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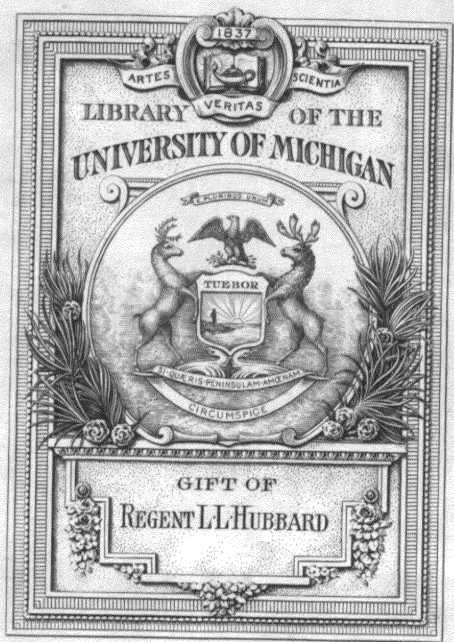
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THE
WORKS
OF
LUCIAN,

FROM THE GREEK,

By THOMAS FRANKLIN, D.D.

Some time Greek Profeffor in the Univerfity of Cambridge.

V O L. II.



Tantum obtinet in dicendo gratiæ, tantum in inveniendò felicitatis, tantum in jocando lepôris, in mordendo aceti; sic titillat allusionibus, sic feria nugis, nugas feriis miscet, sic ridens vera dicit, vera dicendo ridet, sic hominum mores, affectus, studia, quasi penicillo depingit; neque legenda, sed planè spectanda oculis exponit, ut nulla comædia, nulla satyra cum hujus dialogis conferri debeat, seu voluptatem spectes, seu spectes utilitatem. ERASMUS.

L O N D O N,
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TO
THE REV^D. DR. DOUGLAS,
CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S,
THE DETECTOR OF MODERN *IMPOSTORS;
THE FOLLOWING PIECE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

ALEXANDER:

OR,

THE FALSE PROPHET.

Though this is not the most humorous or witty, it is perhaps one of the most entertaining Pieces of LUCIAN; containing an exact and probably true Account of a most extraordinary Character who figured in his Time, and of whose astonishing Frauds and Impostures he was an Eye-witness. We cannot read it without wondering at the Credulity of Mankind in the days of Paganism: nor, at the same time, without reflecting, that as glaring Frauds, and as impudent Impositions, have been practised by the Church of Rome, even in the enlightened Æra of Christianity.

YOU thought, perhaps, my dear Celsus, the task a very light and easy one, when you commanded me to write the history of Alexander of † Abonotichos; his various schemes, tricks, and enterprizes: I assure you, to relate them all with accuracy and precision, is as difficult as to describe the actions of the great ‡ son of Philip. One was as remarkable for his knavery, as the other for his virtues. If, nevertheless, you will pardon my errors, and supply my deficiencies, I will endeavour to cleanse this Augæan stable: not that I propose sweeping the whole, but only to bring you a few baskets,

* Lauder and Bower.

† *Abonotichos*.] A town of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine.

‡ *Son of Philip*.] His name-fake, Alexander the Great.

by which you may be able to judge what an immense dunghil that must be, which three thousand oxen were so many years in making.

I blush, indeed, both for you and myself on this occasion; for you, who have thus requested me to employ my pen about so execrable a fellow, and for myself, who have thus engaged to write the history of a man, who doth not desire the regard and attention of the learned and polite, but is rather fit to be given up to the populace, and torn to pieces by apes and foxes. If, however, I am blamed for the undertaking, there is an example to excuse me: Arrian, the disciple of Epictetus, a man of the first character in Rome, and who spent his whole life in literary pursuits, will plead in my defence by the similitude which he bore to me, for he condescended to write the life of * Tilliborus the robber. We, on our parts, shall bear record of a much more cruel and barbarous one, who did not rob in woods and mountains, but plundered whole cities; did not commit his depredations only on Ida, Minyas, and the deserts of Asia, but almost throughout the whole Roman empire.

I will first describe to you his external appearance, and draw as good a likeness of him as I can, though I am no great painter. His body was large and beautiful to look on, and, to say the truth, had something noble and majestic in it; his skin clear, his chin not too rough; with his own hair were mixed some false locks, so well imitated that few could discern the difference between them, his eyes so bright and sparkling as to appear more than human, his voice to the last degree sweet and clear; upon the whole, there was nothing disagreeable or defective in him.

Such was his external form; but for his mind and heart, O Jupiter, Hercules, and ye the sons of Jove, averters of every evil, send us rather amongst our enemies than curse us with such a companion! In understanding, in subtilty, and smartness, he was excelled by none, and had withal a most extraordinary readiness in learning, an inquisitive disposition, a genius capable of every thing, and a tenacious memory; all these he possessed in a most wonderful degree, and made use of them to the worst of purposes: for, with all these instruments of good, he was one of the most wicked of men, even beyond the † Cercopes, Eurybatus, Phrynonidas, Aristodemus, or Softra-

* *Tilliborus.*] No such work of Arrian's is now extant, nor has Vossius mentioned it in the catalogue of his works.

