.

See Pope's *Odyssey*, book ix. l. 121.

easily

easily be dissuaded by me : if such do not leave their masters after the worst treatment, they are not worthy of reprehension ; they are fit for, and deserve the usage which they generally meet with ; they have no other way of employing themselves, and if you take this business from them, they must remain idle, listless, and superfluous members of society : nor do I think such creatures suffer any thing degrading to them, nor are their masters barbarous or tyrannical : it is only putting the vessel, as we say, to its \* proper use : for this they entered into the service ; and to bear every indignity is their calling and profession. But with regard to those whom I first mentioned, the men of liberal education, I cannot behold it without indignation, nor help endeavouring, if possible, to regain their liberty.

It may not be improper, therefore, previously to consider the causes generally assigned for embracing this course of life, and to shew that they are neither cogent nor satisfactory : this will at once destroy their first great argument in favour of voluntary servitude. Most men plead poverty, and the want of necessaries, as a specious reason for thus flying to shelter from them, and think it a sufficient excuse to say, that they endeavour to avoid penury, which of all things is the most oppressive : then comes in Theognis to back them, who is always ready with his,

† The man, by poverty subdu'd, &c.

To which they will add all the terrible things that lazy poets have said about indigence. If I could perceive that their poverty was in reality removed by these means, I would not have the least dispute with them concerning liberty : but since, as a famous ‡ orator says, their food is only like a sick man's diet, and they remain still in the same state, will it not follow, that they are sadly mistaken ? For penury still accompanies them ; they are always receiving, and yet never lay by any thing, but, let what will be given, expend every farthing on their immediate exigencies. Surely it would better have become them to find out the means, not of thus prolonging poverty, by mere

\* *Its proper use.*] Greek, εἰς τὴν ἀμίδα ἐνερπυτες, si in matulam imingant : this explains the matter to the learned reader, the unlearned may easily guess the meaning, or, if he pleases, get it construed for him.

† *The man, &c.*] The verses on poverty, by Theognis, from which this is quoted, are still extant, and inserted in the notes in the original ; but contain only a few common-place observations, not worthy of much attention. Lucian, indeed, seems to have treated them as such, and only quotes to ridicule them.

‡ *A famous orator.*] Demosthenes. See the end of the third Olynth.

temporary relief, but of entirely removing it. As it is, they might as well, indeed, \* Theognis, take your advice, and leap into the deep ocean, or hurl themselves down from the steep precipice! Most certain, however, it is, that he who is always poor, always begging, and always a slave, and yet fancies, all the time, he is escaped from poverty, can only be imposing on, and deceiving himself.

Some allege that they should not be under any fear of poverty if they could get their bread by labour, like other men; but that being incapable, from age and infirmities, they are forced to let themselves out in this manner. Let us see, then, whether this be really so, and what reward they have for their labours, which are at least as great, if not greater, than any other set of men whatever. To get money without toil, or trouble, would doubtless be most desirable; but this is not the case here, for it is impossible to describe the toil and labour they are obliged to go through in connections of this kind, that wear out the body and mind, and require a greater share of health and spirits than any other employment. We shall make mention of these when we come to enumerate all their distresses. At present it may suffice to observe, that they are not to be credited who make this an excuse for their prostitution: the truth is, and which they never confess, they are drawn into the houses of the great by the flattering hopes of pleasure, † struck with the sight of gold and silver, and happy in the enjoyment of sumptuous entertainments, and dainties of every kind, swallowing, in imagination, as much money as they please, and nobody to stop their mouths: these are the things that allure, and turn freemen into slaves: not the want of necessaries, as they allege, but a thirst after what is unnecessary, and the affectation of luxury and extravagance. Hence it is that their patrons treat them as proud mistresses do their lovers, just grant them enough to keep up their affection, but withhold the ‡ last favour, as well knowing that passion is satiated by enjoyment; they feed him, notwithstanding, still with hope,

\* *Theognis.*] Who says in his two last verses,

Τεθνασαι — πεινχρω βελτερονανδεις  
Η ζωειν χαλεπη τειρομενον πεινη.

which means no more than that a man had better be dead, than live in poverty.

† *Struck.*] Greek, καταπλωγεντας, of which *struck* is the literal translation. This is one of the instances of the happy analogy between the Greek and English languages, so favourable to a translator.

‡ *The last favour.*] Μεχρι φιληματος αρεμ μεταδιδοντες, says the original, which is extremely elegant, but could not be literally translated.

left

left despair should entirely damp his ardour, and put an end to the attachment: they smile, therefore, and promise, and are always about to do something very great; age in the mean time creeps on, and both grow too old either to impart happiness or to receive it; and thus life is spent in nothing but vain hope, and fruitless expectation.

For those, however, who are so fond of pleasure, that they will go through every thing in pursuit of it, it may not be altogether so reprehensible if they submit to some indignities, though, at the same time, it is mean and base to sell themselves for it, as the pleasure which liberty bestows is infinitely superior to every other. It may be pardonable, notwithstanding, if, after all, they can really get possession of it: but, for the mere hope of this blessing, to suffer so much, is surely the height of madness and folly. The difficulties which they have to struggle through, they must perceive, are manifest and unavoidable; and what they hoped for, never yet has, nor, probably, ever may come to pass. The companions of Ulysses, when they had tasted the sweet \* lotus, thought of nothing else, and neglected all that was right and good. Their negligence, perhaps, engaged as they were in that delightful employment, might in some measure be excusable; but for a famished wretch to stand perpetually by another devouring lotus, and yet never offering him any, only with the distant hope, that in time he may chance to taste of it; in the mean while, forgetting every thing that is good and virtuous, is surely most truly ridiculous, and worthy of Homeric stricture.

For this, or something like this, it is that so many give themselves up to the rich and great, to be treated as they think proper. Some, indeed, whom, perhaps, you will say, I should have mentioned, do it merely for the honour and glory of keeping company with the rich, the noble, and the well-dressed: there are, who imagine this denotes something grand, and above the vulgar cast; though, for my own part, I would not associate with a king, merely because he was so, unless some advantage resulted to me from it.

\* *Lotus.*] The trees around them all their fruit produce,  
 Lotus the name: divine, nectarious juice,  
 ——— which, who so tastes,  
 Infatiate, riots in the sweet repasts;  
 Nor other home, nor other care intends,  
 But quits his house, his country, and his friends.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, book ix. l. 105.

Having thus traced the cause, let us now consider, first, the miseries which they undergo, before they are admitted into this society; in the next place, what happens to them when they are there, and lastly, what, after all, is the catastrophe of the drama.

And first, then, there must be a great deal of running backwards and forwards, and waiting at the doors; you must rise early, stay a long time, bear much, must be shut out, perhaps, or called impertinent by a blundering \* Syrian porter, or an African nomenclator, whom you must take care to see well, that they may not forget to give in your name: you must dress yourself, withal, beyond your circumstances, according to the rank of your patron, and chuse such colours for your cloaths as are most agreeable to him, for fear he should be affronted when he sees you: then be sure you follow him close, or rather pushed on by his slaves, join his train, walk before him, and make a part of his pompous attendance: and, after all, perhaps, for several days he may never so much as look upon you: if, at last, you are so happy as to be seen by him, if he should call to you, and ask you a question, any thing, perhaps, that comes uppermost, then your head turns round, you sweat and tremble, and all that are by laugh at your confusion. If he asks you who was king of the Greeks, you answer, they had a thousand ships; this the good-natured will call modesty, the bold and impudent will style it timidity, and the malevolent will attribute it to your ignorance: whilst you yourself, finding, for the first time, how dangerous it is to be over-complaisant, take your leave, heartily ashamed of your foolish diffidence. When, at length, after you

Long sleepless nights in heavy arms have stood,  
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood,

as the † poet says, though not fighting for fair Helen, or Priam's Troy, but in hopes of getting five farthings, by the assistance of fortune, or some tragedy god, you come to the trial, and to be examined whether you are a man of letters; for the rich and great are fond of this kind of business, as it

\* *Syrian porter.*] The great men of Rome, at that time, we may suppose, kept Syrian porters at their doors, as we, not long since, used to employ Swifs in that office. What Lucian calls the *νομακλητωρ*, was probably another kind of servant, who, like our footmen, announced the company as they came in. The appointing blundering foreigners to this employment was thought, as amongst us, a mark of distinction amongst their nobility, who were, in many of their customs, almost as proud and ridiculous as our own.

† *As the poet says.*] See Achilles' speech, in the ninth book of the Iliad.

redounds

redounds to their honour. Then begins the affair to appear of the utmost consequence to you, as if your very life and being were concerned in the determination. It is, indeed, a most serious matter; for if you are rejected as unworthy by your first patron, you can never be received by another. Your mind, therefore, must be distracted, and torn to pieces, partly from the envy you bear to those who are examined with you (for we will suppose many others in the same situation), and partly from your fear of not acquitting yourself so well as you might have done; then arise hopes and fears in abundance, and you rivet your eyes upon him: if he seems to dislike what you say, you look upon yourself as undone; but if he listens with a gracious smile, your hopes are raised, and you are mightily rejoiced. In the mean time, it is very probable, you may meet with enemies, that will traduce and send out their \* arrows against you in secret; some man with a long beard and white hair shall be sought for, and asked if he knows of any thing particular, and there will always be found others that will give him credit. Then all your past life must be carefully enquired into; and if any of your good neighbours, either incited by envy, or who has received some slight affront from you, shall say you are a pathic, or adulterer, he shall be called a † witness from the court of Jove: but if, on the other hand, all unite to praise and recommend you, then they are looked upon as very doubtful evidence, or false and corrupted: you must be very fortunate, indeed, and meet with no opposition, if you succeed. We will suppose then, that every thing goes right, that the great man approves your speech, and that his most respected friends, whose opinion he always takes on these occasions, do not endeavour to set him against you; that his wife likes, that his steward and house-keeper do not oppose you, that no body finds fault with your life and manners, but that every thing is expiated and atoned for. At length then, happiest as thou art of men, thou hast conquered, thou art crowned at the ‡ Olympic games, or rather, as I may say, thou hast taken Babylon, and the tower of Sardis is surrendered to thee: thou shalt possess the Amalthæan

\* *Their arrows.*] Greek, *ἐκ λόγων τοξέων*. The same metaphor is made use of by the Psalmist, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words."

† *A witness, &c.*] This was a kind of proverbial expression, to signify a strong and incontrovertible evidence. The *ex Jovis tabulis testis*, is mentioned by Erasmus in his *Pæcemia*.

‡ *Olympic games.*] The conquerors at the Olympic games were crowned with a garland of the sacred olive, were publicly applauded, had statues erected at the expence of the community, and honours of every kind paid to them by their countrymen and friends. See West's *Dissertation on the Olympic Games*, sect. xvi.

horn,



horn, and drink the milk of birds: for the labours thou hast gone through, what rewards should'st thou not inherit! not of leaves alone should be thy garland: no small or contemptible presents art thou entitled to, such as no doubt should be paid without difficulty, and whenever you stand in need of them, besides honours and dignities above the vulgar; now you may expect relief from all your toils and labours, your dirty walks, and waitings; the happiness which you wished for, of stretching your feet, and sleeping at your ease, doing nothing but what you at first agreed to do, and which alone you were hired to perform. Nor for this, Timocles, would it be any great hardship to bear on your shoulders a light and easy yoke, and what is more, a golden one too; but the truth is, a great deal is still behind, and, indeed, every thing: for, even when you are got into the family, there are a thousand circumstances highly disgusting to the free mind. Consider within yourself, whilst I recount them, whether they are such as can be borne by any man of liberal education.

I will begin then with the first supper you are invited to, a specimen of what is to follow. An upper servant is dispatched to desire your company; whom, that you may appear genteel, you must tip with at least three drachmas: he will seem at first to be very angry, and cry out, what from you, Sir! by no means, till at last he suffers himself to be over-persuaded, and leaves you with a broad grin. Then you put on your new clothes, and being washed and dressed in the best manner, set out, afraid, perhaps, all the while that you should get there first; for that would be an indecorum, as coming last is a mark of pride; carefully, therefore, observing the true medium, you nick the exact time, are ushered in, and desired to sit down on the great man's right hand, and close to two of your old acquaintance. And now, as if you had got into the palace of Jupiter, you begin to stare and wonder at every thing about you, for it all appears new and strange: the family fix their eyes upon you, and the company watch your every action; the great man himself is not unobservant of it, for he has already told the servants to mark how you behave towards his wife and children, and whether you frequently cast your eyes upon, and admire them. The attendants laugh at your confusion, and conclude, from the awkwardness of your behaviour, that you seldom sup out, or rather, indeed, that you never had a napkin laid for you before. You must consequently, therefore, be in a panick, afraid, if you are ever so dry, to ask for the cup, lest they should  
call

call you a wine-bibber; and when fruit of every kind is placed before you, served up in its proper form and order, you are at a loss which to touch first: then you have nothing to do but look slyly upon your next neighbour, whom you must take care to imitate, and learn of him the whole ceremony of a great supper. Struck with wonder at every thing about you, you are still perplexed and uneasy, envying the great man's condition, with all his riches and fine things; and lamenting your own; then, perhaps, comforting yourself with the prospect of future happiness in life, and the hope of participating his felicity; for you expect these Dionysia will last for ever. The boys, withal, who wait at table, give you a flattering picture of the life you are to lead, and you cry out with Homer,

\* No wonder such celestial charms,  
Shou'd set th' ambitious world in arms.

I would do and suffer many things for such a reward. Then comes the libation to friendship; somebody takes a great cup and drinks to the preceptor, the master, or by whatever name they think proper to distinguish you; you take another, and not knowing how to return the compliment, are laughed at for an ignoramus. By this, notwithstanding, you gain the envy of your old friends and acquaintance, and thus, at your very first setting off, offend a number of people, who are all angry that a new guest should be preferred to them, who have worn out so many years in the service. This alone, will they say, was wanting to crown our misfortunes: that we should be set aside for one who is just come into the house. But Rome, says one, is open to none but these Greeks; and what is it they so much excel us in? Of what mighty service are their miserable speeches? Do not you see, says another, how much he drinks, and devours every thing before him, an awkward † hungry fellow, who never thinks he has enough of white bread, pheasants, and Numidian hens, and will scarce leave us so much as the bones to pick. Be quiet, you fools, says a fourth, in four or five days you will see him as miserable as yourselves: at present, indeed, like a new shoe, he is in some esteem and taken care of, but when he is worn out and full of dirt, he may lay under the bed, worm-eaten like us. Thus will they be per-

\* *No wonder, &c.*] The words of the old men on seeing the beautiful Helen. See Homer's Iliad, book iii. l. 156.

† *Hungry fellow.*] Græculus esuriens. See Juv.

petually

petually prating, and some of them, perhaps, laying up a stock of still severer calumny against you.

The whole feast, therefore, may be called your's, as all the conversation is about you; and now, drinking more than you are used to, of light thin wine, you are very ill with it: to get up before the rest of the company would be rude, and yet to stay longer is hardly safe. The drinking goes on, one story succeeds to, and one entertainment comes on the back of another: in the mean while you suffer no small uneasiness; neither able to see any thing that goes forward, or to hear the young men sing and play; commend, however, you must, though you are wishing all the time that an earthquake would shake the room, or an alarm of fire frighten the company, and break up the entertainment.

Such, my friend, is your first sweet supper. For my own part, I should prefer an onion and salt, with the liberty to eat it when, and just as much of it as I pleased: for, not to mention the disorders of the head and stomach which generally follows a debauch of this kind, you are to meet the day after to settle your salary, and the time of receiving it; two or three friends are called together, you are desired to sit down, and the great man begins: "You saw yesterday in what manner I live, that there is no form and parade in my house, nothing \* grand or superb, but all plain and simple; and I would have you to understand that you are to look upon every thing here as belonging equally to us both: absurd, indeed, to the last degree would it be, when I repose my whole mind, that greatest of all trusts, on you; when I commit to you the care of my children (if he has any), to refuse you any thing else; I know your moderation; know that happy disposition of your's, which is always its own best reward, and am satisfied, that you did not come to live with me from any motives of self-interest, but for the sake of my friendship, and the regard which every body will have for you on that account: since, however, a certain sum must be agreed on, let it be fixed: you shall name it yourself, if you please; but remember, my friend, the presents which you may expect from me on the annual festivals, which, however, we determine this point, shall never be forgotten; you will observe this, and proportion your demand accordingly: but you scholars, I know, are superior to all pecuniary considerations."

\* *Nothing grand.*] The original says, *α τραγωδικα*, not pompous, or tragedy-like. The expression is strong and remarkable, but would not admit of a literal translation.

These

These fine speeches feed you with hope, and you are soon brought over : you that but a little before had dreamed of a thousand talents, whole acres, and houses, begin to discover a little parsimony ; you flatter yourself, however, with his promises, and suppose he must have been in earnest when he talked of all things being in common between you : little thinking that such things as these

\* Just touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

At length, out of modesty, you submit it to him : he will deny, perhaps, that he said any such thing, and refer it to some friend who was present, desiring him to name a middle price, such as can reasonably be afforded by him who has a great many other expences upon him, and, at the same time, such as may not be unworthy of your acceptance. Then steps in an old acquaintance, inured to flattery from his youth upwards ; ‘ how happy may you esteem yourself, cries he, to light on such an offer immediately, which so many have been long wishing for, to be thought worthy of such a table, and such a connection, to be admitted into one of the first houses in the Roman empire ! it is a happiness, if you know how to prize it as such, beyond the talents of Cræsus, or the treasures of Midas, when I know so many men of the best families who would be proud of living with him, and being called his friend and companion, merely for the honour of it ; I cannot find words to express your good fortune ; when, over and above this happiness, you are, withal, to receive a salary for it ; I cannot but think, therefore, unless you are of all men the most unreasonable, that you will be very well satisfied with’ — and here he mentions some paltry sum, very inconsiderable, at least in proportion to your expectations. Now, however, you must make the best of it, for you are caught in the net, and there is no getting out again. You take the bridle in, and shut your mouth quietly, submitting patiently to your rider, who will not draw the bit tight, nor spur you hard, until you are grown quite tame.

Folks abroad, in the mean time, will envy you, seeing you have got possession, and have free egress and regress, without let or molestation ; though you may, perhaps, see no reason yourself why they should think you

\* *Just touch the lips, &c.*] From this line in Homer,

Χείλα μὲν γ' ἔδιον, ὑπερωὴν δ' οὐκ ἔδιονε.

Labra rigasse quidem, non humectasse palatum.

See II. x. l. 495. Pope has omitted it in his translation.

fo happy, you are ftill, however, agreeably deceived, and imagine that things will go better for the future : but the direct contrary of what you expected comes to pafs; it is \* *Mandrabulus*' bufinefs, as the old adage fays, it grows lefs and lefs every day, and all goes backwards.

At length, by degrees, through a kind of glimmering light, you begin to perceive that all your golden hopes were nothing but water-bubbles, and your labours and miferies but too real, inevitable, and perpetual. And what, you will fay, are they? I fee nothing in all this fo miferable or laborious. I will tell you, my friend, what there is; attend to me, and you fhall hear, not only what there is in it fo laborious, but how bafe alfo, mean, and fervile is the employment.

And firft, remember, that from this time you are no longer free or noble. Your liberty, your name, and family, were all left behind, the moment you entered thofe doors as a voluntary flave. On fuch mean and degrading bufinefs freedom would never deign to accompany you. A flave however you deteft that name, you are, and muft be; not of one, but of many, and muft bend your neck to the yoke from morning to evening for paltry wages. And as you were not brought up to flavery, but learned the habit late in life, and voluntarily offered yourfelf when at years of maturity, you will be no great favourite of your mafter's, nor held in any degree of eftimation by him; for the remembrance of former freedom fpoils you for a flave, and renders you incapable of performing, as you ought, the offices of one. A flave, however, you certainly are, though not the fon of † *Pyrrhias* or *Zopyrion*; nor fold, like *Bithynians*, by public auktion: for if, when the day of payment comes, you hold out your hand, like other fervants, and take what you can get, you are to all intents and purpofes a hired flave: there wants no crier to put up to fale the man who fells himfelf, and who, for a long time, has been in fearch of a mafter.

Mean wretch! (for fo I muft call the man who pretends to be a philofopher); if a pirate had fold thee, thou would'ft have lamented thy loft free-

\* *Mandrabulus*.] This was a kind of proverbial expreffion, ufually applied to perfons or things growing by degrees worfe and worfe, and is faid to have derived its original from one *Mandrabulus* of *Samos*, who, having found a confiderable treafure, thought it his duty to offer up an annual facrifice to *Juno*. The firft year, it feems, he gave her a golden fheep, the fecond only a filver, and the third a brafs one. The proverb, we fee on the explanation of it, was happily applied.

† *Pyrrhias* or *Zopyrion*.] See the notes on *Timon*.

dom as the worst of calamities; if by violence thou hadst been taken away and carried into slavery, thou wouldst have raved, complained, appealed to the laws, and called heaven and earth to witness the indignity; and yet with all thy virtue and wisdom, even at an age when, if thou hadst been born a slave, it would have been time to look forward towards liberty, thou couldst sell thyself for a few pence; regardless of all that the noble Plato, Chrysippus, and Aristotle had said in praise of liberty, and against shameful servitude: are not you ashamed to herd with parasites, and rascals; to be seen amongst Romans, the only one, perhaps, in a foreign garb, talking bald Latin, and frequenting noisy feasts, with crowds of men of bad characters? At these entertainments you praise without judgment, drink more than you can bear, and then, roused by the bell, before your sleep is half out, rise up early, run about from place to place, without wiping off the dirt of yesterday from your shoes. Was there no pulse, no wholesome herbs, no fountains of living waters left, that you should be driven to this necessity? But it is plain you do not chuse pulse and water; dainties, sweet-meats, and scented wines are more alluring: these must be paid for some way or other; the collar, therefore, is put about your neck, and, like a monkey, you are shewn for diversion: and, in the mean time, you comfort yourself that you can devour as many figs as you please; whilst liberty, and her attendant virtues, are buried in oblivion.

But the loss of your freedom is not the worst of this business; if that were all it might be borne; for the labour, you will say, is not the same as that of common servants. And yet, let us examine whether your task is not harder than \* *Dromo's* or *Tibius's*: that learning and knowledge, which, he says, induced him to make choice of you, he has in fact no notion of, nor does he trouble himself about it. What, indeed, as the † proverb says, has the ass to do with a lyre? and yet how many there are who pretend to fight for the wisdom of Homer, the gravity of Demosthenes, the magnanimity of Plato! though, setting aside their riches, there is nothing valuable about them, as their minds are full of nothing but pride, ignorance, ill-nature, and extravagance: he wants you not, therefore, for your learning or knowledge, but because you have got a long beard, and a venerable aspect, and wear a Grecian habit; because you are known to be a grammarian, a phi-

\* *Dromo's* or *Tibius's*.] The common names of slaves.

† *Proverb says*.] *Afinus ad Lyram*. See *Erasmus in Adagio*.

lofopher, or an orator; he likes to have a man of your character in his train, for then he may be thought fond of Grecian literature himself, and an admirer of those doctrines which it inculcates. What is this then, after all, but to let out your beard and cloak for a few fine speeches! You must always be seen with him, and can never stay behind, never quit your post, but be constantly at hand to perform your duty. He, perhaps, will condescend to throw his arm round, and joke familiarly with you, to shew the world that, even whilst he is walking the streets, he is not forgetful of the Muses, but employs every leisure minute to the best advantage. You, trudging along, sometimes faster, and sometimes slower, through rough ways, up hill and down (for such, you know, our city is), come in at last sweating and out of breath, and whilst he is chattering with some friend within doors, you stand without; there is no place to sit down in, and, having nothing else to do, take out a book to divert yourself; at length, after passing the day without meat or drink, about midnight you get a little supper, not respected or attended as you were at first, but drove up into some corner, to make room for a new guest, gnawing your bone, like a dog, behind, or content with a dry leaf of mallow; if those who were served before you chance to leave any behind them: nor is this all the indignity you may suffer: for not an egg will they let you have to yourself; you must not pretend to like what strangers are fond of, for that would be impudence in you; nor to expect the same fine birds as they have, plump and crammed; half a chicken, or a dry pigeon may serve you; which is, no doubt, the highest affront they can put upon you: but it often happens that if there is a scarcity, and a new guest comes in, the servant takes away what he had put before you, and carries it to him, whispering, perhaps, in your ear, "you are one of the family." If a stag, or a sucking pig comes to table, you must depend on the mercy of a kind carver, or turn \* Prometheus, and help yourself to some bones well-covered with fat: for your next neighbour who sits above you, there is always a plate ready as long as he chuses to eat, though nobody will help you to one: who, that had but the spirit of a deer, could tamely bear this? But another thing, which I have not yet mentioned is, that whilst every body else is drinking good old wine, you must swallow that which is thick and good for nothing; you take care, therefore, to drink out of gold or silver, that it may not be known, by the colour of your li-

\* *Prometheus.*] See note on Lucian's Prometheus.

quor,

quor, of how little consequence you are in such company; but even of this stuff you are not at liberty to drink as much as you please; for it often happens that when you call for it, the \* boy will pretend he never heard you.

This, and more than this, every thing, in short, must hurt you; but, above all, when the fiddler, the dancing master, and the little Alexandrian with his love-songs, is preferred before you; for you must never expect to be held in equal esteem with these tempting minions: you have nothing to do, therefore, but to hide yourself in a corner, lament your fate, and accuse cruel fortune for denying you such allurements. How you wish now that you were a writer of love verses, or even that you could sing those of others, when you see how much these talents are prized! you might stand your ground if you were only a conjurer, or fortune-teller, who promises estates, riches, and empires: for these you see are admitted into the friendship of the great, and rewarded with honours and dignities; but for all this you are totally unqualified: you must of necessity, therefore, be degraded, and weep your wretched condition in silence and sorrow. If it should be whispered that you are the only one who did not join in applauding your mistress' finger, or dancer, let me tell you, you are in no small danger: you must learn to roar like an old frog, till you are hoarse, and take care that you lead up the chorus; for when every body else is silent, to throw in a studied eulogium, will shew your skill in adulation: and yet to be crowned and anointed, and at the same time have neither victuals nor drink, is truly ridiculous. You are like the monument of a person lately dead, which the relations dress up, and pour ointments upon, whilst they eat the meat, and drink the wine themselves. Add to all this, that if your patron be jealous, his wife young, or his children handsome, if Venus and the Graces have not utterly renounced you, there may be no small danger. The great have always a number of ears and eyes about them; eyes that sometimes see, not only what is really done, but what they would have it thought you do; when you sit at table, therefore, you must look down, as the Persians do,

\* *The boy, &c.*] This is painting from nature, which is the same in all times and places. I was myself, not long since, at a great man's table, and in company with an unhappy female dependant on the family, one Mrs. Gibbons, (for that name will serve the reader as well as her real one) who not having been taken notice of in the hob and nob round, took the liberty to signify her inclinations, just by saying in a low voice to the servant as he passed by her, I wish I had a glass of wine, John: to which John very coolly replied (but without helping her to one), I wish you had, Mrs. Gibbons.

for



for fear one of the eunuchs should observe your glances, and another, perhaps, reprove you for gazing where you ought not.

At length you leave the feast, and go to bed, from whence roused at the cock-crowing, you get up, and cry out, what a poor miserable wretch am I! doomed thus to quit my old companions, and employments, that sweet sleep, which I could indulge in as long as I pleased, my free and uncontrolled walks! plunged myself into this gulph of misery! good gods! and for what? where is the noble reward I expected? might not I have gained much more than this, and still kept my freedom and my happiness? Like the \* lion, as they say, bound by a thread, I am dragged up and down; and, which is still more dreadful, gain no character, and conciliate no affection. I am awkward and ridiculous in the business, especially when compared to those who make an art of it; besides, I am an ungracious and unacceptable companion, and cannot raise a laugh; I perceive I am often troublesome, and even more so, when I strive to be more than ordinarily pleasant and facetious, then I appear most disgusting, nor do I believe I should ever make myself agreeable to him; for if I preserve my gravity, I seem surly and morose, and he can scarce bear my company; and if I harmonize my face into smiles and complacency, he laughs at and despises me: it is just like a person acting comedy with a † tragic mask on. At present I live only for others; the time, I hope, will come, when I shall live in a very different manner, and for myself alone.

In the midst of these reflections, the bell rings, and you must return to your old course, go of errands, run about, or stand still, as you are bid, taking care always to ‡ oil your knees and thighs beforehand, that you may be ready for the lifts; mean time the way of living, so different from what you were used to, the watchings, fatigue, and toil you undergo, soon wear you out, bring on a consumption, shortness of breath, pains in the bowels, or, perhaps, § a fine gout: you still hold out, however, till bed-time, when you go to

\* *Like the lion, &c.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the story of Androclus, told by Ælian and others. Postea, says Gellius, videbamus Androclum et leonem loro tenui revinctum, urbe totâ circum tabernas ire, &c. It passed, probably, from this story into a proverbial expression.—Leo cordula vinetus—See Erasim. Paroemio.

† *A tragic mask.*] For an account of the ancient masks, see Hedelin, and the Dissertation on the Ancient Theatre, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles.

‡ *Oil.*] Alluding to the custom of the combatants in the Palæstra, who always prepared for the gymnastic exercises by rubbing their limbs with oil. The parasite dependant confines it to the knees for a very obvious reason.

§ *A fine gout.*] Lucian says, τὴν καλὴν ποδάγραν, which the Latin translator renders, præclaram podagram, the famous gout.

rest:

rest : but even that relief is often denied you ; for your disorder, they will say, is only a pretence, and to avoid doing your duty ; with all this you grow pale, and look like a man just at the point of death.

Such is your town life. When you go journies into the country, which often happens, you will meet with more difficulties. Amongst others, if it rains ever so hard, you must come last (for that is your place), and wait for the carriage, and, perhaps, if there is no room there, must be stuffed in with the cook and your lady's chambermaid in the litter, with hardly straw enough to keep you warm.

\* And here I cannot help relating what Theismopolis the Stoic philosopher told me once happened to him, and, ridiculous as it is, may not improbably happen to others also. He lived some time in the house of a very rich and delicate lady ; and one day, when they went abroad together, it fell out that a certain minion, with a smooth-shaved chin, and all over perfumes, who, we may suppose, was in high favour with the lady, was ordered to take his place next to our philosopher : his name I think he told me was Chelidonium. What a setting out was this ! Think only of a surly old fellow with a long beard, for you know Theismopolis had a most venerable one, sitting close by a creature with painted cheeks, swimming eyes, and a neck reclined on one side, plucking out the small feathers of his beard ; if they had permitted him he would have worn a hood and scarf, and there would he sit fingering loose songs all the way, and even, if they had not prevented him, would have danced in the carriage ; these were some of his misfortunes, but now comes another worse than all. Theismopolis, cries the lady, will you grant me one favour ? it is a great one indeed, but I know you will not deny it me : he promises, as you may suppose, to do every thing : it is only this, says she, for I know you are good-natured, careful, and of a loving disposition, only take my little dog, Myrrhina, your old acquaintance into the chariot with you, and take care of her, for she is ill and just ready to pup, and those abominable careless servants will give themselves no trouble even about me, much less about her ; during the whole journey, be assured, therefore, you will confer no small obligation on me, by preserving my sweet dog, which I

\* *And here, &c.*] This story of the lap-dog, which is an excellent one, has greatly the air of a modern tale, and seems so correspondent with the present taste and manners, that we can hardly bring ourselves to consider it as told by Lucian so many years ago ; I can, notwithstanding, assure my readers that it is faithfully, and almost literally, translated from him.

value so much. To this petition, so strongly urged, and almost with tears in her eyes, Thefmopolis could not but consent: it was ridiculous enough to see the little animal peeping out of the philosopher's cloak, just under his beard, and every now and then besprinkling him (which by the by he did not mention to me himself), then yelping with a little sharp voice, as those dogs of Melita generally do, and licking his chin, allured, perhaps, by the smell of yesterday's broth upon it: upon which the minion, who is sometimes happy in his jokes upon the company, when he came to Thefmopolis observed, not unwittily, that from a Stoic he was turned into a \* Cynic philosopher. I have been told since, that the dog pupp'd in Thefmopolis' cloak.

Thus it is that the great treat, or rather mal-treat their dependants, whom by degrees, they render quite tame, and patient under every indignity. I knew a rhetorician who was ordered by his patron to declaim at supper, which he did, not superficially, but handsomely, and in a most elegant manner: they praised him most abundantly, and said he harangued not by water but by wine, not by the hour but by the cask: it was reported he had two hundred drachmas for it; in this, perhaps, there may be no great harm; but if your patron chance to be a poet, or an historian, who will be repeating his works all dinner time, then must you burst your sides with laughing, praise, and admire, and invent every day new modes of flattery. Some there are too who value themselves on their beauty, these you must be sure to call Hyacinthus, and Adonis, though they have noses an ell long; and if you do not extol them, you will be sent to † Dionysius' prison for envious traitors. The rich are always learned and eloquent, and though they commit solecisms ever so often, all they say is full of Attic salt, and the honey of Hymettus, and a law should be made to oblige every body to speak like them for the future.

From men, perhaps, this may be borne with, but it is still worse when we come to the women; for these too affect to have scholars and men of literature about them, who are hired to attend, and go along with them in their carriages; amongst their other accomplishments, they esteem it a

\* *Cynic.*] Alluding to the appellation of dog, generally given to the followers of Diogenes.

† *Dionysius' prison.*] A dungeon at Syracuse, built by Dionysius for the reception of state prisoners. Philoxenus the poet was confined in it by the tyrant, for not praising his bad verses. See Cicero's Oration against Verres,

principal

principal thing to be called learned and philosophical, and will make verses little inferior to Sappho! for this purpose they procure rhetoricians, grammarians, and philosophers, and with these all their leisure hours are spent. It often happens that whilst the philosopher is reading, the \* maid brings a letter from the gallant, the lecture upon wisdom and chastity stands still till the lady has answered the epistle, and then they return to it with all possible expedition; when at last, after a considerable length of time, a present is made you, at the † Saturnalia, or ‡ Panathenaica, of a half-worn-out robe. Then a most grand and pompous ceremony begins: the first man who heard his master, whilst he was doubting whether he should give it you or not, runs before to give you notice, and must not go back without a good fee; in the morning ten or a dozen come to bring it you, and every one boasts how much he has said in your favour, how warmly he enforced it, and how he chose the best he could for you; all these must be paid for their trouble, and will grumble, moreover, that you did not give them more.

If your reward is in money, you will be paid by little and little, perhaps two or three oboli at a time; and if you ask for it, you are troublesome and impertinent: you must beg, pray, and flatter; pay your court to the steward too, for this is another species of adulation which you must submit to, nor must his intimate friend and counsellor be neglected: and after all, the whole, perhaps, when you have received it, is due to the taylor, the shoemaker, or the physician. Surely § gifts like these are no gifts, and of very little service. In the mean time, some lie is raised against you to your patron, who is ready to believe every thing; he perceives now that you are worn out by perpetual toils, perform your duty but lamely, fall off in your strength, and, perhaps, slide by degrees into the gout; and after he has enjoyed the flower of your age, and exhausted your powers, when your body and your coat are both worn out, looks about for some dunghill to throw you

\* *The maid.*] The Greeks say ἡ Ἀβρα, —Abra signifies a maid, as Dromo, Xanthias, &c. is used for any man-servant. In Prior's Solomon, the hand maid is called Abra,

And when I call'd another, Abra came.

† *The Saturnalia.*] See the notes on Lucian's Saturnalia.

‡ *Panathenaica.*] A grand Athenian festival in honour of Minerva, celebrated once in five years, and accompanied by a number of rites and ceremonies. For a full account of which I refer my readers to Potter's Antiquities, vol. i. p. 419.

§ *Gifts.*] Εχθρων ἀδωρα δωρα, κ' ἐκ' ὀπισθια.

See the Ajax of Sophocles.

upon, that he may pick up another who is better able to serve him. He accuses you then of debauching his wife's maid, or some such thing, and you are turned out headlong at midnight; old as you are, poor, friendless, and, perhaps, with a swelling gout upon you. After such a length of time, you have forgot every thing which you knew, and have nothing left but a belly as big as a hoghead, which you can neither fill nor get rid of; for your throat, from habit, is perpetually soliciting you, and cannot without murmur and repining unlearn what it has been so long accustomed to. Thus worn out as you are, nobody else will take you in, for you are now like an old horse, whose very skin is good for nothing. Add to this, that the scandal of being turned off will make people suspect you as an adulterer, a forcerer, or something worse; your accuser will be believed, as a man of credit; but you are a Greek, of a light character, and fit for every thing that is bad; for such they suppose us all to be, and, perhaps, with some justice. The cause of this opinion, I believe, may be easily guessed at; many of us, who know nothing good or useful, get into houses, where they practise magic, and fortune-telling, promise people success in love, and pretend they can turn aside misfortunes on the heads of their enemies; and this they do by boasting their learning, putting on long cloaks, and wearing such beards as are not to be despised. It is no wonder, therefore, they should suspect us all, when those whom they had so high an opinion of, are guilty of such things, and submit to the meanest flattery for the sake of gain.

Those whom they dismiss from their service, moreover, they generally bear the most inveterate hatred against, and endeavour as much as they can utterly to ruin and destroy; naturally supposing that such men will lay open their whole lives and manners, which they are intimately acquainted with, and this it is which hurts them; for they exactly resemble those books whose outside is purple and gold, and within you find nothing but Thyestes feeding on his own children, Oedipus committing incest with his mother, or Tereus pursuing the two sisters: such are these men also, very fine and splendid, with a great deal of tragedy under their purple; if you open one of them you will find a fit subject for Sophocles or Euripides, though they are all gold and finery without: conscious of this, they always hate, and plan the destruction of those whom they have turned away, and who know them well, lest they should bring them on the public stage.

And

And now I could wish to set before you, in the manner of \* Cebes, an exact image or picture of this kind of life, that you might carefully observe and consider whether you would choose to enter into it. Would I could meet with an Apelles or Parrhasius, an Ætion or Euphranor, to paint it for me! but since none can now be found possessed of their skill and genius, I will give you a slight sketch of my own, and do my best for you. † Imagine then a lofty palace, not low on the earth, but raised on an eminence far above it, covered with gold: let the ascent to it be long, steep, and slippery, so that those who hoped they had just reached the summit, frequently slip down and fall; within let Plutus be seated, all over gold, beautiful and lovely: the candidate with difficulty reaches the gate, and gazes on the treasures; Hope, in full beauty, and clothed in a garment of divers colours, leads him on, and he is soon received by two females, Fraud and Slavery, who deliver him over to the hands of Labour; by him he is well disciplined, and passed on to Old Age: he grows sick, and his colour changes; then comes Infamy, seizes on, and leads him to Déspair; Hope, from that moment vanishes, and is seen no more: he retires, not through the golden gate which he entered at, but by a narrow private passage, naked, pot-belly'd, pale, and worn out with age; with one hand covering his nakedness, with the other endeavouring to throttle himself: as he goes out he is met by Repentance, weeping in vain, and only making the wretched more unhappy: this finishes the picture.

And now, my good Timocles, examine the whole, and think within yourself, whether you would wish to enter on such a life, through the first gate, if you were obliged to go out so shamefully at the latter. Whatever your determination is, remember the wise man's saying,

‡ God is blameless, and the fault lies in our own choice.

\* *Cebes.*] Alluding to the famous *Tabula Cebetis*, still extant, a translation of which the reader will meet with in Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*; see likewise the *Spectator*, and an elegant poem in *Dodley's Collection*.

† *Imagine then.*] Lucian has here given us a very good imitation of Cebes, in a beautiful allegorical picture, which I should be glad to see executed on canvas by the masterly hand of our Reynolds, West, or Angelica.

‡ *God is, &c.*] See *Plato's Republic*.

T H E  
A P O L O G Y.

*Some Time after the Appearance of the preceding Tract on Dependants, and when LUCIAN, as he has himself informed us, was far advanced in Years, he had the good Fortune to be preferred, by the Emperor M. Aurelius, to a Place of great Honour and Profit, which seems, by his own Account of it, to have been little less than the Government of some extensive Province. His Enemies (for such, Men of superior Wit and Genius will always have), did not fail, we may suppose, to reproach him for accepting this Place, which they considered as incompatible with that Freedom and Independence, so warmly recommended by him in every Part of his Writings, and particularly in the above mentioned Tract, which this APOLOGY is written in Defence of. In this Letter before us, LUCIAN artfully puts the Objections of his Enemies into the Mouth of his Friend, every one of which he afterwards fairly refutes, by proving at last, that the Arguments they made use of did not at all reach, or affect him, as the taking Wages from a private Patron, and submitting to the meanest Offices for Hire, was a very different Thing from filling an honourable Post under the \* Emperor himself.*

**I** HAVE often, my dear Sabinus, debated with myself concerning the opinion you would entertain, and the manner in which you would speak of my late tract on Dependants in Great Families. I take it for granted you could not peruse it without a smile; permit me now to add, what at this distance of time, I imagine, you will say about it. If I have any skill in prophecy, I think you will speak thus: “ can there, say you, be a man, who after writing such things, after so pompous a declamation against this kind of life, could thus suddenly forget all he had said, and having thus, as

\* With regard to this circumstance (forgive the vanity, kind reader), there seems to be some similitude between LUCIAN and his TRANSLATOR; it was the fate of them both, after a life of labour and disappointment, to be honoured in the decline of it, by the notice and patronage of their Sovereign. Whether the resemblance between us holds in any other particular, must be left to the determination of the reader.

they

they \* say, changed his shell, at last voluntarily embraces a state of fervitude? How many Midas's, Cræsus's, and Pactolus's must have conspired to draw him aside, to persuade him to quit fair freedom, who had brought up and attended him from his earliest years, and when he was hastening towards † Æacus, when he had already one foot in ‡ Charon's boat, could induce him to put on a gold chain, and be dragged about by it, like a squirrel, or a monkey! How different is the practice from the precept! it is, as they say, a stream running backwards, a palinody, every thing, in short, turned the wrong way; the || poet applies this to Troy and Helen, but it is equally true, when words are thus contradicted by facts."

Thus, most probably, you will talk to yourself; and, perhaps, may give me some advice, not impertinent nor unreasonable, but friendly, and becoming a wife and good man, as I know you to be: if therefore I should assume your character, and represent it well, it may be of service to me, and an acceptable sacrifice to the god of eloquence; if I fail, you must yourself supply the deficiency. Let the scene then be changed: I must submit in silence to be cut up and ¶ branded for my health's sake, whilst you prepare your medicines, your knife, and your searing-iron. And now, Sabinus, you take your turn to speak, and begin thus:

"There was a time, my friend, when what you wrote met with the highest approbation, as well from those who heard it repeated in the public assembly, and who mentioned it to me, as by those men of letters, who perused and admired it in private: the \*\* style, was by no means contemptible; it contained a good deal of history, shewed great knowledge of men and

\* *As they say.*] Greek, Οστρακὴ μετὰ πεισιντος, cadente aliter calculo, a proverbial saying; alluding to the shell used in ostracism amongst the Athenians, analogous to our balloting-bean in elections.

† *Towards.*] i. e. Towards death. Æacus was one of the judges in hell, consequently, he who goes to Æacus must go to the grave.

‡ *In Charon's boat.*] There is a remarkable similitude between the Greek expression and our own, of a sick or old man's having "one foot in the grave."

|| *The poet.*] Stesichorus, we are told, was punished with blindness, for writing a palinody, or abuse of Helen.

¶ *Branded.*] Alluding to the punishment which Lucian was for inflicting on the hypocritical philosophers, in his tract on Dependants.

\*\* *The style, &c.*] Greek, Λογὸν παρασκευή. Lucian's thus founding forth his own praises, through the mouth of his friend, favours a little of authorial vanity; but where is the wit who ever lived without some share of it?

things,



things, was delivered with clearness and perspicuity, and, above all, it had the merit of being useful, especially to men of education, by preventing them from throwing themselves, through ignorance and inexperience, into the worst of slavery. But since you have changed your opinion, taken your last farewell of liberty, and adopted that vile precept,

\* Where much is to be gain'd, against our nature,  
We must be servile.