† *Cercopes, &c.*] All famous rascals of antiquity. Some of them are mentioned by Æschines. See his oration against Ctesiphon.

tus. He wrote once to his brother-in-law Rutilianus, and modestly compared himself to Pythagoras. Pythagoras, heaven shield me! was a wise man, and full of the divinity; but had he lived when Alexander did, he would have been a boy to him. I do not mean, I swear by the Graces, by this to reflect on Pythagoras, or to compare them together with regard to their actions. But, if we were to put together every thing which calumny has suggested against Pythagoras, and which I give no credit to, it would not amount to half the craft and iniquity which was to be found in Alexander. Imagine to yourself a disposition of mind perpetually shifting, made up of falsehood, lying, perjury, and every evil art; active, bold, despising danger, indefatigable; so plausible and persuasive, as even to force belief upon you, always putting on the appearance of good, and seeming the direct contrary to what he really was; no man, after the first interview with him, could help looking on him as one of the best and worthiest, and withal, as one of the most plain and simple men, without art or disguise. There was, moreover, a kind of magnificence in him, which prevented him from ever attending to any thing low or little, but always urged him to the pursuit of what was great.

When a boy, being extremely handsome, (for by the stubble one might see what the corn had been,) he was very debauched, and used to let himself out for hire. Amongst the rest of his lovers was an old juggler, one of those who practise magic arts and incantations, love potions, philters, and charms to find hidden treasures, subdue enemies, and get estates. This fellow finding him an ingenious lad, and fit for any kind of mischief, instructed him, and took him into his service. He was himself by profession a physician also, and, like the * wife of Thoon the Ægyptian, could,

Of † good and evil mix'd the drugs prepare;

to all which Alexander was afterwards heir and successor. He was likewise well acquainted with ‡ Apollonius Tyaneus, whose whole story he was no stranger to. You see what an excellent school our hero was brought up in.

* *Wife of Thoon.*] or Thoni. She is said to have been the inventress of physic amongst the Ægyptians. Milton speaks of that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thoon, In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena.

† *Of good, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssy*, b. iv. l. 232.

‡ *Apollonius.*] Tyaneus. See a long account of this extraordinary personage in Philostratus.

Alexander being now grown up to man's estate, his beauty gone off, and his master dead, found himself but indifferently provided for, and began to consider what extraordinary way of life he should turn to; and meeting by chance with a chronicle-writer of Byzantium, a fellow of an infamous character, whose name I think was Cocconas, they travelled about together as jugglers, * shaving the FAT HEADS, (for so the wise men used to call the ignorant multitude.) In their journey they met with a Macedonian woman very rich, one who was a little advanced in years, but would fain appear lovely and desirable; out of her they got what they wanted, and followed her from Bithynia into Macedonia: for she came from † Pella, which in the time of the kings of Macedon had been a famous city, but could now boast of few, and those very poor inhabitants. Here they met with some serpents of a prodigious size, but quite tame and gentle, so that women fed, and children slept by them; they would be trod upon without turning, and sucked milk like infants. They have many of them, it seems, in this place; (hence probably the fable of Olympias took its rise, and some such serpent corresponded with her when she was with child of Alexander the Great.)

One of the most beautiful of these they purchased for a few oboli: and this, as Thucydides says, was the source of the battle. For when these two infamous enterprising villains, who stuck at nothing, got together, they soon discovered that this life is entirely governed by the two passions hope and fear, and that he who makes a proper use of them on every occasion, will quickly grow rich: and with regard to both these, the knowledge of futurity, they perceived, was of all things the most necessary, and the most desirable. This it was that made ‡ Delphos, Delus, Claros, and the Branchidæ, so famous and so opulent; men continually flocking to them, (urged by those same tyrants which I just now mentioned, hope and fear,) to enquire into

* *Shaving.*] Gr. *αποκουρπις*, the expression is remarkable, answering exactly to our own, as we call a cunning fellow, a close shaver. As does also that of *παχης τω ανθρωπω*, fat-headed fellows, for the ignorant and vulgar. The analogy is more extraordinary, as the Greek expression is not a common one.

† *Pella.*] A district of Macedonia, famous for being the birth-place of Philip, who enlarged it, and afterwards of Alexander the Great.

‡ *Delphos, &c.*] Places all famous for the oracles established in them. If my readers have any curiosity on this subject, I refer them to Plutarch, and Fontenelle's *Hist. des Oracles*.

future

future events; for which they offered up hecatombs, and wedges of gold. Revolving these things in their minds, and consulting together, they resolved, therefore, to set up an oracle: this, they imagined, if it succeeded, would soon make them rich and happy; and which, indeed, turned out even far beyond all their hopes. They then considered on what spot, and in what manner they should begin their enterprize. Cocconas was of opinion, that Chalcedon would be the fittest situation, as it was a place of great trade, adjoining both to Thrace and Bithynia, and withal, not far distant from Asia, Gallo-Græcia, and the neighbouring nations. Alexander, on the other hand, preferred his own country, observing, (which is certainly true,) that the first attempt in things of this kind, should always be made amongst the most ignorant and stupid, such as the Paphlagonians are said to be, a foolish and superstitious set of people, who, if a fidler, or a player on the tabor, or cymbal, comes among them, one who, as the saying is, can but prophecy with a * sieve, will run with open mouth, and gape and stare at him, as if he were a god.

After some dispute on this point, Alexander prevailed: and proceeding to Chalcedon, (for they thought to find something there which would be of service to them,) in the ancient temple of Apollo they dug up some brass tablets, on which it was inscribed, that in a very short time Æsculapius, with Apollo his father, would come into Pontus, and inhabit the wall of Abonus. These tablets, contrived for the occasion, most effectually spread the report through Pontus and Bithynia, and particularly about the wall of Abonus. They immediately determined to build a temple there, and had laid the foundation of it, when Cocconas being left behind at Chalcedon, composed some ambiguous and perplexing oracles, and not long after died, being bit, I believe, by a viper.

* *A sieve.*] Koskinomancy, or divination by the sieve. Alluding probably to that passage in the 3d. Idyl. of Theocritus, where the shepherd speaking of a cunning woman, or fortune-teller, says,

She turn'd the sieve, and sheers, and told me true,
That I should love, and not be lov'd by you.

This kind of divination was generally practised to discover thieves, or others suspected of any crime, in this manner: they tied a thread to the sieve, by which it was upheld, then prayed to the gods to direct and assist them: after which, they repeated the names of the persons suspected, and he, at whose name the sieve whirled round, or moved, was thought to have committed the fact.

Alex-

Alexander, however, proceeded, and made his appearance with long flowing hair, and cloathed in a fine purple robe with white stripes, and a furlpice over it, with a scythe in his hand like the figure of Perfeus, from whom, according to his own account, he was descended. The rascally Paphlagonians, though they very well knew that his parents were mean and ignoble, gave full credit to the oracle, which thus declared,

From Perfeus sprung, and to Apollo dear,
Great Alexander comes, the godlike son
Of Podalirius. —

Podalirius must have been mad after women indeed, to have come from Tricca quite to Paphlagonia, to meet Alexander's mother. Another oracle was likewise produced, as from one of the Sibyls, which said,

Near to Sinope, on the Euxine shore
Of Pontus, at th' Aufonian tow'rs, shall rise
A famous prophet, and deliverer ;
Whose * name one, thirty, five, and twenty more,
Thrice number'd will explain. —

With a great deal of this kind of † theatrical buffoonery ; after much parade, Alexander at length made his entrance into his own country, where, in a short time he became very conspicuous, pretending often to be mad, and foam at the mouth, which he easily contrived, by chewing the root of fuller's herb : the foam it produced appeared to them something divine and astonishing. They had before prepared the head of a serpent made of linen, with something like a human form, extremely well painted, and opening and

* *Name.*] A mysterious kind of hocus pocus which the false prophet's friends made use of to express the first four letters of his name, by the letters in the Greek alphabet being numerical, as thus :

A—1
Λ—30
E—5
Ξ—60

If the reader will take the trouble properly to divide and multiply the numbers, he will find that the letters together form Αλεξ, Alex. This sufficiently points out the meaning of the passage : any farther explanation would be unnecessary.

† *Theatrical.*] Gr. Τοιαύτας τραγωδίας, the word τραγωδία tragedia, is frequently used by Lucian, to signify not tragedy, but every thing theatrical, or belonging to the stage. A little after, we meet with Συντραγωδησων, which I have therefore (I think not improperly,) rendered, “to carry on the farce.”

shutting

shutting its mouth by means of a horse hair, which likewise moved about a black forked tongue. This Pellæan serpent they had by them for some time ready to be produced on the first proper occasion, to carry on the farce, or rather to be the principal actor in it.

As the shew was now to begin, he hit on the following project. He went by night to the foundations of the temple, which had been lately dug up, and which were full of water, either from the adjacent places, or by the rains, and there lodged a goose's egg that had been made hollow, and filled up with a young serpent: after flicking this in the mud, he returned home; and the next day appeared naked in the market-place, with only a girdle of gold round his middle, and shaking his dishevelled locks, like the worshippers of Cybele, with his scythe in his hand, and getting upon a high altar, harangued the populace, congratulating them on the near approach of the divinity which was soon to appear amongst them. The multitude, for almost all the city was got together, old men, women, and children, were astonished, and began to pray to and worship him. He muttered something obscure and unintelligible, like the Hebrews and Phœnicians, and struck them wonderfully, though they could make nothing of it, only that he talked about Apollo and Æsculapius. He then ran to the temple, and getting into the ditch that had been dug, and near the fountain of the oracle which he had prepared; he stood in the water, and with a loud voice sung hymns to Apollo and Æsculapius, invoking the god to come with happy omens into the city. He then asked for a cup, which being given him, he easily placed it under, and brought up, together with water and mud, the egg in which he had hid his divinity: the aperture being artfully closed up with wax and white lead; and then taking it into his hand, he cried out that he had got Æsculapius. The people, after expressing their astonishment at seeing an egg found in the water, kept their eyes fixed on him to mark what would follow, when, breaking the egg, he received the young serpent into the hollow of his hand, and seeing it twine about his fingers, they cried out, and hailed the god; congratulating their happy city on the event, and all running with open mouths to pray to him for riches, good fortune, health, every thing, in short, that every body wished for. He ran home as fast as he could, carrying with him his infant Æsculapius, not born once only as
other

other men are, but twice born; and hatched, not from a * crow, by heaven, but from a goose.

The people followed him, seeming, as it were, inspired, and filled with a religious phrenzy, beyond all conception. He stayed at home some days, flattering himself that, as it afterwards proved, the report of this would draw the Paphlagonians to him in great numbers; and accordingly, when the city was as full as it could hold, of creatures without heads or hearts, who resembled men only in their form, and in every thing else were more like sheep, he sat himself down in a little house on a bed, clothed in a most magnificent habit, as became a god; and there took in his lap the great beautiful Pellæan Æsculapius which I mentioned some time ago, and lapping it quite round his neck, the tail sticking out at bottom, (for it was so large, that part of it might lay in his bosom, and the other part drag on the ground,) hid only the head under his arm-pits, when at length the linen one peeped out from beneath his garment, as if it belonged to the serpent.