Take care that for the future nobody hear you repeating out of that book, neither should you permit any of those who see your present way of life ever to look into it. Rather pour out your vows to infernal Mercury, to dip in the waters of Lethe all such as have seen or read it. We shall otherwise tell a Corinthian fable of you, and say that, like † Bellerophon, you carry letters for your own destruction. Nor, by Jupiter, do I see what excuse, that carries any ‡ face with it, you can plead in defence of such conduct; especially, if your accusers do it with a sneer, commend your writings, and the freedom that appears in them, and at the same time observe the writer submitting voluntarily to the yoke, and enslaving himself.

“ Well might they say, either that the book was none of your's, and, like a jay, you strutted in borrowed feathers; or, if you really did write it, that you act like § Salathus of Crotona, who was so much celebrated for the severe law which he made against adulterers, and was afterwards himself convicted of it with his brother's wife: it was more pardonable, indeed, in Sala-

\* *Where much, &c.*] Greek,

Ὅπου το κερδος παρα φουση δελευτειον.

See the Phaniſſæ of Euripides, l. 408.

† *Like Bellerophon.*] Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, king of Corinth (for which reason Lucian calls it a Corinthian tale), had retired to the court of Prætus, king of Argos, whose wife, Stenobia, fell in love with him, but he refusing, like Joseph, to have any concern with her, she accused him to her husband of offering violence to her; the king, that he might not violate the rights of hospitality, sent away Bellerophon, with letters to Iobates, king of Lycia, Stenobia's father, requesting him immediately to make an end of the supposed adulterer. Bellerophon carried the letter himself, little suspecting the contents of it. The story adds, that Iobates sent Bellerophon to kill a monster called the Chimera, imagining he would perish in the attempt. Bellerophon, however, disappointed his enemies, and subdued the monster.—The Bellerophontis literæ passed into a proverb. See Erasmus. Prov. and Hom. Il. 2'. l. 155.

‡ *Any face.*] Greek, *ευπροσωπος*; the expression is remarkable, and the translation literal.

§ *Salathus.*] I do not remember to have met with this story of Salathus in any other author, though there is something like it in Ælian's Var. Hist. where the person is called Zaleneus; it serves, however, to prove that in ancient times there were places where the crime of adultery was punished with death. If such a law were ever to take place amongst us, how it would thin this populous kingdom!

thus,

thus, who was desperately in love, as he observed in his defence; he threw, himself into the fire with the greatest resolution, though the Crotonians pitied him, and would have changed his sentence into banishment. Your behaviour is certainly more absurd, to abuse, in the manner you did, in a laboured speech, the meanness and servility of those who get into great men's houses, there to suffer so many indignities; and yet, after this, in the extremity of old age, when you have already almost passed the usual limits of human life, to enter into this shameful servitude, and seem, as it were, even to glory in it. The more celebrated you are, the more ridiculous will men think you, whilst your present life thus gives the lie to your past professions. But there is no need of fresh accusations against you, after the \* poets excellent observation, "I hate (says he), the wise man, who is not wise for himself." They will say, moreover, perhaps, that you are like the tragedy actors, who represent when on the stage, one Agamemnon, another Creon, and another Hercules; but when off, are nothing more than Polus, or Aristodemus, hireling players, driven off frequently, hissed, and sometimes, if the audience think proper, well † flogged. Others may compare you to Cleopatra's ‡ monkey, who, they tell us, had learned to dance gracefully, and in tune, and was wonderfully admired for her elegance and decorum, adapting her every motion and gesture to the hymenæal song; but chancing to espy some figs, I think, or almonds, at a little distance from her, took a sudden farewell at once of the flutes, songs, and dances, threw the mask away, or rather tore it off, laid hold on the fruit, and most voraciously devoured it.

"You, they will say, who are not an actor, but a professor of wisdom, and a legislator, are but too like the ape with the figs; you carry your philosophy but on the outside of your lips, and,

\* *The poet, &c.*] Euripides, in some tragedy of his, not now extant. Cicero quotes this sentiment in a letter to Tribatius, "qui ipsi sibi sapiens prodesse non quit nequicquam sapit." See *Epist. Fam.*

† *Flogged.*] Lucian mentions this extraordinary exertion of magisterial power over the poor players, in his *Fisherman*.

If our players were to be sent in this manner to the house of correction, as often as they acted miserably, how few would venture to enroll themselves in his majesty's company of comedians!

‡ *Monkey.*] The story of Cleopatra's monkey, which is an excellent one, nearly resembles Æsop's fable of the cat turned into a woman, and verifies the observation of Horace,

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

Think

\* Think one thing, and another tell.

So that what you quoted may be properly applied to yourself—you

† Just touch the lips, but never wet the tongue.

a fit punishment for one who could thus boldly censure the necessities of others, and afterwards solemnly abjure and renounce his own freedom. It seems as if, whilst men were admiring your eloquent abuse, ‡ Adraſtea ſtood behind, foreſeeing your future conduct, laughed at you for not § ſpitting on yourſelf firſt, before you accuſed others of doing, what from a variety of miſfortunes they were forced to ſubmit to.

“ If ¶ *Æſchines*, after his accuſation of *Timarchus*, had been convicted of the ſame crime, with what ridicule would he have been treated by his audience, for reproaching *Timarchus* with the commiſſion of that, in his earlieſt years, which he was himſelf guilty of in his old age ! You are, in ſhort, like that || apothecary, who boaſted that he had an infallible remedy for a cough, and was at the ſame time torn to pieces with one himſelf.”

Theſe and a thouſand ſuch reproaches my accuſers will bring againſt me on ſo copious a ſubject ; let me conſider, now, how I muſt defend myſelf, would it be beſt to give it up at once, turn tail, acknowledge my guilt, and flee to the common excuſe, lay it all upon fortune, fate, and deſtiny ; tell my accuſers, that they ſhould aſk pardon for their ſeverity, when they come to conſider that we have no † will of our own in any thing, but that all is determined

\* *Think, &c.*]

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book ix. l. 411.

† *Just touch, &c.*] See page 305, and the note under it.

‡ *Adraſtea.*] Suppoſed to be the ſame as *Nemefis*, employed by the gods to execute vengeance on the guilty.

§ *Spitting.*] The ſuperſtitious imagined that ſpitting on their boſoms would prevent the ill effects of fascination, or the immediate puniſhment of any crime they had committed,

— Left enchantment ſhould my limbs infeſt,  
I three times dropp'd my ſpittle on my breaſt.

See *Fawkes's Theocritus*, Id. vi. l. 51.

¶ *Æſchines.*] See *Plutarch*.

|| *Apothecary.*] According to the old adage, “ phyſician, cure thyſelf.”

† *No will, &c.*] Moſt of the ancient philoſophers, and three parts of their followers were fataliſts and predeſtinarians : too many moderns, we muſt acknowledge, have fallen into the ſame error, and ſay with *Prior*,

Let

terminated by something of a superior nature, and that we are not answerable for what we say or do: or will you say, my friend, that the excuse is mean and vulgar, and such as you will never admit, even though I should bring Homer to support it, and cry out with him,

\* Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth.

or, where he says,

† My life was spun so short by fate's design.

But if, passing over this excuse, as little credit would be given to such, I should tell you, that I was not induced to embrace this kind of life by any pecuniary motive whatsoever, but from the real esteem and admiration of my patron's wisdom, courage, and magnanimity; to your other accusations against me, you would only, I fear, add the crime of flattery; say, I get rid of a small fault, by admitting a greater in its room, and thus, according to the old adage, ‡ drive out one nail by another, as adulation is doubtless, of all things, the meanest, and most servile.

If, after all, neither of these excuses will suffice, what remains but to confess that I have no excuse at all: the only anchor I can trust to is to lament my infirmities, old age, and poverty, which makes us do, and suffer all things; and here it may not be unseasonable to call in the Medea of Euripides to my assistance, to make her come forward, and cry out (with a little alteration only),

§ Too well I know the purpos'd wickedness  
I mean to act, but poverty o'er-rules \*  
Those better counsels, which my conscious mind  
In vain suggests.

And who will not call to mind what Theognis says, " that a man would be

Let people call us cheats and fools,  
Our cards, and we, are equal tools,  
Poor men! poor papers! we and they,  
Do some impulsive force obey,  
And are but play'd with; do not play.

See Prior's Alma.

\* *Fix'd, &c.*] Part of Hector's speech to Andromache. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 627.

† *As fates, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx.

‡ *One nail, &c.*] This Greek proverb was adopted by the Romans, *novo quidam amore veterem amorem tamquam clavum clavo ejiciendum putant.* See Tull. Tusc. Qu.

§ *Too well, &c.*] From Euripides, with a little alteration.

in the right to throw himself into the deep ocean, or down from the steep promontory, if by that means he could escape from the cruel hand of penury."

Such are the apologies which might be made use of in this case, not one of which, to say the truth, is very satisfactory; make yourself easy, my friend, notwithstanding, for I shall not rest my defence upon any of them. Never shall Argos be so pinched by famine, as to be obliged to endeavour to cultivate \* *Cyllarabis*; nor I, it is to be hoped, ever stand so much in need of an apology, as to flee for shelter to arguments so poor and contemptible. Consider the great difference there is between coming into a great man's family for hire, submitting to every kind of slavery, and suffering all the hardships mentioned in my book, and entering into a public employment, performing it to the best of your abilities, and receiving a reward from the emperor for it! Reflect on the situation of these two men; they are at least, as we say in music, † a double octave distant from each other, and no more alike than lead is to silver, brass to gold, the rose to the anemone, or a man to a monkey. Both, indeed, are paid for what they do, and both do it by command of their superiors; but still the thing itself is very different with regard to each of them; for in the first, the slavery is manifest, they are no better than common servants; whereas those who are in a public employment, who make themselves useful to whole cities and kingdoms, surely it would be unjust to abuse, and put on a level with the other, merely because they were rewarded for it; as, by this rule, such as held the greatest offices, directed the state of nations, or had the care of legions and whole armies entrusted to them, would be deemed dishonourable, because they also have a reward; all, therefore, are not equally to be condemned who are paid for their labours: nor did I ever say they were equally unhappy; I only pitied those who served for hire, in the character of tutors and instructors: but the employment which I am engaged in, my friend,

\* *Cyllarabis*.] Greek, *Κυλλαρις*, which Grævius has very properly substituted in the room of *Κοινη Αραβια*, cava Arabia, which was unintelligible. This *Cyllarabis* was a gymnasium, or place set apart for public exercises, and sacred to the gods, consequently, not to be employed for any profane use; even in times of famine, therefore, they were not to sow or plant in it. The expression was, perhaps, proverbial, and means just the same as if we were to say, let us want bread ever so much, we must not turn St. Paul's into a plough field.

† *Double octave*.] Greek, *διδιαπασων*. For an explanation and illustration of this term, I refer my readers to my friend Dr. Burney's excellent *Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients*.

is of a very different nature; in private I am as free as ever, and in public have \* no small concern in a most powerful empire, and bear a part in the administration of it. You will please to consider, that it is in a great measure committed to my care, to preside over, and regulate the courts of judicature, write over the records, digest and put in order the speeches of the pleaders, preserve, with care and accuracy, the edicts of the emperor, and faithfully deliver them down to posterity; add to this, that my salary is paid me by no private man, but by the prince himself; that it is no mean one, but consists of many talents; there are, withal, good expectations, and those very probable, of something still better, some royal commands to be performed by me, or, perhaps, the whole nation committed to my care and inspection.

But, not content with refuting the accusation, I will go still farther, and venture to assert, that no man does any thing without being paid for it. Those who are employed in the highest offices need not be named, when even the emperor has his reward; for, not to mention the annual taxes and tributes which he receives from the people, the honours, praises, and adoration, which are paid him in return for his beneficence, with the statues and temples erected to him, what are they but so many rewards for his providential care, and advancement of the public welfare! To compare great things with small, therefore, take any particle of the large heap from the top to the bottom, and you will find that there is no difference between us, except that some are great and some little; but all equally mercenary.

If, indeed, I had said that nobody should do any thing at all, I might justly be accused of contradicting my own precepts; but there is no such thing in my book: on the other hand, every good man, I say, should labour: and to what can he better apply himself than to be useful to his friends, placed as he is in this world on purpose to give proofs of his diligence, fidelity, and attention to the business and employment allotted to him, that he may not, as Homer says,

† Live an idle burthen to the ground.

\* *No small concern.*] We cannot exactly determine what Lucian's employment under the emperor was; some call him intendant of Egypt, others governor, steward, &c. We find at least by his own testimony, that it was a place of considerable honour, and we may suppose very profitable also.

† *Live, &c.*] Achilles's speech on the death of Patroclus. See Iliad, book xviii. l. 104.

But, above all, I beg my accusers will remember, that I am no wise man (if any such there be), but one of the many who profess the art of rhetoric, and have acquired some reputation in it, but never pretended to reach the summit of virtue, and perfection; which, indeed, gives me no great concern, as I never yet met with any who thoroughly filled or supported the character of a truly wise man. With regard to yourself, I should be greatly surpris'd to hear you find fault with my manner of life, who, in your travels to Gaul, and the Western Ocean, found me amongst the most celebrated Sophists, teaching rhetoric, and receiving most ample rewards for it.

This, my friend, though in the greatest hurry of business, I could not help writing in my own vindication, as I thought it of the utmost consequence to be thoroughly \* acquitted by you. As to the rest of the world, should they all write to condemn me, I shall only say,—— † it is nothing to Hippocrides.

\* *Acquitted.*] Greek, *την λιουκην*, album calculum, alluding to the custom of condemning or acquitting by black or white stones.

Mos erat antiquis niveis atrisque lapillis  
His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa.

Ovid. Met. l. 15.

Afterwards they made use of beans for the same purpose.

† *It is nothing, &c.*] See Lucian's Philopatris.

H E R-

# HERMOTIMUS,

## A DIALOGUE.

LUCIAN, in the Character of LYCINUS, which he assumes in this Dialogue, laughs at the various Sects of Philosophers, rallies their Absurdities, condemns their partial Attachments to their own Tenets, and exposes their Pride and Self-sufficiency. His Irony is delicate, his Allusions ingenious, and most of his Arguments, in favour of that Scepticism which he supports, unanswerable. A Vein of good Sense and close Reasoning runs through the whole. The Style is clear, flowing, and perspicuous.

### LYCINUS, HERMOTIMUS.

#### LYCINUS.

**B**Y the book in your hand, and the haste you seem to be in, you are going, I guess, with all speed to your master; you are meditating, I observe, as you go along, move your lips gently, and saw your hands backwards and forwards, as if you were repeating some speech to yourself, discussing a knotty point, or planning a piece of sophistry; resolving, I suppose, not to be idle, even upon the road, but always at work, and doing something for your improvement.

#### HERMOTIMUS.

Lycinus, you are right, for so indeed it is: I was running over yesterday's lesson in my memory, and repeating every thing my great master had said in it: we should let no time pass, I think, unemployed, well knowing the truth of what the \* Coan sage remarked, that "Life is short, and art long." This is said of physic, a thing much easier learned than philosophy, which cannot be attained even by length of time, unless we keep our eyes perpetually fixed upon it, and of no little moment is that trial, which is to determine whether we are to be miserable, amidst the filth and pollution of the vulgar, or lead a life of philosophic happiness.

#### LYCINUS.

The reward you speak of is great, indeed, and long, I think, it cannot be before you are in the possession of it, if I may judge from the time you

\* *Coan sage.*] Hippocrates.—This is the first of his aphorisms.

have



have studied philosophy, and the labour you have gone through in the search of it: for, if I remember right, you have done nothing for these twenty years past but run after masters, buried yourself in books, and wrote diaries; your face pale with study, and your body emaciated by constant watching, so swallowed up in it, as scarce to afford yourself time for sleep or refreshment: when I reflect on this, I cannot suppose but you will very soon reach the utmost height of human happiness, if you are not, perhaps, without our knowledge, got there already.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How is that possible, Lycinus, when I am now but just in sight of it! Virtue, as \* Hesiod tells us, dwells afar off from us, the way to her is long, steep, and rugged, nor little is the traveller's toil in search of her.

L Y C I N U S.

And have not you toiled and travelled enough already?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not yet, my Lycinus; for had I reached the summit I should be completely happy: at present I have but just begun my journey.

L Y C I N U S.

The beginning, you know, says the same Hesiod, is one half; so that we may now suppose you to be about the middle.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not so far: much, indeed, of my task would then be finished.

L Y C I N U S.

Whereabouts, then, may we venture to place you?

H E R M O T I M U S.

At the foot of the mountain: all my strength is necessary in the struggle to get up, for the way is rough, and slippery; I want a hand stretched out to help me forward.

L Y C I N U S.

Your master is the fittest then; he, like Homer's Jupiter, will let down the † golden chain, his own instruction, and lift you up to himself, and that virtue which he has long since ascended to.

H E R.

\* *Hesiod.*] See his 'Weeks and Days.'

† *Golden chain.*] Alluding to Jupiter's speech in the 8th book of Homer's Iliad, where he says,

Let down your golden, everlasting chain,  
Strive all, of mortal, and immortal birth,  
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth,

Ye

H E R M O T I M U S.

There you are right; for if it had depended on him I should have got up there long ago; but I am too weak myself.

L Y C I N U S.

Be confident, however; take courage, and look forward to the end of your journey, the summit of happiness, especially as he will assist and support you; in the mean time, what hope does he give you? How long do you think it will be before you reach the top of this mountain? when the mysteries are over, or after the \* Panathenæa?

H E R M O T I M U S.

You have set a short time, indeed.

L Y C I N U S.

Next Olympiad, then.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Much too little still for the practice of virtue, and the possession of true felicity.

L Y C I N U S.

Well, in two Olympiads, at farthest, it must be; or they will say you are idle indeed, when a man might easily go thrice in that time, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Indies and back again, even though he should not travel straight on, but ramble about the countries in his way thither. How much higher and more slippery is this same hill of Virtue, pray, than the famous † Aornus, which Alexander took in a few days?

H E R M O T I M U S.

There is not the least resemblance, Lycinus, between what you talk of, which might be done in a very short time, and our fort; which a thousand Alexanders could never take; if they could, numbers would have been there; but the truth is, many attempt it with all their might, and get on a little, some more, some less, but when they are half way there, meet with so many obstacles that they turn back, reeking with the toil, out of breath, and impatient of the labour; whilst those who persevere to the end, reach

Ye strive in vain! if I but stretch this hand,  
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land. See Pope's Iliad, book viii. l. 25.

\* *Panathenæa*] Which was celebrated only once in five years.

† *Aornus*.] A very high rock in India, so called from its exceeding the flight of any bird. This rock was taken by Alexander, or rather abandoned by the enemy, in his expedition to India. See Q. Curtius and Arrian.

the

the summit, and from that time lead a life of perfect ease and happiness, looking down from the seat of eminence on the rest of mankind, as on so many pigmies.

L Y C I N U S.

O heaven! Hermotimus, what poor creatures you make of us, worse than pigmies, we crawl only on the surface of the earth; and no wonder, indeed, for you can think of nothing but high things, exalted as you are above us, and we, the scum, who creep here below, must worship, as gods, you who are got above the clouds, and carried up thus to the summit you were in such haste to get up to.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Would it were so, Lycinus! but a great deal remains to be done yet.

L Y C I N U S.

But you have not told us how much, that we may compute the time necessary.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Nor do I know it exactly myself; in about twenty years, however, I imagine we may reach to the top.

L Y C I N U S.

O Hercules! what an age!

H E R M O T I M U S.

The struggle, consider, is for something of the greatest value.

L Y C I N U S.

It may be so: but with regard to these twenty years, did your master promise you should live so long? he is not only a wise man, I suppose, but a prophet, or skilled in the knowledge of the Chaldæans, who, they say, are acquainted with these things; for surely if it was uncertain whether your life would be prolonged till you were in possession of this virtue, it is scarce probable that you should go through so much labour, and torment yourself night and day, when you did not know but, perhaps, as soon as you had got near the top, fate on a sudden should seize on, and at once deprive you of every hope.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Away with your ill omens: grant heaven I may live, though but for a day, to be happy in the enjoyment of true wisdom!

L Y C I N U S.

And will one day satisfy you for all your toil and trouble?

H E R-

H E R M O T I M U S.

Yes : an hour, a minute, the least particle of time is enough for me.

L Y C I N U S.

But how do you know whether the things above, for which you suffer all this, are in truth such blessings, and can impart such happiness, when you were never there yourself, to experience them ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

I trust to what my master tells me ; he has got to the summit, and knows it all.

L Y C I N U S.

By the gods, then, I intreat you, my friend, inform me, what says he ? how do they live there, and in what does their happiness consist ? in riches, glory, or pleasures the most exquisite ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Talk more soberly, dear Lycinus, a life of virtue has nothing to do with such things as these.

L Y C I N U S.

If these are not, what says he are the rewards of all their labour ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Wisdom, fortitude, the beautiful, the just, the consciousness of knowing how every thing is conducted ; but riches, glory, pleasures, every thing corporeal, every thing terrestrial, are left here below, and the man, like Hercules, who perished in the flames on mount Oeta, becomes a God ; he, we know, shook off all that was mortal, all that he inherited from his mother, and, purged of his dross by fire, put on pure uncorrupt divinity, and fled to the gods : thus also it is that these purified by philosophy, as it were by fire, look down upon all those things which others hold in admiration ; and, raised to the summit, live a life of happiness, without even the least remembrance of riches, glory, or pleasures, laughing at and contemning all such as esteem or value them.

L Y C I N U S.

Now, by Ætian Hercules, I swear, Hermotimus, most wonderful must be their fortitude, and great their felicity ; but, pray, inform me of one thing ; may they come down from the mountain, if they please, and enjoy those things at any time which they left behind them ; or are they obliged, when they are once got up, to remain there with virtue, and to despise riches and pleasures ?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Not only so, Lycinus, but whoever is grown \* perfect in virtue, from that time can never be a slave to anger, fear, or any passion; never is affected by sorrow, trouble, or calamity.

## L Y C I N U S.

And yet, if one might speak the truth, but we must take care what we say, as it were impious, I suppose, to enquire into the affairs of the wife —

## H E R M O T I M U S.

By no means: speak whatever you please.

## L Y C I N U S.

You see, my friend, I am afraid.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Fear nothing: we are all alone.

## L Y C I N U S.

To speak freely then, Hermotimus, whilst you were relating to me how these men became wise, brave, just, and so forth, I listened with attention, gave you credit for it all, and was pleased with your discourse: but when you told me they despised glory and riches, and pleasures, and that they never were angry, or uneasy, there I must own, between ourselves (for there is nobody by), I began to doubt, recollecting what I had just before seen done by a certain person, shall I name him, or is it enough —

## H E R M O T I M U S.

O no, tell me who it was, I beseech you.

## L Y C I N U S.

Even your own good master; a man in all other respects truly estimable, and, as you know, far advanced in years.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

And what did he do?

## L Y C I N U S.

You know his disciple, the stranger of Heraclea, who came every day to him to learn philosophy, a red-haired man, and rather fiery?

\* *Perfect in virtue.*] This was a doctrine worthy of the self-conceited Stoics. Little should we expect to find it adopted in a Christian community: and yet of the very same nature is the Methodists doctrine of Assurance, which informs us, that the elect, after they are once become regenerate, or born anew, can never fall back into sin, or be guilty of any crime; a doctrine totally opposite to the dictates of our blessed Saviour, who bids us “Whilst we stand take heed lest we fall.”

H E R.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I know who you mean; his name is Dion.

L Y C I N U S.

The fame. This man, because, I suppose, he had not paid him the money due in proper time, did he drag before a magistrate, seizing him by the collar, and roaring in a most violent passion; and if some friends, who happened to come by, had not delivered the youth out of his hands, I verily believe the old man would have bit his nose off.

H E R M O T I M U S.

That Dion is a bad man; he was always ungrateful, and slow in his payments; my master never acted so to any body else; for they generally pay him when it is due.

L Y C I N U S.

And if they did not, my good friend, what would it signify to him who is purged by philosophy, and can never want any thing; having left, you know, all cares of that sort behind him on \* mount Oeta.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Can you imagine it is on his own account that he troubles himself about these things? No, my friend; he has small children, and his care is for them, lest they should come to want.

L Y C I N U S.

He should have brought them up to virtue also, that they might enjoy the same happiness as himself, and be able to despise riches.

H E R M O T I M U S.

At present, Lycinus, I really have not time to dispute this matter with you, for I am this moment going to his lectures, and am afraid I shall be too late.

L Y C I N U S.

Give yourself no trouble, my good friend, on that account: you need not proceed any farther; for there is a suspension of arms.

H E R M O T I M U S.

What do you mean?

L Y C I N U S.

That you will not see him this time, if we are to give any credit to his proclamation; a bill is put up at his door in great letters, informing us that

\* *Mount Oeta.*] Alluding to the comparison made a little before, by Hermotimus, of the retreat of Hercules to mount Oeta.

there is to be no disputation to-day; the reason it seems is, that he supped last night with Eucrates, who gave a treat on his daughter's birth-day, talked much at the feast, and entered into a warm debate with Euthydemus, the Peripatetic, about something in which he and the Stoic seldom agree; the noise made his head ach, there was a deal of contest, and the dispute, they say, lasted till midnight; he had drunk, I suppose, besides, a little too much, provoked to it by the company, as is usual on these occasions, and eat more, withal, than an old man should; when he came home he cascaded plentifully, it seems, and scraping together the remnants, which he had given to the boy that stood behind him, he locked them up carefully, and went to sleep; leaving orders that nobody should be admitted. This I had from his servant Midas, who told it to several of his scholars, that were obliged to return back.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But pray, Lycinus, which had the best of it? my master or Euthydemus? Did Midas say any thing of that?

L Y C I N U S.

The superiority was for a long time undecided, till victory at length declared on your side, and the old man had greatly the advantage; Euthydemus, indeed, departed, not without bloodshed, having received a terrible wound on the head; for, being extremely restless and obstinate, and unwilling to be convinced or refuted, your most excellent master, happening to have by chance a cup in his hand, a truly \* Nestorian one indeed, threw it directly at his head, as he sat pretty close to him; and thus gained a complete victory.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And nobly was it done: there is no other way of treating those who refuse to yield to their betters.

L Y C I N U S.

It is as you say, Hermotimus, the most rational method. How abomi-

\* *Nestorian.*] Alluding to Nestor's goblet, mentioned in the eleventh book of the Iliad:

A goblet, sacred to the Pylian kings,  
From eldest times; embos'd with studs of gold.  
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;  
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,  
In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem'd to drink;  
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him.

See Pope's Iliad, b. xi. l. 773.

One cannot read the description of so elegant a piece of furniture, without admiring the high and finished state of the fine arts, in times so remote as the age of Homer.

nable

nable and ridiculous it was in Euthydemus, thus to provoke an old man, a stranger to passion, and superior to resentment, especially when he had such a heavy cup in his hand ! but as we have at present nothing else to do, why should not you entertain me with an account of the manner in which you first began to philosophize, that I may myself strike into the same path, and enter immediately, if possible, into it : this is a favour which, being such friends as we are, you cannot well refuse me.

H E R M O T I M U S.

If you are really desirous of it, Lycinus, you will soon perceive how superior you will be to all mankind, who will appear but as boys in comparison to you, so greatly will you excel in wisdom.

L Y C I N U S.

I shall be thoroughly satisfied, if after twenty years I should be the same as you are now.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never fear but you will : I was just of your age when I began ; about forty, I suppose.

L Y C I N U S.

You are right : be pleased, therefore, to lead me in the same path : but, pray, inform me first, do you permit scholars to ask questions, and contradict, if any thing you tell them seems wrong, or is this freedom never taken ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

\* Never : you may, notwithstanding, ask any questions you please : perhaps you may learn the better for it.

L Y C I N U S.

So Hermes, whence you borrow your name, protect me ! but tell me, my good friend, is there only one path, that of you Stoics, which leads to philosophy, or, as I have heard, a variety of them ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

There are many ; Peripatetics, Epicureans, those who take their name from Plato, or Diogenes, the rivals of Antisthenes, the followers of Pythagoras, and several others.

L Y C I N U S.

So I have been told ; and do they all say the same things, or different ?

\* *Never.*] The disciples, both of the Stoic and Aristotelian school, were obliged to subscribe implicitly to the ipse dixit, and as Horace says,

Jurare in verba magistri.

H E R-



## H E R M O T I M U S.

H E R M O T I M U S.

O, to'ally different.

L Y C I N U S.

If they all teach different things, but one of them, I should imagine, can be right.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Most certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

Pray then, my friend, when you first entered on philosophy, and so many doors were open to it, what induced you to leave all the rest, and strike into that of the Stoics, as the only right path which could lead you to the truth, whilst all the others were only blind alleys, where you could find no passage: how could you discover this? You were not then, as you are now, a wise man, or if you please, a half wise one, able to judge so much better than we vulgar people can. Answer me fairly, therefore, like such an ignorant as you were at that time, and as I am now.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I do not rightly understand your question, friend Lycinus.

L Y C I N U S.

Surely there is nothing so puzzling in it; as there were many philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Antisthenes, Chrysippus, one of your own family, Zeno, and I know not how many others, what prevailed on you to condemn all the rest, and fix on that philosophy, which you chose as the only good one; did the Pythian oracle decide in favour of the Stoic, and direct you to it, as it did \* Chærephon, telling you it was the best? it generally persuades some to embrace one, and some another, as knowing, I suppose, what is most suitable to every man.

H E R M O T I M U S.

That was not my reason, Lycinus, nor did I consult any god about it.

L Y C I N U S.

Was it then that you thought the matter scarce worthy the interposition of divine wisdom, or that you imagined yourself sufficiently able to determine without it?

H E R M O T I M U S.

I really thought so.

L Y C I N U S.

You will, therefore, be so kind as to inform me, by what means one may at first sight distinguish the true philosophy from all those that are false.

\* *Chærephon.*] See Plato's Apol. in Socratem.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I will tell you; I saw numbers adhere to her, and therefore concluded she must be the best.

L Y C I N U S.

How many more were they than the Platonists and Epicureans? For, I suppose, you counted them, as they do at elections.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I never counted them; I only guessed.

L Y C I N U S.

Surely you do not mean to instruct, but to deceive and hide the truth from me, when, in such an affair as this, you go by numbers and guess-work.

H E R M O T I M U S.

It was not that alone which determined me; but I heard every body say, the Epicureans were squeamish voluptuaries, the Peripatetics sordid and litigious, the Platonics proud and vain-glorious; but the Stoics, numbers acknowledged, were brave and all-knowing, and he who followed them was the only wise, the only rich man, the only \* king, was, in short, every thing that is desirable.

L Y C I N U S.

Did other people tell you this? for, I suppose, you would hardly have given credit to such as only praised themselves.

H E R M O T I M U S.

By no means: I had it from many others.

L Y C I N U S.

Those who embrace a different opinion, the followers of other sects, and there are many, could never tell you so.

H E R M O T I M U S.

No, certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

You had it then from the ignorant and illiterate.

H E R M O T I M U S.

May be so.

L Y C I N U S.

Mark now how again you endeavour to impose upon me, as if you were

\* *King.*] Horace describes the perfect philosopher exactly in the same manner.

Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,  
Liber, honoratus, pulcher—REX denique REGUM.

Epist. i. l. 107.

talking

talking with another \* Margites, foolish enough, to believe that a man of sense, like Hermotimus, at the age of forty, would have trusted a matter so important as philosophy to a parcel of idiots, who knew nothing of the matter, and determined his choice as they directed him. I would never believe any body that should tell me so.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

But you are to know, my friend, I did not rely on others in this affair, but on myself; for I observed the Stoics always of a decent carriage, always well and properly clothed, always serious and thoughtful, with a manly aspect, generally close-shaved, neither soft and effeminate, nor too rough and negligent in their appearance, as the Cynics are, but preserving in all things that medium which is universally admired.

## L Y C I N U S.

And did you never see them do any of those things, which, as I just now observed, your master was guilty of, such as turning usurers, scolding people for their wages, quarrelling at their meetings, and the like? or do you think all this signifies nothing, provided that their dress is becoming, their beards long, and their heads close-shaved? Upon the whole then, from this wise decision, we learn this excellent rule, that we are to judge of merit by habits, beards, and gestures; and whoever excels not in these, and does not look fierce, thoughtful, and morose, should be reprobated and despised. But do you really think, Hermotimus, I am to be so easily fooled and imposed on?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

What do you mean?

## L Y C I N U S.

Dress, my good friend, is the excellence of a statue; they are much † better clothed, and appear finer when a Phidias, a Myro, or Alcamenes trick them out to the best advantage; but, if we must judge from these marks, what must the seeker after true philosophy do, who happens to be blind, how will he distinguish which sect is the best, who cannot see how they dress, or how they walk?

\* *Margites.*] Any foolish fellow was commonly called Margites, probably from some [famous idiot of that name. See *Erasm. Chil.* According to Aristotle, Homer wrote a mock-heroic, or satirical poem with this title, though it is disputed by other writers.

† *Better clothed.*] Most of the best ancient statues, now extant, are naked.—The well-dressed ones, which Lucian talks of, have not had the good fortune to reach us.

H E R-

## H E R M O T I M U S.

But I am not talking to the blind, neither do I trouble myself about them.

## L Y C I N U S.

Surely, my good friend, in things of such consequence, so useful and necessary to all, there should be some common, some universal mark to distinguish by: let the blind, if you please, go without philosophy, as they can see nothing; though I should think a little philosophy very necessary for them, that they may bear their misfortune the better; but how can those who do see, be their eyes ever so sharp, behold any thing belonging to the mind, or judge of it from external appearance? for, let me ask you, did you not attach yourself to these men from an opinion of their understanding, and the hopes of improving by their advice?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Most undoubtedly.

## L Y C I N U S.

And how, by any of the signs you mentioned, could you tell whether a man was a good or bad philosopher? this does not appear at first sight, but lies hidden in secret, and is brought forth only in length of time by frequent meeting, conversation, and other means of the like nature. You have heard, I suppose, the story of Momus and Vulcan; if you have not, thus it runs.

There was once a trial of skill, says the fable, between Minerva, Neptune, and Vulcan, which should produce the most complete work: Neptune made a bull, Minerva a horse, and Vulcan a man. When they came to Momus, whom they had chosen umpire, after a careful examination of every performance, he found great fault with Vulcan (what he said of the rest it matters not), for not making a \* door in his man's breast, to open and let us know what he willed, and thought, and whether he spoke truth or not.

Momus was so dull he could not see into these things; but you, with more than the lynx's sharpness, can see into the breast of every man, and not only can tell what he wills, and what he thinks, but whether he is better or worse than any body else.

\* *A door, &c.*] Plato mentions this fable.—Momus's window is an excellent thought, and might furnish some hints for a good periodical paper.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I perceive, Lycinus, that you laugh at me: but heaven approves my choice; nor do I repent of it; that is sufficient for me.

L Y C I N U S.

But not for me, my good friend; surely you would not leave me thus to wallow in the mire with the dregs and refuse of mankind.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Nothing that I say is agreeable to you.

L Y C I N U S.

Not so, my friend; it is because you will say nothing that can be agreeable to me: you are purposely close and reserved, and seem afraid that I should become as good a philosopher as you are. I must, therefore, try myself to form a judgment of my own, and find out, if possible, the true sect. Listen therefore to me a little, if you please.

H E R M O T I M U S.

With all my heart; you may advance something worth knowing.

L Y C I N U S.

Attend then; but do not laugh at me if I shew my want of skill, and do it in an awkward manner; as well I may, when even you, who know the thing so much better, are so obscure.

I imagine virtue, then, as resembling a city (and thus, perhaps, your master would describe her), whose denizens are all perfectly happy, and perfectly wise, brave, just, temperate, and little less than gods: there you will not see men, as amongst us, guilty of theft, rapine, and injustice; proud, arrogant, and oppressive; but all enjoying themselves in mutual peace and concord: nor is it to be wondered at, for all those things which in other cities stir up strife and contention, and excite men to lay snares for and destroy each other, are banished from hence: they have no pleasure, glory, or riches to contend for, which are all driven from this place, as superfluous and unnecessary: here they live a peaceable and happy life, with good laws, freedom, equality of condition, and every thing that is pleasant and desirable.

H E R M O T I M U S.

This, my friend, is a city which all would wish to inhabit: who would grudge their labour in the search of it, or think the way long that led them to such a place, if, after all, their names could be enrolled in it?

L Y.

## L Y C I N U S.

To this, Hermotimus, we should zealously apply ourselves, and cast away every other care: if we could lay hold on such a country, neither parents nor children, though with tears they intreated, should draw us from it; we should exhort them to follow us in the same path; but if they were unwilling, or unable, shake them off, and proceed on our journey to this blessed city; tear off, and even leave our garment behind; for from this place, though naked, none are excluded. I remember well an old man describing this place, and persuading me to follow him thither, telling me he would go first, and when I came, would make me a denizen of that city, and of his tribe, and that there I should live a life of perfect felicity. I, such was the folly of youth, for it is fifteen years ago, did not follow him; perhaps by this time I might have been in the suburbs, or even at the gates of it. He told me, I call to mind, amongst many other things, that there all were guests and strangers, not natives of the place; that many barbarians and slaves, many poor, little, and deformed were there; that every one, in short, who chose it, might be a citizen; for the law was, that none should be admitted on account of his estate, his dress, or stature, his beauty, his family, or the dignity of his ancestors; to these no deference was paid; to the rank of citizen nothing was necessary but wisdom, industry, the love of truth, contempt of pleasures, and a mind that would not bend or yield, though attacked by ever so many difficulties and dangers; possessed of these qualities, whosoever he be, he is immediately admitted; for the names of better or worse, noble or ignoble, freeman or slave, are never mentioned or thought on there.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Now, Lycinus, you see I had no little or trifling object in view when my ambition was to become a denizen of such a noble, such a happy city.

## L Y C I N U S.

Our pursuits then are the same, nor is there any thing which I more ardently wish to obtain; had it been near, and in sight of all men, I had long since been a citizen of it; but since, as both you and Hesiod, that old rhapsodist, tell us, it is a great way off, we must endeavour to find out the best way, and the surest guide to it: should we not?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

The only means, no doubt of arriving at it.

X x 2

L Y.

L Y C I N U S.

As far as promises and professions go, we have guides enough; hundreds stand ready, and tell us they are inhabitants just come from thence: and as to ways, there is not only one but many to it, and all different from each other; one leads to the east, another to the west, one goes north, another south; some carry us through flowery groves, meads, and pleasant shades, without thorns or briars, whilst others are rough and stony, through perpetual heat, thirst, and labour; and yet all, they tell us, lead to one city, though they every one bring us out through paths directly opposite. Thus are we left still in doubt and uncertainty; for at the entrance of every path there meets you one, worthy no doubt of all your confidence, who stretches out his hand, desiring you to follow him, telling you that his is the only right way, and that all the rest are wandering in the dark, that they neither came from thence themselves, nor are able to direct others to it; the next and the next you meet tells you the same story, and so will every one of them. It is this variety of ways which distracts and confounds us, where each guide contends for, and praises his own, I cannot tell which to follow, or how I am ever to arrive at this seat of happiness.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I can at once free you from all your doubts; trust to those who have gone the journey before you, and you cannot err.

L Y C I N U S.

But who are they? which way did they travel, and what guide did they follow? for the same uncertainty occurs, only in another form, when, taking leave of the things themselves, we consider the men who perform them.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How so?

L Y C I N U S.

Because one, for instance, strikes into Plato's road, and with him, praises that alone; a second goes into that of Epicurus, a third to another master, and you to your's: is it not so, my friend?

H E R M O T I M U S.

And why not?

L Y C I N U S.

You have not, therefore, removed my doubts, for still I am as ignorant as before, and know not on which traveller I must rely; for I perceive that each of them, together with his guide, has tried but one way, which he commends,

commends, and tells us it is the only one that leads to the city: but how can I know that he tells me truth, that he has got to the end of his journey? That he has seen some city, I may grant him, but whether he has ever been at that where you and I wish to be, or whether he may have gone to Babylon, and taken that for Corinth, I am still to learn. It is not every one who has seen a city that has been at Corinth, for Corinth is not the only one: but what confounds me most is, that as I know there is but one Corinth, so there is but one right and true way to it, and that all the rest will lead us any where else, any where rather than there, unless one could be foolish enough to suppose that the way to India, or the Hyperboreans, could lead us to Corinth.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Which can never be.

## L Y C I N U S.

Therefore, my good Hermotimus, great caution is necessary, both with regard to the path, and to our leaders in it: we must not here observe the old \* saying, "wherever our feet will carry us, there let us go;" for thus, instead of going into the path that leads to Corinth, we might get to Bactra, or Babylon: nor must we take our chance and trust to fortune; in length of time this, perhaps, might bring us there; but in matters of such moment we must not stand the hazard of the † dye, shut up all our hopes in such a narrow compass; or, as the ‡ proverb says, "cross the Ionian or Ægean in a wicker boat." If, aiming at truth, we miss the mark, Fortune is not to be blamed, because she stands alone, amongst a thousand falsehoods. Even § Homer's archer, Teucer I think it was, could not do this, who, when he shot at the pigeon, only broke the cord that held it; it is probable, indeed, that we may hit some thing, but scarce so that, out of all, we should strike the very thing we aimed at: the danger is, when thus we trust that Fortune will chuse the best for us, lest we fall into some fatal error, when we have

\* *Old saying.*] Quocunque pedes ferunt. See Erasim. in Proverb. not unlike our own common expression, "follow your nose."

† *The dye.*] It is observable that this image has been adopted by all languages, and is to be met with in almost every author ancient and modern.

‡ *The Proverb.*] Ægeum scaphula transmittere. See Erasim. Prov. This proverbial phrase was usually applied to any very hazardous or desperate undertaking.

§ *Homer's archer.*] From Homer's description of the funeral games in honour of Patroclus.

— The well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside  
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 1024.

loofed



loofed our anchor and fet fail, we cannot always return in fafety, but may be toft about at fea, fuffer head-ach, ficknefs, and a thoufand terrors: when we ought, before we left the harbour, to have feated ourfelves on an eminence, and feen whether the wind was fair for Corinth, chofen an able pilot, and provided a well-built veffel, that could weather a ftorm.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

It would certainly be moft prudent: but I know, after all, if you go through the whole circle, you will never find better leaders, or more expert pilots than the Stoics: if you wifh to get to Corinth, follow them; walk after Zeno and Chryfippus, or you will never do it.

## L Y C I N U S.

This is all old and trite, Hermotimus; thofe who follow Plato and Epicurus fay juft the fame thing, every one tells me I fhall never arrive at Corinth without him: thus I muft either give credit to all, which would be abfurd and ridiculous, or to neither of them; and this is certainly the fafeft way, till we can find out fomebody that will fpeak truth. For only fuppose that, ignorant of it as I am now, I fhould embrace your opinion, and refofe confidence in you as my friend, you, who are attached to the Stoic doctrines, and will acknowlege no other; fuppose that, after this, fome god fhould call back to life Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and the reft of them; fuppose they fhould bring me before their tribunal, fhould all furround me, and fay,—how comes it, friend Lycinus, that you have thus preferred to us Zeno and Chryfippus, thofe men of yefterday, without ever confulting us, or attending to our arguments? how could I anfwer them? Would it be fufficient to fay, I relied on Hermotimus, my old friend and companion: we know him not, might they reply, nor is he ac uainted with us; you ought not, therefore, thus to have condemned us, abfent and unheard; you ought not to have placed fuch confidence in a man who knows but one feft, and that imperfectly; it is not thus our lawgivers inftroct their judges, nor do they permit them to hear one fide only, and not the other, but to give equal attention to both, that the arguments of each being carefully weighed and confidered, they may difcern truth from falfehood; and this, if they do not perform, the law allows them to appeal to another judicature.

Thus, perhaps, my friend, would they inter ogate me. Suppofe, again, one of them fhould fay,—What think you, Lycinus, if an Æthiopian, who had never been out of his own country, or feen fuch men as we are, fhould affert,

assert, in a public assembly, that there were not upon the face of the earth any men of white or yellow complexions, but that they were all black, would he be believed? Would not some of the elders reprove him, and say, how came you, who were never out of Æthiopia, to know what other men may be? Would not such a reproof be just, my friend?

H E R M O T I M U S.

No doubt of it.

L Y C I N U S.

It would, you think: suppose then, but that, perhaps, you will not like so well, we apply this to ourselves.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How do you mean?

L Y C I N U S.