Imagine to yourself a house of no great note, with scarce room to let the light in, crowded with people already amazed and almost out of their senses with strong hopes and expectations, to whom, not without reason, the affair must have seemed wonderful; with what astonishment did they behold this serpent to all appearance grown to such a size in a few days, quite tame and gentle, and with a head like a man's! before they had half seen it, driven out and pressed by the crowd of new admirers coming in upon them, for there was another door on the opposite side, like that which the Macedonians made, as they tell us, when Alexander the Great was sick, and every body crowded in to see and take their last leave of him. This shew the rogue exhibited very often, and especially when any rich strangers came into the city.

To say the truth, my dear Celsus, the people of Pontus and Paphlagonia, a stupid and illiterate race of men, are very excusable, if, after touching the serpent, (which Alexander permitted them to do,) and seeing it by a faint and glimmering light open and shut its mouth in that manner, they were deceived. The trick indeed required a Democrates, an Epicurus, or a Metrodorus, some man of a firm and penetrating mind, who after casting about

* *A crow.*] Gr. Κορωνίς, Coronis, this is nothing but a pun on the word coronis, (which in the Greek signifies also a crow,) who was the mother of Æsculapius.

how

how it could be done, would at last, if he could not find out the method, conclude that it must be nothing but an arrant falsehood, and utterly impracticable.

In a short time, all Bithynia, Thrace, and Gallo-Græcia flocked in to this spectacle; every one asserting, as you may suppose, that he had seen the god born, and touched him; that he had grown immensely in a few days; and that he had a face like a man. They made, moreover, pictures, statues, and models of him; some of brass, and others of silver, with the name of the god inscribed upon them; for he was called Glycon, from an oracular verse which Alexander had taken care to publish; which said,

Behold, the third from Jove, great Glycon comes,
The light of men.

When the time was now come to bring on the great affair for which the whole was contrived, he began to think of setting up the oracle, after the manner of * Amphiloclus; who, after the death of his father Amphiarus, at Thebes, banished from his native country, and driven into Cilicia, made a good fortune there by prophesying to the inhabitants; taking two oboli of them for every oracle. Alexander, † taking the cue from him, gave out that the god would deliver oracles on such a day: he then ordered every body to write down in a book what they wanted to know, tie it down with thread, and fasten it with wax or clay. He then retired into the sanctuary, (for the temple was now built, and the scene of action prepared,) summoned them together by a cryer, had his high-priest by his side, as if the god had now done all his business, and read what they had written; returned every one his book, sealed up as at first; with the answer to every question in verse.

The trick was such as you, or I, if I may say it without vanity, might very easily find out, though to the ignorant and foolish, it might seem impracticable. For knowing how, of which there are various methods, to loosen the seals, he read all the questions, and gave what answers he thought proper to them; then rolling up and re-sealing, gave them back to the se-

* *Amphiloclus*] Succeeded his father Amphiarus in the business of divination by dreams; for which both the oracles were famous. For an account of the latter, see Potter's *Antiq.* vol. i. p. 393.

† *Taking the cue.*] Gr. Το εισοισιμον λαβων, cantus initio accepto. An allusion to music when one finger takes up the words from another, as in catches.

veral persons, who received them with astonishment, frequently crying out, “How could he possibly discover this which I gave him myself, inclosed fast under seals which could not be forged, unless he were indeed a god, and knew every thing?”

How, you will perhaps say, could this be done? I will tell you: in the first place then, my dear Celsus, he * heated a needle in the fire, and putting it under the wax, lifted up the seal, and read the book; then by means of the needle melting the wax again, easily fastened down both that which was under the thread, and that which was round the seal. There is, likewise, another method, when you make use of what they call the collyrium; this is composed of Brythian pitch, asphaltus, and transparent stone, mixed with wax and mastic; which he first warms at the fire and wets with spittle, then applies it to the seal, and takes off the impression; the collyrium hardens, he easily reads the contents of the paper, then putting the wax on again, claps on the new seal exactly resembling the original, and as perfect as if it had been taken on a gem. There is yet a third way of doing it, which I will acquaint you with: he would put lime mixed with the glue you make use of for books, make it into a kind of wax, and place it wet on the seal, then taking it off; (for it soon dries and grows harder than horn, nay even than iron,) gets an impression of it. There are besides these, several other methods, all of which it would be ridiculous to enumerate; especially as you have mentioned them, with a great many other things in your book against the magicians, which is excellently written, and conveys the most useful instructions to the reader.

Thus did he institute his oracle, and pour forth his divine knowledge, acting at the same time with the greatest prudence and discretion, and always adhering to probability; giving perplexed and ambiguous answers, sometimes totally obscure and unintelligible, which in all oracles, he held, was most necessary and indispensable. Some he would dissuade and turn away from their purposes as he thought most convenient; to others he would prescribe a manner of living, and advise the use of particular medicines: for, as I observed to you before, he had by him some excellent receipts, particularly the cytmides; a new name which he had given to an ointment famous for

* *Heated, &c.*] The same ingenious methods of opening letters, or at least something very similar to them, are, I believe, practised to this day. But for farther information on the subject, I refer my readers to the clerks of the Post-office.

curing

curing pains and bruises, made of bears fat. The questions about future good fortune, treasures, and estates in expectance, he always deferred giving answers to, and took care to add, "these things shall come to pass if I please, and if my prophet Alexander asks it of me, and puts up his prayer for you."

The stated price for every answer from the oracle was one * drachma and two oboli. Do not imagine, my friend, that this was a small consideration, for he took seventy or eighty thousand every year, giving the same people sometimes ten or fifteen answers, such was their insatiable desire of searching into futurity. The profit indeed, was not entirely his own, nor did he store it all up; but as he had many assistants, under-workmen, spies, writers, and keepers of the oracles, interpreters, sealers, &c. he divided to every one his portion, according to their merits.