Why, suppose, in like manner, they should say to me; thus it is, Lycinus, that your friend, Hermotimus, is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only; he has never travelled into the regions of Plato, or Epicurus: if he asserts that beauty and truth are no where to be met with but in the Portico, will you not call him rash, thus to decide on all, when he knows but one; thus to judge of all countries, when he has never set his foot out of Æthiopia! How am I to answer this, Hermotimus?

H E R M O T I M U S.

By telling him the truth, Lycinus: by saying that we adhere to the Stoic tenets, and teach philosophy by them; but are not ignorant of others: our masters, in their lectures, never fail to mention, and confute them.

L Y C I N U S.

And here, do you think, that Plato, Pythagoras, Epicurus, and the rest would remain silent, or that they would not laugh at me, and say, what is your friend Hermotimus about? Does he think it fair and equitable to give credit to our adversaries, and to believe every thing which they report of us, either through ignorance, or because they wish to conceal the truth? If the president of the public games should see one of the combatants, before the battle began, practising a sham fight, and \* beating the air, would he, think you, crown the man as a conqueror? or would he not consider this merely as youthful sport and exercise; as the contest could not be decided, or victory declared, till one acknowledged himself conquered. Let

\* *Beating, &c.*] St. Paul alludes to this custom, "So fight I, as one that beateth the air." See Paul's Ep. 1 Cor. ix. 26.

not

not Hermotimus, therefore, because his masters fight with shadows, and beat us in our absence, imagine that he has subdued us, or that our arguments are so easily confuted: this is like children, who build houses and pull them down again immediately; or like young archers, who tie little bundles of straw to the top of a spear, and shoot at them; if at two yards distance when, if they chance to hit a straw, they think it a mighty feat indeed: but the \* Persian, or the Scythian shoot not thus; they will do it even on horseback, and in full speed; they wish not for the mark they aim at, to stand still and wait for their arrows, but to move about, and fly from them as fast as possible; thus they kill all their beasts and birds; if they set up a mark to try their skill, it is some hard wood that can resist the stroke, some shield of tough bull's hide, hoping by such exercise that they may learn to pierce through the armour of their enemies. Tell your friend, Hermotimus, from us, good Lycinus, that his masters are only hitting bundles of straw, and boasting at the same time, that they have conquered so many armed men; painting pictures of us, which they fight with, and conquering, overcoming, and then supposing, what is very easy to suppose, that they have conquered us: but we may, every one of us, say of them, as Achilles did of Hector,

† With stedfast eye they will not dare to gaze  
At this bright helmet.

Plato, who was well acquainted with Sicily, brings us a story from thence, of Gelo of Syracuse, who, it seems, had a stinking breath, which he, being a great monarch, nobody durst tell him of; till at length, a foreign woman met with, and took the liberty to acquaint him how the matter stood; when the king returned home to his wife, he was extremely angry with her that she had never mentioned it to him, though she must have known how offensive he was; but she hoped, she said, he would forgive her, alleging in excuse, that as she had never known, or conversed closely with any other man, she concluded that every body smelt in the same manner.

Thus might Plato say of Hermotimus, that conversing with Stoics only, it is no wonder he is a stranger to the breaths of other men; and thus also might Chrysippus complain, if leaving him unheard, I join the Platonics,

\* *The Persian.*] The Persians were remarkable for their extraordinary skill and dexterity in the use of the bow.

† *With stedfast eye, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 71.

and

and trust in none but those who herd with them, and them only. In a word, therefore, whilst it remains still a secret which is the best sect in philosophy, I am resolved not to follow any one; as that would be an affront upon all the rest.

H E R M O T I M U S.

By Vesta, I intreat you, Lycinus, let Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and all of them rest in peace, I shall not contend with them: but let you and I, my friend, enquire by ourselves whether there be not in truth such a philosophy as we are in search of. Where was the necessity of calling in your Æthiopians, or Gelo's wife?

L Y C I N U S.

If you think there is no occasion for, we will dismiss them. And now, speak your mind, for you seem to be teeming with something great and wonderful.

H E R M O T I M U S.

My opinion, then, is, that every man, who is acquainted with the doctrine of the Stoics only, may very easily learn the truth from them, without consulting others, or asking every body you meet; for, only consider, if a man should tell you that two and two make four, must you go about to all the arithmeticians to know whether it be so, or whether somebody else does not say that they make five, or seven? or do you not see immediately that he must have told you truth?

L Y C I N U S.

Immediately: no doubt.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Why may it not happen, then, that one should light on a Stoic, who will tell us the truth, and be persuaded by him, without going to any of the rest? when one knows that four can never become five, though a thousand Plato's and Pythagoras's should affirm it.

L Y C I N U S.

This, Hermotimus, is nothing to the point in question: you compare things which all men agree in, to things which all men differ about: did you ever meet with any one who said that two and two made seven or eleven?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never: none but a madman could ever assert it.

L Y C I N U S.

But, tell me (and, by the Graces I intreat you, stick to truth in your an-

VOL. I.

Y y

swer),

swer), did you never hear of Stoics and Epicureans differing about the beginnings and ends of all things?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Never.

L Y C I N U S.

Mark, now, how you endeavour to mislead your friend. I am in search of true philosophy, you carry me to the Stoics, and tell me, they, and they alone, have discovered that two and two make four; but this is a doubtful point; for the Platonics and Epicureans may say that they have found this out, and that you make five or seven of it: this you do when you affirm, that nothing but what is honest can be good; whilst the Epicureans tell us, nothing can be good that is not pleasant: you say, every thing in nature is corporeal, but Plato says there are many things incorporeal: you, therefore, argue unfairly, Hermotimus, by referring every thing to the Stoics, when the judgment of others ought to be consulted also, and every one heard in their turns, before we determine.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Lycinus, you do not seem rightly to understand what I mean.

L Y C I N U S.

Make it plainer then, if you have any thing more to urge.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I will immediately. Suppose, then, that two men came into the temple of Bacchus, or Æsculapius; a cup is missing from the altar, both of them must be searched, to see which of them has got it in his bosom.

L Y C I N U S.

Certainly.

H E R M O T I M U S.

For one of them must have it.

L Y C I N U S.

Most probably.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But if you find it upon one, you need not strip the other, as it is plain he cannot have it.

L Y C I N U S.

Plain enough.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And if you do not find it in the bosom of the first, the other must have it, and there is no occasion to search him for it.

L Y C I N U S.

True.

H E R-

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Thus, my friend, if we find our cup amongst the Stoics, we need not strip any body else ; we have what we were in search of, and why should we take any more trouble about it ?

## L Y C I N U S.

But, after all, my friend, if you do find the thing, you can never be certain that it is the very thing you were in search of. The comparison will not hold good ; for first, it is not, in this case, only two who go into the temple, one of whom must have it, but a great many ; then, again, we are not quite clear what the thing is, whether it be a cup, a phial, or a garland ; for some of the priests call it one thing, and some another, nor are they agreed even about what it is made of : one calls it brass, another silver, another gold, and another tin : all, therefore, who go in must be stripped, if you expect to meet with what you are in search of : even if you find a gold phial upon one, still you must examine the rest.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Why so ?

## L Y C I N U S.

Because it is not certain whether it was a phial, that they lost, or something else ; and even, if this is determined, it is not yet agreed upon, that the phial was a gold one ; nay, after all, if this was settled, and you should find a gold phial, still there is a necessity of searching the rest ; you could not be sure this belonged to the temple ; for, may there not be more golden phials than one ?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly.

## L Y C I N U S.

All, therefore, must be examined, and what is found upon each fairly produced, that so we may determine which is the very thing that was stolen out of the temple. What makes the affair still more perplexing is, that upon every one who is stripped may be found something ; a first shall have a cup, a second a phial, a third a crown ; one shall be of brass, another, perhaps, of gold, and another of silver ; but whether either of them is the sacred one does not appear : you are still, therefore, at a loss for the thief, and if they found all alike, you could not guess which had stolen that very thing ; for they might all be private property : the principal cause of all this uncertainty is, that the cup which is lost has no inscription on it ; for if it had the name of the deity, or of the giver upon it, we should be at little trouble,

Y y 2

and

and if once found on any one, we need not then examine or strip any of the rest. But, did you ever see the public games?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Often, and in many places.

L Y C I N U S.

Did you ever sit near the judges?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Yes, very lately, at the Olympics. Evandris, the Elean, procured me a seat amongst his countrymen, close to the \* Hellenodicæ, as I wished to be as near as possible.

L Y C I N U S.

You know, then, that the combatants draw lots whom they are to contend with.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I know it.

L Y C I N U S.

As you sat so close, you can tell best yourself then, how it was.

H E R M O T I M U S.

In former times, when Hercules presided, it was determined by leaves of laurel.

L Y C I N U S.

I do not want to know what they did formerly, but how it is now.

H E R M O T I M U S.

They bring a silver urn, sacred to the deity, into which are thrown little lots, in the shape of beans: on two of these is inscribed the letter A, on two others B, on two others C, and so on, according to the number of the combatants, two lots to every letter; then each of the candidates approaching, after praying to Jupiter for success, puts his hand into the urn, and takes out one of the lots, and after him another and another; an officer with a † whip standing by, to prevent any of them from seeing what letter they have drawn.

\* *The Hellenodicæ.*] Were ten persons, one out of each of the Elean tribes, appointed to preside over the Olympic games in the Elean forum, where they were obliged to reside for ten months before the celebration of them, to take care that the candidates performed their προγυμνασματα, or preparatory exercises. They took an oath that they would act impartially, take no bribes, nor discover why they disliked or approved any of the combatants. They sat naked at the solemnity, and adjudged the prize as they thought proper. An appeal, however, lay from them, in particular cases, to the Olympian senate. See Potter.

† *Whip*] Probably such a one as our captain Vinegar at a horse-race, or cricket-match, who with a long whip prevents the mob from running in, and spoiling the sport. A very useful extempore magistrate.

When

When every one has got his own, the \* Alytarches, or one of the Hellenodicae, I forget which of them, examines the lots of all, as they stand in a circle, and matches him who has drawn one A, with him who has got the other, B with B, and so on, if the combatants are in even numbers, to four, eight, twelve, or twenty; if uneven, five, seven, nine, &c. besides these, one odd lot, with a letter, is put into the urn, that has no letter answering to it; whoever draws this, having no corresponding adversary to oppose him, must stay till all the rest have contended, which is no little advantage to him, as he remains fresh himself, and is to attack those who are already worn out with the combat.

L Y C I N U S.

Stop a moment: this is the very thing which I wanted; we will suppose there are nine combatants, and each has drawn his lot; do you go round, for I will make you a judge instead of a spectator, and examine the letters; you cannot tell which has the odd one, till you have compared them all.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Why so?

L Y C I N U S.

Because whatever letter you might meet with first, you could not possibly tell it was that, for it is not marked beforehand with a K, an M, or an I: when you light upon A, you must look for the other, when upon B, for the other B that answers to it, and so on, till you find that single letter which has no other correspondent to it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But suppose that comes up first or second, what will you do with it?

L Y C I N U S.

What, indeed, Mr. Judge? would you immediately pronounce that to be the single one? or must not you first go through all the letters, to see if any one of them answers to it? unless you examine all the lots, you cannot be sure that this is the single one.

H E R M O T I M U S.

That I can very easily: for if there are but nine, and I find E in the first or second place, I know that he who has this lot must be the single combatant.

L Y C I N U S.

How so?

\* *Alytarches.*] An Officer appointed, like our constables, by the Hellenodica, to preserve peace and good order at the public games, and to punish such as were unruly.

H E R-



## H E R M O T I M U S.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Why, thus : there are two A's, two B's, two C's, and two D's, four letters for the eight combatants ; the next letter E, therefore, must be the odd one, and consequently belongs to him who is left single.

L Y C I N U S.

Shall I praise the art of your reply, or shall I say something in answer to it?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Answer it, by all means ; though I do not see what you can rationally produce against it.

L Y C I N U S.

You contend that the letters are all put in alphabetically, first A, then B, and so on, till there remains but one for the single combatant : and at the Olympics, I grant you, so it is : but suppose we take five letters without any order, as C S Z K T, inscribing four of them twice on eight lots, leaving the letter Z for the last ; if, on examining, Z comes first to hand, how can you tell that it belongs to the single combatant, unless you first go through them all, and observe that it has no corresponding Z to answer to it, and they are not placed alphabetically ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

There, indeed, I cannot so easily answer you.

L Y C I N U S.

But let us consider this matter in another light ; suppose, instead of letters, we inscribe on the lots certain marks or symbols, as is the custom of the Ægyptians, who paint men with the heads of dogs or lions ; but as these are absurd and ridiculous, let us take marks that are more simple and uniform, such as on two lots, for instance, two men, on two others two horses, two cocks, or two dogs, and let the ninth be marked with a lion : now if you should light on the lion first, how are you to know that to be the odd one, except you first go through them all, to see if there is any other mark of a lion corresponding with it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

To this, in good truth, Lycinus, I shall give you no answer.

L Y C I N U S.

I suppose not, for it is unanswerable ; if, therefore, you see, we want to find out the gold cup, or the best guide to Corinth, or the old lot, we must first try and examine all with the utmost prudence and circumspection ; and, even then, with difficulty shall we discover the

the truth. With regard to philosophy, if I repose confidence on any man, it shall be on him alone who knows every thing that is said about it by every one. I would not believe him if he was a stranger but to one sect; for that one might, perhaps, be the best of all: in like manner as if any one should bring me a handsome man, and say he was the most beautiful of all men, I would not give him credit, unless I was satisfied that he had himself seen all sorts of men; and if he had not, he could not possibly say, however beautiful he might be, that he was the most beautiful of all mankind. Now we, my friend, are in search, not only of the beautiful, but of perfect beauty, and we do nothing if we do not discover, not merely something handsome, but that summit of true beauty, which must be \* *UNIQUE*.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Granted.

L Y C I N U S.

Can you shew me a man, then, who has tried every path in philosophy, who knows all that has been said by Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Chryppus, Epicurus, and the rest of them; and after, out of them all, hath chosen that which by his own experience he is satisfied is the only one which can guide him to true happiness? If we can meet with such a one, our labour is at an end.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But such a man, Lycinus, we shall not easily find.

L Y C I N U S.

What then is to be done? Though we have not the good fortune to meet with any of these leaders, we need not despair. The best and safest way is for every man to go through every sect, and consider seriously what is advanced by every one of them.

H E R M O T I M U S.

So, indeed, it should seem, if it did not contradict what you just now mentioned, namely, that when we have spread our sails, and ventured on the ocean, it is not always so easy to get back again: and how could a man try every path, if, as you say, he may be detained and kept back in the very first?

L Y C I N U S.

I will tell you how: we must imitate † Theseus; get a clue of Ariadne

at

\* *Unique*.] Greek, ακροτατον καλλος οπερ αναγκη εν ειναι. The French word here adopted in the translation, happily answers both to the καλλος and εν of the original.

† *Theseus*.] The story alluded to, which the unlearned reader may, perhaps, be unacquainted

at every labyrinth, and so extricate ourselves from it without any trouble.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But who shall be our Ariadne, or where shall we get thread enough for the clue?

L Y C I N U S.

Courage, my friend; never despair: I think I have got one we may hold by.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Where is it?

L Y C I N U S.

It is none of mine, but an aphorism of one of your \* wise men. "Be always sober, and never credulous:" if we take care not to believe too much, but judge deliberately, and let them talk on, we may, possibly, get out of the labyrinth.

H E R M O T I M U S.

The advice is good, let us follow it.

L Y C I N U S.

Be it so: and now whom shall we apply to first? though that is of no great consequence; suppose, for instance, as chance may direct us, we come to Pythagoras; how long, think you, may we be learning all his doctrines? including his five years silence, I suppose, about thirty years, or twenty at least.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Thereabouts.

L Y C I N U S.

Plato, then, would take near as many; and Aristotle as many more.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly not less.

acquainted with, is briefly this: Minos, king of Crete, annually sacrificed a bull to Neptune; but chancing one year to pick out a very beautiful one for the purpose, he thought it too handsome, and substituted another in its stead. Neptune, being affronted at this, inspired his wife, Pasiphae, with a passion for the fine bull, and the fruit of her amour was a monster, half man and half bull, called the Minotaur, which Minos confined in the famous labyrinth made by Dædalus, and sacrificed to it, every seventh year, seven young Athenian men and as many virgins: but the great Theseus delivered his country from this cruel tribute, by slaying the monster, whom, the poets tell us, he would never have got at, or got away from, if the fair Ariadne, Minos's daughter, who fell in love with, had not supplied him with a clue, or thread, that guided him safe through the labyrinth.—Something of the same kind is related concerning the fair Rosamond, Woodstock bower, &c.

\* *Wise men.*] Epicharmus, the Sicilian philosopher. Tully has adopted this saying, *nervi (says he) atque artus sunt sapientiæ, non temere credere.*

L Y C I.

L Y C I N U S.

With regard to Chryfippus, I need not ask you how many, as you have already told me that forty years are scarce fufficient.

H E R M O T I M U S.

True.

L Y C I N U S.

Then for Epicurus, and the rest of them—you must think me moderate in my calculation, when you consider how many Stoics, Epicureans, and Platonists there are, who, at fourscore, acknowledge that they do not yet thoroughly understand all the doctrines of their own sect, so as to be perfect in their knowledge of it: this Chryfippus, Aristotle, and Plato themselves have confessed; and Socrates, not inferior to either of them, long since declared, so far from knowing all things, that all he knew was that he knew nothing. Reckoning then, Pythagoras twenty, Plato twenty more, and so on for the rest, how many years will it make for ten sects only?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Above two hundred.

L Y C I N U S.

Suppose we take off a fourth part, then there will remain a hundred and fifty, or even one half.

H E R M O T I M U S.

You know best; but I think, at this rate, very few would be able to go through all the sects, though they began as soon as they were born.

L Y C I N U S.

What then, in this case, my good friend, is to be done? doth it not prove what I observed, that out of many we can never chuse the best, unless we try all, and he who decides without trial, if he finds out the truth, is indebted more to chance than judgment; was not that what we said?

H E R M O T I M U S.

It was.

L Y C I N U S.

We must live a long time, indeed, before we can explore every thing, make choice of our philosophy, and by that become wise and happy: but before we can do this, we must dance about, as they say, in the dark, stumbling at every thing we meet, and whatever comes first to hand, believing that to be the great truth which we were in search of; if, by good

fortune, we light on any thing valuable, we cannot be certain that it is what we want; so many things resembling each other, and every one pretending to be the truth.

H E R M O T I M U S.

I know not how it is, Lycinus, but your arguments seem to me to have too much reason in them; and to say the truth, you have given me no little uneasiness, by scrutinizing things so nicely, where there was no necessity. Bad luck, I think, has attended me ever since I left my house this morning, and I was unfortunate in lighting on you, who, when I was just arrived at the summit of my hopes, have thrown me back into doubt and uncertainty, by almost convincing me that the investigation of truth is beyond our strength, as it requires so many years to be masters of it.

L Y C I N U S.

You may as well, my good friend, blame your father Menecrates, or your mother, whatever her name be, for I know not, or rather, indeed, human nature, for not making you as long lived as Tithonus, and circumscribing us all in this manner within the short space of a century. I have only found out what arose from our rational enquiry into the matter.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Not so, Lycinus; you were always contentious, and, I know not why, hate philosophy, and laugh at the professors of it.

L Y C I N U S.

My dear Hermotimus, you and your master, perhaps, who are philosophers, can best tell what Truth is; I only know that she is not always agreeable to those who hear her; in her outward appearance Falsehood greatly excels her, whilst she, conscious of her own integrity, acts towards all men with boldness and confidence, and for that very reason they are angry with her; as you now are with me, for finding out the truth of this affair, and declaring to you that what we both so much admire is not easy to be obtained: it is just as if you had fallen in love with a statue, which you mistook for a fine woman, and hoped to enjoy her; while I, who knew it to be nothing but brass or stone, with the best intention, endeavoured to convince you that you could never get possession of her, and then you call me ill-natured and malevolent, for not suffering you to be imposed on, or to hope, absurdly, for what could never be acquired.

H E R-

H E R M O T I M U S.

So we are never to philosophize, but give ourselves up to sloth and indolence, and live the life of fools.

L Y C I N U S.

When did you hear me assert this? I never forbid your philosophizing: I only say, when there are so many paths, all leading to philosophy and virtue, and the true one lays hidden from us, we should make a strict examination, that out of many we cannot pick out the best, without trying all, which seems to be a tedious experiment: how then, I ask you once more, will you act? Will you follow the first who comes in your way, and philosophize with him, and shall he, by some propitious Mercury, make his market of you?

H E R M O T I M U S.

It is impossible to answer you, whilst you deny that any man can judge for himself, unless he could live as long as a phoenix, to go through the universe, and prove every thing: neither will you believe those who have tried the multitude, whose consent bears witness to what they approve.

L Y C I N U S.

But who is this multitude? Does it consist of those who know and have experienced all things? If they are such men, one alone will suffice. I ask not for many of them: but if it is of the ignorant alone, their multitude will never induce me to believe them; when, knowing only one thing, or perhaps nothing, they pronounce decisively on all.

H E R M O T I M U S.

You alone can spy out the truth; and all besides, who pretend to philosophize, are fools and madmen.

L Y C I N U S.

Hermotimus, you asperse me cruelly; for never at any time did I assume a superiority over others, or place myself amongst the wise and learned. You forget what I but just now told you, that I never pretended to know more of the truth than any body else, but confessed that, with them, I was ignorant of it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

It may be right to go round to all, to enquire into their several tenets and opinions, and from thence to determine which is the best; but surely to assign so many years for every experiment is ridiculous, as if from a few one might not judge of all; something of this kind appears to me to be very

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easy,

easy, and would prevent delay. We are told of a certain statuary, Phidias, I believe it was, who, seeing the \* toe-nail of a lion, could tell from that of what size the lion himself was to be made: and you yourself, if any one stretched out a man's hand to you, and covered the body, could easily, I suppose, tell it was a man, though you did not see him; and, in like manner, it is easy, in a small part of a day; to get together the sum and substance of every thing that has been said on this matter, and all that nice enquiry, which takes up such a length of time, is unnecessary, with regard to a judgment of what is best, as the whole may be known from that collection.

## L Y C I N U S.

How weakly you argue, Hermotimus, to imagine that the whole can be known from particular parts: I have always heard, on the other hand, that he who knows the whole must know the parts also; but he who is acquainted with a part only, doth not, therefore, know the whole. But, pray, answer me this question; would Phidias, when he saw the toe-nail, have known it to be a lion's, if he had never seen a lion, or, when you saw the hand, could you tell it to be a man's, if you had never seen a man? Your Phidias, therefore, is not at all to the purpose, and I might well cry out, this is nothing to Bacchus: how will you draw the parallel? Phidias and you might know the whole from the parts, because you were before acquainted with a man and a lion; but with regard to philosophers, Stoics, or any other, how from one part could you know any thing of the rest, or how can you pronounce them beautiful, when you are a stranger to the whole of which those parts consist?

As to what you say about the substance of philosophy being learned in a day's time, what the masters say about the first principles and ends of things, their opinions of god and the soul, some calling every thing body, and others holding that many things are incorporeal; some placing the chief good in pleasure, others in virtue; all this, I grant, may be learned without much labour; but to know which of these is in the right, will require, not a part of one day, but a great many whole ones: have they written, think you, so many hundred, so many thousand books, to prove the truth of what you imagine to be so very clear, easy, and obvious to every capacity? Here, I am afraid, if you are impatient of delay, and will not examine every thing before you make your choice, you must have a priest to decide it for you. The most compendious way of avoiding delays and perplexity, in this case, is cer-

\* *Toe-nail.*] Ex pede Herculem.

tainly

tainly to call in an Augur, and as you go through the several heads, consult the \* entrails concerning them; the oracle will save you an infinite deal of trouble, and shew you at once, in the liver of the victim, what choice you should make. I can tell you another scheme also, if you do not chuse to have sacrifices and victims, or be at the great expence of a priest; and that is, to take some pieces of paper, with the names of all the philosophers upon them, throw these into an urn, and let a young lad, whose † father and mother are both alive, take the urn, and draw out the first lot that comes to hand; whoever he is that is thus drawn, let him be your philosopher.

H E R M O T I M U S.

This is all idle raillery, Lycinus, and does not become you; but pray tell me, do you ever buy any wine?

L Y C I N U S.

Very often.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And did you walk round to all the vintners in the city, and taste all the wines, and compare them one with another?

L Y C I N U S.

Never.

H E R M O T I M U S.

You were contented, I suppose, when you hit on a good fort that was worth your money, to order it home.

L Y C I N U S.

Aye, by Jove, was I.

H E R M O T I M U S.

From that single taste, you could judge what the rest would turn out?

L Y C I N U S.

I could.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But if you had gone to every one of the vintners, and said, I want to buy a bottle of wine, let me taste every one of your pipes, that I may know

\* *The entrails.*] The divination by entrails, which Lucian here so severely rallies, was a principal branch of ancient superstition. If the entrails of the victim sacrificed, particularly the liver, were whole and found, they drew from it omens of certain success; if the contrary, no enterprize was to be proceeded in. Pythagoras the soothsayer foretold that Alexander would die very speedily, because his victim's liver had no lobes.

† *Whose father, &c.*] This circumstance seems to be inserted, not without humour to ridicule the circumstantial nicety generally made use of in all superstitious rites and ceremonies, particularly in divination by lots, which Lucian is here endeavouring to turn into ridicule.

which



which has the best liquor: do you think they would not have laughed at you?

L Y C I N U S.

Certainly: and with some reason.

H E R M O T I M U S.

And it is the same thing with philosophy. One may know by a little taste, what the whole is: why therefore must we drink a pipe of it?

L Y C I N U S.

You are such a subtle disputant, that you think you shall slip through my fingers; but here you have laid a snare, and will fall into it yourself.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How so?

L Y C I N U S.

By producing wine, which every body is acquainted with, and comparing it with philosophy; a thing which we know very little of, and which all mankind dispute about. There is not indeed the least similitude between them; unless, perhaps, that philosophers sell their doctrines as inn-keepers do their wine; and moreover, frequently adulterate it, and give bad measure also. But let us examine your argument; you say that all the wine in the cask is the same: it may be so, and withal, that from the tasting but a little of it, we may judge of the whole: I will grant you this also; but mark what follows: do the philosophers, your master, for instance, or any of the rest of them, say always the same, or talk about the same things, or do they say sometimes one, and sometimes another; for their arguments are various: were it not so, you would not have ran after, and attended him so often, but have been satisfied with hearing him once.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

How then by the first taste could you know every thing? for new things were perpetually pouring in upon you, and it was not, like the wine, always the same; so that you could not get well foaked, unless you had drank up the whole cask: for the gods seem to have hid the summum bonum at the bottom of the vessel, even under the very lees. You must swallow the last drop, therefore, or you will never find the draught of nectar which you so much thirst after: but you seem to think it of such a nature, that if you do but taste it, you must instantly become all wisdom and perfection. As they  
say

say of the \* priestess at Adelpi, when she drinks of the second fountain, that she is immediately full of the god, and delivers her oracles to all that ask for them : and yet you told me but just now, that you had drank up half the cask, and were still but as if you had just began.

Let us see then if we cannot furnish you with a better comparison. Your cask and your inn-keeper may remain ; but we will fill your vessels not with wine, but with several sorts of grain, wheat o' top, then beans, then barley, under these lentiles, tares, and other things ; if you wanted to buy some of the seeds, and the owner should pull out some wheat by way of sample, and put it into your hand to look at, could you tell from thence, whether the tares were good, the lentiles fit to eat, or the beans rotten ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly, no.

L Y C I N U S.

Neither can you, in like manner, from what any one man calls true philosophy, tell whether it be all so ; for it does not all taste the same, like the wine, which you compared it to, but has a great deal of variety in it, and such as requires no little, or slight examination. If you buy bad wine, you only lose a trifle ; but, according to your own account, to wallow in the mire, is a bad affair indeed. Add to this, that he who desires to taste a whole cask, that he may buy one bottle, does the inn-keeper a considerable injury ; but, with philosophy, it is quite another thing : drink as much as you please, the cask is still full, and the landlord never the worse for it : the more you draw, as the proverb says, the more flows in. Just the contrary of the † Danaids sieve, for whatever was poured into that, ran out immediately : but here, the more you take away, the more still remains behind.

But I could compare your philosophy to something else : do not think I mean to affront you, when I say, it is like hemlock, aconite, or any other poison : if you take only a small portion, with the tip of your finger, and

\* *The Priestess, &c.*] The Pythia, or priestess of Delphi, before she ascended the tripod, used to wash her whole body, in the Castalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnassus ; and to drink large draughts of the water, which never failed to inspire her, and she immediately began to prophesy. See Potter's Antiquities.

† *The Danaids.*] The punishment of the Danaids in hell, for killing their husbands, was to fill a large tub, with holes in the bottom of it, with water, which consequently ran out as fast as poured in. The dolium Danaidum, or Danaids sieve, passed afterwards into a proverbial expression, to signify any thing impracticable.

taste

taste it, it will not hurt you; but, if you are not cautious, how much, in what manner, and in what you take it, woe be to him that swallows it. Now you assert, that the least taste, will suffice to judge of the whole.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Be that as it may, is there a necessity that we must live a hundred years, and suffer a thousand troubles and inconveniencies, or give up philosophy?

L Y C I N U S.

We must: nor can it be otherwise, if, as you \*observed at first, "life is short, and art long;" and yet you seem to be angry, that you cannot, in one day, arrive at the wisdom of a Chrysiptus, Plato, or Pythagoras.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Lycinus, you do not act fairly by me, but circumvent and drive me up into a corner, merely from envy, I believe, because I have made some progress in learning; and you, advanced as you are in life, have totally neglected it.

L Y C I N U S.

What have you to do then? trouble yourself no more about a madman, but let me go my own way, and you go your's: as you have began, so make an end of it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

But you are so violent and positive, you will not suffer me to make my choice, before I have tried every thing.

L Y C I N U S.

That is, indeed, what I have always asserted; but when you call me positive and violent, you, as the † poet says, accuse the guiltless, and are yourself the aggressor: reason will tell you much harsher things than any I have said to you, and yet you find fault with me.

H E R M O T I M U S.

What more can she say? I should wonder if you had omitted any thing that could be advanced against me.

L Y C I N U S.

She may still deny that all we can do, though we examine ever so closely, will suffice, to make choice of the best, but that we may still want something towards it.

\* *As you observed.*] See the quotation from Hippocrates at the beginning of this Dialogue.

† *The poet Homer.*] See II. A. v. 653.

HER-

H E R M O T I M U S.

And what is that?

L Y C I N U S.

Judgment, ingenuity, acuteness; a sharp, penetrating, uncorrupted understanding, which is indispensibly necessary in forming a decisive opinion in these things, and without which, all our labour will be vain and fruitless: there must be withal, a great deal of time to consider of every thing; nor must we regard the age or character of the man, nor his reputed wisdom: we must act as the judges of the \* Areopagus do, try the cause by night and in the dark, that we may attend, not to those who speak, but to that which is spoken: then, when our choice is fixed and determined, we may be at liberty to philosophise.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Yes; after death: for, according to you, no man's life is long enough to go through all, examine, choose, and after the choice is made, to enter on philosophy; and yet this, you say, is the only method.

L Y C I N U S.

I am sorry, Hermotimus, to add that even all this, may not be sufficient: we may rashly conclude we have discovered something certain, and yet have found nothing; like fishermen, who, feeling something heavy in their nets, draw them up, imagining that they have got a plentiful draught, when, behold, a stone appears, or an earthen vessel full of sand: such, perhaps, may be our fate.

H E R M O T I M U S.

What you mean by your nets, I know not, but you have fairly caught me in them.

L Y C I N U S.

Get out then as fast as you can; for you can swim, thank heaven, as well as any body. For myself, with all I can do, I have not yet discovered, nor perhaps ever shall, whether any of us have yet found out what we are in search of, or are all still ignorant of it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Has no body found out the truth then?

\* *The Areopagus.*] The great court of judicature at Athens, where we are told they tried causes by night, for a very ridiculous reason, which Lucian here alludes to. Justice Fielding (who has as much sagacity as any of the Greek judges had) does the same. But this mode is not from choice, but necessity; and will probably soon be adopted in Guild Hall, or the King's Bench.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

L Y C I N U S.

That is still a doubt : all perhaps may be deceived, and the truth may be different from any thing that has yet come to light.

H E R M O T I M U S.

How can that be ?

L Y C I N U S.

Thus : let us suppose a certain number, twenty for instance ; then, take twenty beans in your hand, close it, and ask the men, how many you have got there : one guesses seven, another five, another thirty, another ten or fifteen, and so on : it may happen that some body shall guess the right : what say you ?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Most certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

It may happen, too, that all shall guess wrong, and no body tell that you have just twenty.

H E R M O T I M U S.

It may so.

L Y C I N U S.

And so it is with happiness ; some philosophers say it is one thing, and some another : one calls it virtue, another pleasure, and another something else : one of these may be the chief good, and yet it may, after all, be something different from every one of them. We seem, therefore, to be hurrying on to the end, before we have found out the beginning : we should first know, that truth had been discovered by some one of the philosophers ; and then enquire, which of them we might place our confidence in.

H E R M O T I M U S.

So that you think we may go through every philosophy, and yet not find out the truth : is that your conclusion ?

L Y C I N U S.

Do not ask me, my friend, but Reason ; she perhaps will answer you, that we cannot, whilst it is still a doubt, whether any thing that has yet been said may be depended on.

H E R M O T I M U S.

We shall never then, you think, know any thing, but must leave off philosophy, and live the life of fools : as it plainly follows from what you say, that no mortal man can ever arrive at any perfection in it. For, first,  
you

you expect that he should choose out the best sect; a task which requires the greatest care and assiduity; and when at last we come to reckon the number of years necessary to the examination of every one, it exceeds all bounds: the business is lengthened out to several generations, and life is gone before truth appears: nay, it is even a doubt with you, whether the truth was ever discovered at all.

L Y C I N U S.

And will you swear that it ever was?

H E R M O T I M U S.

That I certainly can not.

L Y C I N U S.

Have I not purposely passed over many other things, which demand a long, and severe investigation?

H E R M O T I M U S.

What are they?

L Y C I N U S.

Did you never meet with Stoics, Epicureans, and Platonists, who tell you, that they alone know the reasons and first principles of all things; and that none but themselves, however worthy of confidence they may otherwise be, are in the least acquainted with them?

H E R M O T I M U S.

I have.

L Y C I N U S.

Is it not then a difficult matter to distinguish those who really do know, from those who only pretend to it?

H E R M O T I M U S.

Certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

If, therefore, you want, for instance, to know who is the best Stoic, you must go, if not to all, at least to most of them, to try and examine, before you choose your master; being first provided with a good discerning faculty of judging, that you may not fix on the worst, instead of the best of them. You must consider, (which I did not mention before, that I might not give you offence,) how much time this will take you up; and yet, in these dark and intricate subjects, it is absolutely necessary. This is the only chance you have of finding out the truth, and every thing else will be useless, without this happy faculty; which, like a touchstone, will enable you to distinguish

he false metal from the true. Without this, believe me, you will be led by the \* nose by every body, must follow, as the cattle do the bough that is held before you. You will be like water poured on a table, that may be drawn any way by a finger; or a reed by the river side, bending to every blast. If, therefore, you can meet with a master, who himself knows, and can teach you the art of demonstration, and how to determine in doubtful cases, your labour is at an end; for then, what is good and true, will immediately appear, falsehood will be detected: you will be able to make choice of the best philosophy, will acquire that happiness which you have so long been in search of, and possess every thing that is desirable.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Now, Lycinus, you say something that gives me hope and comfort; I will instantly find out a man who shall instruct me in this noble art of judging and distinguishing: all that follows will be easy, free from toil, uncertainty, and delay. How much am I obliged to you for shewing me this best and shortest way!

## L Y C I N U S.

Not so much, perhaps, as you may imagine. I have pointed out nothing to you as yet, that can bring you nigher to the object in view; we are even farther off than ever, or at best but where we were before, after all our labour.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

Indeed! you throw me back into sorrow and despair: how can this possible be?

## L Y C I N U S.

Because, my friend, though we might find a man, who professed himself acquainted with this art of demonstration, and pretended to teach it to others, we could not rely upon him, but must still search for another, to inform us whether this man spoke truth or not: and when we had got him, it would still be a doubt whether he was a proper judge, and we should yet want another proof; for, how should we tell which was the best? you see, therefore, how endless the labour is, and that there is nothing certain, or to be depended on. The demonstrations themselves may be called in question, and no one point is absolutely certain. They would persuade us, that they know

\* *By the nose.*] The translation here is literal.

some

some things, from their knowledge of other things, which they are not yet agreed about: they put light and darkness together; compare things which differ widely from each other; and then call it demonstration: prove, for instance, that because these are altars, there must of necessity be gods. Thus, running as it were in a circle, they return always to the place they set out at, and wander still in doubt and uncertainty.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

How you treat me, Lycinus, by thus reducing all my treasure to a cinder! my labour, it seems, is vain, and so many years consumed for nothing.

## L Y C I N U S.

It may be some comfort to you, however, to reflect, that it is not yourself alone who has been thus disappointed, but that all the philosophers in the world are fighting, as one may say, for the \* ass's shadow. For who can go through all? this, you acknowledge, is impossible. A man may as well repine, and quarrel with fortune, because he cannot get up into heaven; sink under the waves of the sea in Sicily, and rise up at Cyprus; or fly from Greece to India: when the cause of his grief, is only because he flattered himself with the hopes of all this; or dreamed of it, or fancied it in his own mind: not considering beforehand, whether his hopes were fixed on what was attainable, or agreeable to the condition of human nature. Reason, my friend, has waked you out of your pleasing dream, and now you are angry with her: the vision is so delightful, that you are loath to open your eyes. And this is the case with all those, who form in their own imaginations an island of the blest; whilst they are digging up hidden riches, and enjoying kingdoms; for the goddess Hope is most magnificent in her presents; and never contradicts her votaries, though they wish to be as big as Colossus, to fly in the air, or to find mountains of gold: if, whilst they are dreaming of

\* *The ass's shadow.*] Demosthenes was one day haranguing the senate, who would not suffer him to go on, when he told them the following story: Two men, said he, were 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 on 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 purchased every thing the ass could give, and consequently the shade of it. Here Demosthenes stopped: the hearers desired to know the issue of the dispute; and how it was determined. You are mighty eager, said Demosthenes, to hear any thing about the shade of an ass, and yet will not listen to me when I am to speak on the important concerns of the commonwealth.

The ass's shadow became afterwards a proverbial expression, to signify, like the *lana caprina*, any dispute about trifles. See Plutarch.

these



these things, one of their little lacquies should ask them how they are to procure the necessaries of life, or pay the rent for their house which has been long due ; they grow angry, as if the asker had deprived them, by the question, of all their promised happiness, and it is a chance if they do not bite his nose off for it. Be not you, therefore, my good friend, in like manner enraged at me, if, whilst you are flying in the air, digging up treasures, or encouraging vain and idle fancies, and hoping for things which can never be obtained ; I, out of friendship and regard, suffer you not to remain all your life in a dream, how sweet soever it is, but force you to rise up, and go about those necessary works that are agreeable to nature, and to reason. What you were lately upon, was every whit as absurd as Hippocentaurs, Gorgons, and chimeras : any of those things that poets and painters have feigned, which never were, or could be ; and yet the multitude believe in them, and see them, only because they are strange, improbable, and ridiculous. Thus you, Hermotimus, because you had heard from some idle fabulist, that there was a certain beauteous form, superior to every thing else in nature, excelling the Graces and celestial Venus ; not considering whether it was true, or if any such beauty existed, immediately fell in love with her : as they say Medea did with Jason in a dream. But what misled you, and all those who fell in love with the same empty shade, was, if I mistake not, that he who recommended her to you, as soon as he found that you implicitly believed him, went on with success, and made his whole description so coherent, that he easily conducted you to your beloved : none of you, in the mean time, enquired, whether you were going the right way or not : or, if your guides had not misled you, but followed the steps of him that went before, as sheep do those of their leader : when you ought, before you entered the path, to have considered, whether you should strike into it at all.

But, perhaps, you may understand the argument better by a similitude. Suppose, for instance, one of your adventurous poets should tell you of a man who had three heads and six hands ; if you swallow this, without considering whether it is possible or not, he immediately goes on to inform you that this man had likewise six eyes, and as many ears, that he spoke with three voices at a time, eat his food with three mouths, that instead of ten fingers, as we have, he had thirty ; if he made a warrior of him, he would put into three of his hands a target, a basket-hilt, and a shield, and into the other three an axe, a lance, and a sword : and who could deny the  
the

the truth of all this? it is agreeable to what was first granted, though it should certainly have been considered before, \* whether it ought to have been granted, or not: if you give up that, the rest follows of course, and you cannot refuse your assent, when it corresponds so well with the promises admitted. And thus it is with you; from strong prepossession, when you have got into the path, without considering whether it be the right one, you are drawn into the consequence, true or false. If any body tells you that twice five make seven, and you believe it without counting, he will soon persuade you that four times five is fourteen, or any thing else; just as it is in the wonderful science of geometry, where they lay down certain absurd postulata, which must be granted, such as individual points and lines without latitude, pretending, on such rotten foundations, to build demonstration, and to deduce true conclusions from false principles: in like manner you also, taking for granted the principles of some particular sect, believe every thing that follows from them, and embrace falsehood instead of truth. Some of you die in the midst of their hopes, and before they have found out that they were imposed on; others discover the deceit in their old age, but are ashamed to acknowledge it, or to confess that, at their time of life, they have been employed in such childish trifles: they continue, therefore, in the same error, cry up what is before them, and exhort others to embrace it, that they may not be the only dupes, but comfort themselves with the thought, that thousands are in the same condition; if they confess the truth, they plainly perceive that they will not appear to be such grave and respectable characters, exalted above the vulgar, or meet with such deference and esteem as they used to do: they will never, willingly, acknowledge their ignorance, or that they are like the multitude. You will find very few, indeed, that have courage enough to own that they have been deceived, or who will dissuade others from treading in the same path: if you light on such a man, call him, as he is, the friend of truth, sober, just, or, if you please, a philosopher, for he alone deserves that name; all beside, either know nothing of the truth, though they pretend to it, or conceal their ig-

\* *Whether it ought.*] This puts us in mind of the question proposed by Charles the Second, of facetious memory, to the Royal Society: If a tub or vessel be filled quite, or brim full, with water, and a large fish be thrown into it—Quære, why does not the water run over.—It is somewhere, if I am not mistaken, related, that the Society puzzled themselves a long time about the solution of this miraculous circumstance.—Never reflecting whether the fact was true or not.

norance

norance through fear and shame, and because they wish to be thought superior to the rest of mankind. But let us bury in total oblivion every thing that has passed between us on this subject; let us suppose that the Stoic philosophy is the only true one, and that there is none besides it worthy of our care; let us then consider whether it be such a one as we may hope to attain, or whether all who hitherto attempted it have laboured in vain. I hear of wonderful things promised to those who arrive at the summit of it, and that they alone possess every thing good and desirable; but you best know whether you have ever lit on such a perfect Stoic, as was never subdued by pain, or misled by pleasure, or enslaved by passion; one who was superior to envy, a contemner of riches; one who, in a word, was completely happy, as he must be, who is the rule and model of perfect virtue; for he who is deficient in the least of these, is imperfect, however excellent he may be with regard to any thing else; if not, there never yet was the truly happy and complete Stoic.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Such a one, I must own, I never yet have seen.

L Y C I N U S.

You are right, Hermotimus, to confess the truth. How then can you any longer pursue philosophy, when you plainly perceive, that neither your master, nor your master's master, nor any that went before him, though you go back to the tenth generation, was ever so wise as to be perfectly happy: nor will it suffice to say, it is enough if you can approach nearly towards happiness: this is doing nothing; for he is equally a stranger, and in the open air, who stands on the outside of the door, be he ever so near, as he who stands at a great distance from it, with this only difference, that he who is nearest must be most unhappy, in being close to that felicity which he cannot possess. Do you put yourself to all this trouble, therefore, only to get near to perfect happiness? for such we will suppose it to be; is it for this alone you spend so much time, wear yourself out with watchings, and bring yourself to the grave? For this, you say, you will labour for these twenty years at least to come, that, after all, at fourscore, (and who can promise you will live so long?) you may be one of those who are not yet happy; unless, indeed, you think that you alone are able to gain that, which so many better and abler men before you, with all their toil and labour, could never acquire. But, even taking all this for granted, where is the good resulting

sulting from it that deserves so much toil and trouble? How little time is left for enjoyment, when you are grown old and no longer able to relish such pleasures, with one foot, as they say, in the \* grave! unless, indeed, you are looking forward to another life, and are learning here how to live better in it; which is much the same as if a man should prepare to set out a good supper, and, in the mean time perish with hunger. You seem to have forgot that virtue consists in good works, in acting with justice, wisdom, and fortitude. But you (by you I mean all your eminent philosophers), spend your time in idle words, disputes, and syllogisms; in these you throw away the greatest part of your lives, and esteem him who excels in them as the noblest of all conquerors. For this reason, I suppose, you admire your old master, because he can raise doubts and scruples, know how to ask a subtle question, to make use of frauds and quirks, and how to hamper his opponent with insuperable difficulties: so busy about the bark, that you neglect the fruit, and divert yourselves with throwing the leaves at one another: do you do any thing else from morning to night?

H E R M O T I M U S.

To say the truth, no.

L Y C I N U S.

Is it not, then, justly said of you, that you leave the substance to catch at the shadow, the body of the serpent for the skin only, or rather that you are like a man pouring water into a mortar, and beating it with an iron pestle, thinking all the time he is doing a great and necessary work, not knowing that though, as they say, he beat his heart out, the water will be water still. But let me ask you one question; would you wish to resemble your master in any thing, his learning excepted? to be, like him, a passionate, fordid, and litigious voluptuary? for so, by Jupiter, he is, though the world in general do not know it.

H E R M O T I M U S.

Some there are, certainly, who do not.

L Y C I N U S.

Shall I tell you what I heard of a certain old philosopher, whose house is much frequented by our youth for instruction: he flew into a violent passion, the other day, with one of his pupils, for not paying him his salary, which had been due sixteen days before, when the lad's uncle, who stood by, a

\* *The grave.*] A literal translation.

plain countryman, who knew nothing of your fine philosophy, cried out, Pray, wonderful Sir, complain not of any injury done you, because we have not paid you for a few empty words; what you sold us you have yet in your own possession, and are just as learned as you were before; but with regard to what we sent him to you for, he is not at all improved; for he debauched my neighbour Echecrates's daughter, and would have suffered for the rape, but that the father was poor, and I bought him off with a talent of good gold: and not long since he beat his mother, who had caught him hiding a cask of wine under his coat, which he was going to carry off to his jovial club; add, to this, that, in impudence, lying, and quarrelling, he is a much greater proficient than he was a twelve month ago. I had much rather you would have prevented all this, than have taught him to inform us every night at supper, how a \* crocodile seized a child, and promised to give him back again, when his father should answer some certain question, about I know not what; or to tell us, that if it was day it could not possibly be night: sometimes he introduces his horns, and perplexes us all; meditates gravely on his habits, relations, ideas, conceptions, and such stuff, which we laugh at: sometimes he will tell us that god is not in heaven, but that he passes through, and is † inherent in wood, stone, animals, and things the most trifling and contemptible. When his mother asks him how he can throw away his time in such nonsense, he tells her, if he can but learn these things he shall be rich, happy, and a king, and all mankind, besides, nothing but his slaves and vassals.

Thus spake the countryman; and now mark what an old woman's answer the philosopher returned to him. Do not you think, said he, if the young man had not been under my care, that he would have done something much worse, something, perhaps, which he might have been hanged for? But philosophy restrained him, moderated his passions, and he is, at least, tolerable: he is ashamed of doing any thing misbecoming the great science I have taught him; if, therefore, I do not deserve any reward for making him better, you are at least indebted to me for what my philosophy has prevented his being guilty of: as nurses send children to school, where, if they learn nothing, they are at least out of harm's way: as to every thing

\* *A crocodile.*] This has been explained before.

† *Inherent, &c.*] The system of the famous French philosopher, Malbranche, seems to be founded on this idea. See an account of Malbranche, in Bayle's Dictionary.

else,

else, I have fulfilled my duty, and, if you will come to me to-morrow morning, you shall see how he can ask questions and answer them, how many things he has learned, and how many books he has read, about axioms, and syllogisms, and comprehensions, and duties, and a thousand other things. If he beat his mother, and debauched a girl, what is that to me? I am not his tutor.

Thus did the old man talk about philosophy; and you, I suppose, will tell us, that all we are to expect from this noble science is, that we shall be never the worse for it: is it really so, my friend, or had we formed better hopes from it; did we not expect to become a little better than idiots by it? What say you to this?

## H E R M O T I M U S.

I can only say, my friend, that I am ready to cry when I think what a fool I have been, so thoroughly am I at last convinced by sense and reason: I lament my folly, in throwing away so much time to no purpose. I am like a man just recovered from a fit of drunkenness, I see, with shame, what I have been so long in love with, and how much I have suffered for it.

## L Y C I N U S.

There is no reason, however, to cry about it; Æsop's advice, in one of his fables, is, I think, a most excellent one: he tells us of a man, who was sitting on the shore, near a tempestuous sea, and numbering the waves; but finding himself puzzled in the calculation, he was horribly fretted and vexed about it; when a fox, standing by, said to him, Why, my friend, will you give yourself so much uneasiness about what is past? think no more of the waves that are gone, but begin and number those before you. Do you, therefore, since you are convinced of your error, for the future be content to live like other men, be a good common citizen, and aim at nothing great or singular; if you are wise, do not be ashamed, old as you are, of changing for the better.

Do not imagine, my good friend, whatever I may have said, that I had any enmity against the Portico, or meant to affront the Stoics in particular; my argument holds, equally, against every sect, and I should have said the very same thing, if you had been a Platonist, or an Aristotelian.

## H E R M O T I M U S.

I believe you; and shall immediately change my whole appearance: you shall see me no more with a long rough beard, refusing myself proper food

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and

and nourishment, but acting on an easier and more liberal plan. I may even, perhaps, put on purple, to shew the world I have done with all these trifles. I wish I could as easily get rid of all I have learned: if I could cast it all up, I would gladly swallow a dose of hellebore (for a different reason than \* Chryfippus did it), to prevent any of their stuff from rising in my mind for the future. I am infinitely obliged to you, Lycinus, for snatching me out of the waves, when I was almost overwhelmed by them, and when I was carried down by the torrent, descending, like a propitious deity, in your car, at the end of the tragedy, to save me. Recovered, as I have been, I should celebrate this day as a festival, and \* shave my head, like those who escape a ship-wreck; and as for philosophers, from this time forth, if, against my will, I chance to meet one in the street, I shall turn aside, and avoid him as I would a mad dog.

\* *Chryfippus.*] When Chryfippus, we are told, was to dispute with Carneades, about some important points, he took a dose of hellebore to clear his head.

† *Shave my head.*] This custom is mentioned before.

H A R-

## H A R M O N I D E S,

*This little Piece of LUCIAN's carries with it the Appearance of a Letter addressed to some very great Man, probably the prime Minister of Macedonia, whose Favour he was ambitious to obtain, as the certain Road to Honour and Preferment. A Vein of Panegyric and Flattery, not often to be met with in this Author, runs through it, which seems in some Measure to call in Question the genuineness of it. My Readers will determine for themselves, with regard to its Authenticity.*

**H**ARMONIDES thus spake, of old, to his master, \* Timotheus; “inform me, if possible (said he), how I may become famous amongst men, and known throughout all Greece; greatly, I must acknowledge, am I already indebted to you, who have taught me to tune the flute well, to blow it sweetly and harmoniously, to place my fingers properly, to keep time, to perceive the character of every † mode, the divine breathing of the Phrygian, the solemn gravity of the Doric, the softness and beauty of the Ionic; all this I learned from you; but I am not yet arrived at that perfection, which I was ambitious of, in singing to it, which would procure me fame and glory, which would render me so illustrious, that men should point at me as I pass along, and say, there goes Harmonides, the prince of musicians; in the same manner as when you came first from Bœotia, performed in the ‡ Pandionides, and gained the victory in Ajax, your name-sake hav-

\* *Timotheus.*] One of the most celebrated poets and musicians of antiquity. He was born at Miletus, an Ionian city of Caria, 446 years before Christ, a contemporary of Philip of Macedon, and, according to Dryden's Ode, of Alexander also, excelled in lyric and dithyrambic poetry, and no less in his performance on the cithara. According to Pausanias, he added four new strings to that instrument, which before had only seven, for which he was banished by virtue of a curious Spartan act of parliament, quoted, from Caufabon, by Dr. Burney, in his history of Greek Music, and which I shall here subjoin, for the entertainment of my readers.

“Whereas Timotheus the Milesian, coming to our city, has dishonoured our ancient music, and, despising the lyre of seven strings, has, by the introduction of a greater variety of notes, corrupted the ears of our youth, and, by the number of his strings, given to our music an effeminate dress, the kings, and the ephori, have therefore resolved to pass censure on him, and to oblige him to cut off his superfluous strings, and to banish him from our city, that men may be warned, &c.” See Burney, vol. i. page 407.

† *Modc.*] For a full and accurate account of the modes, I must refer the curious reader to Burney's Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients, vol. i. page 47.

‡ *Pandionides.*] Some tragedy of that name, not now extant, on the story of Progne and Philomela, daughters of Pandion.

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ing composed the music : what tongue did not then resound with the praises of Timotheus the Theban ! and even to this day, wherever you appear, the people flock round you, as all the feathered race do round the bird of night. It was this that animated me to the study of the flute, and for which alone I have taken so much pains ; nor would I wish to excel in it, were I to remain inglorious and unknown, even though I had the skill of a \* *Marfyas*, or *Olympus*. † *Hidden talents*, as the proverb says, are of no value : teach me, therefore, how I may distinguish myself, and my art also, so shall I be doubly obliged to you, both for my skill in music, and the glory which I shall acquire by it.

To this Timotheus thus replied. “ Your ambition, *Harmonides*, is noble ; to acquire honour and glory, and be distinguished amongst men, is no mean or inconsiderable reward ; this you are desirous to obtain, by appearing in public, and displaying your abilities before the multitude : but even by doing this you will not be universally known ; for where will you find a theatre to perform in, large enough to contain all Greece : the only method by which you can ever gain the desired end is, in my opinion, this ; shew yourself sometimes on the public stage, but depend not on the multitude ; there is a shorter, and an easier way to glory ; chuse out the best and noblest of the Grecians, the wise few, who are acknowledged judges, and on whom you may rely, if they admire and praise you, you will soon be known to all the world besides : for if those, whom all commend, commend you, what occasion will you have for the approbation of the vulgar, who always follow those that can decide better than themselves ? The multitude is composed of low and ignorant artificers, those whom the great praise, they will praise also. In the public games, the spectators, we know, clap and hiss, but it is only four or five who judge and determine.”

Such was the advice of Timotheus, but *Harmonides* lived not to profit by it ; for the first time he contended in public, exerting himself too strenuously, from an ardent desire of success, he breathed his last, we are told, upon the instrument, and, without gaining the crown of victory, died on the spot.

\* *Marfyas*.] Plato tells us that we are indebted to *Marfyas* and *Olympus* for wind-music. To them is likewise attributed the invention of the Phrygian and Lydian measure. *Marfyas* is also said, by some, to have been the inventor of the double flute, though others give it to his father *Hyagius*. For a farther account of these eminent musicians, see *Burney's Dissertation*.

† *Hidden talents*.] Tu licet et *Thamyram* superes atque *Orphea* cantu,  
Non erit ignoæ gratia magna *lyræ*.

Ov. Art. Amand.  
The

The advice of Timotheus, in this speech, in my opinion, not only suits Harmonides, but may be applied to all those who pant for glory, and popular applause; as I had the same ambition, therefore, I was resolved to follow it, and for that purpose considered with myself who was the greatest man in this city, whose judgement others would rely on, and on whom alone I might safely depend, when you occurred to me as the proper person; one in whom all virtues are united, the rule, as it were, and standard of perfection. If you had seen my works, and praised them (and much I wish you had), I should have gained the desired end of all my labours, and, by your favour alone, acquired the approbation of all. To have preferred any other suffrage to your's, would have been unpardonable folly: to one alone I would trust my cause, which would be the same as if I had shewn myself to all mankind; for you are of more consequence than all: the kings of Sparta had two voices, and every body else but one; but you unite in yourself the power of the ephori, and of the senate also. In learning, indeed, you ought always to preside and direct, because you are always candid and judicious, and therefore it is, that, alarmed as I am at the difficulty of my undertaking, I repose full confidence in you; and the rather, as I think you will be favourable to me, because I belong to the same city, which you have yourself been so great an ornament to, both in your public and private capacity: if the majority of votes should chance to be against me, you, and the few such as you, may yet prevail, make up the deficiency, and, as you always do correct every thing that is amiss, set all to rights again. It will not satisfy my ambition that I have been formerly admired, that I am already celebrated, and that men praise my eloquence; I prize all this as shadows, and mere nothing, in comparison with your applause, which is the great end of all: I would have no doubts or uncertainty about my merit, but be pronounced at once the best of all men:—but before I enter the lists, in such a noble contest, shall I not hope for some propitious omen? Confirm it, gracious gods, and give your sanction to the praise I have received, that hereafter I may appear with confidence. He need not fear to stand on any ground, who has conquered at Olympia.

H E R O-

# H E R O D O T U S,

O R

## Æ T I O N.

*This little Piece seems imperfect, being only a Kind of Proœmium, or Preface, to a long Speech, supposed to have been spoken by LUCIAN, before a large Assembly in Macedonia, when he travelled through Greece. His Account of ÆTION'S Picture is curious, and gives us a favourable Opinion of the State of the polite Arts in his Time. The Speech both begins and ends abruptly.*

**W**OULD to heaven I could imitate Herodotus! I will not say in every thing, for that is beyond my hopes, but even in one of his perfections; either the beauty of his diction, the harmony of his periods, the native sweetness of his Ionic dialect, the richness of his sentiments, or any other of those numberless and inimitable graces, which he is master of: the manner, indeed, in which he made himself and his history known, may easily be followed: for, when he sailed from Caria into Greece, he considered within himself how he might most expeditiously, and with the least trouble, render himself and his writings most conspicuous; to go round to the Athenians, Corinthians, Argives, and Lacedæmonians, one after another, he rightly judged would have been a laborious, and a tedious task: he thought it a wrong method to divide his work into so many little parts, to make himself known amongst men, and bent his thoughts towards some method of finding all Greece assembled together, when the great Olympic games began, and the historian, seizing on this favourable opportunity, the circumstance which he had long wished for, the council and nobles all met, came into the lower part of the temple, and produced himself before them, not as a spectator, but a candidate in the lists, there repeated his history, and so charmed every hearer, that his nine books were honoured with the names of the nine Muses.

From this time he was better known than all the conquerors there, every body repeated the name of Herodotus; many had themselves heard him at the great assembly, and as many had been told of him by others: they distinguished

tinguished him, they pointed him out, and cried, \* that is he; that is Herodotus, who wrote our battles with the Persians, in the Ionic dialect, and celebrated our victories in his divine songs. Thus did he reap the fruits of his conquest, the universal suffrage of admiring Greece, and his triumph was adorned, not by one herald, but by every city whose inhabitants had been eye-witnesses of that magnificent spectacle. In this, nearest path to fame and honour, he was afterwards followed by Hippias the Sophist, Prodicus, Anaximenes, Polus of Agrigentum, and many others, who repeated their works before the general assembly, and became, in a short time, universally celebrated and admired.

But why need I mention ancient orators, sophists, and historians, when a recent example is before us, of Ætion the painter, who so lately produced his picture of Alexander and Roxana, at the same place, and with such success, that Proxenidas, the chief judge, was so charmed with it, that he gave him his daughter in marriage.

You will naturally ask what there could be so extraordinary in this picture, as to induce the judge to take Ætion, who was a stranger, for his son in law: it is now in Italy, where I have seen, and am, therefore, able to give you a full description of it.

The † scene is a handsome inner chamber, with a nuptial bed in it, on which Roxana, a most beautiful virgin, is reclining, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as ashamed of looking up to Alexander, who stands by her. She is attended by several smiling Cupids, one of whom is behind, lifting up her veil, and discovering her beauties to the bridegroom; whilst another, in the character of a slave, pulls off her slipper, that she may lie down; another lays hold on Alexander's robe, and seems drawing him, with all his strength, towards the bride: he has a garland in his hand, which he offers her; Hephæstion stands close to him, with a torch in his hand, and leaning

\* *This is he.*] ΟΥΤΟΣ ΕΝΑΥΤΟΣ, et dicier—Hic est. Juv.

† *The scene is, &c.*] The picture here so accurately described by Lucian, had undoubtedly no inconsiderable share of merit; a better proof of this cannot be given, than that the immortal Raphael was so struck with it, as to paint one on the same subject, wherein he adheres closely in every part to Lucian's description, except that our author lays his scene in the inner chamber of a house, and Raphael in a camp. Raphael's picture made part of the furniture of his own bed-chamber, and is now at his villa near Rome; there are prints from it, engraved by, and may be found in Hamilton's Collection of the Italian School. The French painter, Coypel, likewise employed his pencil on this story, which he has treated nearly in the same manner: his print is reckoned a very good one.

on a beautiful youth, whom I take to be Hymen, though there is no name inscribed over him; in another part of the picture are a number of Cupids, sporting with Alexander's armour, two of them, like porters, sweating under a burthen, carrying his spear, with two more at a little distance, one lying upon his shield, and borne, like a king in triumph, by several, who take hold of the handles of it, whilst the other gets into his coat of mail, and conceals himself, as if with a design to frighten the rest if they come that way: nor are these sports without design, as the artist meant by them to point out the hero's passion for war, and to shew that, how much soever he might be in love with Roxana, he had not forgot his arms. The picture, it may be observed, had something nuptial in it, which might recommend *Ætion* to the daughter of Proxenidas, as the marriage of Alexander was a type of his own, and the hero, whose wedding was represented, a kind of bridesman to the painter, who went away equally happy,

Herodotus, (to return to him,) sung the victories of Greece before the Olympic judges, and acquired immortal honour; far be it from me to compare myself to that great writer, though, in one thing, there seems to be a similarity between us; when I first came into Macedonia, I considered within myself in what manner I should act; I wished to make myself known to every one, but to go round to every city was a difficult task: I thought it best, therefore, to come before your great assembly, and address myself to you, the flower of all Macedonia; not from lanes, or corners, not from Pifa itself, but from a nobler city; not the dregs of the populace, not a croud gathered to a spectacle, and listening to an Herodotus; but to a company of orators, historians, and sophists of the first rank; far superior to any thing at the Olympic games. I cannot compare myself to a Glaucus, a Milo, or Polydamas, that would be vain-glorious; and yet if you consider me separately, and as a candidate in my own profession, I shall, I flatter myself, be intitled to your esteem and approbation.

T H E

T H E  
S C Y T H I A N.

*This seems to have been an Oration, or, perhaps, only Part of one, spoken by LUCIAN, before some popular Assembly at Athens, probably before he had distinguished himself as a Writer. As a Foreigner, he endeavours to recommend himself to the Athenians, and to conciliate the public Favour. The Comparison, which he draws between Anacharsis and himself, though it savours rather too much of authorial Vanity, is ingenious, and his artful Address to two leading Men, towards the End of the Discourse, shews a Knowledge of Mankind, which, we may suppose, was of no little Service to him.*

**A**NACHARSIS was not the first who came out of Scythia to learn the arts of Greece; for before him Toxaris, a man of great wisdom and knowledge, and one who had a taste for truth and beauty, travelled thither: he was not of royal or noble race, but a plebeian of that country, one of those whom they call \* Octipedes, which signifies master of two oxen, and one waggon; he never returned to Scythia, but died at Athens; soon after which he was ranked amongst the heroes; and the Athenians, to this day, offer up an annual sacrifice to him, under the title of the foreign physician: how he came by this appellation, and why he was thus honoured as a son of Æsculapius, it may not be amiss to inform you, that you may learn it is not the Scythians alone who bestow immortality, and send messengers to † Zamolxis, but that the Athenians also deify their Scythian heroes.

During the time of the great ‡ plague, the wife of Architeles, the Areo-

\* *Octipedes.*] Eight-footed.—Because they were masters, or owners, of two oxen. Small farmers to be sure.

† *Zamolxis.*] The great deity of the Scythians; who believed that if they lived a good life, they should meet him in the regions of the blessed. Every five years this barbarous people sent what they called a messenger to him; the manner of which was no less singular than cruel: when they had fixed on the person to be immortalized, they drew out three pikes, or javelins, and threw the man up into the air, if he had the good fortune to fall upon one of the javelins, and be killed by it, they looked upon it as a propitious omen, and that Zamolxis accepted the victim, and would favour them in every undertaking; if he did not die with the wounds, they considered him as a rascal, and tried the experiment on some other person. This story is told by Herodotus.

‡ *Plague.*] In the time of the Peloponnesian war. As related by Thucydides.

pagite, saw, in the middle of the night, the figure of Toxaris standing by her, and commanding her to tell the Athenians, that the pestilence would cease, if they sprinkled the streets of the city with wine; by repeating this (for the Athenians followed the advice), whether it was that the smell arising from the wine dispelled the noxious vapours, or that Toxaris, who was a skilful physician, made use of any other means, the plague was stayed; in consideration of this, a white horse is annually sacrificed at his tomb, on the spot where Dimænete was supposed to have seen him, when he prescribed the remedy, and where Toxaris was buried, with an inscription, at present scarce legible. There was likewise a small pillar, with a figure of Toxaris, who held an out-stretched bow in his right hand, and in his left a book, both which are still to be seen, though one half of the monument, and the face of the man are destroyed by time. Not far from the double gate, and on the left, as you go to the Academy, you will find the little tomb, and part of the pillar lying on the ground; it is always crowned with garlands, and \* several persons, it is said, by resorting to it, have been cured of fevers: nor is this improbable; as Toxaris formerly preserved the whole city.

It was during the life of Toxaris (and this is the reason why I mentioned him) that Anacharsis came into Greece; and when he landed at the Piræus, being a barbarian, and an utter stranger to the country, ignorant of every thing in it, and not knowing what to do with himself, he suffered no little uneasiness: his dress and arms rendered him an object of derision to the multitude, and he could find no body who understood his language; insomuch that he began at length to repent of his journey, and resolved, though he had but just set foot in Athens, to turn back again, sail to the Bosphorus, and make the best of his way home: in this situation, Toxaris, like a good genius, met him as he entered the Ceramicus; attracted by his foreign habit, he came up to him; it is, indeed, most probable that he must have known Anacharsis, who was a man of the first rank in Scythia, though he might not recollect Toxaris, who was dressed in the Grecian manner, without a girdle, or a sword, close shaved, and, in short, appearing in all respects as a native of Athens, such an entire change had time wrought in him. Are not you, said Toxaris, in the Scythian tongue, Anacharsis, the son of Daucetus? Anacharsis shed tears of joy, at thus meeting with a man who

\* *Several persons, &c.*] This favours much of Romish superstition, nor can we at all reconcile the strange credulity of Lucian in this point, with his general character.

could

could speak his language, and seemed to know him so well; how came you, said he, stranger, to know me? I am your countryman, replied the other, though, being of inferior rank, you do not recollect me; my name is Toxaris. And are you, said Anacharfis, that Toxaris whom I have heard so much of, who left his wife and family in Scythia, in search of Grecian literature, and came to Athens, where he now lives honoured and revered by the greatest persons in it? I am he, said Toxaris. Know then, replied Anacharfis, that I am your disciple and follower; struck with the same passion as yourself for Grecian knowledge, I left my native country, and have suffered so many hardships in my journey hither, that if I had not lit on you, I had determined, before sun-set, to go back to my ship, such uneasiness did I feel at being totally ignorant of every thing around me; but, by our country's gods, by Zamolxis, and the \* scymitar, I now intreat thee, Toxaris, to take a stranger under thy protection, lead me round the city, and shew me every thing that is worth seeing in it; explain to me the laws of Athens, her manners, her rites and ceremonies, her policy, and customs; bring me acquainted with her great men, shew me all those things which induced you, as well as myself, to take so long a journey, and do not suffer me to return home without a thorough knowledge of them.

It was not (replied Toxaris), like a lover of science, after coming to the very door, thus to talk of retreating; be of good courage, however, my friend, for you shall not go back so soon as you intended; this city will not so easily part from you, nor does it want allurements sufficient to detain a stranger in it, but will lay hold on you so strongly, that you will soon forget even your wife and children, if you have left any behind you. And, now, I will tell you how you may get a complete view of Athens, and of every thing remarkable throughout all Greece; there is here a great and wise man, a native of this place, who has travelled through Asia and Ægypt, well known to the first persons in the kingdom, though he is himself poor and indigent; you will find him old, like me, and habited like a plebeian, yet, on account of the extraordinary wisdom, and many virtues which he possesses, admired and esteemed by all the citizens, who acknowledge him as their legislator, and live and act as he directs them: if you can make him your friend, and experience how great a man he is, you will have in him alone, all Greece; the summit and perfection of every thing that is to be seen or

\* *Scymitar.*] See Lucian's Toxaris, where this oath is explained.

known



known amongst us : I cannot confer a greater favour, than to introduce and recommend you to him.

Let us not then delay, said Anacharfis ; bring us together, I beseech you, Toxaris, as soon as possible ; but I fear he will be difficult of access, and, perhaps, pay no regard to your recommendation. Never fear that, said Toxaris, I know I shall do him the greatest favour, by giving him an opportunity of shewing kindness to a stranger ; follow me, and you shall soon experience his hospitality, justice, candour, and benevolence ; and see, my friend, as if sent by heaven's appointment, he approaches towards us ; that is he who comes this way, he seems wrapped in meditation, and is talking to himself.

Toxaris then went up to Solon ; I have brought you, said he, a valuable present, a stranger, who stands in need of your friendship and protection ; a Scythian by birth, who has left his country and family to live with us, and see the wonders of Greece. I have pointed out to him the shortest way to be acquainted with every thing, and every body worth knowing here, and for this purpose I have brought him to you. If I have any knowledge of Solon, I doubt not but he will treat him hospitably, pay him public honours, and adopt him a citizen of Greece.

And now (turning to the Scythian), Anacharfis, he cried, you have seen Solon, and in him every thing ; he is Athens ; he is Greece ; you are no longer a stranger here ; all men know, and all love you ; so much depends on this good old man ; living with him you will soon forget Scythia ; you reap the reward of your travels, the great end of all your labour ; here you see the Grecian laws, and the philosophy of Athens. Acknowledge yourself at length the happiest of mankind, to be thus blessed with Solon's friendship.

How much Solon was pleased with the present which Toxaris had made him, and all that he said on the occasion, would be tedious to relate ; suffice it to observe, that they afterwards lived together, Solon shewing him every thing, instructing, and recommending him, taking every method to make him live easily and happily in Greece : whilst Anacharfis, on his part, admired the wisdom of Solon so much, that he would never stir from him ; for, as Toxaris had foretold, from Solon alone, in a short time, he knew every thing, became acquainted with every body, and was universally esteemed ; his approbation, indeed, was a matter of no little consequence, for all men considered

considered him as their great legislator, and implicitly obeyed him, always loving and valuing those whose conduct he applauded. Anacharfis was, moreover, initiated into the sacred mysteries, the only barbarian who ever enjoyed that privilege, having before been made a denizen of Athens; if we may believe Theoxenus, who relates this of him: nor would he ever, I suppose, have returned into Scythia, if the death of Solon had not driven him out of Greece.

And, now, you will expect, no doubt, that I should put an end to my tale, and inform you for what purpose I brought Toxaris and Anacharfis thus out of Scythia, and old Solon to Athens: the truth is, something parallel to Anacharfis's adventures happened to myself; by the Graces, I beseech you, my friends, be not angry at the simile, or because I compare myself to a man of such rank and family; he was a barbarian as well as myself, and, I hope, you will own, a Syrian is not inferior to a Scythian. I do not mean to draw the comparison with regard to his birth, but to other circumstances; for, when I first came an utter stranger to your city, I was struck with the size and beauty of it, the number of its inhabitants, its dignity, and splendor. I was astonished, and lost in admiration, like the \* young man at the palace of Menelaus: and well I might be at the sight of a city so grand, noble, and flourishing.

In this situation, I considered what I should do; I had resolved to give you a specimen of my abilities as an orator; how indeed could I pass over in silence, such a subject! I enquired, therefore, (for I will confess the truth) who were the principal men in the city, to whom I might apply, as patrons, who would be of the greatest service to me: very soon, not one or two barbarians, like Toxaris and Anacharfis, but numbers; all, indeed, whom I met, told me the same thing; however, though in different words, Know, stranger, they all cried, there are in this city many good and sensible men, nor will you find so many, perhaps, any where else; but there are two, superior in rank and dignity, as well as in goodness to all the rest, in learning and elegance, equal to the ten famous orators of Greece; such favourites of the people, that they are universally beloved, which is the greatest happiness to the commonwealth: whatever they command is performed, for they command nothing but what is good: great as they are, they leave no room for envy; respectable for their kindness, benevolence, and hospitality; at the

\* *Young man.*] See Homer's *Odyssæy*, B. IV. l. 74.

same time, how mild they are, and how easy of access you will soon know, and may report to others : what will most excite your wonder is, that they are both to be found in the same house, a son and father : the latter you would take for a Solon, a Pericles, or Aristides ; the former, tall, and with a form full of manly beauty, captivates you at first sight ; but if he speaks, your ears are charmed and riveted to him, such wondrous eloquence is the youth possessed of : when he comes into the senate, the whole city listens to him, as the Athenians, they tell us, did to the son of Clinias. They repented, indeed, of their love for Alcibiades, but the whole nation loves, and reverences this youth : he is the joy and happiness of all, a public good. If he and his father receive and honour you with their friendship, the city is yours ; they need only, by the waving of a hand, to signify their opinion of you, and your fortune is made.

Such, I swear by almighty Jove (if an oath is necessary to confirm it), was the general voice : and by experience, I know it is not half what they might have said. This, therefore, as the \* Coan poet says, is not a time for idleness and delays : I must pull every rope, say, and do all I can, to gain their patronage and friendship ; so shall I make a prosperous voyage, the sky will be serene, the waves placid, and I shall soon arrive at the desired haven.

*Coan poet.]* Bacchylides.

ZEUXIS:

Z E U X I S :

O R,

A N T I O C H U S.

*This seems to be another Oration, probably spoken by LUCIAN, before the same Assembly, and in the same Place as the last, which he alludes to in the first Sentence: the Example of ZEUXIS is extremely apposite to the Purpose, as well as that of ANTI- OCHUS. Both the Stories are curious and entertaining.*

AS soon as I was got home the other day, after having repeated my oration, several of my auditors came, (as I am speaking to friends, I may venture to mention it,) embraced, and complimented me highly on the occasion: their extravagant praises made me blush; partly, indeed, for fear that I should not hereafter answer their expectations: what they principally dwelt on, was the novelty of every thing I had said. What an admirable speech, they cried, how clever he must be at invention! how wonderfully new! They must surely have been greatly affected, or they would not have flattered a stranger in this manner: the excess of their praises, to say the truth, gave me no little uneasiness; and when they were gone, I said to myself, was there nothing in my writings worthy of commendation but the novelty of them? is there no judicious observance of ancient rules, no Attic elegance, no art in the composition, no sensible reflections, no style or beauty? Surely if there had, they would not have praised them thus, for being strange and uncommon: they might, after all, have been charmed principally with this; for, as Homer tells us,

Novel lays attract our ravish'd ears.

And yet, not with this alone, but partly with the other perfections which

Την γὰρ αἰδὴν μάλλον επικλείεις ἄνθρωποι,  
Ἡτις ἀκροῦντο σσι νεωτάτη ἀμφιπέληται.

Od. A. l. 351.

which Pope thus translates,

— Novel lays attract our ravish'd ears,  
But old the mind with inattention hears.

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I mentioned; and to which, their novelty served as a crown, or ornament, to set off and recommend them, so that there might be some parts deserving of serious applause. This reflection soothed my pride, and made me almost believe them, when they told me, I was the only good Grecian writer, a miracle of parts, and so forth; and yet, perhaps, they would have given this kind of praise to a mountebank.

I will tell you a story of Zeuxis. That famous painter seldom chose to handle trite and common subjects, such as heroes, gods, and battles, but always endeavoured to strike out something new, and exerted all his art and skill upon it: amongst other things, he painted a female centaur, with two young ones: there is an exact copy of it now at Athens; the original was said to have been sent into Italy by Sylla the Roman general, and lost at sea with the whole cargo, somewhere, I believe, near Malta. The copy, however, I have seen, and will describe to you; not that I pretend to be a judge of pictures, but because, when I saw it in a painter's collection, there, it made a strong impression on me, and I perfectly recollect every part of it.

\* The Centaur is lying down on a smooth turf; that part which represents a mare, is stretched on the ground, with the hind feet extended backwards; the forefeet not reaching out as if she laid on her side, but one of them as kneeling, with the hoof bent under, the other raised up, and trampling on the grass, like a horse prepared to leap: she holds one of the young ones in her arms, and suckles it like a child at her woman's breast; and the other at her dugs like a colt. In the farther part of the picture, is seen a male centaur, as watching from a place of observation, supposed to be the father; he is behind, and discovers only the horse part of the figure, and appears smiling, shewing a lion's cub, which he lifts up, as if to frighten the young ones in sport.

With regard to correctness in drawing, the colouring, † light and shade, symmetry, proportion, and other beauties of this picture; as I am not a sufficient judge of the art, I leave it to painters, whose business it is to explain and illustrate them: what I principally admire in Zeuxis is, his shewing so

\* *The Centaur.*] The picture of Zeuxis is very exactly and accurately described by Lucian, and according to his account, had no small degree of merit in it. Zeuxis, if we may credit our author, must have been the *ΣΤΥΒΒΙΣ* of antiquity.

† *Light and shade.*] Gr. *Σκιασας ες δεον.*—Umbrarum rationem; what can this mean, but the knowledge of light and shade? This, however, according to the judgment of some modern critics, was unknown to the ancients.

much

much variety, and all the riches of his art, in the management of one subject, representing a man so fierce and terrible, the hair so nobly dishevelled, rough and flowing over the shoulders where it joins the horse, and the countenance, though smiling, amazingly wild and savage: the female Centaur is a most beautiful mare, of Theffalian breed, such as had been never ridden, or tamed: all the upper part resembling a very handsome woman, except the ears, which are like a satyr's: that part of the figure, where the body of the woman joins to that of the horse, incorporating, as it were, insensibly, and by slow degrees, so that you can scarce mark the transition, deceiving the sight most agreeably: the ferocity that appears in the young ones, is, moreover, admirably expressed; as well as the childish innocence in their countenances when they look towards the young lyon, clinging at the same time to the breast, and getting as close as possible to their mother.

When Zeuxis produced this work, he expected, no doubt, to meet with universal approbation from the spectators; every body, indeed, praised and admired it; and how could they do otherwise? above all they commended, as my friends did with regard to me, the novelty of the invention; said it was a most uncommon subject, and unattempted by any of his predecessors. But, when Zeuxis understood that their admiration was confined entirely to the novelty of it, and that they passed over all the art which he had exerted in it, "Cover up the picture, said he to his pupil, and let it be carried home, for these people are only in love with the dregs, as it were, of the art, and take no notice of the real merit of the picture, the novelty of the performance alone, runs away with all the praise and admiration."

Thus did Zeuxis act, perhaps with too much resentment. There is something similar to it in what happened to Antiochus, surnamed Socer, in his war with the Gallo-Grecians. I will tell you, if you please, that story also. This prince, knowing that his enemies were strong and numerous, that they had a powerful phalanx in the van, armed with breast-plates of brass, and twenty thousand horse to support them; besides, eighty chariots with scythes, and as many without: against all these he had little hopes of success, his own army being but just raised, and consisting of very few troops, most of them light-armed soldiers, both horse and foot; he thought it therefore most prudent to put an end to the war if possible, and conclude a peace with them: but Theodotus, the Rhodian, a brave and skilful general, coming up, exhorted him by no means to despair. Antiochus had, it seems, sixteen elephants;

D d d 2

these,

these, he advised him carefully to conceal behind the ranks, so as not to be seen by the enemy; when the trumpets sounded, and the battle began, their horse advanced, the chariots of the Gallo-Grecians opened to give them way, when four of the elephants rushed out against one party, and four against another, eight more opposed the chariot-drivers: this, they thought would frighten the horses, and make the enemy fall upon, and destroy one another: and so it happened; for neither the Gallo-Grecians themselves, nor their horses, having ever seen an elephant, they were terrified at a fight so unsuspected, and even before the monsters approached, as soon as they heard them bellow at a distance, and saw their trunks and teeth shining under their black hides, as if they would tear every thing to pieces, they fled away, before a dart was thrown, in the utmost confusion: the foot, in the mean time, slain by each other, and trod upon by the cavalry, who rushed upon them with all their force, and the chariots driving back upon their own men, which caused great slaughter amongst them; as \* Homer says,

In heaps on heaps, the foe tumultuous flies.

The horses, thus, once broke, and put out of their way, were routed by the elephants, threw down their drivers, and left the cars rolling on, and mowing down numbers with their scythes; the elephants treading upon them, and with their trunks tossing their bodies into the air, and tearing them in pieces; inasmuch, that Antiochus, by their means, at length gained a complete victory. Most of the enemy were either slain or taken prisoners, except a few, who saved themselves by flight. The Macedonians sung a psalm, crowned Antiochus, and exulted on the victory: but he, with tears in his eyes, cried out, "Should we not rather blush, my fellow-soldiers, to think our success was all owing to these sixteen beasts; if the enemy had not been struck with the novelty of the fight, what would have become of us?" He commanded, therefore, that nothing but an elephant should be inscribed on the trophy.

I am much afraid, lest something like Antiochus's battle should happen to myself; it is perhaps, my elephants alone, that frighten, and cause so much admiration; it is the novelty of a female Centaur, which appears so new and wonderful; and all the rest of Zeuxis's performance was but labour in vain. I will not think so, for you understand painting well, and are exquisite judges of the art: I hope my productions will be worthy of your approbation.

\* *Homer says.*] See Pope's *Odyssy*, b. 16. l. 351.

TO THAT EXCELLENT HISTORIAN,  
THE VERY LEARNED AND INGENIOUS  
Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,  
PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,  
THIS TRACT IS INSCRIBED BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.

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I N S T R U C T I O N S  
F O R  
W R I T I N G H I S T O R Y.

LUCIAN, in this Letter to his Friend PHILO, after having, with infinite Humour, exposed the Absurdities of some contemporary Historians, whose Works being consigned to Oblivion, have never reached us, proceeds, in the latter Part of it, to lay down most excellent Rules and Directions for writing History. My Readers will find the one to the last Degree pleasant and entertaining; and the other no less useful, sensible, and instructive. This is, indeed, one of LUCIAN's best Pieces.

My dear Philo,

**I**N the reign of \* Lyfimachus, we are told, that the people of Abdera were seized with a violent epidemical fever, which raged through the whole city, continuing for seven days, at the expiration of which, a copious discharge of blood from the nostrils in some, and in others a profuse sweat, carried it off; it was attended, however, with a very ridiculous circumstance; every one of the persons affected by it, being suddenly taken with a fit of tragedizing, spouting iambics, and roaring out most furiously, particularly

\* *Lyfimachus.*] One of Alexander's generals, to whose share on the division of the empire, after that monarch's death, fell the kingdom of Thrace, in which was situated the city of Abdera.  
the



the \* *Andromeda* of Euripides, and the speech of Perseus, which they recited in most lamentable accents: the city swarm'd with these pale seventh-day patients, who, with loud voices, were perpetually bawling out

O tyrant love, o'er gods and men supreme, &c.

And this they continued every day for a long time, till winter and the cold weather coming on, put an end to their delirium: for this disorder, they seem, in my opinion, indebted to Archelaus, a tragedian at that time in high estimation, who, in the middle of summer, at the very † hottest season of the year, exhibited the *Andromeda*, which had such an effect on the spectators, that several of them, as soon as they rose up from it, fell insensibly into the tragedizing vein; the *Andromeda* naturally occurring to their memories, and Perseus, with his Medusa, still hovering round them.

Now if, as they say, one may compare great things with small: this Abderian disorder seems to have seized on many of our Literati of the present age; not that it sets them on acting tragedies, (for the folly would not be so great in repeating other people's verses, especially if they were good ones,) but ever since the war was began against the Barbarians, the defeat in ‡ *Armenia*, and the victories consequent on it, not one is there amongst us who does not write a history, or rather, I may say, we are all Thucydides's, Herodotus's, and Xenophon's. Well may they say, § war is the parent of all things, when one action can make so many historians. This puts me in mind of what happened at || *Sinope*: when the Corinthians heard that Philip was going to attack them, they were all alarmed, and fell to work, some brushing up their arms, others bringing stones to prop up their walls, and defend their bulwarks, every one, in short, lending a hand: Diogenes observing this, and having

\* *Andromeda.*] A small fragment of this tragedy, and which has in it the very line here quoted by Lucian, is yet extant in Barnes's edition of Euripides.

† *Hottest season.*] This story may afford no useless admonition to the managers of the Haymarket, and other summer theatres, who, it is to be hoped, will not run the hazard of inflaming their audiences with too much tragedy in the dog-days.

‡ *Armenia.*] This alludes to the Parthian war, in the time of Severian; the particulars of which, except the few here occasionally glanced at, we are strangers to. Lucian, most probably by this tract, totally knocked up some of the historians who had given an account of it, and prevented many others who were intimidated by the severity of his strictures, attempting to transmit the history of it to posterity.

§ *War is, &c.*] This saying is attributed to Empedocles.

|| *Sinope.*] The most famous of the Pontic cities, and well known as the residence of the renowned Cynic philosopher. It is still called by the same name, and is a port-town of Asiatic Turkey, on the Euxine.

nothing

nothing to do, (for no body employed him,) tucked up his robe, and, with all his might, fell a-rolling his tub, which he lived in, up and down the \* *Cranium* : What are you about ? said one of his friends ; Rolling my tub, replied he, that whilst every body is busy around me, I may not be the only idle person in the kingdom. In like manner, I, my dear Philo, being very loath, in this noisy age, to make no noise at all, or to act the part of a mute in the comedy, think it highly proper that I should roll my tub also : not that I mean to write history myself, or be a narrator of facts ; you need not fear me, I am not so rash, knowing the danger too well if I roll it amongst the stones, especially such a tub as mine, which is not over strong, so that the least pebble I strike against, would dash it in pieces. I will tell you, however, what my design is, how I mean to be present at the battle, and yet keep out of the reach of danger : I intend to shelter myself from the † waves and the smoke, and the cares that writers are liable to, and only give them a little good advice, and a few precepts ; to have, in short, some little hand in the building, though I do not expect my name will be inscribed on it, as I shall but just touch the mortar with the tip of my finger.

There are many, I know, who think there is no necessity for instruction at all with regard to this business, any more than there is for walking, seeing, or eating, and that it is the easiest thing in the world for a man to write history, if he can but say what comes uppermost : but you, my friend, are convinced that it is no such easy matter, nor should be negligently and carelessly performed ; but that, on the other hand, if there be any thing in the whole circle of literature, that requires more than ordinary care and attention, it is undoubtedly this : at least, if a man would wish, as Thucydides says, to labour for posterity. I very well know, that I cannot attack so many without rendering myself obnoxious to some, especially those whose histories are already finished, and made public ; even if, what I say, should be approved by them, it would be madness to expect that they should retract any thing, or alter that which had been once established, and, as it were, laid up in royal repositories : it may not be amiss, however, to give them these instructions, that in case of another war, the Getæ against the Gauls, or the Indians, perhaps, against the Barbarians, (for with regard to

\* *Cranium*.] A kind of school or gymnasium, where the young men performed their exercises : the choice of such a place by a philosopher, to roll a tub in, heightens the ridicule.

† *Waves, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssey*, M. l. 219.

ourselves there is no danger, our enemies being all subdued) by applying these rules if they like them, they may know better how to write for the future: if they do not chuse this, they may even go on by their old measure, the \* physician will not break his heart if all the people of Abdera follow their own inclination, and continue to act the Andromeda.