Besides these, he sent emissaries into foreign countries, to support the reputation of his oracle, and give out how it could detect fugitives, convict thieves and robbers, discover hidden treasures, heal the sick, and even sometimes call the dead to life again. This made them croud to him, from every part: hence arose gifts, and sacrifices, and a double fee to him as prophet and disciple, or favourite of the deity; for this decree had been carefully dispersed abroad, as from the god,

Remember, ye my minister obey,
To him respect and due obedience pay,
Nor fame, nor riches, my affections share,
My faithful prophet is my only care.

At length, several men of sense and understanding, recovered as it were from their drunken fit, made a stand against him, the principal of whom were followers of † Epicurus, who by degrees found out the whole apparatus, and discovered all his tricks. These he opposed, by throwing out a

* *One Drachma, &c.*] About nine pence half-penny. Few of our fortune-tellers are so reasonable in their demands. The number of customers, however, according to Lucian, made ample amends for the smallness of the present.

† *Of Epicurus.*] The Epicureans were always, (which, by the bye, was a mark of their good sense,) the avowed enemies of oracles and divinations; and even in the times of their greatest influence and power, frequently and openly derided them. With these, Lucian tells us, the Christians joined, as it might naturally be supposed they would, as it became the opposers of error, fraud, and chicanery. These gross impositions on the credulity of mankind were now on the decline. It is not improbable, but that this little narrative of Lucian's, contributed in some measure towards their total overthrow.

terrible menace, and saying that Pontus was full of atheists and Christians, who had dared to spread evil reports concerning him : whom therefore, he commanded the people to stone and drive out of the city, if they ever expected the deity would be propitious to them. With regard to Epicurus, he delivered the following oracle : being asked what he did in the shades below, he answered, That he wore leaden fetters there, and stuck in the * mud. Can you wonder at the success of the oracle, which gave such shrewd and sensible answers ? with Epicurus and his followers, indeed, he waged perpetual war ; they were irreconcilable enemies, and with very good reason ; for whom must an impostor like him, the lover of prodigies, and the foe of truth, more justly abhor and detest, than that philosopher who so well understood the nature of things, and alone discovered what was true and genuine in them. With the Platonics, Stoics, and Pythagoreans, it was all profound peace ; but the inflexible Epicurus, for so he always called him, was his most bitter adversary, constantly laughing at, and turning all his frauds and tricks to ridicule. Of all the cities in Pontus, he most hated Amastris, on account of Lepidus, and some others of the same turn and disposition of mind, who lived there ; nor would ever vouchsafe an answer to any of the inhabitants. Once, indeed, at the request of a senator's brother, he attempted it ; but whether it was that he could not think of a proper one himself, or could not get any body to make one for him, he came off very ridiculously ; for the patient complaining of a disorder in his bowels, he prescribed swine's feet with mallows : the verse ran,

In sacred vase, with swine's flesh mallows pound.

He would often, as I before observed, shew the serpent to such as begged to see it ; not the whole indeed, but only the tail and the rest of the body, keeping the head in his bosom, where it was concealed. But, having now a mind to strike the multitude with something more than ordinary, he told them the god would speak himself, and deliver his oracles by word of mouth, without the assistance of his prophet. This was easily done, by means of the wind-pipes of cranes so fastened to the sham head, as by a voice placed without, to convey the sound through the linen mouth of Æsculapius. These were called Autophoni, or the vocal oracles, and were not

* *The mud.*] Alluding to the loose manners of the Epicureans wallowing in sensual pleasures. Agreeable to Horace's *Epicuri de grege porci*.

delivered

delivered every day, or to every body, but only to such as were well-dressed, very rich, and could pay well for them.

Of this kind was the answer given to Severian, on his entrance into Armenia, when, exhorting him to the enterprize, the oracle spake thus :

Armenia low beneath thy conqu'ring spear,
And Parthia fall'n, to Tiber's limpid stream,
And happy Rome, with rays of laurel crown'd
Shalt thou return.

And when the foolish Gaul was thus prevailed on to make the invasion, and failed in the attempt, being slain together with all his forces by Othryades ; he erased that oracle from the records, and substituted in its place the following verses :

Against Armenia lead not forth thy pow'rs,
Left from a foe in female garb array'd
A fatal arrow sent, deprive thee soon
Of light and life.

For it was one of his most excellent contrivances to make oracles after the event, to save the credit of those that had miscarried. He would often promise health, and if the person died, another oracle was soon ready, that said,

Seek not a cure, for know thy fate is nigh,
Nor can't thou 'scape it.

Well knowing that the Clarians, Mallians, and Didymæans were famous for the same art of prophesying ; he made friends of them, sending away many of those who came to him with appeals to them: to one he said,

To Claros haste, and hear my father's voice.

To another,

Go to the Branchidæ, and there consult
The oracle.

And to a third,

To Mallos hence, and hear * Amphilochns.

* *Amphilochns.*] The oracle of Amphilochns was of one of the longest-lived religious impostors of antiquity. Dion C. speaks of it as in a flourishing state, even so late as in the reign of Constantius, the father of Constantine the Great.