Criticism is twofold; that which teaches us what we are to chuse, and that which teaches us what to avoid: we will begin with the last, and consider what those faults are, which a writer of history should be free from; next, what it is that will lead him into the right path, how he should begin, what order and method he should observe, what he should pass over in silence, and what he should dwell upon, how things may be best illustrated and connected. Of these, and such as these, we will speak hereafter; in the mean time, let us point out the faults which bad writers are most generally guilty of, the blunders which they commit in language, composition, and sentiment, with many other marks of ignorance, which it would be tedious to enumerate, and belong not to our present argument; the principal faults, as I observed to you, are in the language and composition.

You will find on examination, that history in general has a great many of this kind, which, if you listen to them all, you will be sufficiently convinced of; and, for this purpose, it may not be unreasonable to recollect some of them by way of example: and the first that I shall mention, is that intolerable custom which most of them have of omitting facts, and dwelling forever on the praises of their generals and commanders, extolling to the skies their own leaders, and degrading beyond measure those of their enemies, not knowing how much history differs from panegyric; that there is a great wall between them; or, that to use a musical phrase, they are a double † octave distant from each other: the sole business of the panegyrist, is, at all events, and by every means to extol, and delight the object of his praise, and it little concerns him whether it be true or not. But history will not admit the least degree of falsehood, any more than, as physicians say, the ‡ wind-pipe can receive into it any kind of food.

\* *The Physicians, &c.*] Alluding to the story he set out with.

† *Double octave.*] *δισδαπασων.* Gr. the Latin translation renders it *octava duplici*. See Burney's *Dissertation on Music*, Sect. 1.

‡ *The wind-pipe.*] Gr. *την αφρηριαν τραχειαν*, *aspera arteria*, or the wind pipe. The comparison is strictly just, and remarkably true; as we may all recollect how dreadful the sensation is, when any part of our food slips down what is generally called the wrong way.

These

These men seem not to know, that poetry has its particular rules and precepts; and that history is governed by others directly opposite: that, with regard to the former, the licence is immoderate, and there is scarce any law, but what the poet prescribes to himself. When he is full of the Deity, and possessed, as it were, by the Muses, if he has a mind to put \* winged horses to his chariot, and drive some through the waters, and others over the tops of unbending corn, there is no offence taken: neither, if his † Jupiter hangs the earth and sea at the end of a chain, are we afraid that it should break, and destroy us all: if he wants to extol Agamemnon, who shall forbid his bestowing on him the head and eyes of Jupiter, the breast of his brother Neptune, and the belt of Mars? The son of Atreus and Ærope, must be a composition of all the gods; nor are Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, sufficient, perhaps, of themselves, to give us an idea of his perfection. But, if history admits any adulation of this kind, it becomes a sort of profane poetry, without its numbers or magnificence; a heap of monstrous stories, only more conspicuous by their incredibility: he is unpardonable, therefore, who cannot distinguish one from the other; but lays on history the paint of poetry, its flattery, fable, and hyperbole: it is just as ridiculous as it would be to clothe one of our robust wrestlers, who is as hard as an oak, in fine purple, or some such meretricious garb, and put ‡ paint on his cheeks; how would such ornaments debase and degrade him! I do not mean, by this, that in history we are not to praise sometimes, but it must be done at proper seasons, and in a proper degree, that it may not offend the readers of future ages; for future ages must be considered in this affair, as I shall endeavour to prove hereafter.

Those, I must here observe, are greatly mistaken, who divide history into two parts, the useful and the agreeable; and, in consequence of it, would introduce panegyric, as always delectable, and entertaining to the reader: but the division itself is false and delusive; for the great end and design of

\* *Winged horses.*] See Homer's Iliad, v. l. 227. and Virgil's Camilla, in the 7th book of the Ænied.

† *Jupiter.*] See Homer's Il. ©. l. 18. One of the blind bard's speciosa miracula, which Lucian is perpetually laughing at.

‡ *Paint.*] *Ψιμυδιον*, or cerussa. Painting, we see, both amongst men and women, was practised long ago, and has at least the plea of antiquity in its favour. According to Lucian, the men laid on white; for the *Ψιμυδιον*, was probably ceruse, or white lead; the ladies, we may suppose, as at present, preferred the rouge.

history, is, to be useful: a species of merit, which can only arise from its truth; if the agreeable follows, so much the better; as there may be beauty in a wrestler: and yet Hercules would esteem the brave though ugly Nicostratus as much as the beautiful Alcæus. And thus, History, when she adds pleasure to utility, may attract more admirers; though, as long as she is possessed of that greatest of perfections, truth, she need not be anxious concerning beauty.

In history, nothing fabulous can be agreeable; and flattery is disgusting to all readers, except the very dregs of the people: good judges look with the eyes of Argos on every part, reject every thing that is false and adulterated, and will admit nothing but what is true, clear, and well expressed; these are the men you are to have a regard to when you write, rather than the vulgar, though your flattery should delight them ever so much. If you stuff history with fulsome encomiums, and idle tales, you will make her like Hercules in Lydia; as you may have seen him painted, waiting upon Omphale, who is dressed in the lion's skin, with his club in her hand; whilst he is represented, cloathed in yellow and purple, and spinning, and Omphale beating him with her slipper: a ridiculous spectacle, wherein every thing manly and godlike is sunk and degraded to effeminacy.

The multitude perhaps, indeed, may admire such things; but the judicious few, whose opinion you despise, will always laugh at what is absurd, incongruous, and inconsistent: every thing has a beauty peculiar to itself: but if you put one instead of another, the most beautiful becomes ugly, because it is not in its proper place. I need not add, that praise is agreeable only to the person praised, and disgusting to every body else, especially when it is lavishly bestowed; as is the practice of most writers, who are so extremely desirous of recommending themselves by flattery, and dwell so much upon it, as to convince the reader it is mere adulation; which they have not art enough to conceal, but heap up together, naked, uncovered, and totally incredible: so that they seldom gain what they expected from it; for the person flattered, if he has any thing noble or manly in him, only abhors and despises them for it as mean parasites. Aristobulus, after he had written an account of the single combat between Alexander and Porus, showed that monarch a particular part of it, wherein, the better to get into his good graces, he had inserted a great deal more than was true: when Alexander seized the book and threw it (for they happened at that time to be sailing on the Hydaspes,) directly

directly into the river : “ thus, said he, ought you to have been served yourself, for pretending to describe my battles, and killing half a dozen elephants for me with a single spear.” This anger was worthy of Alexander, of him who could not bear the adulation of that \* architect, who promised to transform mount Athos into a statue of him : but he looked upon the man, from that time, as a base flatterer, and never employed him afterwards.

What is there in this custom, therefore, that can be agreeable, unless to the proud and vain ; to deformed men, or ugly women, who insist on being painted handsome, and think they shall look better, if the artist gives them a little more red and white ! Such, for the most part, are the historians of our times, who sacrifice every thing to the present moment, and their own interest and advantage ; who can only be despised as ignorant flatterers of the age they live in ; and as men, who, at the same time, by their extravagant stories, make every thing which they relate liable to suspicion. If, notwithstanding, any are still of opinion, that the agreeable should be admitted in history, let them join that which is pleasant with that which is true, by the beauties of style and diction, instead of foisting in, as is commonly done, what is nothing to the purpose.

I will now acquaint you with some things I lately picked up in Ionia and Achaia, from several historians, who gave accounts of this war. By the Graces, I beseech you, to give me credit for what I am going to tell you, as I could swear to the truth of it, if it were polite to swear in a dissertation. One of these gentlemen begins by invoking the Muses, and intreats the goddesses to assist him in the performance : what an excellent setting out ! and how properly is this form of speech adapted to history ! a little farther on, he compares our emperor to Achilles, and the Persian king to Therfites ; not considering, that his Achilles would have been a much greater man, if he had killed Hector, rather than Therfites ; if the brave should fly, he who pursues must be braver. Then follows an encomium on himself, shewing how worthy he is to recite such noble actions ; and when he is got on a little, he extols his own country, Miletus, adding, that in this he had acted better than Homer, who never tells us where he was born. He informs us, moreover, at the end of his preface, in the most plain and positive terms, that he shall take care to make the best he can of our own affairs ; and, as far as

\* *Architect* ] Dinocrates : the same story is told of him, with some little alteration, by Vitruvius. Mention is made of it likewise by Pliny and Strabo.

lies in his power to get the upper hand of our enemies, the Barbarians: after investigating the cause of the war, he begins thus: "That vilest of all wretches, Vologesus, entered upon the war for these reasons." Such is this historian's manner. Another, a close imitator of Thucydides, that he may set out as his master does, gives us an exordium, that smells of the true Attic honey, and begins thus: "Creperius Calpurnianus, a citizen of Pompeia, hath written the history of the war between the Parthians and the Romans, shewing how they fought with one another, commencing at the time when it first broke out." After this, need I inform you how he harangued in Armenia, by another Corcyraean orator? or how, to be revenged of the Nisibæans, for not taking part with the Romans, he sent the plague amongst them, taking the whole from Thucydides, excepting the long walls of Athens: he had begun from Æthiopia, descended into Ægypt, and passed over great part of the royal territory; well it was that he stopt there: when I left him, he was burying the miserable Athenians at Nisibis; but as I knew what he was going to tell us, I took my leave of him.

Another thing very common with these historians, is, by way of imitating Thucydides, to make use of his phrases, perhaps with a little alteration, to adopt his manner, in little modes and expressions, such as, "you must yourself acknowledge," "for the same reason," "a little more, and I had forgot," and the like: this same writer, when he has occasion to mention bridges, fosses, or any of the machines used in war, gives them Roman names: but how does it suit the dignity of history, or resemble Thucydides, to mix the Attic and Italian thus, as if it was ornamental and becoming?

Another of them gives us a plain simple journal of every thing that was done, such as a common soldier might have written, or a sutler, who followed the camp: this, however, was tolerable, because it pretended to nothing more; and might be useful, by supplying materials for some better historian. I only blame him for his pompous introduction, "Callimorphus, physician to the sixth legion of spearmen, his history of the Parthian war:" then his books are all carefully numbered, and he entertains us with a most frigid preface, which he concludes with saying, that "a physician must be the fittest of all men to write history, because Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, and Apollo is the leader of the Muses, and the great prince of literature."

Besides

Besides this, after setting out in delicate Ionic, he drops, I know not how, into the most vulgar style, and expressions, used only by the very dregs of the people.

And here I must not pass over a certain wise man, whose name, however, I shall not mention; his work is lately published at Corinth, and is beyond every thing one could have conceived. In the very first sentence of his preface he takes his readers to task, and convinces them, by the most sagacious method of reasoning, that “none but a wise man should ever attempt to write history:” then comes syllogism upon syllogism; every kind of argument is by turns made use of, to introduce the meanest and most fulsome adulation; and even this is brought in by syllogism and interrogation. What appeared to me the most intolerable, and unbecoming the long beard of a philosopher, was, his saying in the preface, that our emperor was above all men most happy, whose actions even philosophers did not disdain to celebrate: surely this, if it ought to be said at all, should have been left for us to say rather than himself.

Neither must we here forget that historian, who begins thus; “I come to speak of the Romans and Persians;” and a little after he says, “for the Persians ought to suffer;” and in another place, “there was one Ofroes, whom the Greeks call Oxyrrhoes,” with many things of this kind. This man is just such a one as him I mentioned before, only that one is like Thucydides, and the other, the exact resemblance of Herodotus.

But there is yet another writer, renowned for eloquence, another Thucydides, or rather superior to him, who most elaborately describes every city, mountain, field, and river, and cries out with all his might, “may the great averter of evil turn it all on our enemies!” This is colder than Caspian snow, or Celtic ice. The emperor’s shield takes up a whole book to describe: the \* Gorgon’s eyes are blue, and black, and white; the serpents twine about his hair, and his belt has all the colours of the rainbow: how many

\* *The Gorgon’s eyes, &c.*]

His buckler’s mighty orb was next display’d;  
Tremendous Gorgon frown’d upon its field,  
And circling terrors fill’d th’ expressive shield:  
Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,  
His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till, in three heads, th’ embroider’d monster ends.

See Pope’s Homer’s Iliad, book xi. l. 43.

Lucian here means to ridicule, not Homer, but the historian’s absurd imitation of him.

thousand



thousand lines does it cost him to describe Vologesus's breeches, and his horse's bridle, and how Ofroe's hair looked when he swam over the Tigris, what sort of a cave he fled into, and how it was shaded all over with ivy, and myrtle, and laurel, twined together: you plainly see how necessary this was to the history, and that we could not possibly have understood what was going forward without it.

From inability, and ignorance of every thing useful, these men are driven to descriptions of countries and caverns, and when they come into a multiplicity of great and momentous affairs, are utterly at a loss; like a servant enriched on a sudden by coming into his master's estate, who does not know how to put on his cloaths, or to eat as he should do; but when fine birds, fat fows, and hares are placed before him, falls to and eats till he bursts, of salt meat, and pottage. The writer, I just now mentioned, describes the strangest wounds, and the most extraordinary deaths you ever heard of; tells us of a man's being wounded in the great toe, and expiring immediately; and how on Priscus, the general, bawling out loud, seven and twenty of the enemy fell down dead upon the spot. He has told lies, moreover, about the number of the slain, in contradiction to the account given in by the leaders: he will have it that seventy thousand two hundred and thirty-six of the enemy died at Europus, and of the Romans only two, and nine wounded. Surely nobody in their senses can bear this.

Another thing should be mentioned here also, which is no little fault: from the affectation of Atticism, and a more than ordinary attention to purity of diction, he has taken the liberty to turn the Roman names into Greek, to call Saturninus, Κρονιος, Chronius; Fronto, Φροντις, Frontis; Titianus, Τιτανιος, Titanius, and others still more ridiculous. With regard to the death of Severian, he informs us, that every body else was mistaken, when they imagined that he perished by the sword, for that the man starved himself to death, as he thought that the easiest way of dying; not knowing (which was the case), that he could only have fasted three days, whereas many have lived without food for seven: unless we are to suppose that Ofroes stood waiting till Severian had starved himself completely, and for that reason he would not live out the whole week.

But in what class, my dear Philo, shall we rank those historians who are perpetually making use of poetical expressions, such as "the engine crush'd, the wall thunder'd," and in another place, "Edeffa resounded with the shock

hock of arms, and all was noise and tumult around ;” and again, “ often the leader in his mind revolved how best he might approach the wall :” at the same time amongst these were interspersed some of the meanest and most beggarly phrases, such as “ the leader of the army epistolized his master ;” “ the soldiers bought utensils ;” “ they washed and waited on them ;” with many other things of the same kind, like a tragedian with a high cothurnus on one foot, and a flipper on the other. You will meet with many of these writers, who will give you a fine heroic long preface, that makes you hope for something extraordinary to follow, when, after all, the body of the history shall be idle, weak, and trifling, such as puts you in mind of a sporting Cupid, who covers his head with the mask of a Hercules, or Titan. The reader immediately cries out, the \* mountain has brought forth. Certainly it ought not to be so ; every thing should be alike, and of the same colour ; the body fitted to the head, not a golden helmet, with a ridiculous breast-plate, made of stinking skins, shreds, and patches, a basket shield, and hog-skin boots ; and yet numbers of them put the head of a Rhodian Colossus on the body of a dwarf, whilst others shew you a body without a head, and step directly into the midst of things, bringing in Xenophon for their authority, who begins with “ Darius and Parysatis had two sons ;” so likewise have other ancient writers ; not considering that the narration itself may sometimes supply the place of preface, or exordium, though it does not appear to the vulgar eye, as we shall shew hereafter.

All this, however, with regard to style and composition, may be borne with, but when they misinform us about places, and make mistakes, not of a few leagues, but whole days journies, what shall we say to such historians ? One of them, who never, we may suppose, so much as conversed with a Syrian, or picked up any thing concerning them in the † barber’s shop, when he speaks of Europus, tells us, “ it is situated in Mesopotamia, two days journey from Euphrates, and was built by the Edeffenes.” Not content with this, the same noble writer has taken away my poor country, Samofata, and carried it off, tower, bulwarks, and all, to Mesopotamia, where

\* *The mountain.*] The Greek expression was proverbial. Horace has adopted it, Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

† *Barber’s shop.*] Lucian adds, το λεγομενον, ut est in proverbio, by which it appears that barbers and their shops were as remarkable for gossiping and tittle-tattle in ancient, as they are in modern times. Aristophanes mentions them in his Plutus, they are recorded also by Plutarch, and Theophrastus styles them κωινα συμπασια.

he fays it is shut up between two rivers, which at leaft run cloſe to, if they do not waſh the walls of it; after this, it would be to no purpoſe, my dear Philo, for me to affure you that I am not from Parthia, nor do I belong to Meſopotamia, of which this admirable hiftorian has thought fit to make me an inhabitant.

What he tells us of Severian, and which he ſwears he heard from thoſe who were eye-witneſſes of it, is, no doubt extremely probable; that he did not chuſe to drink poiſon, or to hang himſelf, but was reſolved to find out ſome new and tragical way of dying; that, accordingly, having ſome large cups of very fine glaſs, as ſoon as he had taken the reſolution to finiſh himſelf, he broke one of them in pieces, and with a fragment of it cut his throat; he would not make uſe of ſword or ſpear, that his death might be more noble and heroic.

To complete all, becauſe \* Thucydides made a funeral oration on the heroes who fell at the beginning of the Peloponneſian war, he alſo thought ſomething ſhould be ſaid of Severian: theſe hiftorians, you muſt know, will always have a little ſtruggle with Thucydides, though he had nothing to do with the war in Armenia; our writer, therefore, after burying Severian moſt magnificently, places at his ſepulchre one Afranius Silo, a centurion, the rival of Pericles, who ſpoke ſo fine a declamation upon him as, by heaven, made me laugh till I cried again, particularly when the orator ſeemed deeply afflicted, and, with tears in his eyes, lamented the ſumptuous entertainments and drinking bouts, which he ſhould no more partake of: to crown all with an imitation of † Ajax, the orator draws his ſword, and, as it became the noble Afranius, before all the aſſembly, kills himſelf at the tomb: ſo, Mars defend me! but he deſerved to die much ſooner, for making ſuch a declamation: when thoſe, ſays he, who were preſent beheld this, they were filled with admiration, and beyond meaſure extolled Afranius: for my own part, I pitied him for the loſs of the cakes and diſhes which he ſo lamented, and only blamed him for not deſtroying the writer of the hiftory, before he made an end of himſelf.

Others there are, who, from ignorance, and want of ſkill, not knowing what ſhould be mentioned, and what paſſed over in ſilence, entirely omit, or ſlightly run through things of the greateſt conſequence, and moſt wor-

\* *Thucydides.*] See Thucydides, book ii. cap. 34.

† *Ajax.*] Who fell upon his ſword. See the Ajax of Sophocles.

thy of attention, whilst they most copiously describe and dwell upon trifles; which is just as absurd as it would be, not to take notice of, or admire the wonderful beauty of the \* Olympian Jupiter, and at the same time to be lavish in our praises of the fine polish, workmanship, and proportion of the base and pedestal.

I remember one of these, who dispatches the battle at Europus in seven lines, and spends some hundreds in a long frigid narration, that is nothing to the purpose; shewing, how “a certain Moorish cavalier, wandering on the mountains in search of water, lit on some Syrian rustics, who helped him to a dinner; how they were afraid of him at first, but afterwards became intimately acquainted with him, and received him with hospitality; for one of them, it seems, had been in Mauritania, where his brother bore arms.” Then follows a long tale, “how he hunted in Mauritania, and saw several elephants feeding together; how he had like to have been devoured by a lion; and how many fish he bought at Cæsarea.” This admirable historian takes no notice of the battle, the attacks or defences, the truces, the guards on each side, or any thing else; but stands from morning to night looking upon Malchion, the Syrian, who buys cheap fish at Cæsarea: if night had not come on, I suppose, he would have supped there, as the † chars were ready. If these things had not been carefully recorded in the history, we should have been sadly in the dark, and the Romans would have had an insufferable loss, if Mausarcas, the thirsty Moor, could have found nothing to drink, or returned to the camp without his supper; not to mention here, what is still more ridiculous, as how “a piper came up to them out of the neighbouring village, and how they made presents to each other, Mausarcas giving Malchion a spear, and Malchion presenting Mausarcas with a buckle.” Such are the principal occurrences in the history of the battle of Europus. One may truly say of such writers, that they never saw the roses on the tree, but took care to gather the prickles that grew at the bottom of it.

Another of them, who had never set a foot out of Corinth, or seen Syria or Armenia, begins thus, “it is better to trust our eyes than our ears; I

\* *Olympian Jupiter.*] For a description of this famous statue, see Pausanias. }

† *Chars.*] The *σναγος*, or *scarus*, is mentioned by several ancient authors, as a fish of the most delicate flavour, and is supposed to be of the same nature with our chars in Cumberland, and some other parts of this kingdom. I have ventured, therefore, to call it by this name, till some modern Apicius can furnish me with a better.

write, therefore, what I have seen, and not what I have heard;" he saw every thing so extremely well, that he tells us, "the Parthian dragons (which amongst them \* signifies no more than a great number, for one dragon brings a thousand), are live serpents, of a prodigious size, that breed in Persia, a little above Iberia; that these are lifted up on long poles, and spread terror to a great distance; and that when the battle begins, they let them loose on the enemy." Many of our soldiers, he tells us, were devoured by them, and a vast number pressed to death by being locked in their embraces: this he beheld himself from the top of a high tree, to which he had retired for safety. Well it was for us that he so prudently determined not to come nigh them, we might otherwise have lost this excellent writer, who with his own brave hand performed such feats in this battle: for he went through many dangers, and was wounded some where about Susa, I suppose, in his journey from Cranium to Lerna. All this he recited to the Corinthians, who very well knew that he had never so much as seen a view of this battle painted on a wall; neither did he know any thing of arms, or military machines, the method of disposing troops, or † even the proper names of them.

Another famous writer has given an account of every thing that passed, from beginning to end, in Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, upon the Tigris, and in Media, and all in less than five hundred lines, and when he had done this, tells us, he has written a history; the title, which is almost as long as the work, runs thus, "a narrative of every thing done by the Romans in Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia, by Antiochianus, who gained the prize in the sacred games of Apollo." I suppose, when he was a boy, he had conquered in a running match.

I have heard of another likewise, who wrote the history of what ‡ was to happen hereafter, and describes the taking of Vologesus prisoner, the murder of Osroes, and how he was to be given to a lion; and above all, our

\* *Signifies, &c.*] Dragons, or fiery serpents, were used by the Parthians, and Suidas tells us, by the Scythians also, as standards, in the same manner as the Romans made use of the eagle, and under every one of these standards were a thousand men. See Lipf. de Mil. Rom. cap. 4.

† See Arrian.

‡ *Was to happen.*] The idea here so deservedly laughed at, of a history of what was to come, if treated, not seriously, as this absurd writer treated it, but ludicrously, as Lucian would probably have treated it himself, might open a fine field for wit and humour. Something of this kind appeared in a news-paper a few years ago, which, I think, was called News for a hundred Years hence; and though but a rough sketch, was well executed: a larger work, on the same ground, and by a good hand, might afford much entertainment.

own much to be wished for triumph, as things that must come to pass. Thus prophesying away, he soon got to the end of the story. He has built, moreover, a new city in Mesopotamia, most magnificently magnificent, and most beautifully beautiful, and is considering with himself whether he shall call it Victoria, from victory, or the City of Concord, or Peace, which of them, however, is not yet determined, and this fine city must remain without a name, filled as it is with nothing but this writer's folly and nonsense: he is now going about a long voyage, and to give us a description of what is to be done in India; and this is more than a promise, for the preface is already made, and the third legion, the Gauls, and a small part of the Mauritanian forces under Cassius, have already passed the river; what they will do afterwards, or how they will succeed against the elephants, it will be some time before our wonderful writer can be able to learn, either from Mazuris, or the Oxydraci.

Thus do these foolish fellows trifle with us, neither knowing what is fit to be done, nor if they did, able to execute it, at the same time determined to say any thing that comes into their ridiculous heads; affecting to be grand and pompous, even in their titles: of "the Parthian victories so many books;" Parthis, says another, like Atthis; another more elegantly calls his book, the Parthonica of Demetrius.

I could mention many more of equal merit with these, but shall now proceed to make my promise good, and give some instructions how to write better. I have not produced these examples merely to laugh at and ridicule these noble histories; but with the view of real advantages, that he who avoids their errors, may himself learn to write well; \* if it be true, as the logicians assert, that of two opposites, between which there is no medium, the one being taken away, the other must remain.

Somebody, perhaps, will tell me, that the field is now cleansed and weeded, that the briars and brambles are cut up, the rubbish cleared off, and the rough path made smooth; that I ought therefore to build something myself, to shew that I not only can pull down the structures of others, but am able to raise up and invent a work truly great and excellent, which nobody could find fault with, nor Momus himself turn into ridicule.

\* *If it be, &c.*] This kind of scholastic jargon was much in vogue in the time of Lucian, and it is no wonder he should take every opportunity of laughing at it, as nothing can be more opposite to true genius, wit, and humour, than such pedantry.

I say, therefore, that he who would write history well must be possessed of these two principal qualifications, a fine understanding, and a good style: one is the gift of nature, and cannot be taught; the other may be acquired by frequent exercise, perpetual labour, and an emulation of the ancients. To make men sensible and sagacious, who were not born so, is more than I pretend to; to create and new-model things in this manner, would be a glorious thing indeed; but one might as easily make gold out of lead, silver out of tin, a \* Titornus out of a Conon, or a Milo out of a Leotrophides.

What then is in the power of art or instruction to perform? not to create qualities and perfections already bestowed, but to teach the proper use of them: for as † Iccus, Herodicus, Theon, or any other famous wrestler, would not promise to make Antiochus a conqueror in the Olympic games, or equal to a Theagenes, or Polydamas; but only that where a man had natural abilities for this exercise, he could, by his instruction, render him a greater proficient in it: far be it from me also, to promise the invention of an art, so difficult as this, nor do I say that I can make any body an historian; but that I will point out to one of good understanding, and who has been in some measure used to writing, certain proper paths (if such they appear to him), which if any man shall tread in, he may, with greater ease and dispatch, do what he ought to do, and attain the end which he is in pursuit of.

Neither can it be here asserted, be he ever so sensible or sagacious, that he doth not stand in need of assistance, with regard to those things which he is ignorant of; otherwise he might play on the flute, or any other instrument, who had never learned, and perform just as well; but without teaching, the

\* *A Titornus, &c.*] Milo, the Crotonian wrestler, is reported to have been a man of most wonderful bodily strength, concerning which a number of lies are told, for which the reader, if he pleases, may consult his dictionary. He lost his life, we are informed, by trying to rend with his hands an old oak, which wedged him in, and pressed him to death. The poet says,

————— he met his end,  
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Titornus was a rival of Milo's, and, according to Ælian, who is not always to be credited, rolled a large stone with ease, which Milo with all his force could not stir. Conon was some slim Macaroni of that age, remarkable only for his debility, as was Leotrophides also, of crazy memory, recorded by Aristophanes, in his comedy, called the Birds.

† *Iccus, &c.*] The Broughtons of antiquity; men, we may suppose, renowned in their time for teaching the young nobility of Greece to bruise one another *secundum artem*.

hands

hands will do nothing; whereas, if there be a master, we quickly learn, and are soon able to play by ourselves.

Give me a scholar, therefore, who is able to think and to write, to look with an eye of discernment into things, and to do business himself, if called upon, who hath both civil and military knowledge; one, moreover, who has been in camps, and has seen armies in the field and out of it, knows the use of arms, and machines, and warlike engines of every kind; can tell what the front, and what the horn is, how the ranks are to be disposed, how the horse is to be directed, and from whence, to advance or to retreat; one, in short, who does not stay at home, and trust to the reports of others: but, above all, let him be of a noble and liberal mind; let him neither fear nor hope for any thing; otherwise he will only resemble those unjust judges, who determine from partiality or prejudice, and give sentence for hire; but, whatever the man is, as such let him be described; the historian must not care for Philip, when he loses his eye by the arrow of \* After, at Olynthus, nor for Alexander, when he so cruelly killed Clytus at the banquet: Cleon must not terrify him, powerful as he was in the senate, and supreme at the tribunal, nor prevent his recording him as a furious and pernicious man; the whole city of Athens must not stop his relation of the Sicilian slaughter, the seizure of † Demosthenes, the death of Nicias, their violent thirst, the water which they drank, and the death of so many of them whilst they were drinking it; he will imagine (which will certainly be the case), that no man in his senses will blame him for recording things exactly as they fell out; however some may have miscarried by imprudence, or others by ill fortune, he is only the relator, not the author of them; if they are beaten in a sea-fight, it is not he who sinks them; if they fly, it is not he who pursues them; all he can do is to wish well to, and offer up his vows for them; but by passing over, or contradicting facts, he cannot alter or amend them. It would have been very easy, indeed, for Thucydides, with a stroke of his pen, to have thrown down the walls of Epipolis, sunk the vessel of Hermocrates, or made an end of the execrable Gylippus, who stopped up all the avenues with his walls and ditches, to have thrown the Syracusians on the Lautumiæ, and have let the Athenians go round Sicily and Italy, according

\* *After.*] See Diodorus Siculus, lib. vii. and Plutarch.

† *Demosthenes.*] Concerning some of these facts, even recent as they were then with regard to us, historians are divided. Thucydides and Plutarch tell the story one way, Diodorus and Justin another. Well might our author, therefore, find fault with their uncertainty.



to the early hopes of Alcibiades: but what is past and done Clotho cannot weave again, nor Atropos recall.

The only business of the historian is to relate things exactly as they are: this he can never do as long as he is afraid of Artaxerxes, whose \* physician he is; as long as he looks for the purple robe, the golden chain, or the † Nisæan horse, as the reward of his labours; but Xenophon, that just writer, will not do this, nor Thucydides. The good historian, though he may have private enmity against any man, will esteem the public welfare of more consequence to him, and will prefer truth to resentment; and, on the other hand, be he ever so fond of any man, will not spare him when he is in the wrong; for this, as I before observed, is the most essential thing in history, to sacrifice to truth alone, and cast away all care for every thing else. The great universal rule and standard is, to have regard not to those who read now, but to those who are to peruse our works hereafter.

To speak impartially, the historians of former times were too often guilty of flattery, and their works were little better than games and sports, the effects of art. Of Alexander, this memorable saying is recorded, “I should be glad (said he), Onesicritus, after my death, to come to life again for a little time, only to hear what the people then living will say of me: for I am not surpris’d that they praise and caress me now, as every one hopes by baiting well to catch my favour.” Though Homer wrote a great many fabulous things concerning Achilles, the world was induced to believe him, for this only reason, because they were written long after his death, and no cause could be assign’d why he should tell lies about him.

‡ The good historian then must be thus described: he must be fearless, uncorrupted, free, the friend of truth and of liberty, one who, to use the words of the comic poet, calls a § fig a fig, and a skiff a skiff, neither giving

\* *Physician.*] Lucian alludes, it is supposed, to Ctesias, the physician to Artaxerxes, whose history is stuffed with encomiums on his royal patron. See Plutarch’s Artaxerxes.

† *Nisæan horse.*] The Campus Nisæus, a large plain in Media, near the Caspian mountains, was famous for breeding the finest horses, which were allotted to the use of kings only; or according to Xenophon, those favourites on whom the sovereign thought proper to bestow them. See the *Cyropæd.* book viii.

‡ *The good historian, &c.*] This fine picture of a good historian has been copied by Tully, Strabo, Polybius, and other writers; it is a standard of perfection, however, which few writers, ancient or modern, have been able to reach. Thuanus has prefixed to his history these lines of Lucian; but whether he, or any other historian, hath answered in every point to the description here given, is, I believe, yet undetermined.

§ *A fig a fig, &c.*] The saying is attributed to Aristophanes, though I cannot find it there.

ingnor with-holding from any, from favour, or from enmity, not influenced by pity, by shame, or by remorse; a just judge, so far benevolent to all, as never to give more than is due to any in his work: a stranger to all, of no country, bound only by his own laws, acknowledging no sovereign, never considering what this or that man may say of him, but relating faithfully every thing as it happened.

This rule therefore Thucydides observed, distinguishing properly the faults and perfections of history; not unmindful of the great reputation which Herodotus had acquired, insomuch that his \* books were called by the names of the Muses. Thucydides tells us, that he “wrote for posterity, and not for present delight; that he by no means approved of the fabulous, but was desirous of delivering down the truth alone to future ages.” It is the useful, he adds, which must constitute the merit of history, that by the retropection of what is past, when similar events occur, men may know how to act in present exigencies.

Such an historian would I wish to have under my care: with regard to language and expression, I would not have it rough, and vehement, consisting of † long periods, or complex arguments; but soft, quiet, smooth, and peaceable. The reflections short and frequent, the style clear and perspicuous: for as freedom and truth should be the principal perfections of the writer’s mind; so, with regard to language, the great point is, to make every thing plain and intelligible, not to use remote and far-fetched phrases, or expressions, at the same time avoiding such as are mean and vulgar: let it be, in short, what the lowest may understand; and, at the same time, the most learned cannot but approve. The whole may be adorned with figure and metaphor, provided they are not turgid or bombast, nor seem stiff and laboured, which, like meat too highly seasoned, always give disgust.

It is observable that this proverbial kind of expression, for freedom of words and sentiments, has been adopted into almost every language, though the image conveying it is different. Thus the Greeks call a fig a fig, &c. We say, an honest man calls—a spade a spade; and the French call un chat un chat.—Boileau says, j’appelle un chat un chat, and Rolet un fripon.

\* *Books.*] Herodotus’s history is comprehended in nine books, to each of which is prefixed the name of a Muse; the first is called Clio, the second Euterpe, and so on. A modern poet, I have been told, the ingenious Mr. Aaron Hill, improved upon this thought, and christened (if we may properly so call it) not his books, but his daughters by the same poetical names of Miss Cli, Miss Melp-y, Miss Terp-y, Miss Urania, &c.

† *Long periods.*] Both Thucydides and Livy are reprehensible in this particular; and the same objection may be made to Thuanus, Clarendon, Burnet, and many other modern historians.

History

History may sometimes assume a poetical form, and rise into a magnificence of expression, when the subject demands it; and especially when it is describing armies, battles, and sea-fights. The \* Pierian spirit is wanting then to swell the sails with a propitious breeze, and carry the lofty ship over the tops of the waves. In general, the diction should creep humbly on the ground, and only be raised as the grand and beautiful occurring shall require it; keeping, in the mean time, within proper bounds, and never soaring into enthusiasm; for then it is in danger of ranging beyond its limits, into poetic fury: we must then pull in the rein, and act with caution, well knowing that it is the worst vice of a writer, as well as of a horse, to be wanton and unmanageable. The best way therefore is, whilst the mind of the historian is on horseback, for his style to walk on foot, and take hold of the rein, that it may not be left behind.

With regard to composition, the words should not be so blended and transposed as to appear harsh and uncouth; nor should you, as some do, subject them entirely to the † rhythmus; one is always faulty, and the other disagreeable to the reader.

Facts must not be carelessly put together, but with great labour and attention; if possible, let the historian be an eye-witness of every thing he means to record: or, if that cannot be, rely on those only who are uncorrupt, and who have no biases from passion or prejudice, to add or to diminish any thing. And here much sagacity will be requisite to find out the real truth. When he has collected all, or most of his materials, he will first make a kind of diary, a body whose members are not yet distinct; he will then bring it into order and beautify it, add the colouring of style and language, adopt his expression to the subject, and harmonize the several parts of it; then, like Homer's ‡ Jupiter, who casts his eye sometimes on the Thracian, and sometimes on the Myfian forces; he beholds now the Roman, and now the Persian armies, now both, if they are engaged, and relates what passes in them.

\* *Pierian spirit.*] How just is this observation of Lucian's, and at the same time how truly poetical is the image which he makes use of to express it! It puts us in mind of his rival critic Longinus, who, as Pope has observed, — is himself the great sublime he draws.

† *The Rhythmus.*] By this very just observation, Lucian means to censure all those writers, and we have many such now amongst us, who take so much pains to smooth and round their periods, as to disgust their readers by the frequent repetition of it, as it naturally produces a tiresome sameness in the sound of them; and at the same time discovers too much that laborious art and care, which it is always the author's business, as much as possible, to conceal.

‡ *Jupiter.*] See Homer's *Il. B. xiii. l. 4.*

Whilst

Whilst they are embattled, his eye is not fixed on any particular part, nor on any one leader, unless, perhaps, a \* Brasidas steps forth to scale the walls, or a Demosthenes to prevent him. To the generals he gives his first attention, listens to their commands, their counsels, and their determination : and, when they come to the engagement, he weighs in equal scale the actions of both, and closely attends the pursuer and the pursued, the conqueror and the conquered. All this must be done with temper and moderation, so as not to satiate or tire, not inartificially, not childishly, but with ease and grace. When these things are properly taken care of, he may turn aside to others, ever ready and prepared for the present event, † keeping time, as it were, with every circumstance and event : flying from Armenia to Media, and from thence with clattering wings to Italy, or to Iberia, that not a moment may escape him.

The mind of the historian should resemble a looking-glass, shining, clear, and exactly true, representing every thing as it really is, and nothing distorted, or of a different form, or colour. He writes not to the masters of eloquence, but simply relates what is done : it is not his to consider what he shall say, but only how it is to be said. He may be compared to Phidias, Praxiteles, Alcamenus, or other eminent artists ; for neither did they make the gold, the silver, the ivory, or any of the materials which they worked upon : these were supplied by the Elians, the Athenians, and Argives ; their only business was to cut and polish the ivory, to spread the gold into various forms, and join them together ; their art was properly to dispose what was put into their hands : and such is the work of the historians, to dispose and adorn the actions of men, and to make them known with clearness, and precision. To represent what he hath heard, as if he had been himself an eyewitness of it. To perform this well, and gain the praise resulting from it, is the business of our historical Phidias.

When every thing is thus prepared, he may begin if he pleases without preface or exordium, unless the subject particularly demands it ; he may supply the place of one, by informing us what he intends to write upon, in the beginning of the work itself : if, however, he makes use of any preface,

\* *Brasidas.*] The famous Lacedæmonian general. The circumstance alluded to, is in Thucydides. B. iv.

† *Keeping time.*] Gr. *ομονομετρο*, a technical term, borrowed from music, and signifying that tone of the voice which exactly corresponds with the instrument accompanying it.

he need not divide it as our orators do, into three parts, but confine it to two, leaving out his address to the benevolence of his readers, and only soliciting their attention and complacency: their attention he may be assured of, if he can convince them that he is about to speak of things great, or necessary, or interesting, or useful; nor need he fear their want of complacency, if he clearly explains to them the causes of things, and gives them the heads of what he intends to treat of.

Such are the exordiums which our best historians have made use of. Herodotus tells us, “ he wrote his history, lest in process of time the memory should be lost of those things which in themselves were great and wonderful, which shewed forth the victories of Greece, and the slaughter of the barbarians;” and Thucydides sets out with saying, “ he thought that war most worthy to be recorded, as greater than any which had before happened; and that, moreover, some of the greatest misfortunes had accompanied it.” The exordium, in short, may be lengthened or contracted according to the subject matter, and the transition from thence to the narration, easy and natural. The body of the history is only a long narrative, and as such it must go on with a soft and even motion, alike in every part, so that nothing should stand too forward, or retreat too far behind. Above all, the style should be clear and perspicuous, which can only arise, as I before observed, from a harmony in the composition: one thing perfected, the next which succeeds should be coherent with it; knit together, as it were, by one common chain, which must never be broken: they must not be so many separate and distinct narratives, but each so closely united to what follows, as to appear one continued series.

Brevity is always necessary, especially when you have a great deal to say, and this must be proportioned to the facts and circumstances which you have to relate. In general, you must slightly run through little things, and dwell longer on great ones. When you treat your friends, you give them boars, hares, and other dainties; you would not offer them beans, \* *saperda*, or any other common food.

When you describe mountains, rivers, and bulwarks, avoid all pomp and ostentation, as if you meant to shew your own eloquence; pass over these things as slightly as you can, and rather aim at being useful and intelligible.

\* *Saperda*.] A coarse fish that came from Pontus, or the Black Sea.

— *Saperdas advehe Ponto*.

See Perf. Sat. v. l. 134.

Ob-

Observe how the great and sublime Homer acts on these occasions; as great a poet as he is, he says nothing about Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest of them. But, if Parthenius, Euphorion, or Callimachus, had treated this subject, what a number of verses they would have spent in rolling Ixion's wheel, and bringing the water up to the very lips of Tantalus! Mark also, how quickly Thucydides, who is very \* sparing of his descriptions, breaks off, when he gives an account of any military machine, explains the manner of a siege, even though it be ever so useful and necessary, or describes cities, or the port of Syracuse. Even in his narrative of the plague, which seems so long, if you consider the multiplicity of events, you will find he makes as much haste as possible, and omits many circumstances, though he was obliged to retain so many more.

When it is necessary to make any one speak, you must take care to let him say nothing but what is suitable to the person, and to what he speaks about, and let every thing be clear and intelligible: here, indeed, you may be permitted to play the orator, and shew the power of eloquence. With regard to praise, or dispraise, you cannot be too modest and circumspect; they should be strictly just and impartial, short and seasonable: your evidence, otherwise, will not be considered as legal, and you will incur the same censure as † Theopompus did, who finds fault with every body from enmity and ill-nature; and dwells so perpetually on this, that he seems rather to be an accuser, than an historian.

If any thing occurs that is very extraordinary or incredible, you may mention without vouching for the truth of it, leaving every body to judge for themselves concerning it: by taking no part yourself, you will remain safe.

Remember, above all, and throughout your work, again and again, I must repeat it, that you write not with a view to the present times only: that the age you live in may applaud and esteem you, but with an eye fixed on posterity; from future ages expect your reward, that men may say of you, “that man was full of honest freedom, never flattering or servile, but in all

\* *Sparing.*] Here doctors differ. Several of Thucydides's descriptions are certainly very long, many of them, perhaps, rather tedious.

† *Theopompus.*] Lucian is rather severe on this writer. Cicero only says, *De omnibus omnia libere palam dixit*; he spoke freely of every body. Other writers, however, are of the same opinion with our satirist with regard to him. See Dionf. Plutarch. Cornelius Nepos, &c.

things the friend of truth." This commendation, the wise man will prefer to all the vain hopes of this life, which are but of short duration.

Recollect the story of the Cnidian architect, when he built the tower in Pharos, where the fire is kindled to prevent mariners from running on the dangerous rocks of Parætonia, that most noble and most beautiful of all works; he carved his own name on a part of the rock on the inside, then covered it over with mortar, and inscribed on it the name of the reigning sovereign: well knowing that, as it afterwards happened, in a short space of time these letters would drop off with the mortar, and discover under it this inscription, "Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to those gods who preserve the mariner." Thus had he regard not to the times he lived in, not to his own short existence, but to the present period, and to all future ages, even as long as his tower shall stand, and his art remain upon earth.

Thus also should history be written, rather anxious to gain the approbation of posterity by truth and merit, than to acquire present applause, by adulation and falsehood.

Such are the rules which I would prescribe to the historian, and which will contribute to the perfection of his work, if he thinks proper to observe them; if not, at least, I have \* rolled my tub.

\* *Rolled my tub.*] Alluding to the story of Diogenes, as related in the beginning.

T H E  
T R U E H I S T O R Y,

B O O K I.

LUCIAN'S True History is, as the Author himself acknowledges in the Preface to it, a Collection of ingenious Lies, calculated principally to amuse the Reader, not without several Allusions, as he informs us, to the Works of ancient Poets, Historians, and Philosophers, as well as, most probably, the Performances of contemporary Writers, whose Absurdities are either obliquely glanced at, or openly ridiculed and exposed. We cannot but lament that the Humour of the greatest Part of these Allusions must be lost to us, the works themselves being long since buried in Oblivion. LUCIAN'S True History, therefore, like the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal, cannot be half so agreeable as when it was first written; there is, however, enough remaining to secure it from contempt. The Vein of rich Fancy, and Wildness of a luxuriant Imagination, which run through the whole, sufficiently point out the Author as a Man of uncommon Genius and Invention. The Reader will easily perceive that Bergerac, Swift, and other Writers have read this Work of LUCIAN'S, and are much indebted to him for it.

P R E F A C E.

AS athletics of all kinds hold it necessary, not only to prepare the body by exercise and discipline, but sometimes to give it proper relaxation, which they esteem no less requisite, so do I think it highly necessary also for men of letters, after their severer studies, to relax a little, that they may return to them with the greater pleasure and alacrity; and for this purpose there is no better repose than that which arises from the reading of such books as not only, by their humour and pleasantry, may entertain them, but convey at the same time some useful instruction, both which, I flatter myself, the reader will meet with in the following history; for he will not only be pleased with the novelty of the plan, and the variety of lies, which I have told with an air of truth; but with the tacit allusions so frequently made, not, I trust, without some degree of humour, to our ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, who have told us some most miraculous and incredible stories, and which I should have pointed out to you, but that I thought they would be sufficiently visible on the perusal.

Ctesias,



Ctesias, the Cnidian, son of Ctesiochus, wrote an account of India, and of things there, which he never saw himself, nor heard from any body else. Iambulus also has acquainted us with many wonders which he met with in the great sea, and which every body knew to be absolute falsehoods: the work, however, was not unentertaining. Besides these, many others have likewise presented us with their own travels and peregrinations, where they tell us of wondrous large beasts, savage men, and unheard-of ways of living. The great leader and master of all this rhodomontade is Homer's Ulysses, who talks to Alcinous about the \* winds pent up in bags, man-eaters, and one-eyed Cyclops, wild men, creatures with many heads, several of his companions turned into beasts by enchantment, and a thousand things of this kind, which he related to the ignorant and credulous Phæacians.

These, notwithstanding, I cannot think much to blame for their falsehoods, seeing that the custom has been sometimes authorised, even by the pretenders to philosophy: I only wonder that they should ever expect to be believed: being, however, myself incited, by a ridiculous vanity, with the desire of transmitting something to posterity, that I may not be the only man who doth not indulge himself in the liberty of fiction, as I could not relate any thing true (for I know of nothing at present worthy to be recorded), I turned my thoughts towards falsehood, a species of it, however, much more excusable than that of others, as I shall at least say one thing true, when I tell you that I lye, and shall hope to escape the general censure, by acknowledging that I mean to speak not a word of truth throughout. Know ye, therefore, that I am going to write about what I never saw myself, nor experienced, nor so much as heard from any body else, and, what is more, of such things as neither are, nor ever can be. I give my readers warning, therefore, not to believe me.

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\* ONCE upon a time (then), I set sail from the Pillars of Hercules, and getting into the Western Ocean, set off with a favourable wind; the cause of

\* *Winds, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyffey* — The strange stories which Lucian here mentions, may certainly be numbered, with all due deference to so great a name, amongst the *nugæ canoræ* of old Homer. Juvenal certainly considers them in this light, when he says,

Tam vacui capitis populum Phæaca putavit.

Some modern critics, however, have endeavoured to defend them.

† *Once upon, &c.*] Here the history begins, what goes before may be considered as the author's preface, and should have been marked as such in the original.

my peregrination was no more than a certain impatience of mind, and thirst after novelty, with a desire of knowing where the sea ended, and what kind of men inhabited the several shores of it; for this purpose I laid in a large stock of provision, and as much water as I thought necessary, taking along with me fifty companions of the same mind as myself. I prepared withal, a number of arms, with a skilfull pilot, whom we hired at a considerable expence, and made our ship (for it was a pinnace), as tight as we could in case of a long and dangerous voyage.

We sailed on with a prosperous gale for a day and a night, but being still in sight of land, did not make any great way; the next day, however, at sun-rising, the wind springing up, the waves ran high, it grew dark, and we could not unfurl a sail; we gave ourselves up to the winds and waves, and were tossed about in a storm, which raged with great fury for threescore and nineteen days, but on the eightieth the sun shone bright, and we saw not far from us an island, high and woody, with the sea round it quite calm and placid, for the storm was over: we landed, got out, and happy to escape from our troubles, laid ourselves down on the ground for some time, after which we arose, and chusing out thirty of our company to take care of the vessel, I remained on shore with the other twenty, in order to take a view of the interior part of the island.

About three stadia from the sea, as we passed through a wood, we found a pillar of brass, with a Greek inscription on it, the characters almost effaced; we could make out however these words, "thus far came Hercules and Bacchus:" near it were the marks of two footsteps on a rock, one of them measured about an acre, the other something less; the smaller one appeared to me to be that of Bacchus, the larger that of Hercules; we paid our adorations to the deities, and proceeded. We had not got far before we met with a river, which seemed exactly to resemble wine, particularly that of \* Chios: it was of a vast extent, and in many places navigable; this circumstance induced us to give more credit to the inscription on the pillar, when we per-

\* *Of Chios.*] Among the Greek wines, so much admired by ancient Epicures, those of the islands of the Archipelago were the most celebrated, and of these the Chian wine, the product of Chios, bore away the palm from every other, and particularly that which was made from vines growing on the mountain called Arevisia, in testimony of which it were easy, if necessary, to produce an amphora full of classical quotations.

The present inhabitants of that island make a small quantity of excellent wine for their own use, and are liberal of it to strangers who travel that way, but dare not, being under Turkish government, cultivate the vines well, or export the product of them.

ceived such visible marks of Bacchus's preference here. As I had a mind to know whence this river sprung, I went back to the place from which it seemed to arise, but could not trace the spring; I found, however, several large vines full of grapes, at the root of every one the wine flowed in great abundance, and from them, I suppose the river was collected. We saw a great quantity of fish in it, which were extremely like wine, both in taste and colour, and after we had taken and eat a good many of them we found ourselves intoxicated; and when we cut them up, observed that they were full of grape stones; it occurred to us afterwards that we should have mixed them with some water fish, as by themselves they tasted rather too strong of the wine.

We passed the river in a part of it which was fordable, and a little farther on met with a most wonderful species of vine, the bottoms of them that touched the earth were green and thick, and all the upper part most beautiful women, with the limbs perfect from the waist, only that from the tops of the fingers branches sprung out full of grapes, just as Daphne is represented as turned into a tree when Apollo laid hold on her; on the head, likewise, instead of hair they had leaves and tendrils; when we came up to them they addressed us, some in the Lydian tongue, some in the Indian, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also, and, which was remarkable, whoever they kissed reeled about as if he was drunk; they would not suffer us to taste their grapes, but when any body attempted it, cried out as if they were  
\* hurt.        - - - - -

We left them and returned to our companions in the ship, to whom we related every thing that had happened to us, not forgetting our little intrigue with the vines. We then took our casks, filled some of them with water, and some with wine from the river, slept one night on shore, and the next morning set sail, the wind being very moderate. About noon, the island being now out of sight, on a sudden a most violent whirlwind arose, and carried the ship above three thousand stadia, lifting it up above the water, from whence it did not let us down again into the seas but kept us † suspended in mid air, in this manner we hung for seven days and nights, and on the

\* *Hurt.*] Here two or three lines are purposely omitted in the translation, the learned reader who looks into the original will see the reason of it.

† *Suspended.*] In the same manner as Gulliver's island of Laputa.—From this passage it is not improbable but that Swift borrowed the idea.

eighth,

eighth, beheld a large tract of land, like an island, \* round, shining, and remarkably full of light; we got on shore, and found on examination that it was cultivated, and full of inhabitants, though we could not then see any of them, as night came on. Other islands appeared, some large, others small, and of a fiery colour; there was also below these another land with seas, woods, mountains, and cities in it, and this we took to be our native country: as we were advancing forwards, we were seized on a sudden by the † Hippogypi, for so it seems they were called by the inhabitants; these Hippogypi are men carried upon vulturs, which they ride as we do horses: these vulturs have each three heads, and are immensely large: you may judge of their size, when I tell you that one of their feathers is bigger than the mast of a ship. The Hippogypi have orders, it seems, to fly round the kingdom, and if they find any stranger, to bring him to the king: they took us, therefore, and carried us before him: as soon as he saw us, he guessed by our garb what we were; You are Grecians, said he, are ye not? We told him we were: and how, added he, got ye hither through the air? we told him every thing that had happened to us; and he, in return, related to us his own history, and informed us, that he also was a man, that his name was ‡ Endymion, that he had been taken away from our earth in his sleep, and brought to this place where he reigned as sovereign. That || spot, he told us, which now looked like a moon to us, was the earth. He desired us withal, not to make ourselves uneasy, for that we should soon have every thing we wanted. If I succeed, says he, in the war which I am now engaged in against the inhabitants of the Sun, you will be very happy here. We asked him then, what enemies he had, and what the quarrel was about?

\* *Round, shining, &c.*] The account which Lucian here gives us of his visit to the moon, perhaps, suggested to Bergerac, the idea of his ingenious work, called, A Voyage to the Moon.

† *Hippogypi.*] Equi vultures, horse vulturs; from *ἵππος*, a horse; and *γυψ*, a vulture.

‡ *Endymion.*] Lucian, we see, has founded his history on matter of fact. Endymion, we all know, was a king of Elis, though some call him a shepherd. Shepherd or king, however, he was so handsome, that the moon, who saw him sleeping on mount Latmos, fell in love with him. This no orthodox heathen ever doubted: Lucian, who was a free-thinker, laughs indeed, at the tale. But has made him ample amends in this history, by creating him emperor of the moon.

|| *That spot.*] Modern astronomers are, I think, agreed, that we are to the moon just the same as the moon is to us. Though Lucian's history may be false, therefore his philosophy, we see, was true.

VOL. I.

H h h

Phaeton,

Phaeton, he replied, who is king of the Sun, (for that \* is inhabited as well as the moon,) has been at war with us for some time past: the foundation of it was this; I had formerly an intention of sending some of the poorest of my subjects to establish a colony in Lucifer, which was uninhabited: but Phaeton, out of envy, put a stop to it, by opposing me in the mid-way with his † Hippomyrmices; we were overcome and defeated, our forces at that time being unequal to theirs: I have now, however, resolved to renew the war, and fix my colony; if you have a mind, you shall accompany us in the expedition; I will furnish you every one with a royal vultur, and other accoutrements; we shall set out to-morrow. With all my heart, said I, whenever you please. We staid, however, and supped with him; and rising early the next day, proceeded with the army, when the spies gave us notice that the enemy was approaching. The army consisted of a hundred thousand, besides the scouts, and engineers, together with the auxiliaries, amongst whom, were eighty thousand Hippogypi, and twenty thousand who were mounted on the ‡ Lachanopteri; these are very large birds, whose feathers are of a kind of herb, and whose wings look like lettuces. Next to these stood the § Cinchroboli, and the || Schorodomachi. Our allies from the north, were three thousand ¶ Pfyllotoxotæ, and five thousand \*\* Anemodromi; the former take their names from the fleas which they ride upon, every flea being as big as twelve elephants; the latter are foot-soldiers, and are carried about in the air without wings, in this manner; they have large gowns hanging down to their feet, these they tuck up, and spread in the form of a sail, and the wind drives them about like so many boats: in the battle they generally wear targets. It was reported, that seventy thousand † Stratho-balani

\* *That, &c.*] This, I am afraid, is not so agreeable to the modern system; our philosophers all asserting, that the sun is not habitable. As it is a place, however, which we are very little acquainted with, they may be mistaken, and Lucian may guess as well as ourselves, for aught we can prove to the contrary.

† *Hippomyrmices.*] Horse-ants, from *ἵππος*, a horse; and *μυρμηξ*, an ant.

‡ *Lachanopteri.*] From *λαχανος*, olus, any kind of herb; and *πτερος* penna, a wing.

§ *Cinchroboli.*] *Millii jaculatores*, darters of millet; millet is a kind of small grain.—A strange species of warriors!

|| *Schorodomachi.*] *Allii pugnantes*, garlic fighters: these, we are to suppose, threw garlic at the enemy, and served as a kind of stink-pots.

¶ *Pfyllotoxotæ.*] *Pulici sagittarii*, Flea-archers.

\*\* *Anemodromi.*] *Venti cursores*, wind courfers.

† *Stratho-balani.*] *Passeres glandium*, acorn sparrows.

from

from the stars over Cappadocia, were to be there, together with five thousand \* Hippogerani; these I did not see, for they never came: I shall not attempt, therefore, to describe them; of these, however, most wonderful things were related.

Such were the forces of Endymion; their arms were all alike; their helmets were made of beans, for they have beans there of a prodigious size and strength; and their scaly breast-plates of lupines sowed together, for the skins of their lupines are like a horn, and impenetrable; their shields, and swords, the same as our own.

The army ranged themselves in this manner: the right wing was formed by the Hippogypi, with the king, and round him his chosen band to protect him, amongst which, we were admitted; on the left, were the Lachanopteri; the auxiliaries in the middle; the foot were in all about sixty thousand myriads. They have spiders, you must know, in this country, in infinite numbers, and of pretty large dimensions, each of them being as big as one of the islands of the Cyclades; these were ordered to cover the air from the Moon quite to the Morning-star: this being immediately done, and the field of battle prepared, the infantry was drawn up under the command of Nycteron, the son of Eudianax.

The left wing of the enemy, which was commanded by Phaeton himself, consisted of the Hippomyrmices: these are large birds, and resemble our ants, except, with regard to size, the largest of them covering two acres: these fight with their horns, and were in number about fifty thousand. In the right wing were the † Acroconopes, about five thousand, all archers, and riding upon large gnats. To these succeeded the ‡ Acrocoraces, light infantry, but remarkably brave, and useful warriors, for they threw out of slings exceeding large radishes, which whoever was struck by, died immediately, a most horrid stench exhaling from the wound; they are said, indeed, to dip their arrows in a poisonous kind of mallow. Behind these, stood ten thousand § Caulomycetes, heavy-armed soldiers, who fight hand to hand; so called, because they use shields made of mushrooms, and spears

\* *Hippogerani.*] Equi grues, horse-cranes.

† *Acroconopes.*] Air-flies.

‡ *Acrocoraces.*] Gr. *Αεροκορακες*, air-crows; but as all crows fly through the air, I would rather read *Αεροκορδακες*, which may be translated, air-dancers, from *κορδαξ*, cordax, a lascivious kind of dance, so called.

§ *Caulomycetes.*] Gr. *Καυλομυκητες*, Caulo fungi, stalk and mushroom men.

of the stalks of asparagus. Near them, were placed the\* Cynobalani, about five thousand, who were sent by the inhabitants of Sirius; these were men with dogs heads, and mounted upon winged acorns: some of their forces did not arrive in time; amongst whom, there were to have been some flingers from the Milky-way, together with the † Nephelocentauri: they indeed came, when the first battle was over, and I ‡ wish they had never come at all: the flingers did not appear, which, they say, so enraged Phaeton, that he set their city on fire.

Thus prepared, the enemy began the attack: the signal being given, and the asses braying on each side, for such are the trumpeters they make use of on these occasions, the left wing of the Heliots, unable to sustain the onset of our Hippogypi, soon gave way, and we pursued them with great slaughter: their right wing, however, overcame our left. The Acroconopes falling upon us with astonishing force, and advancing even to our infantry, by their assistance we recovered: and they now began to retreat, when they found the left wing had been beaten. The defeat then becoming general, many of them were taken prisoners, and many slain: the blood flowed in such abundance, that the clouds were tinged with it, and looked red, just as they appear to us at sun-set: from thence it distilled through upon the earth. Some such thing, I suppose, happened formerly amongst the gods, which made Homer believe that § Jove rained blood at the death of Sarpedon.

When we returned from our pursuit of the enemy, we set up two trophies; one, on account of the infantry engagement in the spider's web, and another in the clouds, for our battle in the air. Thus prosperously every thing went on, when our spies informed us, that the Nephelocentaurs, who should have been with Phaeton before the battle, were just arrived: they made, indeed, as they approached towards us, a most formidable appearance, being half winged horses, and half men; the men from the waist upwards, about as big as the Rhodian Colossus, and the horses of the size of a common ship of burthen. I have not mentioned the number of them, which was really so great, that it would appear incredible: they were commanded by || Sagittarius from.

\* *Cynobalani.*] Gr. Κυνοβαλανοι, cani glandacii, acorn-dogs.

† *Nephelo centauri.*] Gr. Νεφελοκενταυροι, nubicentauri, cloud-centuars.

‡ *I wish, &c.*] The reason for this wish is given a little farther on in the History.

§ *Jove, &c.*] See Hom. Il. II. l. 459.

|| *Sagittarius.*] Some authors tell us that Sagittarius was the same as Chiron the centaur; others, that he was Crocus, a famous hunter, the son of Euphemia, who nursed the Muses, at whose inter-

from the Zodiac: as soon as they learned that their friends had been defeated, they sent a message to Phaeton to call him back, whilst they put their forces into order of battle, and immediately fell upon the \* Selenites, who were unprepared to resist them, being all employed in the division of the spoil, they soon put them to flight, pursued the king quite to his own city, and slew the greatest part of his birds: they then tore down the trophies, ran over all the field woven by the spiders, and seized me and two of my companions. Phaeton at length, coming up, they raised other trophies for themselves: as for us, we were carried that very day to the palace of the sun, our hands bound behind us by a cord of the spider's web.

The conquerors determined not to besiege the city of the Moon, but when they returned home, resolved to build a wall between them and the Sun, that his rays might not shine upon it; this wall was double, and made of thick clouds, so that the Moon was always eclipsed, and in perpetual darkness. Endymion, sorely distressed at these calamities, sent an embassy, humbly beseeching them to pull down the wall, and not to leave him in utter darkness, promising to pay them tribute, to assist them with his forces, and never more to rebel: he sent hostages withal. Phaeton called two councils on the affair; at the first of which they were all inexorable, but at the second changed their opinion: a treaty at length was agreed to, on these conditions.

† The Heliois and their allies on one part, make the following agreement with the Selenites and their allies, on the other:—"That the Heliois shall demolish the wall now erected between them: that they shall make no irruptions into the territories of the Moon; and restore the prisoners according to certain articles of ransom to be stipulated concerning them: that the Selenites shall permit all the other stars to enjoy their rights and privileges: that they shall never wage war with the Heliois, but assist them whenever they shall be invaded: that the king of the Selenites shall pay to the king of the Heliois, an annual tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, for the insurance of which, he shall send ten thousand hostages: that they shall mutually send out a colony to the Morning-star, in which, whoever of either nation shall think proper, may become a member: that the treaty shall be inscribed on a co-

intercession, he was, after his death, promoted to the ninth place in the zodiac, under the name of Sagittarius.

\* *Selenites.*] The inhabitants of the moon.

† *The Heliois, &c.*] A good burlesque on the usual form and style of treaties.

lumn.



lumn of amber, in the midst of the air, and on the borders of the two kingdoms. This treaty was sworn to, on the part of the Heliois, by \* Pyronides, and Therites, and Phlogius; and on the part of the Selenites, by Nyc-tor, and Menius, and Polylampus."

Such was the peace made between them: the wall was immediately pulled down, and we were set at liberty. When we returned to the moon, our companions met and embraced us, shedding tears of joy, as did Endymion also. He intreated us to remain there, or to go along with the new colony, promising to give me his son in marriage, for they have no women there; this I could by no means be persuaded to, but begged he would let us down into the sea. As he found I could not be prevailed on to stay, after feasting us most nobly for seven days, he dismissed us.

I will now tell you every thing which I met with in the Moon, that was new and extraordinary. In the first place, they never breed there from women, but from men; they always marry males, and do not so much as know the name of woman; the men are wives till five and twenty, and then marry themselves. The foetus is borne not in the womb, but in the calf of the leg; and when the embryo is conceived, the calf swells; it appears dead when it first comes out, but they breathe upon it in the open air, and it vivifies: for this reason, I suppose, we call this part in Greek † *Gastronymia*, because, amongst these people it bears the foetus instead of the belly. But what I am going to tell you, is still more wonderful. There is a race of men amongst them, whom they call *Dendritæ*, and which are produced in this manner: they plant the right testicle of a man into the ground, from whence springs up a large tree, fleshy, and like a phallus, with leaves, and branches; its fruit is an acorn about a cubit long; when this is ripe, they gather it, and out of it comes a man ‡ \* \* \* \* \*

Amongst them, when a man grows old, he does not die, but dissolves into smook, and turns to air. They all eat the same food, which is, frogs roasted on the ashes from a large fire; of these they have plenty which fly

\* *Pyronides.*] Gr. *Πυρωνιδης*, igneus, fiery, *φλογιος*, flaming, *Νυκτωρ*, nocturnus, nightly, *Μηνιος*, menstruus, monthly, *Πολυλαμτης*, multi lucius, many lights. These all make good proper names in Greek, and sound magnificently, but do not answer so well in English. I have therefore preserved the original words in the translation.

† *Gastronymia.*] The belly of the leg.

‡ Gentle reader,

Wherever you meet with these *Sbandean* marks, or asterisks \*, you may conclude, that *Lu-cian* says something in the original, which a modest man would not wish to repeat after him.

about

about in the air, they get together over the coals, snuff up the scent of them, and this serves them for victuals. Their drink is air squeezed into a cup<sup>e</sup> which produces a kind of dew. They neither make water, nor go backwards, having no outlets of that kind as we have. \* \* \* \* \*

He who is quite bald, is esteemed a beauty amongst them, for they abominate long hair; whereas, in the comets, it is looked upon as a perfection at least; so we heard from some strangers who were speaking of them: they have, notwithstanding, small beards a little above the knee; no nails to their feet, and only one great toe. Every one has a large cabbage on his bum, growing out like a tail, which is always green, and even if they fall upon it, never breaks. They have honey here, which is extremely sharp, and when they exercise themselves, wash their bodies with milk: this, mixed with a little of their honey, makes excellent \* cheese. Their oil is extracted from onions, is very rich, and smells like ointment. Their wines, which are in great abundance, yield water, and the grape-stones are like hail: I imagine, indeed, that whenever the wind shakes their vines, and bursts the grape, then comes down amongst us what we call hail. They make use of their belly which they can open and shut as they please, as a kind of bag, or pouch, to put any thing in they want: it has no liver or intestines, but is hairy and warm within, inasmuch, that new-born children, when they are cold, frequently creep into it. The garments of the rich amongst them, are made of glass, but very soft: the poor have woven bras; which they have here in great abundance, and by pouring a little water over it, so manage as to card it like wool. I am afraid to mention their eyes, lest, from the incredibility of the thing, you should not believe me. I must, however, inform you, that they have eyes which they take in and out whenever they please; so that they can preserve them any where till occasion serves, and then make use of them: many who have lost their own, borrow from others; and there are several rich men who keep a stock of eyes by them. Their ears are made of the leaves of plane-trees, except of those who spring, as I observed to you, from acorns: these alone have wooden ones. I saw likewise another very extraordinary thing in the king's palace, which was, a looking-glass that is placed in a well not very deep; whoever goes down into the well, hears every thing that is said upon earth, and if he looks into the glass, beholds all the cities and nations of the world, as plain as if he was close to

\* *Cheese.*] Here Lucian, like other story-tellers, is a little deficient in point of memory. If they eat, as he tells us, nothing but frogs, what use could they have for cheese?

them..

them. I myself saw several of my friends there, and my whole native country; whether they saw me also, I will not pretend to affirm. He who does not believe these things, whenever he goes there will know that I have said nothing but what is true.

To return to our voyage. We took our leave of the king and his friends, got on board our ship, and set sail. Endymion made me a present of two glass robes, two brass ones, and a whole coat of armour made of lupines, all which I left in the \* whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand Hippogypi, who escorted us five hundred stadia.

We sailed by several places, and at length reached the new colony of the Morning-star, where we landed and took in water: from thence we steered into the Zodiac, leaving the Sun on our left, we passed close by his territory, and would have gone ashore, many of our companions being very desirous of it; but the wind would not permit us: we had a view, however, of that region, and perceived that it was green, fertile, and well-watered, and abounding in every thing necessary and agreeable. The Nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, saw us and flew aboard our ship, but, recollecting that we were included into the treaty, soon departed; the Hippogypi likewise took their leave of us.

All the next night and day, we continued our course downwards, and towards evening came upon † Lyncopolis: this city lies between the Pleiades and the Hyades; and a little below the Zodiac: we landed, but saw no men, only a number of lamps running to and fro, in the market-place, and round the port; some little ones, the poor, I suppose, of the place; others, the rich and great among them, very large, light, and splendid; every one had its habitation or candlestick to itself, and its own proper name, as men have. We heard them speak: they offered us no injury, but invited us in the most hospitable manner; we were afraid, notwithstanding; neither would any of us venture to take any food or sleep. The king's court is in the middle of the city: here he sits all night, calls every one by name, and if they do not appear, condemns them to death for deserting their post: their death is, to be put out: we stood by, and heard several of them plead their excuses for non-attendance. Here I found my own lamp, talked to him, and asked him how things went on at home: he told me every thing that had happened. We staid there one night, and next day loosing our anchor,

\* *Whale's belly.*] Of which we shall see an account in the next adventure,

† *Lyncopolis.*] The city of Lamp s

failed

failed off very near the clouds; where we saw, and greatly admired the city of \* *Nephelo-coccygia*, but the wind would not permit us to land. *Coronus*, the son of *Cottiphion*, is king there. I remember, † *Aristophanes* the poet, speaks of him, a man of wisdom and veracity, the truth of whose writings nobody can call in question. About three days after this, we saw the ocean very plainly, but no land, except those regions which hang in the air, and which appeared to us all bright and fiery. The fourth day, about noon, the wind subsiding, we got safe down into the sea. No sooner did we touch the water, but we were beyond measure rejoiced. We immediately gave every man his supper, as much as we could afford; and afterwards jumped into the sea and swam, for it was quite calm and serene.

It often happens, that prosperity is the fore-runner of the greatest misfortunes. We had sailed but two days in the sea, when early in the morning of the third, at sun-rise, we beheld on a sudden, several whales, and one amongst them, of a most enormous size, being not less than fifteen hundred stadia in length; he came up to us with his mouth wide open, disturbing the sea for a long way before him, the waves dashing round on every side; he whetted his teeth, which looked like so many long spears, and were white as ivory: we embraced and took leave of one another, expecting him every moment; he came near, and swallowed us up at once, ship and all: he did not, however, crush us with his teeth, for the vessel luckily slipped through one of the interstices: when we were got in, for some time it was dark, and we could see nothing; but the whale happening to gape, we beheld a large space, big enough to hold a city with ten thousand men in it; in the middle were a great number of small fish, several animals cut in pieces, sails and anchors of ships, men's bones, and all kinds of merchandize: there was likewise, a good quantity of land, and hills, which seemed to have been formed of the mud which he had swallowed: there was also a wood, with all sorts of trees in it, herbs of every kind; every thing, in short, seemed to vegetate: the extent of this might be about two hundred and forty stadia. We saw, also, several sea-birds, gulls, and king-fishers, making their nests in the branches. At our first arrival in these regions, we could not help shedding tears; in a little time, however, I roused my companions, and we repaired our vessel; after which, we sat down to supper on what the

\* *Nephelo-coccygia*.] The cloud-cuckow.

† *Aristophanes*.] See his comedy of the Birds.

place afforded. Fish of all kinds we had here in plenty, and the remainder of the water which we brought with us from the Morning-star. When we got up the next day, as often as the whale gaped, we could see mountains and islands, sometimes only the sky; and plainly perceived by our motion, that he travelled through the sea at a great rate, and seemed to visit every part of it. At length, when our abode became familiar to us, I took with me seven of my companions, and advanced into the wood, in order to see every thing I could possibly: we had not gone above five stadia, before we met with a temple dedicated to Neptune, as we learned by the inscription on it, and, a little farther on, several sepulchres, monumental stones, and a fountain of clear water; we heard the barking of a dog, and seeing a smoke at some distance from us, concluded there must be some habitation not far off: we got on as fast as we could, and saw an old man and a boy very busy in cultivating a little garden, and watering it from a fountain; we were both pleased and terrified at the sight, and they, as you may suppose, on their part not less affected, stood fixed in astonishment, and could not speak: after some time, however, "Who are you, said the old man, and whence come ye? are you dæmons of the sea, or unfortunate men, like ourselves? for such we are, born and bred on land, though now inhabitants of another element; swimming along with this great creature, who carries us about with him, not knowing what is to become of us, or whether we are alive or dead." To which I replied, "We, father, are men as you are, and but just arrived here, being swallowed up, together with our ship, but three days ago: we came this way to see what the wood produced, for it seemed large and full of trees; some good genius led us towards you, and we have the happiness to find, we are not the only poor creatures shut up in this great monster; but give us an account of your adventures, let us know who you are, and how you came here." He would not, however, tell us any thing himself, or ask us any questions, till he had performed the rites of hospitality; he took us into his house, therefore, where he had got beds, and made every thing very commodious: here he presented us with herbs, fruit, fish, and wine; and when we were satisfied, began to enquire into our history: when I acquainted him with every thing that had happened to us; the storm we met with; our adventures in the island; our sailing through the air; the war, &c. from our first setting out, even to our descent into the whale's belly.

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He expressed his astonishment at what had befallen us, and then told us his own story, which was as follows: “ Strangers, said he, I am a Cyprian by birth, and left my country to merchandise with this youth, who is my son, and several servants. We sailed to Italy with goods of various kinds, some of which you may, perhaps, have seen in the mouth of the whale: we came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale, when a violent tempest arose, and we were tossed about in the ocean for three days, where we were swallowed up, men, ship and all, by the whale, only we two remaining alive; after burying our companions, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, raising herbs, and eating fish, or fruit: the wood, as you see, is very large, and produces many vines, from which we have excellent wine; there is likewise a fountain, which perhaps you have observed, of fresh and very cold water. We make our bed of leaves, have fuel sufficient, and catch a great many birds, and live fish. Getting out upon the gills of the whale, there we wash ourselves when we please. There is a salt lake, about twenty stadia round, which produces fish of all kinds, and where we row about in a little boat, which we built on purpose. It is now seven and twenty years since we were swallowed up. Every thing here, indeed, is very tolerable, except our neighbours, who are disagreeable, troublesome, savage, and unsociable.” “ And are there more (replied I), besides ourselves in the whale?” “ A great many, said he, and those very inhospitable, and of a most horrible appearance: towards the tail, on the western parts of the wood, live the \* Tarichanes, a people with eel’s eyes, and faces like crabs, bold, warlike, and that live upon raw flesh. On the other side, at the right hand wall, are the † Tritonomendetes, in their upper parts men, and in the lower resembling weazels. On the left are the ‡ Carcinochires, and the † Thynnocephali, who have entered into a league offensive and defensive with each other. The middle part is occupied by the § Paguradæ, and the || Pfittopodes, a warlike nation, and remarkably swift-footed. The eastern parts, near the whale’s mouth, being washed by the sea, are most of them uninhabited: I have some of

\* *Tarichanes.*] Salfamentarii. Salt-fish-men.

† *Tritonomendites.*] Triton-weazels.

‡ *Carcinochires.*] Greek, *καρκινοχειρες*, cancri-mani, crab’s hands.

† *Thynnocephali.*] Thynno-cipites, tunny-heads, i. e. men with heads like those of the tunny-fish.

§ *Paguradæ.*] Greek, *παγυραδαι*, crab-men.

|| *Pfittopodes.*] *Φηττοποδες*, sparrow-footed, from *φηττα*, passer marinus.

these, however, on condition of paying an annual tribute to the Pfittipodes of five hundred oysters. Such is the situation of this country; our difficulty is how to oppose so many people, and find sustenance for ourselves." "How many may there be, said I?" "More than a thousand, said he." "And what are their arms?" "Nothing, replied he, but fish-bones." "Then, said I, we had best go to war with them, for we have arms and they none; if we conquer them we shall live without fear for the future." This was immediately agreed upon, and, as soon as we returned to our ship, we began to prepare. The cause of the war was to be the non-payment of the tribute, which was just now becoming due: they sent to demand it; he returned a contemptuous answer to the messengers: the Pfittipodes and Paguradæ were both highly enraged, and immediately fell upon Scintharus (for that was the old man's name), in a most violent manner.

We, expecting to be attacked, sent out a detachment of five and twenty men, with orders to lie concealed till the enemy was past, and then to rise upon them, which they did, and cut off their rear: we, in the mean time, being likewise five and twenty in number, with the old man and his son, waited their coming up, met, and engaged them with no little danger, till at length they fled, and we pursued them even into their trenches: of the enemy there fell an hundred and twenty; we lost only one, our pilot, who was run through by the rib of a mullet. That day, and the night after it, we remained on the field of battle, and erected the dried back-bone of a dolphin as a trophy. Next day some other forces, who had heard of the engagement, arrived, and made head against us; the Tarichanes, under the command of Pelamus, in the right wing, the Thynnocephali on the left, and the Carcinochires in the middle; the Tritonomedetes remained neuter, not chusing to assist either party: we came round upon all the rest, by the temple of Neptune, and with a hideous cry rushed upon them; as they were unarmed, we soon put them to flight, pursued them into the wood, and took possession of their territory. They sent ambassadors a little while after, to take away their dead, and propose terms of peace; but we would hear of no treaty, and attacking them the next day, obtained a complete victory, and cut them all off, except the Tritonomedetes, who, informed of what had passed, ran away up to the whale's gills, and from thence threw themselves into the sea. The country being now cleared of all enemies, we rambled through it, and from that time remained without fear, used what exercise

we

we pleased, went a-hunting, pruned our vines, gathered our fruit, and lived, in short, in every respect like men put together in a large prison, which there was no escaping from, but where they enjoy every thing they can wish for in ease and freedom; such was our way of life for a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, about the second opening of the whale's mouth (for this he did once every hour, and by that we calculated our time), we were surprised by a sudden noise, like the clash of oars; being greatly alarmed, we crept up into the whale's mouth, where standing between his teeth, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles that was ever seen; men of an immense size, each of them not less than half a stadium in length, sailing on islands like boats. I know what I am saying is incredible, I shall proceed, notwithstanding: these islands were long, but not very high, and about a hundred stadia in circumference; there were about eight and twenty of these men in each of them, besides the rowers on the sides, who rowed with large cypresses, with their branches and leaves on; in the stern stood a pilot, raised on an eminence, and guiding a brazen helm: on the fore-castle were forty immense creatures, resembling men, except in their hair, which was all a flame of fire, so that they had no occasion for helmets, these were armed, and fought most furiously; the wind rushing in upon the wood, which was in every one of them, swelled it like a sail, and drove them on, according to the pilot's direction; and thus, like so many long ships, the islands, by the assistance of the oars, also moved with great velocity. At first we saw only two or three, but afterwards there appeared above six hundred of them, which immediately engaged; many were knocked to pieces by running against each other, and many sunk; others were wedged in close together, and not able to get asunder, fought desperately; those who were near the prows shewed the greatest alacrity, boarding each other's ships, and making terrible havock; none, however, were taken prisoners. For grappling-irons, they made use of large sharks chained together, who laid hold of the wood and kept the island from moving: they threw oysters at one another, one of which would have filled a waggon, and sponges of an acre long. *Æolocentaurus* was admiral of one of the fleets, and \* *Thalassopotes* of the other: they had quarrelled, it seems, about some booty; *Thalassopotes*, as it was reported, having driven

\* *Thalassopotes*.] *Maris potor*, the drinker up of the sea. *Æolocentaurus* and *Thalassopotes* were, I suppose, two Leviathans.

away



away a large tribe of dolphins belonging to Æolocentaurus: this we picked up from their own discourse, when we heard them mention the names of their commanders. At length the forces of Æolocentaurus prevailed, and sunk about a hundred and fifty of the islands of the enemy, and taking three more with the men in them: the rest took to their oars and fled. The conquerors pursued them a little way, and in the evening returned to the wreck, seizing the remainder of the enemy's vessels, and getting back some of their own, for they had themselves lost no less than fourscore islands in the engagement. They erected a trophy for this victory, hanging one of the conquered islands on the head of the whale, which they fastened their hausers to, and casting anchor close to him, for they had anchors immensely large and strong, spent the night there: in the morning, after they had returned thanks, and sacrificed on the back of the whale, they buried their dead, sung their Io Pæans, and sailed off. Such was the battle of the islands.

THE

T H E  
T R U E H I S T O R Y,

B O O K II.

**F**ROM this time our abode in the whale growing rather tedious and disagreeable, not able to bear it any longer, I began to think within myself how we might make our escape. My first scheme was to undermine the right-hand wall, and get out there; and accordingly we began to cut away, but after getting through about five stadia, and finding it was to no purpose, we left off digging, and determined to set fire to the wood, which we imagined would destroy the whale, and secure us a safe retreat; we began, therefore, by burning the parts near his tail: for seven days and nights he never felt the heat, but on the eighth we perceived he grew sick, for he opened his mouth very seldom, and when he did, shut it again immediately; on the tenth and the eleventh he declined visibly, and began to stink a little; on the twelfth it occurred to us, which we had never thought of before, that unless, whilst he was gaping, somebody could prop up his jaws, to prevent his closing them, we were in danger of being shut up in the carcase, and perishing there: we placed some large beams, therefore, in his mouth, got our ship ready, and took in water, and every thing necessary: Scintharus was to be our pilot; the next day the whale died; we drew our vessel through the interstices of his teeth, and let her down from thence into the sea: then, getting on the whale's back, sacrificed to Neptune, near the spot where the trophy was erected. Here we staid three days, it being a dead calm, and on the fourth set sail; we struck upon several bodies of the giants that had been slain in the sea-fight, and measured them with the greatest astonishment: for some days we had very mild and temperate weather, but the north-wind arising, it grew so extremely cold, that the whole sea was froze up, not on the surface only, but three or four hundred feet deep, so that we got out and walked on the ice. The frost being so intense that we could not bear it, we put in practice the following scheme, which Scintharus put us in the head of: we dug a cave in the ice, where we remained for thirty days, lighting a fire,  
and

and living upon the fish which we found in it; but, our provisions failing, we were obliged to loosen our ship which was stuck fast in, and hoisting a sail, slid along through the ice with an easy pleasant motion; on the fifth day from that time, it grew warm, the ice broke, and it was all water again.

After sailing about three hundred stadia, we fell in upon a little deserted island: here we took in water, for ours was almost gone, killed with our arrows two wild oxen, and departed. These oxen had horns not on their heads, but, as Momus seemed to wish, under their eyes. A little beyond this, we got into a sea, not of water, but of milk; and upon it we saw an island full of vines; this whole island was one compact well-made cheese, as we afterwards experienced by many a good meal, which we made upon it; and is in length five and twenty stadia. The vines have grapes upon them, which yield not wine, but milk. In the middle of the island was a temple to the Nereid \* Galatæa, as appeared by an inscription on it: as long as we staid there, the land afforded us victuals to eat, and the vines supplied us with milk to drink. † Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, we were told, was queen of it, Neptune having, after her death, conferred that dignity upon her.

We stopped five days on this island, and on the sixth set sail with a small breeze, which gently agitated the waves, and on the eighth, changed our milky sea for a green and briny one; where we saw a great number of men running backwards and forwards, resembling ourselves in every part, except the feet, which are all of cork, whence, I suppose, they are called ‡ Phellopodes. We were surpris'd to see them not sinking, but rising high above the waves, and making their way without the least fear or apprehension: they came up to, and address'd us in the Greek tongue, telling us they were going to Phello, their native country; they accompanied us a good way, and then taking their leave, wish'd us a good voyage. A little after we saw several islands, amongst which, to the left of us stood Phello, to which these men were going, a city built in the middle of a large round cork; towards

\* *Galatæa.*] One of the fifty Nereids, or Sea-Nymphs; so called, on account of the fairness of her skin: from γαλα gala, milk; of the milky island, therefore, she was naturally the presiding deity.

† *Tyro.*] Tyro, according to Homer, fell in love with the famous river Enipeus, and was always wandering on his banks, where Neptune found, covered her with his waves, and throwing her into a deep sleep, suppli'd the place of Enipeus. Lucian has made her amends, by bestowing one of his imaginary kingdoms upon her. His part of the story, however, is full as probable as the rest.

‡ *Phellopodes.*] Suberipedes, cork-footed.

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the right hand, and at a considerable distance were many others, very large and high; on which, we saw a prodigious large fire: fronting the prow of our ship, we had a view of one very broad and flat, and which seemed to be about five hundred stadia off; as we approached near to it, a sweet and odoriferous air came round us, such as Herodotus tells us blows from Arabia Felix; from the rose, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the lily, the violet, the myrtle, the laurel, and the vine. Refreshed with these delightful odours, and in hopes of being at last rewarded for our long sufferings, we came close up to the island: here, we beheld several safe and spacious harbours, with clear transparent rivers rolling placidly into the sea; meadows, woods, and birds of all kinds, chanting melodiously on the shore; and, on the trees, the soft and sweet air fanning the branches on every side, which sent forth a soft harmonious sound, like the playing on a flute; at the same time we heard a noise, not of riot or tumult, but a kind of joyful and convivial sound, as of some playing on the lute or harp, with others joining in the chorus, and applauding them.

We cast anchor and landed, leaving our ship in the harbour, with Scyntharus, and two more of our companions. As we were walking through a meadow full of flowers, we met the guardians of the isle, who immediately chaining us with manacles of roses, for these are their only fetters, conducted us to their king: from these we learned on our journey that this place was called \* The Island of the Blessed, and was governed by Rhadamanthus. We were carried before him, and he was sitting that day as judge to try some causes; our's was the fourth in order: the first was that of † Ajax Telamonius, to determine whether he was to rank with the heroes or not. The accusation ran, that he was mad, and had made an end of himself; much was said on both sides; at length Rhadamanthus pronounced, that he should be consigned to the care of Hippocrates, and go through a course of hellebore, after which he might be admitted to the Symposium. The second was a love affair, to decide whether Theseus or Menelaus should possess Helen in these regions; and the decree of Rhadamanthus was, that she

\* *The island.*] This description of the Pagan Elysium, or Island of the blessed, is well drawn, and abounds in fanciful and picturesque imagery, interspersed with strokes of humour and satire. The second book is, indeed, throughout, more entertaining, and better written than the first.

† *Ajax.*] See the Ajax Flagellifer of Sophocles. Lucian humorously degrades him from the character of a hero, and gives him hellebore as a madman.

should live with Menelaus, who had underwent so many difficulties and dangers for her : besides, that Theseus had other women, the Amazonian lady, and the daughters of Minos. The third cause was a point of precedency, between Alexander the son of Philip, and Hannibal the Carthaginian, which was given in favour of Alexander, who was placed on a throne next to the elder Cyrus, the Persian. Our cause came on the last ; the king asked us, how we dared to enter, alone as we were, into that sacred abode ; we told him every thing that had happened ; he commanded us to retire, and consulted with the assessors concerning us : there were many in council with him, and amongst them Aristides, the just Athenian, and pursuant to his opinion, it was determined that we should suffer the punishment of our bold curiosity after our deaths, but at present might remain in the island for a certain limited time ; associate with the heroes, and then depart : this indulgence was not to exceed seven months.

At this instant, our chains, if so they might be called, dropped off, and we were left at liberty to range over the city, and to partake of the feast of the blessed. The whole city was of \* gold, and the walls of emerald : the seven gates were all made out of one trunk of the cinnamon-tree : the pavement, within the walls, of ivory, the temples of the gods were of beryl, and the great altars, on which they offered the hecatombs, all of one large amethyst : round the city flowed a river of the most precious ointment, a hundred cubits in breadth, and deep enough to swim in ; the baths are large houses of glass, perfumed with cinnamon, and instead of water filled with warm dew : for cloaths they wear spider's webs, very fine, and of a purple colour : they have no bodies, but only the appearance of them, insensible to the touch, and without flesh, yet they stand, taste, move, and speak ; their souls seem to be naked, and separated from them, with only the external similitude of a body ; and unless you attempt to touch, you can scarce believe but they have one : they are a kind of upright † shadows, only not black : in this place no body ever grows old, at whatever age they enter here, at that they always remain : they have no night, nor bright

\* *Of gold.*] It is not improbable but that Voltaire's El Dorado, in his *Candide*, might have been suggested to him by this passage.

† *Upright shadows.*] i. e. their appearance is exactly like that of shadows made by the sun at noon day, with this only difference, that one lies flat on the ground, the other is erect, and one is dark, the other light, or diaphanous. Our vulgar idea of ghosts, especially with regard to their not being tangible, corresponds with this of Lucian's.

day,

day, but a perpetual twilight; one equal season reigns throughout the year; it is always spring with them, and no wind blows but Zephyrus; the whole region abounds in sweet flowers, and shrubs of every kind; their vines bear twelve times in the year, yielding fruit every month, their apples, pomegranates, and the rest of our autumnal produce, thirteen times, bearing twice in the month of Minos: instead of corn, the fields bring forth loaves of ready-made bread, like mushrooms: there are three hundred and sixty-five fountains of water round the city, as many of honey, and five hundred, rather smaller, of sweet-scented oil, besides seven rivers of milk, and eight of wine.