Such

Such was the state of the affair near home, in Ionia, Cilicia, Paphlagonia, and Gallo-Græcia; but when the fame of the oracle had reached as far as Italy and Rome, they crowded as fast as possible one upon another; some came themselves, some sent messengers to him, particularly the great men, and those who were possessed of the highest honours and dignities: the first, or as one may say, the head of these, was Rutilianus, a man in every other respect of good character and reputation, and who had acquitted himself in several public employments; but in religious matters superstitious, and even as it were, disordered in his mind, entertaining the wildest opinions concerning them, who, if he found but a stone in his way, anointed or crowned with a garland, would fall down in adoration, and ask some favour of it. This man, as soon as he heard of the oracle, was with difficulty restrained from leaving his business, and making a visit to the wall of Abonus. He sent, however, several messengers, one after another; these, being most of them ignorant servants, were easily deceived; and when they came back, reported what they had seen and heard, with some improvements of their own; which they added to recommend themselves the better to their master. This excited the poor old man's curiosity, and drove him almost to madness. As he was acquainted with most of the great men of the city, he ran about, and told them every thing he had heard from the servants; to which he likewise made some additions. In this manner he raised the attention of the whole city, and set them all in motion, persuading several of the courtiers to apply immediately to him, and enquire about their own affairs. Our hero not only received them with the greatest hospitality, but sent them back loaded with presents, insomuch, that not content with publishing his answers, they sounded forth the praises of the deity, and related a thousand miraculous stories, concerning both the oracle and the prophet.

Our thrice renowned rascal now thought on another scheme, which was by no means an impolitic one, but truly worthy of an illustrious robber: and this was to open and look into all the books which were sent, and if he found any thing in them bold or of a dangerous tendency, those he would keep without sending back any answer; by which means, he made the authors intirely subservient to him, and kept them in perpetual fear, as well knowing of what nature their questions were. One may easily guess, indeed, with regard to the rich and great, what would most probably be the subject of them.

But

But I must tell you some of the oracles which he delivered to Rutilianus. This wife senator, asking him one day, whom he should appoint for a tutor to his son by a former wife, who was now arrived at an age fit for instruction; his answer was,

Pythagoras, and the war-describing bard.

The boy unfortunately dying a few days after, he was sadly at a loss how to excuse the oracle, which this event so flatly contradicted; but Rutilianus, like a good creature, took the defence upon himself, and averred that the god had prophesied the very thing which happened, by thus recommending to him no living preceptor, but Homer and Pythagoras, who were dead, and with whom the boy probably now was in the shades below. Now who, my friend, can blame Alexander, when he had to do with such wiseacres as these?

Another time he asked him what body he had formerly appeared in, to which the oracle thus replied,

First thou Achilles wert, and next Menander,
Now Rutilianus,—thou shalt live on earth
One hundred fourscore years, and after shine
A sun-beam in the heav'ns —

He died, notwithstanding, at seventy years of age, of a bilious colic, without waiting for the completion of the oracle.

I will tell you another of his vocal answers. The same Rutilianus asking him one day whom he should marry, he replied in plain terms,

Wed thou a woman sprung from Alexander,
And from the Moon —

for he had spread a report, it seems, that he had a daughter by the Moon, who had fallen in love with him; as it is her * custom to do with pretty fellows, in his sleep: the prudent old man made no delay, but immediately sent for her, and commenced a bridegroom at threescore, having first propitiated his mother-in-law, the Moon, with whole hecatombs, expecting, no doubt, that he should soon be himself ranked amongst the deities.

When he had once got footing in Italy he became more bold and confident, sending forth his oracles throughout the whole Roman empire, fore-

* *Custom.*] Alluding to the story of Endymion.

telling

telling plagues, fires, and earthquakes in every city, and at the same time promising his powerful assistance against them. One vocal prediction, in particular, he dispersed about, concerning the plague, in the following verse;

The beardless god, Apollo, shall dispel
This pestilential cloud —

This was inscribed on almost every door, by way of antidote; the event, however, proved rather contradictory, for those houses were peculiarly unfortunate, more dying in them than in any others, wherever the verses were put up. I do not say, this was the cause of their deaths, but so it fell out; for the common people, depending upon the oracle, took no care about their diet and manner of living, nor would they join their own endeavours with it to combat the disease, having those infallible words to fight for them, and well assured that the “beardless god, with his darts, would drive away the pestilence.”

He had, moreover, set spies over every part of Rome, whom he chose out of his own accomplices, who were to get out of the people the questions they meant to ask, and what they were most desirous of, letting him know all beforehand, that he might be ready with his answers, even before they sent for them.

Thus he went on in Italy; and now he began to institute certain mysteries, with sacred rites, priests, torches, and a festival for three days. On the first, it was given out, as at Athens, in this form,—“If any wicked person, Christian, or Epicurean, approaches to pry into the mysteries, let him be expelled, but let the faithful believers be initiated with propitious omens:” then began the scrutiny, and first they cried, “Away with the Christians,” and the whole multitude subjoined, “Away with the Epicureans;” then was represented the child-birth of Latona, the nativity of Apollo, the nuptials of Coronis, and the birth of Æsculapius: and on the next day the wonderful production of the god Glycon. On the third came the marriage of Podalirius, with Alexander’s mother; that day was called the * *Dadæ*, when they lit all the torches: and last of all was the representation of the loves of Alexander and the Moon, with the birth of Rutilianus’s wife, wherein Alexander led the procession, with a torch in his hand, like another Endymion; laying asleep in the middle of the room, whilst a beautiful creature, whose

* *Dadæ*.] From *δαδæ*, torches.

name was Rutilia, the wife of one belonging to Cæsar's household, personating the Moon, came down from the cieling, as if just descended from heaven, and, in the face of the poor husband, most cordially embraced the prophet (for they were known to be fond of each other), and, if it had not been for the number of torches, might probably have been still more familiar with him : a little while after he came in again with great pomp, clad as high-priest, and commanding silence, cried out, Hail Glycon ! and at the same time some fellows from Paphlagonia, with clouted shoes, who stunk horribly of garlick, acted the * Eumolpidæ and Ceryces, and roared out, Hail Alexander !

In the mystic dances, by torch-light, he would frequently, and on purpose, shew his naked thigh, which appeared like gold, and which, probably, he had contrived by means of some skin put over it that was gilded, and by help of the lights shone very bright : a dispute arose one day upon this between two sage philosophers, " Whether Alexander had not the soul of Pythagoras, as well as his golden thigh, or another which nearly resembled it ; and referring the question to Alexander himself, the royal Glycon decided it immediately by this oracle,

Pythagoras oft dies, and oft to life
 Again returns ; not so the prophet's soul,
 Which sprang from Jove, by his almighty fire
 Commission'd to relieve the just and good,
 He came on earth, and when the lightning's blast
 Shall hurl him hence, he must to Jove † return,

* * * *

To such a height of pride and debauchery did he at last arrive, that scarce any woman whom he admired could escape him : the husbands thought it an honour if he would condescend to kiss their wives, and looked upon it as a piece of good fortune if he would admit them into his house ; many even boasted of having had children by him, and their spouses complaisantly bore witness to the truth of it.

* *Eumolpide.*] Chief priests of Ceres, a dignity which they enjoyed by hereditary right, conferred on them by the Athenians, as descendants of Eumolpus : as the mock mysteries of Alexander were designed by him as an imitation of the great Eleusinian rites, it was very proper he should be furnished with all necessary appurtenances for the performance of them.

† *Return.*] Here follow a few curious lines relating to his pædcrasty, which I have purposefully omitted in the translation.

And now I will repeat to you a dialogue between Glycon and a priest of Tios; how sensible a one he was, you will perceive by his questions. I read it in his own house, written in letters of gold.

Tell me, great Glycon, who are you?—I am Æsculapius the Younger, not the same as the first.—How can that be?—That you must not enquire into.—How many years do you intend to stay with us, and give oracles?—One thousand and three years.—And where do you go to then?—To Bactria, and the regions round about; for it is fitting that the Barbarians also should enjoy the blessings of my presence.—Have the other oracles, those of Claros, Didymos, and Delphos, Apollo for their father and inspirer, or are they only false and lying prophets?—That also enquire not of, for it is not lawful to reveal.—What shall I be, after this life?—A camel, after that a horse, and after that a wife man, and a prophet, not inferior to Alexander—

Such was the conversation of the priest and Glycon, which he concluded with an oracle in verse, knowing him to be a friend of Lepidus,—

Trust not to Lepidus, for him a sure
And dreadful death awaits —

The prophet, as I before observed to you, had an utter aversion to Epicurus, as most able to oppose his schemes, and detect his villany. One of his followers, who was bold enough to attack the impostor, got into no small trouble by it. You, Alexander, said this man, persuaded the president of Gallo-Græcia to accuse his servants of a capital crime, and assert that they had slain his son, who was one of your disciples, though the young man is now alive, having returned safe home after the conviction of the servants, who were devoured by wild beasts on your accusation. The fact was this, the young man, who had been sailing, and driven by the rapidity of the stream a good way up into Ægypt, was persuaded to go on to India, and not returning, the unfortunate servants imagined he must have perished on the Nile, or had been seized by robbers, of which there was great abundance in those parts: they went back, therefore, and reported that he was lost; then followed the oracle and the condemnation, after which the youth returned and gave an account of his voyage. Alexander, enraged at this speech, and knowing it was but too true, ordered those who were present to stone him, threatening, if they did not, to inflict the same punishment on them, as accomplices with him; they accordingly began to execute his commands,

commands, when one Demoftratus, a stranger, juſt arrived in Pontus, ſheltered the poor man, and ſaved his life, even at the hazard of his own, fooliſhly enough indeed; for what buſineſs had he to be wiſe amongſt ſo many fools, and to pay for the madneſs of the Paphlagonians! Such was the poor man's fate.

When the names of thoſe who had ſent in their queſtions was called over (which was always done the day before they were to be answered), the crier aſked whether the oracle would ſpeak to ſuch a man; and if the voice within replied, "Away with him" to the crows, from that time forth nobody would receive him into their houſe, nor give him fire nor water: he was obliged to wander about the earth from place to place, and looked upon as a profane perſon, an impious man, and an Epicurean, which was the worſt of all reproaches.

One thing Alexander did, which was truly ridiculous; meeting one day with a book, which contained the principal tenets and opinions of Epicurus, he brought it into the middle of the market-place, and burned it, ſignifying how willing he would have been to ſerve the author himſelf in the ſame manner: he then threw the aſhes into the ſea, in conſequence of an oracle delivered on this occaſion, which ſaid,

'Tis my command, that ſtrait ye burn the works
Of the blind dotard —

He knew not, wretch as he was, what profitable inſtruction that book conveyed, what liberty it inſpired, what peace and tranquillity of mind it produced, how it freed men from idle fears and apprehenſions, from vain hopes and extravagant deſires, inſtilling truth and wiſdom; purifying their minds, not with links, or torches, or any ſuch idle ſuperſtitious, but with right reaſon, truth, and freedom.

I muſt now relate to you one of the moſt impudent things which this raſcal ever did. Having free acceſs to the court of the emperor, by means of Rutilianus, who was then in great favour, in the middle of the war between Marcus Aurelius and the Quadi and Marcómanni, he delivered an oracle, commanding that two lions ſhould be thrown alive into the Iſter, with a number of ſpices, and a magnificent ſacrifice: but I had better give you the oracle itſelf, which was as follows:

In Iſter's ſacred ſtream, 'tis my command,
 Ye plunge two mountain lions, like to thoſe
 Who draw the car of Cybele, with flowers,
 And fragrant herbs, that ſcent the Indian air;
 This leads to glory, victory, and peace.