Their Symposia are held in a place without the city, which they call the Elyfian Field; this is a most beautiful meadow, skirted by a large and thick wood, affording an agreeable shade to the guests, who repose on couches of flowers; the winds attend upon, and bring them every thing necessary, except wine, which is otherwise provided, for there are large trees on every side, made of the finest glass, the fruit of which are cups of various shapes and sizes; whoever comes to the entertainment gathers one or more of these cups, which immediately becomes full of wine, and so they drink of it, whilst the nightingales, and other birds of song, with their bills peck the flowers out of the neighbouring fields, and drop them on their heads; thus are they crowned with perpetual garlands: their manner of perfuming them is this; the clouds suck up the scented oils from the fountains and rivers, and the winds gently fanning them, distil it like soft dew on those who are assembled there; at supper they have music also, and singing, particularly the verses of Homer, who is himself generally at the feast, and sits next above Ulysses, with a chorus of youths and virgins: he is led in, accompanied by \* Eunomus the Locrian, Arion of Lesbos, Anacreon, and † Stesichorus, whom I saw there along with them, and who at length is reconciled to Helen: when they have finished their songs, another chorus begins

\* *Eunomus.*] A famous musician. Clemens Alexandrinus gives us a full account of him, to whom I refer the curious reader.

† *Stesichorus.*] This poet, we are told, wrote some severe verses on Helen, for which he was punished by Castor and Pollux with loss of sight; but on making his recantation in a palinode, his eyes were graciously restored to him. Lucian has affronted her still more grossly, by making her run away with Cinyrus; but he, we are to suppose, being not over superstitious, defied the power of Castor and Pollux.

of \* swans, swallows, and nightingales; and to these succeeds the sweet rustling of the Zephyrs, that whistle through the woods, and close the concert. What most contributes to their happiness is, that near the symposium are two fountains, the one of milk, the other of pleasure; from the first they drink at the beginning of the feast, there is nothing afterwards but joy and festivity.

I will now tell you what men of renown I met with there; and first, there were all the demi-gods, and all the heroes that fought at Troy, except † Ajax the Locrian, who alone it seems was condemned to suffer for his crimes in the habitations of the wicked; then there were of the Barbarians, both the Cyrus's, Anacharsis the Scythian, ‡ Zamolxis of Thrace, and † Numa the Italian; besides these I met with Lycurgus the Spartan, Phocion and Tellus of Athens, and all the wise men, except § Periander. I saw also Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, prating with Nestor and Palamedes; near him were Hyacinthus of Sparta, Narcissus the Thespian, Hyllas, and several other || beauties; he seemed very fond of Hyacinthus; some things were laid to his charge; it was even reported that Rhadamanthus was very angry with him, and threatened to turn him out of the island, if he continued to play the fool, and would not leave off his irony and farcasm: of all the philosophers, ¶ Plato alone was not to be found there, but it seems he lived in a republic of his own building, and which was governed by laws framed by himself. Aristippus and Epicurus were

\* *Swans.*] Nothing appears more ridiculous to a modern reader than the perpetual encomiums on the musical merit of swans and swallows, which we meet with in all the writers of antiquity. A proper account and explanation of this is, I think, amongst the desiderata of literature. There is an entertaining tract on this subject in the *Hist. de l'Acad.* tom. v. by M. Morin.

† *Ajax the Locrian.*] Who ravished Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, and priestess of Minerva, who sent a tempest, dispersed the Grecian navy in their return home, and sunk Ajax with a thunder-bolt.

‡ *Zamolxis.*] A scholar of Pythagoras.

† *Numa.*] The second king of Rome.

§ *Periander.*] One of the seven sages, but excepted against by Lucian, because he was king of Corinth, and a tyrant.

|| *Beauties.*] A malevolent sneer at Socrates, who, if we credit our severe satirist, had other pleasures in the company of beautiful young men, besides that of instructing them: though this is, most probably, an aspersion on the character of that noble philosopher, which he never deserved.

¶ *Plato.*] See his *Treatise de Republica*. His quitting Elysiun, to live in his own republic, is a stroke of true humour.

in

in the highest esteem here, as the most polite, benevolent, and convivial of men. Even Æsop, the Phrygian, was here, whom they made use of by way of buffoon. Diogenes of Sinope had so wonderfully changed his manners in this place, that he married Lais, the harlot, danced and sung, got drunk, and played a thousand freaks. Not one Stoic did I see amongst them, they, it seems, were not yet got up to the top of the high \* hill of Virtue; and as to Chryſippus, we were told that he was not to enter the island till he had taken a fourth dose of hellebore. The Academicians, we heard, were very desirous of coming here, but they stood doubting and deliberating about it, neither were they quite certain whether there was such a place as Elysium or not; perhaps they were afraid of Rhadamanthus's † judgment on them, as decisive judgments are what they would never allow; many of them, it is reported, followed those who were coming to the island, but being too lazy to proceed, turned back when they were got half way.

Such were the principal persons whom I met with here. Achilles is had in the greatest honour among them, and next to him Theseus. With regard to love-affairs, they think there is nothing ‡ indecent in doing what they please before every body. As to the boys, Socrates swore he meant no harm; and yet, if we credit Narcissus and Hyacinthus, he forswore himself. The women are common to all; their love is only Platonic. \* \* \*

Two or three days after my arrival I met with the poet Homer, and both of us being quite at leisure, asked him several questions, and amongst the rest, where he was born, that, as I informed him, having been long a matter of dispute amongst us: we were very ignorant, indeed, he said, for some had made him a Chian, others a native of Smyrna, others of Colophon; but that, after all, he was a Babylonian, and amongst them was called Tigranes, though, after being a hostage in Greece, they had changed his name to Homer. I then asked him about those of his verses which are rejected as spurious, and whether they were his or not. He said, they were all his own; which made me laugh at the nonsense of Zenodotus, and

\* *High hill.*] Alluding to a passage in Hesiod, already quoted.

† *Judgment.*] Lucian laughs at the Sceptics, though he was himself one of them.

‡ *Indecent.*] Entertaining, probably, the same notions, with regard to this point, as the inhabitants of Otaheite. See Hawksworth's Voyage. Lucian, indeed, speaks broadly out, and quite in the Otaheite style.—Miscent corpora publice & in conspectu omnium, cum mutieribus pariter & cum maribus, & nequaquam malum hoc illis videtur. The learned reader will see I have softened it a little in the translation.

Aristarchus,



Aristarchus, the grammarians. I then asked him how he came to begin his Iliad with the wrath of Achilles; he said, it was all by chance. I desired likewise to know whether, as it was generally reported, he wrote the Odyssey before the Iliad? He said no. It is commonly said he was blind, but I soon found he was not so: for he made use of his eyes, and looked at me, so that I had no reason to ask him that question: whenever I found him disengaged, I took the opportunity of conversing with him, and he very readily entered into discourse with me, especially after the victory which he obtained over Thersites, who had accused him of turning him into ridicule in some of his verses; the cause was heard before Rhadamanthus, and Homer came off victorious. Ulysses pleaded for him.

I met also Pythagoras the Samian, who arrived in these regions after his soul had gone a long round in the bodies of several animals; having been changed seven times. All his right side was of gold, and there was some dispute whether he should be called Pythagoras or Euphorbus. Empedocles came likewise, who looked fadden and roasted all over: he desired admittance; but though he begged hard for it, was rejected.

A little time after, the games came on, which they call here † *Thanatufia*. Achilles presided for the fifth time, and Theseus for the seventh. A narrative of the whole would be tedious, I shall only, therefore, recount a few of the principal circumstances in the wrestling match; Carus, a descendant of Hercules, conquered Ulysses at the boxing match. Areus the Ægyptian, who was buried at Corinth, and Epeus contended, but neither got the victory. The Pancratia was not proposed amongst them. In the race I do not remember who had the superiority. In poetry Homer was far beyond them all; Hesiod, however, got a prize. The reward to all was a garland of peacock's feathers.

When the games were over, word was brought that the prisoners in Tartarus had broke loose, overcome the guard, and were proceeding to take possession of the island under the command of ‡ *Phalaris* the Agrigentine,

† *Thanatufia*.] Death-games, or, games after death, in imitation of wedding-games, funeral-games, &c.

‡ *Phalaris*.] The famous tyrant of Agrigentum, renowned for his ingenious contrivance of roasting his enemies in a brazen bull, and not less memorable for some excellent Epistles, which set a wit and scholar together by the ears concerning the genuineness of them. See the famous contest between Bentley and Boyle.

Bufris

\* *Bufris* of Ægypt, † *Diomede* the Thracian, ‡ *Scyron*, and *Pityocamptes*. As soon as *Rhadamanthus* heard of it, he dispatched the heroes to the shore, conducted by *Thefeus*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax Telamonius*, who was now returned to his senses. A battle ensued, wherein the heroes were victorious, owing principally to the valour of *Achilles*. *Socrates*, who was placed in the right wing, behaved much better than he had done at § *Delius* in his life-time, for when the enemy approached he never fled, nor so much as turned his face about; he had a very extraordinary present made him, as the reward of his courage, no less than a fine spacious garden near the city; here he summoned his friends and disputed, calling the place by the name of the Academy of the Dead. They then bound the prisoners, and sent them back to *Tartarus*, to suffer double punishment. *Homer* wrote an account of this battle, and gave it me to shew it to our people when I went back; but I lost it afterwards, together with a great many other things: it began thus,

Sing, Mufe, the battles of the heroes dead —

The campaign thus happily finished, they made an entertainment to celebrate the victory, which, as is usual amongst them, was a bean-feast; *Pythagoras* alone absented himself on that day, and fasted, holding in abomination the wicked custom of eating beans.

Six months had now elapsed, when a new and extraordinary affair happened. *Cinyrus*, the son of *Scyntharus*, a tall, well-made, handsome youth, fell in love with *Helen*, and she no less desperately with him. They were often nodding and drinking to one another at the public feasts, and would frequently rise up and walk out together alone into the wood. The violence of his passion, joined to the impossibility of possessing her any other way, put *Cinyrus* on the resolution of running away with her. She imagined that they might easily get off to some of the adjacent islands, either to *Phellus*, or *Ty-*

\* *Bufris*.] Who sacrificed to Jupiter all the strangers that came into his kingdom—*hospites violabat*, says *Seneca*, ut eorum sanguine pluviam eliceret, cujus penuria Ægyptus novem annis laboraverat.—A most ingenious contrivance.

† *Diomede*.] A king of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh.

‡ *Scyron*.] *Scyron* and *Pityocamptes* were two famous robbers, who used to seize on travellers, and commit the most horrid cruelties upon them. They were slain by *Thefeus*. See *Plutarch's* life of *Thefeus*.

§ *Delius*.] Where he ran away, but, as we are told, in very good company. See *Diog. Laert.* *Strabo*, &c.

roeffa. He selected three of the bravest of our crew to accompany them; never mentioning the design to his father, who he knew would never consent to it; but, the first favourable opportunity, put it in execution, and one night, when I was not with them (for it happened that I staid late at the feast, and slept there), carried her off. Menelaus, rising in the middle of the night, and perceiving that his wife was not in bed with him, made a dreadful noise about it, and, taking his brother along with him, proceeded immediately to the king's palace. At break of day the guards informed him that they had seen a vessel, a good distance from land: he immediately put fifty heroes on board a ship, made out of one large piece of the asphodelus, with orders to pursue them. They made all the sail they possibly could, and about noon came up with, and seized on them, just as they were entering into the milky sea, close to Tyroeffa; so near were they to making their escape: the pursuers threw a rofy chain over the vessel, and brought her home again. Helen began to weep, blushed, and hid her face. Rhadamanthus asked Cinyrus, and the rest of them, if they had any more accomplices: they told him, they had none; he then ordered them to be chained, whipped with mallows, and sent to Tartarus.

It was now determined that we should stay no longer on the island than the time limited; and the very next day was fixed for our departure: this gave me no little concern, and I wept to think I must leave so many good things, and be once more a wanderer. They endeavoured to administer consolation to me, by assuring me that in a few years I should return to them again; they even pointed out the seat that should be allotted to me, and which was near the best and worthiest inhabitants of these delightful mansions. I addressed myself to Rhadamanthus, and humbly intreated him to inform me of my future fate, and let me know, beforehand, whether I should travel: he told me, that after many toils and dangers, I should at last return in safety to my native country, but would not point out the time when: he then shewed me the neighbouring islands, five of which appeared near to me, and a sixth at a distance; those next to you, said he, where you see a great fire burning, are the habitations of the wicked; the sixth is the city of dreams; behind that lies the island of Calypso, which you cannot see yet. When you get beyond these you will come to a large tract of land, inhabited by \* those who live on the side of the earth directly opposite

\* *Tboſe, &c.*] The antipodes. We never heard whether Lucian performed this voyage.  
D'Ablancourt,

posite to you, there you will suffer many things, wander through several nations, and meet with some very savage and unfociable people, and at length get into another region.

Having said thus, he took a root of mallow out of the earth, and putting it into my hand, bade me remember, when I was in any danger, to call upon that; and added, moreover, that if, when I came to the Antipodes, I took care "never to stir the fire with a sword, never to eat lupines, or have any thing to do with a woman above two and twenty," I might have hopes of returning to the Island of the Blessed.

I then got every thing ready for the voyage, supped with, and took my leave of them. Next day, meeting Homer, I begged him to make me a couple of verses for an inscription, which he did, and I fixed them on a little column of beryl, at the mouth of the harbour: the inscription was as follows,

Dear to the gods, and favourite of heav'n,  
Here Lucian liv'd: to him alone 'twas giv'n,  
Well-pleas'd these happy regions to explore,  
And back returning, seek his native shore.

I staid that day, and the next set sail; the heroes attending to take their leaves of us; when Ulysses, unknown to Penelope, slipped a letter into my hand, for Calypso, at the island of Ogygia. Rhadamanthus was so obliging as to send with us Nauplius the pilot, that, if we stopped at the neighbouring islands, and they should lay hold on us, he might acquaint them, that we were only on our passage to another place.

As soon as we got out of the sweet-scented air, we came into another that smelt of asphaltus, pitch, and sulphur burning together, with a most intolerable stench, as of burned carcases; the whole element above us was dark and dismal, distilling a kind of pitchy dew upon our heads: we heard the found of stripes, and the yellings of men in torment. We saw but one of these islands; that which we landed on I will give you some description of: every part of it was steep and filthy, abounding in rocks and rough mountains; we crept along, over precipices full of thorns and briars, and, passing through a most horrid country, came to the dungeon, and place of punishment, which we beheld with an admiration full of horror: the ground

D'Ablancourt, however, his French translator, in his continuation of the true history, has done it for him; not without some humour, though it is by no means equal to the original.

was strewed with swords and prongs, and close to us were three rivers, one of mire, another of blood, and another of fire, immense and unpassable, that flowed in torrents, and rolled like waves in the sea: it had many fish in it, some like torches, others resembling live coals; which they called *lychnisci*. There is but one entrance into the three rivers, and at the mouth of them stood, as porter, Timon of Athens. By the assistance, however, of our guide, Nauplius, we proceeded, and saw several \* punished, as well kings as private persons, and amongst these some of our old acquaintance: we saw † Cinyrus, hung up by a certain part, and roasting there. Our guides gave us the history of several of them, and told us what they were punished for: those, we observed, suffered most severely, who in their life-times had told lies, or written what was not true, amongst whom were Ctesias the Cnidian, Herodotus, and many others. When I saw these I began to conceive good hopes of hereafter, as I am not conscious of ever having told a story.

Not able to bear any longer such melancholy spectacles, we took our leave of Nauplius, and returned to our ship. In a short time after we had a view, but confused and indistinct, of the Island of Dreams, which itself was not unlike a dream, for as we approached towards it, it seemed as it were to retire and fly from us. At last, however, we got up to it, and entered the harbour, which is called ‡ Hypnus, near the ivory gates, where there is a harbour dedicated to the § cock. We landed late in the evening, and saw several dreams of various kind. I propose, however, at present, to give you an account of the place itself, which no body has ever written about, except Homer, whose description is very imperfect.

Round the island is a very thick wood; the trees are all tall poppies, or || mandragoræ, in which are a great number of bats; for these are the only

\* *Punished.*] Voltaire has improved on this passage, and given us a very humorous account of les Habitans de l'Enfer, in his wicked Pucelle.

† *Cinyrus.*] Who, the reader will remember, had just before ran off with Helen, and was unfortunately caught in the fact.

‡ *Hypnus.*] Greek, ὕπνος, sleep.

§ *The cock.*] As herald of the morn.

|| *Mandragoræ.*] A root which infused is supposed to promote sleep, consequently very proper for the Island of dreams.

— Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

See Shakspeare's Othello.

birds

birds they have here: there is likewise a river which they call \* *Nyctiporus*, and round the gates two fountains; the name of one is † *Negretos*, and of the other ‡ *Pannychia*. The city has a high wall, of all the colours of the rainbow. It has not two gates, as § *Homer* tells us, but four, two of which look upon the plain of Indolence, one made of iron, the other of brick: through these are said to pass all the dreams that are frightful, bloody, and melancholy; the other two, fronting the sea and harbour, one of horn, the other, which we came through, of ivory: on the right hand, as you enter the city, is the temple of Night, who, together with the cock, is the principal object of worship amongst them. This is near the harbour; on the left is the palace of Somnus, for he is their sovereign, and under him are two viceroys, || *Taraxion*, the son of *Matæogenes*, and ¶ *Plutocles*, the son of *Phantasion*. In the middle of the market-place stands a fountain, which they call † *Careotis*, and two temples of Truth and Falsehood: there is an oracle here, at which *Antiphon* presides as high-priest; he is inventor of the dreams, an honourable employment, which *Somnus* bestowed upon him.

The dreams themselves are of different kinds, some long, beautiful, and pleasant, others little and ugly; there are likewise some golden ones, others poor and mean; some winged and of an immense size, others tricked out as it were for pomps and ceremonies, for gods and kings; some we met with that we had seen at home; these came up to and saluted us as their old acquaintance, whilst others putting us first to sleep, treated us most magni-

\* *Nyctiporus*.] Night-wanderers.

† *Negretus*.] Gr. νεγρητος, inexpectatus; unawaked, or wakeful.

‡ *Pannychia*.] Gr. παννυχια, pernox, all night.

§ *Homer*.] Two portals firm the various phantoms keep;  
Of ev'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain  
Of winged lies, a light phantastic train;  
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,  
And columns fair, incas'd with polish'd horn;  
Where images of truth for passage wait.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, B. xix. l. 637.

See also *Virgil* who has pretty closely imitated his master.

|| *Taraxion*.] Gr. ταραξιωνα τον ματαογενες, terriculum vanipori; Fright, the son of vain-hope, or Disappointment.

¶ *Plutocles*.] Gr. πλυτοκλα τον φαντασιωνες, divitiglorium, the pride of riches; i. e. arising from riches, son of phantasy, or deceit.

† *Carcotis*.] Gr. καρωτιν. gravi-somnem, heavy-sleep.

ficently, and promised that they would make us kings and noblemen ; some carried us into our own country, shewed us our friends and relations, and brought us back again the same day.

Thirty days and nights we remained in this place, being most luxuriously feasted, and fast asleep all the time, when we were suddenly awaked by a violent clap of thunder, and immediately ran to our ship, put in our stores, and set sail. In three days we reached the island of Ogygia. Before we landed, I broke open the letter, and read the contents, which were as follows :

#### U L Y S S E S T O C A L Y P S O .

“ This comes to inform you, that after my departure from your coasts in the vessel which you were so kind as to provide me with, I was ship-wrecked, and saved with the greatest difficulty by Leucothea, who conveyed me to the country of the Phæacians, and from thence I got home ; where I found a number of suitors about my wife, revelling there at my expence. I destroyed every one of them, and was afterwards slain myself by Telegonus, a son whom I had by Circe. I still lament the pleasures which I left behind at Ogygia, and the immortality which you promised me : if I can ever find an opportunity, I will certainly make my escape from hence, and come to you.”

This was the whole of the epistle, except, that at the end of it, he recommended us to her protection.

On our landing, at a little distance from the sea I found the cave, as described by Homer, and in it Calypso, spinning : she took the letter, put it in her bosom, and wept ; then invited us to sit down, and treated us magnificently. She then asked us several questions about Ulysses, and enquired whether Penelope was handsome and as chaste as Ulysses had reported her to be ? we answered her in such a manner as we thought would please her best ; and then returning to our ship, slept on board close to the shore.

In the morning, a brisk gale springing up, we set sail. For two days we were tossed about in a storm ; the third drove us on the pirates of Colocynthos. These are a kind of savages from the neighbouring islands, who commit depredations on all that sail that way. They have large ships made out of gourds, six cubits long ; when the fruit is dry, they hollow and work it into this shape, using reeds for masts, and making their sails out of the leaves of the plant. They joined the crews of two ships and attacked us, wounding many of us with cucumber seeds, which they threw instead of stones. After  
fighting

fighting some time without any material advantage on either side, about noon we saw just behind them some of the \* Caryonautæ, whom we found to be avowed enemies to the † Colocynthites, who, on their coming up, immediately quitted us, and fell upon them. We hoisted our sail, and got off, leaving them to fight it out by themselves: the Caryonautæ were most probably the conquerors, as they were more in number, for they had five ships, which besides were stronger and better built than those of the enemy, being made of the shells of nuts cut in two, and hollowed, every half nut being fifty paces long. As soon as we got out of their fight, we took care of our wounded men, and from that time were obliged to be always armed and prepared in case of sudden attack. We had too much reason to fear; for scarce was the sun set, when we saw about twenty men from a desert island advancing towards us, each on the back of a large dolphin. These were pirates also: the dolphins carried them very safely, and seemed pleased with their burthen, neighing like horses. When they came up, they stood at a little distance, and threw dried cuttle-fish, and crabs-eyes at us; but we, in return, attacking them with our darts and arrows, many of them were wounded, and unable to stand it any longer, they retreated to the island.

In the middle of the night, the sea being quite calm, we unfortunately struck upon a halcyon's nest, of an immense size, being about sixty stadia in circumference: the halcyon was sitting upon it, and was herself not much less: as she flew off, she was very near over-setting our ship with the wind of her wings, and as she went, made a most hideous groaning. As soon as it was day, we took a view of the nest, which was like a great ship, and built of trees; in it were five hundred eggs, each of them longer than a hog'shead of Chios. We could hear the young ones croaking within: so, with a hatchet we broke one of the eggs, and took the chicken out unfledged; it was bigger than twenty vulturs put together.

When we were got about two hundred stadia from the nest, we met with some surprising prodigies. A cheniscus came, and sitting on the prow of our ship, clapped his wings and made a noise. Our pilot Scintharus had been bald for many years, when on a sudden, his hair came again. But what was still more wonderful, the mast of our ship sprouted out, sent forth several branches, and bore fruit at the top of it, large figs, and grapes not

\* *Caryonautæ.*] Nut-failers; or, failers in a nut-shell.

† *Colocynthites.*] Those who failed in the gourds.

quite



quite ripe. We were greatly astonished, as you may suppose, and prayed most devoutly to the gods, to avert the evil which was portended.

We had not gone above five hundred stadia farther, before we saw an immensely large and thick wood of pines and cypruses; we took it for a tract of land, but it was all a deep sea, planted with trees that had no root, which stood, however, unmoved, upright, and, as it were, swimming in it: approaching near to it, we began to consider what we could do best; there was no failing between the trees, which were close together, nor did we know how to get back. I got upon one of the highest of them, to see how far they reached, and perceived that they continued for about fifty stadia or more, and beyond that it was all sea again: we resolved, therefore, to drag the ship up to the top-boughs, which were very thick, and so convey it along, which, by fixing a great rope to it, with no little toil and difficulty, we performed; got it up, spread our sails, and were driven on by the wind. It put me in mind of that verse of Antimachus the poet, where he says,

The ship sail'd smoothly through the sylvan sea.

We at length got over the wood, and, letting our ship down in the same manner, fell into smooth clear water, till we came to a horrid precipice hollow and deep, resembling the cavity made by an earthquake, we furled our sails, or should soon have been swallowed up in it. Stooping forward, and looking down, we beheld a gulph of at least a thousand stadia deep, a most dreadful and amazing sight, for the sea as it were was split in two. Looking towards our right hand, however, we saw a small bridge of water that joined the two seas, and flowed from one into the other; we got the ship in here, and with great labour rowed her over, which we never expected.

From thence we passed into a smooth and calm sea, wherein was a small island with a good landing-place, and which was inhabited by the Bucephali; a savage race of men, with bulls heads and horns, as they paint the minotaur. As soon as we got on shore we went in search of water and provision, for we had none left; water we found soon, but nothing else: we heard, indeed, a kind of lowing at a distance, and expected to find a herd of oxen, but, advancing a little farther, perceived that it came from the men. As soon as they saw us, they ran after and took two of our companions, the rest of us got back to the ship as fast as we could. We then got our arms, and, determined to revenge our friends, attacked them as they were dividing the flesh of our poor companions: they were soon thrown into confusion and

and totally routed; we flew about fifty of them, and took two prisoners, whom we returned with. All this time we could get no provision: some were for putting the captives to death: but not approving of this, I kept them bound, till the enemy should send ambassadors to redeem them, which they did; for we soon heard them lowing in a melancholy tone, and most humbly beseeching us to release their friends. The ransom agreed on, was a quantity of cheeses, dried fish, and onions, together with four stags, each having three feet, two behind and one before. In consideration of this, we released the prisoners, staid one day there, and set sail.

We soon observed the fish swimming and the birds flying round about us, with other signs of our being near the land; and in a very little time after, saw some men in the sea, who made use of a very uncommon method of sailing, being themselves both ships and passengers. I will tell you how they did it; they laid themselves all along in the water, they fastened to their \* middle a sail, and holding the lower part of the rope in their hands, were carried along by the wind. Others, we saw, sitting on large casks, driving two dolphins who were yoked together, and drew the carriage after them: these did not run away from, nor attempt to do us any injury; but rode round about us without fear, observing our vessel with great attention, and seeming greatly astonished at it.

It was now almost dark when we came in sight of a small island inhabited by women, as we imagined, for such they appeared to us, being all young and handsome, with long garments reaching to their feet; they were gayly dressed, like so many harlots, and with great freedom came up to and embraced us: every one took her man home with her, to entertain him. The island was called † Cabalusa, and the city Hydamardia. I stopped a little, for my mind misgave me, and looking round, saw several bones and skulls of men on the ground; to make a noise, call my companions together, and take up arms, I thought would be imprudent. I pulled out my ‡ mallow,

\* *Their middle.*] Lucian says, *ορθωσαντες τα αιδια, μεγαλα δε φερουσιν, εξ αυτων οθονη πετασαντες*, &c. which the learned reader, if he thinks proper, may interpret for himself.

† *Cabalusa.*] and Hydamardia, are hard words which the commentators confess they can make nothing of. Various, however, are the derivations, and numerous the guesses made about them. The English reader may, if he pleases, call them not improperly, especially the first, Cabalistic.

‡ *My Mallow.*] Which the reader will remember was given him by way of charm, on his departure from the happy island.

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therefore, and prayed most devoutly that I might escape the present evil; and a little time afterwards, as one of the strangers was helping us to something, I perceived, instead of a woman's foot, the hoof of an afs: upon this, I drew my sword, seized on and bound her, and insisted on her telling me the truth with regard to every thing about them. She informed me, much against her will, "that she and the rest of the inhabitants were women belonging to the sea, that they were called \* Onoscileas, and that they lived upon travellers who came that way. We make them drunk, said she, get them to bed, and when they are asleep, make an end of them." As soon as she had told me this, I left her bound there, and getting upon the house, called out to my companions, brought them together, shewed them the bones, and led them in to her; when on a sudden she dissolved away into water, and disappeared. I dipped my sword into it by way of experiment, and the water turned into blood.

We proceeded immediately to our vessel and departed. At break of day we had a view of that continent, which we suppose lies directly opposite to our own. Here, after performing our religious rites, and putting up our prayers, we consulted together about what was to be done next. Some were of opinion, that after making a little descent on the coast, we should turn back again; others were for leaving the ship there, and marching up into the heart of the country, to explore the inhabitants. Whilst we were thus disputing, a violent storm arose, and driving our ship towards the land, split it in pieces. We picked up our arms, and what little things we could lay hold on, and with difficulty swam ashore.

Such were the adventures which befel us during our voyage, at sea, in the islands, in the air, in the whale, amongst the heroes, in the land of dreams; and lastly, amongst the Bucephali, and the Onoscileæ; what we met with on the other side of the world, shall be related † in the ensuing books.

\* *Onoscileas.*] Gr. ονοσκελεας, asini-cruras, afs-legged.

† *In the ensuing books.*] The ensuing books never appeared. The true history like

The bear and fiddle,

Begins, but breaks off in the middle.

D'Ablancourt, as I observed above, has carried it on a little farther. There is still room for any ingenious modern to take the plan from Lucian, and improve upon it.

T H E  
T Y R A N T - K I L L E R.

*This Piece is ascribed to LUCIAN, and to be met with, I believe, in every Edition of his Works, though the Reader will not find a Grain of the Sal Atticum, or Lucianicum, in any Part of it. It seems, indeed, to be nothing but a juvenile Exercise, like the Declamations now written and spoke by our Young Men at both Universities. In which Case, it may possibly have been penned by LUCIAN for one of his Pupils. As considered in this Light, and in this only, we may receive it as his, without Injury to his Character. An affected Subtilty of Argument, and Tinsel Eloquence, runs through the whole, which smells strongly of the Schools, and points out the False Taste which began to prevail in the Age when LUCIAN lived, and which, soon after, overspread the World of Science and Literature. ERASMUS has taken the Trouble to write an Answer to the Tyrant-Killer, longer than LUCIAN's, and to say the Truth, almost as dull and uninteresting.*

**I**N one day, O reverend judges, I have slain two tyrants, one advanced in years, the other in the flower of youth, and prepared to commit more injuries; and for this I now appear before you, soliciting but one reward. The only tyrant-killer who ever destroyed two wicked men at one blow. The son fell by my sword, the father by his paternal affection for him. The tyrant suffered the punishment he deserved, by seeing his son slain before him, and was afterwards, wonderful to relate, forced to be his own tyrant-killer. The son perished by my hand, and, when dead himself, was the instrument of another murder: in his life, the partner of his father's crimes, and after death, his father's murderer. I alone have put an end to the tyranny, it is my sword alone which has done all. I have reversed the common method of slaying the base and wicked, I have slain the strongest and most powerful with my own hand, and left the weak old man to the sword alone. For deeds like these, I expect from you a double reward, and that I should have been paid for as many as I have slain. As I not only saved you from the present, but delivered you from the fear of future evils; made your liberty secure, and left no heir to perpetuate the same crimes hereafter. In the mean time, I find myself in danger of losing the reward of all my services; and I alone shall suffer by those laws, which I myself was the preserver of. My

adversary opposes me, not from his love of public justice, but because it should seem, he is concerned for those who are slain, and would revenge their death on him who destroyed them.

Permit me, reverend judges, to lay before you what you have yourselves experienced, the miseries of tyranny; thus shall ye be more sensible of the benefits which I have procured for you, and of the weight of those evils from which you are delivered. We have not, like others, groaned beneath one tyranny alone, nor borne the insolence of one master only, but felt the lash of two cruel tyrants. The old man was, indeed, much the more tolerable, more easily appeased, more slow to punishment, and with more prudence restrained those appetites and passions which his age did not permit him to indulge: he was not himself of so arbitrary a disposition, but from the first was urged on by his son, to acts of cruelty and oppression: to him he yielded in all things, being remarkable for his paternal affection, as his death sufficiently evinced. His son was every thing to him, and him he obeyed. Whatever act of injustice the son commanded, the father performed; when the son bade him, the father punished: the son, in short, tyrannized over the father, and the father was no more than an officer under the son, to do his will and minister to his desires. The young man, indeed, out of respect to his age, did not take the title of king, though he was, in effect, at the head of every thing. He took care to preserve the power in his hands, at the same time he was the source of every injury. He issued out orders to the guards, he repaired the bulwarks, he terrified the conspirators, cut off the oppressed and rebellious subjects, deflowered virgins, and abused the marriage-bed; murders, banishments, seizing of goods, tortures, injuries of every kind were his constant practice. The old man connived at all he did, and approved of it: it became at length too horrible to be suffered by us. When the evil affections of men have the power of empire to support them, they know no bounds. What most afflicted us was, that we knew our slavery must be of long duration, or rather without end; and that we should be delivered down from one wicked tyrant to another: others might comfort themselves, and say, This must end soon, he will die, and we shall be free. But we had no such hopes, for the successor was ready and prepared to take the empire: yet none of all those, who thought as I did, would dare to strike a stroke; all hopes of liberty were lost, and that tyranny was thought invincible, which had so many to support it.

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These things, however, did not terrify me, the difficulty of the task did not prevail on me to lay it aside, nor did the sight of danger alarm me with fear: I alone attacked this complex tyranny, I alone with my good sword, slew the tyrant; with death before my eyes, I determined with my own life to redeem the public freedom. When I came to the first strong tower, after slaying all the guards I met, and pushing through every obstacle, I made my way to the source of all our calamities, beheld the tyrant resisting with all his might, but, with many wounds, I at length overcame, and slew him.

My undertaking succeeded, and the tyranny was now at an end; from that moment we all were free: the old man alone remained, unguarded, and unarmed; his great defender now cut off, he was totally deserted, and was no longer worthy of a brave and powerful adversary. Thus, therefore, O judges, I said to myself, "Every thing is now well, every thing is done, all is happily finished; how is he to be punished who still survives? he is unworthy of me, and of this hand; it shall not, after so great and noble a deed, be disgraced: some more vulgar one shall be employed: nor shall he profit by this calamity: no, let him behold, and let him suffer; let the sword lie by him; to that I commit the rest." I determined on this, and left him: he acted as I thought he would, the tyrant slew himself, and thus crowned the deed.

I come, therefore, to you, with good tidings of joy and freedom, bidding you all to be of good cheer with me, who have established for you a democracy. Ye see the fruit of my labours, the city is freed from its wicked rulers; none tyrannises now amongst you; you may now bestow honours on whom you please, renew the course of justice, and dispute openly according to the laws. All this is the work of my hands, the effect of my bravery, all owing to that death which the father could not survive; for this I now solicit the reward that is due to me: not, that from mean and fordid avarice, not, that from the hopes of gain, I meant to serve my country; but that by your bounties, you may confirm the merit of my actions, nor detract from the honour of it, by with-holding that reward which it hath so amply deserved.

My adversary still denies that I have any right to ask this of you, that I am not the tyrant-killer. That I have not acted according to the law, and that something is still wanting to intitle me to the reward: but thus would I interrogate him: What more do you require of me? was I not willing? did I not go up? did I not slay him? did I not set you free? who now reigns?

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who now commands ? what mafter now threatens us ? hath any of the wicked doers escaped me ? none, you muft fay, none. Every thing is in peace, and the laws prevail. Freedom is uninterrupted, the democracy is eftablifhed, marriage is unreproached, our children are fearlefs, our virgins are fecure, and the whole city hath intituted public festivals to celebrate its common happinefs. Who is the author of all this ? who put an end to our calamities, and produced this happinefs ? if there be any more worthy of this honour than myfelf, to him I yield the reward : but I alone have done all this, I went through the danger ; I went up, I flew, I punifhed, I revenged myfelf on one, by the affiftance of another. Wherefore doft thou thus abufe my noble deeds ? wherefore wouldeft thou perfuade the people to be ungrateful fo me ?

But you did not (fays one,) flay the tyrant himfelf, and the law decrees the reward to the tyrant-killer. And where, tell me, is the difference between killing him one's felf, or being the caufe of his death ? furely none. All that the legiflator looked to, was the liberty and power of the people, and to free them from every injury ; this claimed the honour, and this merited the reward : this which you cannot deny but I performed : for if I deftroyed him, after whofe death the other could not furvive, I was doubtlefs the deftroyer of the other alfo ; the flaugter was mine, though by his own hand. Difpute no longer, therefore, on the manner of his death, nor how he fell ; but afk whether he yet lives, or is no more ? whether I gave him that which caufed him to be no more ? otherwife, you might as well difpute his title to the reward, who fhould kill the tyrant not with a fword, but with a ftone, a club, or any thing elfe. What if I had ftarved him to death, would you then have objected that I did not kill him with my own hand ; or fay, that fomething ftill was wanting according to the law, though the criminal would then have died a more cruel death. Adhere, therefore, to this only, afk this queftion alone, be inquisitive about nothing but this, Which of the evil doers is ftill alive ? what are we now afraid of ? where is even the remembrance of our woes ? if every thing is now pure, if every thing is peaceable ; it is only the part of a calumniator, to make ufe of the mere manner of the action, only to prevent its deferved reward.

If, from the length of a continued flavery, I have not forgot the laws, it is there faid, I think, that there are two caufes of death : if a man kills a perfon with his own hand, or if he forces another to do it, and is the caufe of his

his death, he is equally to be punished : and surely with the greatest justice, for the law considered the power given, equal to the fact itself. It is unnecessary, therefore, to enquire into the mode of doing it: The man who thus kills another, you acknowledge, should be punished, and would, by no means have him excused for it. Why, therefore, should not he for the same reason be rewarded, who has done, be the manner what it would, a public service? neither can you say that I did it by chance, and that this event happened beyond my expectation. What had I to fear, when the stronger of the two, and he who alone could resist me, was already slain? why did I leave the sword in his throat, if I had not foreseen what would happen? unless you will say, perhaps, that he who thus perished was not really the tyrant, nor was so called, neither if he died, would you have given any more rewards. Would you therefore, when the tyrant is slain, withhold the reward from him who slew him? what a ridiculous solicitude about nothing! why need you care how he died, if you enjoy your liberty? or, would you require any thing else of him, who has fixed the democracy for you? the law, as you acknowledge yourself, takes notice of the principal circumstance, and enquires concerning nothing else: why then should not he who has expelled the tyrant, receive the reward of a tyrant-killer? certainly he ought in justice to have it, for he substituted freedom in the room of slavery. There is no banishment here; no fear of future invasion. This action of mine has made a final destruction, cut off at once the whole race, and totally extirpated the evil.

And now enquire, I beseech you, whether I have omitted any one thing which the law prescribes, or if any thing be still wanting to fulfil it. First, and above all, it is necessary to have a brave and a daring soul, ready to go through every danger for the public good, and sacrifice its own safety to the honour of the state; have I in this been wanting, have I ever been softened or effeminate, did I lay aside the enterprize at the thoughts of difficulty or danger? Ye cannot say it; consider me, therefore, as only making the resolution, even if my attempt had not succeeded, and say whether I ought not to demand the reward: would it have been unreasonable even if I could not have done it, and another had slain him afterwards; if I had said, I, O fellow citizens, planned this enterprize, I pursued, and I attempted, I therefore merit the reward; what answer would you make me? But this I do not say; I say that I ascended into the fort, that I incurred many dangers,

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and performed many brave actions before I killed this youth. It was no easy thing for any man to get through the watch, to overcome the guards, and put so many to flight: these were great and noble deeds, the killing the tyrant himself was not so difficult a task, as to get the better of all those who defend and support him; when that is done the rest is easy; but there was no getting at him without first conquering those who were about him. I will say no more, but rest my cause on this; I gained the fort, I overcame the guards, I took away from the tyrant his support and defence, and left him naked and unarmed; am not I for this worthy of the reward, or will you still demand of me his life? Nor even if you should demand this, shall it be wanting; I returned not bloodless, but made a great and noble slaughter, even a youth in the prime of life, one who was formidable to all, one to whom he trusted every thing, and who alone was a better defence than all his guards; and after such and so many deeds as these, shall I remain disgraced and unrewarded? What if I had slain but one guard, what if I had destroyed but one of the tyrant's slaves who was dear to him; would it not have appeared a great thing to you, if any man had got up into the tower, and in the midst of all his guards, had slain one of his friends? But behold he is slain himself, even the son of our great enemy, the most cruel tyrant, the most implacable master, the most inhuman punisher, the most violent oppressor of the two, and, what to us was most dreadful, his heir and successor; who alone could multiply and extend our calamities hereafter: supposing that this alone were done, and that the tyrant himself had escaped, and was still alive; even for this only I demand the reward. What say ye? will ye allow it me? were ye not in dread of him? was he not your lord and master? was he not hateful? was he not intolerable?

Consider, therefore, and determine the affair: what my adversary requires of me I have performed: I have slain the tyrant by another slaughter, not indeed at one blow, which would have been to him far more desirable, but after I had tortured him with grief, after I had placed before him all that he held dear, a beloved son in the flower of his age, killed, and weltring in his blood; this was the worst of wounds a father could feel, this was a death worthy of the most cruel tyrant, this was a punishment suitable to such iniquity: to have died immediately, to have been deprived at once of sense and motion, without beholding such a spectacle, would have been a mercy which he did not deserve. Think not that I was ignorant, no man could be so,

so, of his fond attachment to his son; I well knew he could not long survive him: all parents have this affection for their children, and he above all, who considered him as the best prop and support of his power, as going through every danger for his father, and being, in short, his best security for the possession of his empire. I knew, if not from love and tenderness, from sorrow and despair he must soon perish, as well knowing that life could no longer be precious, when that power which his son alone could secure was taken from him. Every thing, therefore, pressed upon him, nature, grief, terror, despair, and the fear of that which was to come: these forces did I employ against him, and drove him to his last determination: he died miserably, deprived of his son, weeping, and afflicted, lamenting, indeed, but a short time, yet long enough to destroy a father, and, which was most dreadful, died by his own hand, the worst of all deaths, and infinitely more painful than if he had fallen by any other.

Where is my sword? who layeth claim to it? who carried it up into the tower? who laid it before the tyrant? O thou, my friend and partner in the noble deed, after all our dangers, how are we spurned and neglected! If for this sword, O citizens, I should ask the reward; if I should say, the tyrant left unarmed wished to die, and this my sword supplied him with the means, if this sword thus kindly assisted you in the restoration of your liberty, will you not think it worthy of honour and reward? Would you not recompence the master of so profitable an instrument, and inscribe his name in the list of those who had best deserved of the commonweal: would ye not hang up this sword in your temple, would you not worship it amongst your deities?

And now listen to me, whilst I tell you what most \* probably the tyrant did, and what he said before his death: when he beheld the wounds on every part of his son's body (for I wished to shock him as much as possible with the sight) he would cry out with agonies on the unhappy parent, who could only be a helpless spectator of his ruined family. For I, the principal actor in this tragedy, had left behind the scene the sword, and all that was necessary to fill up the melancholy catastrophe, when, beholding his expiring son, drenched in gore, with innumerable wounds, he cried out, "We die, my son, we perish, we are slain as tyrants: where is the murderer?"

\* *What most probably.*] It is plain from this single passage that the whole is nothing but a feigned transaction, something only that might have happened: the orator tells you not what the tyrant did say, but what he might have said, which confirms me in the opinion that this piece is merely a school-boy declamation.

for:

for what hath he reserved? to whom hath he delivered me, slain as I am, my son, through thee? Doth he despise thus an old man, and to punish me by slow degrees, thus extend my death, and prolong my torments? Thus saying, he grasped the sword (for he was unarmed, relying on his son's protection), this I had left ready for him on purpose; and, drawing it out of the wound, "before this (he cried), thou didst destroy, but now thou shalt assist me, now comfort a weeping father, and help this aged hand, slay a tyrant, and put an end to his miseries: O would to heaven I had lit sooner on thee, would I had fallen the first! Only as a tyrant I then had died with the consolation that I had left behind me an avenger: but now I perish childless, and have not even left a murderer to destroy me. How many wounds are here! How many deaths! What a variety of punishments, how many slaughters of tyrants!"

Ye have all seen the youth lying dead before you; no little work, nor easily accomplished. Ye have seen the old man by him, their blood mingled together, a libation to Jove the Deliverer; this is the work of my hand; ye have seen the sword itself, the instrument of vengeance, boasting, as it were, that it was not unworthy of its master, but had faithfully performed the office to which I had assigned it. This deed done by me is hitherto unparalleled. I abolished the whole tyranny, though, as in a tragedy, the parts were divided; I acted the first part, the son performed the second, the tyrant himself the third; and lastly, the sword ministered unto all.

T H E

T H E

## D I S I N H E R I T E D S O N .

*A young Man is renounced and cast off (for such is the literal Interpretation of the Word αποκηρυττομενος), by his Father (we are not told why or wherefore); he goes abroad and studies Physic; on his Return home, he finds his Father raving mad, visits, and cures him; in consequence of which he is taken in again, and they are reconciled. The Mother-in-law, being seized with Madness, the young Physician, though intreated by the Father, refuses to prescribe any Thing for her; he is again cast off and banished: he then appeals to the Laws for Redress. This, according to LUCIAN's Commentators, and Title-Mongers, is the Subject of the Piece before us, which has as little Wit or Humour to recommend it as the Tyrant-Killer. LUCIAN, the supposed Author, was, we know, originally a Lawyer, though, for Reasons frequently hinted in his Works, he declined the Profession. He might, however, have been applied to by the young Man to draw up this Defence, which may thus, with some Degree of Probability be ascribed to him. After all, it is nothing more than a dry uninteresting Pleading before a Court of Judicature: we are not, therefore, to wonder at the Dullness of it.*

**I**N this prosecution of my father's, O reverend judges, there is nothing new or uncommon, nor is this the first time that he has been unreasonably incensed against me; he is always ready to appeal to the laws, and flies, as usual, to this tribunal: my misfortune is, indeed, singular and extraordinary, because, guiltless as I am myself, I must suffer for the imperfection of the art which I profess, if it doth not implicitly obey his commands. Can any thing be more absurd and ridiculous than to expect I can cure, not as far as my art will permit me, but as certainly, and as often as he desires me? Would to heaven I could boast of a medicine that could cure men, not only when they were mad, but when they were angry without a cause! then might I easily remove my father's disorder. His madness is undoubtedly gone off, but his passion is more furious, and, which is worst of all, he seems in his senses to every body else, and only rages against me, who had relieved him. You see how I am rewarded for it, by a second banishment from his house and family, as if I was only called back for a short time, to be doubly disgraced by another cruel rejection,

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When I think I can be of service, I never wait to be sent for, I came therefore uncalled to his assistance : but where there are no hopes of success I never chuse to act at all. With regard to this woman, I dare not interfere : if I had not succeeded, what must I have expected from him, when I am thus treated, only for not attempting it ! I am sincerely concerned at the disorder of my mother-in-law, because she is a good woman. I am concerned on account of my father, who is truly unhappy about her ; and, above all, I am concerned on my own account, because it appears as if I refused on purpose, though my reason of prescribing nothing to her is, in reality, because her distemper is so violent that it is not in the power of art to remove it.

For what reasons I was first banished is but too apparent from his present treatment of me. To his former accusations the life which I afterwards led is a sufficient answer, and what he now urges against me will be easily refuted by what I am going to mention. I, who was so intractable and refractory ; I, who brought shame and disgrace on my father and family, made no answer to all his violent exclamations against me ; when I left his house, I thought the best testimony in my favour would be my future life, and that it would appear how much I abhorred those crimes which he imputed to me, when I employed myself in the most useful studies, and kept company with the best and wisest men. I even then foresaw what would happen, and that his mind would not long continue sound, who could be thus unjustly angry with his son, and accuse him of crimes which he never committed. Many others were likewise of opinion that the furious threats which he uttered, his unreasonable hatred, his bitter reproaches, his unjust condemnation of me, were preludes to the ensuing disorder, and marks of future insanity ; and I then thought I should one day stand in need of the medical art to assist me in the cure of it.

I went abroad, therefore, and by consulting the ablest physicians in foreign countries, and pursuing my studies with indefatigable toil and assiduity, at length made myself master of the art : on my return home I found my father raving mad, and given over by all our own physicians, who had not gone to the bottom of things, nor entered into the nature of diseases with sufficient accuracy and attention. I performed the part of a good son, thought no more of the banishment I had suffered, nor did I wait till I was sent for by him. I did not even condemn his behaviour to me ; I thought it could

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not properly be imputed to him, but considered all to have been, as I before observed, the consequence of his disorder; I went, therefore, to him uncalled: I did not, indeed, undertake to cure him immediately, for that is not our custom, nor is it warranted by our art, which teaches us first to consider whether the disease is curable, or beyond the reach of medicine, and then if it is fit to be taken in hand, with all diligence we enter upon it, and endeavour to save the patient: but if, on the other hand, we perceive that the distemper has plainly got the better, and is insuperable, we never attempt any thing, observing the laws of the ancient masters in the science, who say, that we should never touch the fallen. Seeing, however, that there were still hopes of my father, and that his distemper was not yet beyond the limits of a possible cure, after the most diligent attention, I boldly poured in my medicines on him, though many who were present were very doubtful of their efficacy, found fault with my method of cure, and seemed ready enough to abuse me for it: my mother-in-law was present at the time, in great fears and despondency, not that she had any aversion to me, but that she was terrified, as well knowing how very ill he had been: she had been perpetually with him, and the disease was as it were familiar to her. I was not, however, deterred; well assured that the symptoms I relied on could not fail, and that my art would not deceive me, I depended, therefore, on the cure from the first moment I undertook it: though many of my friends endeavoured to dissuade me from attempting it, suggesting that if I should not succeed, it would confirm the surmise, that I did it on purpose to be revenged on my father, and that I bore in mind the treatment which I had received from him. In fine, he recovered, came to his senses, and knew every thing as well as before; every body there was astonished; my mother-in-law was lavish in my praise, and seemed extremely rejoiced, both at my success, and his recovery. With regard to himself, I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that as soon as he had heard what passed from those about him, he immediately, of his own accord, recalled the banishment he had inflicted on me, and took me back again as his son, and called me his worthy deliverer, confessing that he had now experienced my goodness, and excusing every thing that was past. Many good men, who were present at this scene, rejoiced at it, though it gave no little uneasiness to others, who would rather see a son banished than restored: some of these changed colour, seemed angry and disturbed, as is frequently the case where envy and hatred prevail.

vail. We, as you may suppose, embraced each other with mutual pleasure and satisfaction.

In a little time after, my mother-in-law fell ill of a most dreadful and unaccountable disorder, for such I observed it to be from the very beginning of it; it was not a common temporary madness, but an old, inveterate and fixed distemper of the mind, which broke out on a sudden: there were many symptoms attending it, which plainly shewed that it was incurable; one thing, indeed, very remarkable in this woman's madness was, that, whilst others were present, it was sometimes tolerably mild and calm, but if at any time she saw a physician, or even heard the name of one, the disorder was prodigiously increased, a certain sign, amongst many others, that it could never be conquered. I saw it with the greatest concern, and pitied the woman, as being, which she did not merit, peculiarly unfortunate. My father, notwithstanding, who, unskilful as he was, neither knew the foundation nor the danger of her disease, commanded me immediately to undertake the cure of her, and to administer the same remedy, concluding that it must be the same species of madness, and, consequently, required the same medicine to remove it. When I informed him, which was the truth, that it was impossible to save her, and that she must be overcome by the disorder, he was angry, flew into a violent passion, and said that I withdrew my assistance on purpose, and sacrificed the woman; thus accusing me for the insufficiency of my art: but it is usual with the unhappy and distressed to be angry with those who tell them the truth. I will plead the cause, however, as well as I can, both for my own sake, and for that of the art which I profess.

To begin, therefore, with the law of banishment, and convince him that he hath not the same power over me as he had before: the legislature hath not permitted fathers to banish or disinherit all their children, nor as often as they please, nor for every cause; but as it hath given parents leave to be angry with their children, so hath it likewise provided that children shall not suffer without a sufficient reason assigned for it: it has not allowed the punishment to be inflicted without judgement being first given: it hath therefore established a tribunal, and appointed judges, who are to determine without favour or affection; for often, it knew, frivolous causes of anger were produced, credit often given to calumny and falsehood, to a common servant, or a malicious woman: it hath therefore decreed, that every thing should

should be enquired into, that sons should not be condemned unheard; but that all should be submitted to an equitable and candid examination.

Since, therefore, the accusation alone is in the power of the father, and it is in your's alone, O judges, to determine whether it be just and well-founded; the subject of his present repentment you need not at present take into consideration, but first enquire whether he, who has already exercised the paternal authority, availed himself of the law, and condemned his son to banishment, can again exercise the same right, after he had taken off the banishment, and restored him to favour. I affirm that it would be the highest injustice thus to multiply children's punishments, perpetuate their fears, and repeat their condemnation, that the law should thus first coincide with the father's repentment, a little afterwards be totally relaxed, and then again take place, turning every thing backwards and forwards at different times, just as the parents should think proper. It is certainly right and equitable that a power of punishing should be lodged in the father; but when he has exercised that power according to the law, when he has satisfied his repentment, when, after that, he has changed his opinion of the offender, and received him back as good and worthy, in this opinion he should remain, not revoking his sentence, nor retracting his judgment. It is impossible to say whether a child will turn out good or bad; it is proper, therefore, that those who bring them up should have the power of expelling such as act in a manner unbecoming their birth and family, but when not compelled by necessity, but of his own accord, a father shall receive a son, whose conduct he approves, how can he afterwards reverse his opinions, or what more power can the law allow him? for thus would the legislator argue with you, "if he behaved ill, and deserved banishment, why did you recall, why did you take him into your house again? why did you abrogate the law? You were free, and at liberty to do it or not as you thought proper. You are not to mould the laws according to your pleasure, or to make equity and justice change with your opinion; to expect that the laws shall take place one moment, and be abrogated the next, or that the judges shall fit only as witnesses, or rather ministers of your will, now punishing, and now forgiving, just as you please to direct them; at one time alone you brought your children into the world, once you educated them, once, and once only, you have the power of repudiating them, provided it be done justly; but

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to do it often, to do it inconsiderately, and to do it perpetually, is going beyond the paternal authority."

Do not, therefore, I beseech you, reverend judges, permit him, after he hath of his own accord received me back, cancelled his resentment, and annulled the former judgment, again to inflict the same punishment on me, to recur once more to that paternal authority which is now spent and consumed. You very well know, that in courts of judicature, where the judges are appointed by lot, if any man thinks himself injured by the sentence passed, the law permits him to appeal to another tribunal; but when men appoint their own judges, and refer the cause to them, there can be no farther appeal, and if of your own accord you chuse those very persons whose judgment you did not before consent to abide by, with their determination you must remain contented. In like manner you also, my father, whom you should not have received back, if he seemed unworthy of being admitted into your family, him, whom, notwithstanding you so well approved as to take home again, you cannot now send into banishment: you have yourself borne witness that he hath not deserved this of you, you have acknowledged his merit and virtue. It is therefore indispensibly necessary that you confirm the reconciliation, and own that the reception you have given him can no more be repented of, after the repeated determination of two tribunals; one when you cast me out from you, and the other, when having changed your opinion, you reversed the sentence, rescinded your former decree, and adhered to your last resolution. Remain therefore in that opinion, defend and preserve your own judgment; be indeed a father: this determination was agreeable to you, this you have approved of, this you have ratified.

Nor do I think, that if I had not been your real, but only your adopted son, you were at liberty to banish and disinherit me. What is once done, can never be undone. Him, therefore, who was by nature intitled to your house and inheritance, and whose right you, moreover, confirmed by your own will, and your own act; how can you expel, how can you deprive him again and again of the same privileges? Suppose I had been a slave, and thinking me guilty of some crime, you had bound and imprisoned me; that afterwards changing your opinion, and convinced of my innocence, you had unbound and made me free; could you ever, if again angry with, have made a slave of me? by no means: the law, you know, in these cases, makes the freedom perpetual. I could add much more to prove, that when the banished

fished person is once restored, he cannot be banished again. But I have done with this point.

You will now consider who and what I am, the man who is to be thus banished; I will not say that I was then ignorant and unskilful, but am now a physician, nor was my art then of any service to me: that I was then a youth, and am now of riper years, and would not rashly do an injury, for this also is of little consequence. At the time when he turned me out of his house, though I did him no injury, yet had I done him no great service; but now, after I had so lately preserved, and merited every thing from him, after this could any thing be more ungrateful, after such a danger got over by him, and such a service performed by me, thus to reward me for it, to take no notice of his cure, but utterly to forget, and drive into solitude and obscurity, the man, who, instead of calling to mind the injuries received, not only buried them in oblivion, but bestowed health and happiness on his oppressor?

Nor was it a small or inconsiderable favour which I conferred on him, on him who would thus repay me for it; but though he seems ignorant of it, ye are not: ye well know what he did and what he suffered, in what a miserable condition he was, when I took him under my care, when all the other physicians had given him over, when his friends shunned, and were afraid to come near him; then did I restore him, then did I enable him to appear thus here against me, and dispute the power and sense of the legislature. To you rather, O father, let me shew this picture; such you then were, as my mother now is, and I restored you to your perfect mind. It is most unjust, therefore, thus to reward me for it, to shew that perfect mind against me alone, when even your accusation manifests how great a benefit I have bestowed on you: instead of this, hating me because I cannot cure her who is incurable; should you not rather, beyond measure, love and esteem him who freed you from the like calamity, and sincerely thank me for it? whilst you, which is to the last degree ungrateful, are no sooner cured, than you drag your preserver to the tribunal; call back the remembrance of past offences, and appeal to the same law. A noble acknowledgement indeed, to the art that saved you, a fit reward for the remedy, thus to employ your senses against the physician who restored them!

Will ye then suffer him to persecute his benefactor, to banish his preserver, to abhor the man who restored him, to depress the friend who raised him? ye cannot do it, if ye have any regard to justice. Even if I had now been  
guilty.

guilty of the greatest crimes against him, he should have called to mind the benefit I had formerly conferred upon him, and looking back on past favours, have forgiven the present injury, especially when one is so much greater than the other. This is doubtless the case with regard to him who must acknowledge it is owing to me that he lives, thinks, and understands; and all this, moreover, performed at a time when every body else had entirely given him over, and owned that they were unequal to the cure of such a disorder.

At this time it may be added, I could not be considered as his son, nor under any obligation to take the cure upon me; I was an alien, a stranger, and entirely free: yet did I not neglect him, but of my own accord, and uncalled for, flew to his assistance; I raised, cured, and preserved him, by my diligence and attention, I appeased his anger, by my filial piety, I cancelled the law against me, purchased my return, redeemed my honour, shewed my attachment to him at the most dangerous crisis, by means of my art adopted myself, as it were, into his family, and proved myself his true and legitimate son. What did I not go through for him, what pains did I take in administering the medicines to him, in watching the proper times and seasons, sometimes giving way to the distemper, and at others, when it remitted a little, throwing in the assistance of physic to oppose it! The care of such men is the most dangerous part of our practice: even the attendance on them is extremely hazardous; for in the height of their phrenzy, they frequently vent their rage on those who are near them. Under all this, notwithstanding, I never lost my patience, never was terrified or dismayed; but struggled by every possible method against the disease, and at length, by the power of medicine, overcame it.

It is very easy, perhaps, you will say, to give physic; but much, let me tell you, must be done before this; the way must be prepared for it, the body must be rendered fit to receive it, its habit altered, by purging, by sweating, sometimes, where it is necessary, by nourishment, by exercise, by procuring rest and sleep. These things may be, perhaps, easily done in other disorders, but madmen, from the wild state of their mind, are more difficult to be led or governed; they are more dangerous, therefore, to the physician, and scarce ever to be cured: for it often happens, when we flatter ourselves we are got to the end of this distemper, some little symptom occurs, that overturns every thing we have done, gives it new strength, stops the cure, and mocks the power of art.

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Will you then suffer him who has gone through all this, who has struggled thus with the most obstinate of disorders, who has conquered the most unconquerable of them, to be thus treated; will you permit the restored patient to interpret the laws at his own will and pleasure, and to fight against nature? I, O judges, obeyed her dictates, and preserved my father, even though he had injured me. But if he, in obedience to the laws, as he calls it, destroys the son who saved him, and deprives him of his birth-right; he surely may be called the children-hater, I the father-lover: I embrace nature, he despises her, and tramples on her commands. Unhappy father, so unjustly to hate; more unhappy son, so undeservedly to love! thus persecuted, I accuse myself for loving him more than duty bids me, and more than I ought; for nature commands parents to love their children, more than it requires children to love their parents: but he contemns the laws which always preserves the birth-right for those sons who are innocent, and nature also, which plants strong affection in parents towards their children. But, as he has yet stronger reasons to be kindly affectionate to me from the services I have done him, he ought certainly to be still more fond of me, at least to imitate my conduct, and emulate my attachment to him; but alas! instead of this, he censures him who hath so loved, injures him who hath so obliged, banisheth him who hath embraced him; and hath so distorted the laws, as to make those which are favourable to children, to the last degree prejudicial to them. How, alas! my father, dost thou contend both with the laws, and with nature; alas! it is not, my father, as you would have it to be; you misinterpret the best constituted laws, which always co-operate with nature, in support of benevolence; they never contradict but follow each other, and unite to repel every injury. You treat reproachfully one who hath deserved well of you, and therefore are injurious to nature. Why abuse the laws also? good and just as they are towards us, you will not permit them to be so, but stir them up against one son, as against many, to inflict punishment on those who never deserved it. The laws condemn him, for ingratitude, who doth not return thanks for benefits received. But what can exceed the injury committed by him, who not only doth not return the benefit, but punisheth his benefactor for it! If these things are so, I think I have sufficiently demonstrated, that he hath no right to banish and disinherit a second time, who hath already exercised the paternal authority, and appealed to the

laws; and that neither could it ever be just and right, to expel and drive from his father and family, one who had deserved so much better of them.

And now let us proceed to examine what the crime is which I stand accused of: and here we must again recur to the intention of the legislature. Supposing therefore, for a while, that you have a right to banish as often as you please, even one who has conferred benefits on you; yet you have not a right to do this for any cause you shall think proper to assign. The legislator doth not say, whenever a father accuses, let the son be banished; it sufficeth that he wills it, and that he can prove the fact alleged: where then would be the necessity of a trial? But, on the other hand, he commands you, judges, to try and determine whether the father is justly incensed or not; this must be the subject of our inquiry.

I shall begin, therefore, with what happened immediately after the madness. The first thing which my father did when he came to himself, was to rescind the sentence against me; then I was his benefactor, his preserver, every thing in short, to him: in this certainly there could be no crime. With regard to what followed, what does he accuse me of? what duty, what action required of a son, did I omit? when did I stay out all night? what unseasonable revels or debauches was I ever guilty of? what pimp did I ever abuse or quarrel with? who hath ever appeared against me? not one. These are the things which the laws allow, as fit and sufficient causes of banishment.

But my mother-in-law was taken ill; and what of that? Was I therefore to blame, was I answerable for her disorder? no, you say; what then? why, because, you say, you were commanded to cure her and would not; you refused to obey your father, and therefore you ought to be disinherited. I shall not at present dwell on the reasons why I did not comply with commands which it was not in my power to obey; but, first, beg leave simply to observe, that neither doth the law permit him to enjoin every thing, nor deems it necessary that I should obey in every thing. There are some commands which I am not obliged to comply with; and others, which, if not complied with, subject the offender to punishment. These, doubtless, may be reasonable causes of resentment; but there are others in our own power to comply with or not, such, for instance, as depend on the arts, and our employment of them. If the son be a painter, and the father says, son, paint this, and not that; if he is a musician, strike that string, and not the other;

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if he is a smith, work me this thing, and not that: must the son be banished for not doing as his father bade him? by no means, I should imagine. But the art of medicine is still nobler and more useful, and should doubtless be more free also, with regard to the professors of it. This, above all, should have its own just prerogative; a thing so sacred, the gift of heaven, bestowed by the gods; the study of the wisest of men is not to be forced, is not to be commanded; not subjected to the slavery of the laws, to fear or punishment, to the suffrage of judges, to the threats of a father, or to the anger and resentment of the unskilful and illiterate: insomuch, that I would openly and boldly say to you, "I will not act; I do not like it; I will keep my art for myself and my father alone; for others I chuse to know nothing." What tyrant is there so arbitrary as to force any man to exercise his art whether he will or not? Such things are to be obtained, not by laws, not by resentment, not by courts of judicature, but by prayers and supplications: the physician must be overcome, not by command, but by persuasion: he may be prevailed on, but he will not be terrified, he will not be compelled to give his assistance, but will come with pleasure of his own accord. This art should be free from paternal authority, seeing that every city bestows on physicians many public honours, immunities, prerogatives, and precedency.

This I might have urged in defence of my art, even if you had taken care to teach it me, and had paid for my learning it, and I had refused to undertake this cure alone, when it was in my power. But only reflect within yourself, how unreasonable it is to forbid my making use of that which is my own. I learned this art when I was no longer your son, nor subject to your commands, yet for your sake I learned it: you received the first fruits of it, though I had no support or assistance from you: what master did you hire for me? what medicines did you pay for? none at all. I was poor and destitute, and the masters instructed me out of charity. All that my father provided me with, was poverty, solitude, and wretchedness; the hatred of all my family, the disgust and contempt of all my relations: in return for this, you expect that I should practise my art; you would be lord of all those things which I was supplied with; you, who have no right to be master of them, rest satisfied, that I did you a favour when I had no obligations to you, and which you could have no right or title to: nor would it be just, that my former kindness should lay me under the necessity of conferring future benefits on you, or because I was willing to assist you then, I should be forced to

do it now. I know of no law which says, that when you have once cured any man, you shall be obliged to cure all those whom he shall recommend to you; that would be to make our patients masters over us, which surely were of all things the most unjust: because I raised you from a most dangerous and dreadful malady, do you therefore think you have a right to all the benefits and good effects of my art? This I might have alleged in my own defence, even if he had commanded me to do what it was in my power to perform; even then I should have been under no necessity of obeying him in every thing. But let us now proceed to consider what his commands were: "You cured me, says he, when I was mad; my wife is now mad also, she labours under the same disease, (for so he thinks it,) and in the same manner is given over by other physicians; you can do every thing as you have plainly shewn, cure her, therefore, and free her from her disorder." All this may seem very rational to the unlearned, and such as know nothing of physic; but, if you will permit me to plead for the art, I will convince you, that every thing is not in our power; that the natures of the disorders are different, and the cure also, nor will the same medicines be successful in every case: it will then appear, that not to be willing, and not to be able, are things very distant from each other. Permit me to philosophize a little on this head, and do not condemn what I have to say upon it as ridiculous, unseasonable, and not belonging to the matter in hand.

In the first place, then, the natures and temperaments of all bodies are not the same, though consisting of similar principles, of which some have more and some less. I speak at present only of the bodies of men, which all differ in their texture and disposition, and consequently the distempers which they are liable to must also differ. With regard to the nature and virulence of them, some are easily cured or removed, whilst others are quickly caught, but desperate and incurable: to imagine, therefore, that all fevers, consumptions, inflammations of the lungs, or madneffes, are alike and of the same kind in every body, is not to judge like rational men, who have searched into the causes, and explored the nature of these things; for the same disorder is often easily cured in one and not in another. In like manner, as corn sown in different fields will appear different, what comes up in a deep, well-watered, and sunny soil, which is well tilled, and open to the wind, will be full, fine, and yield many-fold; whilst that which is scattered in the mountainous, stoney earth, at the foot of hills, shall be just the contrary.

trary. All in short, will be different, according to the difference of place. And thus it is with distempers, according to the bodies they are lodged in, they thrive and increase, or diminish and go away. But all this, my father, having never inquired into it, passes over, and expects that madness in every body should be the same; and consequently, that the same methods must be made use of in the cure of it.

It is easy, moreover, to prove, that the bodies of women are very different from those of men, both with regard to the distemper itself, and to the ease or difficulty of removing it. The bodies of males are robust, fine, inured to labour, and exercised in all weathers: those of females soft and lax, used to shade and retirement, pale from the want of blood, deficient in natural heat, and abounding in humours, more obnoxious to diseases than men, and remarkably subject to insanity; for, as women have much levity, and warmth of disposition, and are, moreover, more inclined to anger and resentment, with bodies weak and infirm, they frequently fall into this disorder. It would be unreasonable, therefore, to expect from physicians, the same method of cure which they practise with men, when they are convinced how different they are in all their employments, and studies, and their whole way of life, in which they are separated from us, even at the earliest period of it. When you say, therefore, she is mad, you should add also, that a woman is mad, and not confound two different things under one name, but separate them, as nature hath, and consider what is proper to be done in both. First, therefore, as I observed in the beginning of my discourse, we must inquire into the nature and temperament of the body, whether it be cold or hot, of ripe age or advancing into years, large or small, fat or lean, and so forth: whoever enquires carefully into these things may be trusted, and will then be able to say, whether the case be desperate, or there are any hopes of success.

Of madness itself, there are various kinds, from various causes, and with different appellations; nor is it the same thing to be foolish, to rave, to be furious, to be melancholy; these are all different names of the disease in its different states: the causes, likewise, are different in men from what they are in women, in old men and in young; in the latter, for instance, the disorder proceeds from a great quantity of bile and acrid humours, in the latter from an overflow of intemperate anger, and unreasonable resentment, which generally breaks out on those of their own family; this first agitates  
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and disturbs, and by degrees, drives them to madness. Many things throw women into this distemper, particularly a violent hatred against any one, the envy of a happy rival, or any grief or passion. These lying hid under the ashes, as it were, for a long time, at length break forth into open insanity.

Thus, my father, it happened to your wife : some misfortune was, perhaps, the cause of her disorder ; she hated no body : she was seized, however, with it, nor can she be cured by any medical art or skill. If any body else will ever pretend to this, or ever free her from it, then hate and abhor me as the author of all. Nor even, if her case was not so desperate, and there were some hopes of her recovery, would I venture to prescribe any thing for her, for fear of being reflected on if I did not succeed. It is universally received, that step-mothers have an invincible hatred of their sons-in-law, how good soever they may be ; they all rage, as it were, with one common female fury. If it turns out ill, therefore, and the medicine is not powerful enough, people may suspect that there was something unfair and malevolent in the application of it. Such is the condition of your wife, that were she to take a thousand potions, she would be never the better for them ; it is to no purpose, therefore, to administer any thing to her, nor would you advise me to it, unless with a view, if I fail, of drawing infamy upon me. Let me, I beseech you, still be the object of envy amongst my brethren : if, in short, after all, you should again banish me, and I should be deserted by all, I will not curse you. If your distemper should return, which heaven forbid ! but these disorders, when irritated, are too apt to return, how should I then act ? I will then, you may depend on it, again most certainly cure you : for never will I forget that duty which nature has enjoined, nor be unmindful of my family ; and if I should again restore you, doubtless you would again receive me. Whilst, therefore, you are doing these things, and thus prosecuting me, you invite the disease, and, as it were, anticipate the evil. Recovered but three days since from that dreadful calamity, you again cry out, are again enraged against me, and again appeal to the laws. Alas ! my father, such were the fore-runners of your former insanity.

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*This Oration, as well as that which succeeds it, seems to be merely declamatory, written by LUCIAN, like some other of his Pieces, as I have before observed, in his Character of a Rhetorician, or public Orator, containing rather what might have been, than any Thing that actually was said in favour of the famous Tyrant of Agrigentum. Considered as a laboured and argumentative Oration, it is not without Merit. LUCIAN pleads the Cause with Warmth and Energy, and supports the Character of his Hero as well as such a Character can be supported.*

**P**HALARIS, our sovereign, hath sent us to you, O Delphians, to present this \* bull to Apollo, and at the same time to acquaint you with some necessary truths, both in regard to himself, and the gift he offers. This is the business which brought us hither, and this the message which we here deliver to you, in obedience to his commands. That all Greece, saith Phalaris, should know me to be what I am, and not such a one as the lying report of the envious hath represented me to the ignorant world, is an honour I would gladly purchase, at the expence of every thing I am possessed of; and, above all, that I might thus appear to the sacred counsellors of Apollo; those, who are, as it were, the friends and companions of the

\* *Bull.*] Phalaris is here supposed to have dedicated his famous brazen bull to Apollo, after having taken out Perilaus alive, a circumstance rather improbable, and for the truth of which we have no good authority. The whole story of this embassy is, indeed, most probably a fiction of Lucian's, and contrary to the generally received account of Phalaris, as related in the epistles generally attributed to him. See the Preface to my translation of the Epistles of Phalaris, printed in 1749.

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deity ; for I am convinced, if I can clear myself in your opinion from the imputation of cruelty, so falsely laid to my charge, I shall stand acquitted before all mankind. To the truth of what I assert I call god to witness, whom no falsehood can impose on, or man deceive. Mortals may be deluded ; but from god, and above all, from our god, no secret can lie hid.

Sprung from one of the noblest families in Agrigentum, liberally educated, and versed in all the politer arts of Greece, I soon became popular in the city, and in the administration of public affairs behaved with the utmost equity and moderation towards my partners in the government ; nor in the early part of my life was I ever accused of cruelty or oppression, of a reproachful, or obstinate disposition. But when I perceived that those, who differed from me in their sentiments of public affairs, were plotting against, and endeavouring by all the means in their power to destroy me, and, in consequence of this, a dissension arose amongst the citizens, I found that the only method of providing for the security, both of myself and the commonwealth, was to put a stop to the conspiracy by force, and reduce the whole body to submission : a design which many of the most eminent citizens, who had the good of the republic at heart, approved, when they were convinced of the necessity of such a resolution. With these to assist me, I could not fail of success. They raised no more disturbance, and I possessed myself of the supreme power. All complaints were immediately silenced ; but no banishments, slaughters, or proscriptions were ever exercised, even on the conspirators, though such necessary exertions of authority are generally made use of in the first establishment of a tyranny. But I had reason to hope that by acts of mercy and generosity, and an equal distribution of rewards, I should, with more than ordinary facility, bring them to obedience ; and therefore, mutual pledges being given on each side, I laid by all animosities with my enemies, and even made use of most of them as my friends and counsellors.

By the negligence of the magistrates the city was almost ruined ; the public treasury openly plundered. I adorned it with magnificent buildings, secured it with walls, repaired the aqueducts, and increased those revenues which still remained to the state. The young men I took under my inspection, supplied the necessities of the old, and attached the people to my interests by public shows, feasts, and largesses. The corruption of our youth, the deflowering of virgins, the carrying away other men's wives, the sending  
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ing foldiers into private houses, the insolence of imperious masters, and the like, I ever looked upon with the utmost abhorrence. At length I resolved with myself to lay down the tyranny, and employed my thoughts wholly on the properest method of procuring ease and retirement during the rest of my life; for to hold the supreme power, and take the whole burthen of affairs on myself was, I found by experience, a cruel task, which could only subject me to envy, labour, and anxiety. I even endeavoured to establish a commonwealth, and to free the city, for the future, from that arbitrary power, which I had myself possessed. Whilst I was deliberating on this, those very men, whom I had before pardoned, entered into a new conspiracy against me; consulted privately about the execution of it, raised arms and money; begged the assistance of the neighbouring states; and even sent embassies into Greece to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, proclaiming openly, at the same time, those tortures which they had reserved for me, in case I fell into their hands, and that they would compel me to be my own executioner; but I escaped their rage, and defeated their designs; thanks to the gracious god, and above all to Apollo, who forewarned me by dreams, and informed me secretly of all that passed. Had you yourselves, O Delphians, been in the same situation, and under the same dreadful apprehensions, I doubt not but you would have acted in the same manner. Transport yourselves in thought, I beseech you, with me to Agrigentum; view their preparations, hear their menaces, and tell me what I ought to have done: should I again pardon, and tamely bear every thing they would inflict on me, yield myself up to slavery, and see all I held dear in the world perishing before my face? or, on the other hand, esteeming this the part of a fool, and that it better became a manly mind to resent the injury, should I not secure my future safety, by revenging myself on my enemies? This, doubtless, is the advice you would have given me; and how did I behave? I summoned the criminals before me, produced the articles laid to their charge, and on the fullest examination, when they were not able to deny their guilt, I punished them deservedly; not so much on account of their conspiracy against my life, as because they had, by that means, put it out of my power ever to execute the design I had proposed. From that time I have been always obliged to surround myself with guards, and to punish with the utmost vigour every attempt against me; and therefore am I styled

cruel by such as do not consider the necessity of this behaviour; such as exclaim against the punishment of the offenders, without reflecting on their crimes; which is just as equitable, as if a person, who should see a sacriligious wretch thrown from the rock, by your orders, should accuse you of cruelty for thus punishing a Grecian, in a place so near the temple; never, at the same time, remembering his guilt, or calling to mind that he had, perhaps, entered the temple by night, stolen your offerings, or even laid impious hands on the statue of your god. Were a man, I say, thus ridiculously to asperse you, you would yourselves smile at the accusation, and all men applaud your justice. In reality, the populace, who never weigh the merit of him who governs, hate the name of a tyrant; and, just or unjust, they are at all events resolved to destroy him, even though he were an Æacus, a Minos, or a Rhadamanthus. 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 subject to their hatred and ill treatment. I have heard of many wise and virtuous men, who, though they bore the name of tyrants, even in the worst sense in which it is most generally received, have behaved with the greatest mildness and humanity; some of whose moral and sententious maxims are now repositied in your temple. Lawgivers have ever looked on punishments as absolutely necessary in a state; being persuaded, that without the fear of them, affairs could not possibly be carried on; and, I am satisfied, to tyrants they are still more useful, as we rule by force alone, and are perpetually obnoxious to such as hate and conspire against us; so that terrors of a lighter kind are of no effect. It is the fable of the Hydra; the more we punish, the more occasions of punishment present themselves; one head is no sooner cut off, but another springs up to supply its place; and we are forced, like Iolaus, to burn, if we expect to conquer. He, whose hard fate it is to be engaged in such an undertaking, must be equal to it, or, by sparing others, destroy himself. After all, what man can you suppose of so cruel and inhuman disposition, as to hear the groans, and see the stripes of another, unless he had the greatest cause to inflict them on him? How often have I wept, when others were beaten? How often have I lamented my own ill fortune, who bare thus myself the heavier affliction? For surely, to a man by nature good, and only cruel through necessity, it was much harder to inflict, than to suffer punishment; and I declare, were it my choice,

choice, either unjustly to torment others, or to die myself, I would (which you, I trust, believe also), prefer the latter; and should any one even say, wouldst thou, O Phalaris, rather die thyself unjustly, or unjustly preserve a traitor? None, I believe, is so mad as not rather to live, than, by saving his enemy, to fall himself a sacrifice to him; and yet how many have I pardoned, even of those who fought my life! amongst whom were Acanthus, Timocrates, and his brother Leogoras, the last of whom I spared, from a tender regard to that friendship in which we had formerly lived. But if you would know the true character of Phalaris, ask them, whether I have not behaved as I ought to all, who ever touched here on their travels; whether I have not always appointed proper persons to attend on the coasts, and enquire of strangers who they were, and whence they came, that I might treat them all according to their respective merit. Many great and eminent men have even come on purpose to see and converse with me; who, on their return, have done justice to my character, which had been so basely misrepresented to them. And can you believe, a man, whose behaviour to strangers was so humane and generous, would ever injure his fellow-citizens, unless, provoked to it by their most flagrant and repeated insults? This is the sum of what I have to urge in my own defence; which is but truth and justice, and will therefore, I persuade myself, rather merit your approbation, than incur your displeasure. In regard to the present (which it is now time I should say something of); it may be proper to inform you whence it came, and by what means I was possessed of it: and first, I never myself employed any artist to make it by my directions, as I could never be foolish enough to wish for any thing of this kind. But one Perilaus, the most ingenious artificer, as well as the worst of men, and a stranger to the disposition of Phalaris, thought he could not confer a more acceptable favour on me, than by the invention of some new method of punishment; being thoroughly satisfied of my desire of revenge on my enemies, by all the means I could devise. Full of this opinion, he framed and brought me this bull; a piece of art most beautiful to behold, and formed so exactly in the resemblance of a real one, that nothing but sound and motion were wanting to make it thought so. The moment I saw it I cried out, behold a gift truly worthy of Apollo. I will instantly send it to him. And how much, said Perilaus, would your amazement increase, did you see the wonderful art by which it is contrived,

and for what use; and immediately opening the back, if, says he, you would punish any one in an extraordinary manner, cast him into this bull, and when he is shut up close within it, order some pipes to be fastened to the nostrils, and fire to be kindled beneath; the wretch within will then roar out through incessant pain, sending forth a mournful dirge of lamentable bellowings through the pipes; and, during his tortures, you will be entertained by the music of them. Shocked at the invention of such a machine, I could not but detest the contriver of it; and resolved to punish him as he deserved. Perilaus, said I, to verify the truth of what you have asserted, enter first yourself, and satisfy us whether there be, in reality, that harmony in the instrument, which you have so much boasted of; receive the just reward of thy ingenuity, and let the master of the music give us the first song. He obeyed; and being shut up, the fire was kindled, and thus was his industry repaid. But, lest by dying there he should pollute so noble a work, I ordered him to be taken out yet alive, thrown down from the rock, and his body left unburied.

The bull, after expiation, I sent hither, as an offering to your god; commanding the whole history to be wrought upon it; viz. my own name, that of the artist, his advice, my justice, and the proper punishment inflicted on him; with an account of the horrid cries of the cruel inventor, and the experiment he made of his own music. You will act therefore, O Delphians, as becomes the priests of Apollo, if you will dedicate the bull to him in your temple, and sacrifice for me; that all men may know how I act towards the wicked, and in what manner I avenge myself of their cruelty. By this have I sufficiently shewn my natural temper. Perilaus was put to death, and the bull offered to Apollo; not reserved to torture others; nor did it ever bellow forth the cries of any but the detestable inventor of it, on whom alone I tried it, and put an end at once to such barbarous and inhuman music. This is all which I can now present to you. Hereafter, when by the assistance of that god, to whom this is dedicated, I shall have no more enemies to punish, I will bring other, and much larger gifts. This, O Delphians, we were authorized to deliver to you, from our master Phalaris; which we have done, with the strictest regard to truth and justice. We are worthy to be believed, as you can yourselves bear witness of our veracity; and we have, on our parts, no reason to delude,

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or impose on you ; but if, notwithstanding, we must petition you in behalf of a man, falsely accused, and driven, against his will, to acts of seeming cruelty, we Grecians, men of Agrigentum, and descended from the Dorians, do, in the most solemn manner, here supplicate and beseech you, that you would kindly embrace one, who earnestly seeks your favour, and hath studied, both in public and private, to deserve it. Receive, therefore, this bull ; dedicate it ; pray for the prosperity of Phalaris, and Agrigentum ; and do not permit us to return unsuccessful in our embassy, lest you at the same time affront our sovereign, and deprive your god of the noblest offering.

THE



T H E  
ORATION OF ONE OF THE PRIESTS OF DELPHOS  
IN FAVOUR OF PHALARIS.

*This seems to be meant by LUCIAN as a kind of satirical Inveective against the Avarice and Selfishness of those who presided over the Business of the Oracle.*

**A**S I never, in a public capacity, received any obligations from the people of Agrigentum, or, in a private one, from Phalaris himself; it cannot be supposed that my interest biased me in their behalf, or the hopes of his future friendship prejudiced me in his favour. But having heard the ambassadors, who, in the name of their sovereign, ask that of you, which I cannot but think entirely just and reasonable; from a sincere regard, therefore, to piety and the public good, and, above all, as becomes a priest of Delphos, I rose up with a design to exhort you, in the strongest manner I am able, by no means to condemn the piety of the prince, or to alienate a gift designed as an offering to Apollo; and especially as it will be an everlasting testimony of these three things, the wickedness of the inventor, the incomparable excellency of his art, and the justice of his punishment. Your doubts concerning the manner in which you should proceed, and the proposal, made by the magistrates, to deliberate whether the offering should be received or sent back, I look upon as impious; or rather, in truth, as the height of impiety; little less, in effect, than sacrilege itself, the most heinous of all crimes: for to deny those, who are willing to offer up gifts, the power of doing it, is the same thing as to rob the temple of such as are already offered. Let me, therefore, who, as I am myself a Delphian, have an equal share with you in the public honour, if preserved; and equal loss and infamy, if it be forfeited; beseech you not thus to drive the good and pious from our doors, and lay open our city to the calumnies of ill men, who will not fail to report, that whatever gifts are brought must be subjected to our judgment and inspection; and who will offer presents, when they are assured that nothing will be accepted by Apollo, unless it be first examined into, and approved of by the Delphians? But, in regard to the gift before us, our god hath, I think, himself sufficiently testified his approbation of it; for had he detested the tyrant, and abhorred his present, how easy had it been

been for him to have sunk it in the Ionian sea! But he, on the other hand (as they do themselves bear witness), granted them a serene sky, and conducted them safe to Cyrra; whence it evidently appears, that the piety of Phalaris was acceptable to him, in obedience to whom you should now receive, and add this to the ornaments of the temple; and surely it were most absurd that he, who had sent so noble a gift, should be driven away with contempt, and have no other reward of his piety, than to be judged unworthy to offer any thing to Apollo. But my adversary hath, it seems, talked to you, in a tragical and melancholy strain, of certain cruel rapines, and inhuman slaughters, the tyrant hath been guilty of, which he affirms with as much confidence as if he had been an eye-witness of them, and were this instant arrived from Agrigentum, though, we all know, he was never yet beyond our own harbour: but even those, who pretend to have suffered, would not be sufficient evidence, as it would still be doubtful whether they told truth; and we are not to condemn any man for crimes, of which we cannot prove him guilty. But supposing that these things were done in society, it is by no means necessary for the Delphians to be so solicitous about them; unless we intend, for the future, to act in the character not of priests, but of judges; and whilst our duty consists only in worship and sacrifice to our god, and offering up to him those gifts, which are sent to us, rather chuse to sit deliberating among ourselves, whether those, who live beyond the Ionian sea, are well or ill governed. Let the affairs of others, I beseech you, go on as they will, it is, in my opinion, our business to mind our own; to know our former and our present condition, and in what manner to act most agreeable to our interest. We need not a Homer to tell us that we live amongst rocks and precipices; and, as much plenty as there is in the world, we should be perhaps left of all people the most destitute, were it not that our temple, our god, and those pious men, who sacrifice to him, supply our necessities. These are our fields; this is our revenue; to this we are indebted for all our provision and all our abundance; as the \* poet says, every thing comes to us without ploughing, and without culture, by the labour of god, who is our husbandman; who not only blesses us as much as any other nation, but even bestows on us every thing which Phrygia, Lydia, Assyria,

\* *The Poet* ] Homer. See Odyssy, b. ix. in his description of the fortunate islands. The following passage in scripture, has something similar to this. "I have given you a land for which you did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them: of the vineyards and olives which ye planted not, do ye eat." Josh. v. 13.

or Phœnicia, the people of Italy, or the inhabitants of the northern climates enjoy. We abound in riches and in happiness, and are revered by all, next to our God; this has been our glorious lot even to this day, and may it ever remain so. No one, I believe, can call to mind a time when any man was by us prohibited the offering up sacrifices or gifts; to which it is doubtless owing that the wealth of our temple hath so wonderfully increased. Neither at present, therefore, should any innovation be made, or any law enacted, contrary to the wisdom of our ancestors; nor are the gifts offered to be so nicely examined, or inquiry made whence and from whom they come, but immediately received and consecrated; that so we may pay our duty to our god, and his pious worshippers. In these circumstances therefore, O Delphians, you will, I think, act most prudently, by giving a serious attention to the great importance of this business. No less than our god himself, his temple, and his sacrifices, our ancient rites and customs, the glory of the oracle, our future praise or infamy, and lastly, the interest of the whole city, and of every individual in it, are now under consideration; which you cannot but own, on reflection, to be of the utmost consequence. Our debate is not upon the tyrant Phalaris only, or this bull; but upon all those kings and great men, who reverence this sacred temple; all the gold, silver, and other precious things, which shall at any time hereafter be dedicated. If we are to determine according to the will of Apollo, why should we not act in the same manner we have always done; without setting aside our ancient constitution, through a fondness for novelty; and a desire of introducing a ridiculous practice of subjecting those, who offer up gifts, to our scrutiny and inspection; a practice utterly unknown to this city since the foundation of it, since the Pythian first gave oracles, the Tripod spoke, or the priests were inspired? You perceive how our temple is enriched; that every one gives something, and many even beyond what they can afford; whereas, if you set up yourselves as censurers and enquirers into the merit of every gift, I much fear our posterity will not have many offerings to boast of; and no one would make himself appear guilty, or put himself to a considerable expence, with the hazard of being condemned, and brought into the greatest danger; for who indeed could bear even life itself under the ignominy of being publicly adjudged unworthy to offer up a present to Apollo?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