This being done, according to his command, the lions ſwam on ſhore in the enemies country, and were killed with ſtaves by the Barbarians, like dogs, or foreign wolves; ſoon after we received a deſperate * wound, ſcarce leſs than twenty thouſand of our forces being cut off; then followed alſo, what happened at Aquileia, when the city was very near being taken. Alexander, in order to palliate the event, had recourſe to the old Delphic defence, and very coolly applied the oracle of Cræſus, ſaying, that the god had, indeed, foretold a victory, but did not declare whether it would fall to the Romans or to their enemies.

Numbers at length flocking into the city, on account of the oracle, it became ſo full that the people were in want of neceſſaries; at this time it was that he ſet up what he called the night-oracles; for, receiving the books over night, he ſlept upon them, and gave his answers in the morning, as if revealed to him by the god in a dream: theſe were not plain and clear, but moſt of them obſcure and unintelligible; eſpecially if he obſerved that the book was ſealed up with more than ordinary care: for not venturing to open it, he wrote in answer juſt what came into his head, as thinking this was beſt ſuited to the nature of oracles; to explain theſe, certain interpreters were appointed, who received no ſmall reward for it from thoſe to whom the oracle was explained: their office, however was tributary, for every one of them paid Alexander an Attic talent.

Sometimes, when nobody either came or ſent to him, he would pour forth oracles of his own accord, merely to ſurpriſe and aſtoniſh the multitude: of this nature was the following,

Wou'd'ſt thou diſcover him who hath defiled
 Thy nuptial bed?—It is Protogenes,
 Thy ſervant, he in whom thou doſt confide:
 Thou gav'ſt him all, and thus doth he return
 The obligation: that thou may'ſt not ſee

* *Wound.*] See Juſtin.

Or

Or hear the inj'ry, they for thee prepare
The deadly poison; thou wilt find it hid,
Close to the wall beneath thy bed.—Thy maid,
Calista, knows it all.

Would not this nice and accurate description of names and places puzzle a Democritus, and yet when he had found out the trick, how would he laugh at the contents?

He would often answer the Barbarians, who asked him questions in Celtic or Syriac, in their own language, though sometimes he found it difficult, not having people near to interpret them for him: but then he always took care there should be time enough between the delivery of the books, and the oracle to be given, that he might have leisure to open and procure persons to explain them.

Of this kind was one given to a Scythian, which ran thus,

Morphi E bargulis Chnenchichranc—he should die.

This also he wrote in prose to Nobody,

Return—for he who sent thee was this day slain by his neighbour Diocles, Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, the robbers, coming upon him, who were taken and bound.

Now listen to a few, which he delivered to me; my question was, whether Alexander was bald; this I sealed up very curiously; the answer was,

* Malach Attis was different from Sabardalachus.

Another time, when in two separate books, and under two different names, I asked the same question,—viz. Of what country Homer the poet was? To one them he answered,

With † *Cytmis* I command thee to anoint,
And fair ‡ *Latona's dew* —

* *Malach, &c.*] Here Lucian does not sufficiently explain the fact, so as to make it intelligible to his readers. Some servant sent to Alexander, had probably proposed this question to him, viz. Were Malach Attis, and Sabardalachus, (two obscure kings of some distant region, one and the same person? Alexander mistaking this question for Lucian's, gives him this answer, which, by the bye, does not prove what Lucian would insinuate, that Alexander said any thing that came uppermost; but only that he frequently sent answers to one question, which properly belonged to another. A circumstance that might happen to any man in the hurry of business; just the same mistake is made with regard to his question about Homer.

† *Cytmis.*] Bear's grease.

‡ *Latona's dew.*] Latona is put for Diana, or the moon; the dew must be gathered whilst the moon shines. This superstition gives it an air of solemnity.

This

This was owing to his being deceived by my boy, whom he asked what he came for, to which he replied, to be cured of a pain in his side: the other answer which he gave, took its rise from a question that was proposed to him, “Whether it was better to go by sea to Italy or on foot? This made him say to me—(which had nothing to do with Homer),

Go not by sea, but take thy way on foot.

I played him several tricks of this kind: for instance, I proposed one question only, and wrote it in a book as usual, and with it sent eight drachmas, as if I had paid for so many oracles: he was deceived by this, and to that single question, which, by the by, was, When that rogue Alexander should be detected, sent me eight answers, * belonging, as they say, neither to heaven nor earth, totally nonsensical and unintelligible. When he afterwards found out the trick that had been played him, he was very angry, and hated me as you may suppose, as his bitterest enemy, especially as I had, moreover, endeavoured to dissuade Rutilianus from the marriage, and cautioned him not to put too much trust in the prophecy: and accordingly, when he asked some questions concerning me, his answer was,

In † midnight revels, and incestuous beds,
That man delights.

The truth was, he did most cordially hate me, as well indeed he might: as soon, however, as he heard that I was come into the city, and knew I was that very Lucian who had so harrassed him, (I had luckily, you must know, brought two soldiers with me, sent by my friend the governor of Cappadocia, to conduct me to the sea,) he received me with the greatest appearance of politeness and civility. I went to him with my guard, who by good fortune had accompanied me thither. He put forth his hand to me to kiss, as his custom was with the common people; upon which, stooping down as if to salute his hand, I gave him such a ‡ bite as almost lamed him. The attendants began to fall upon and beat me, as a profane sacrilegious wretch, being already not a little provoked that I had styled him plain Alex-

* *Belonging.*] i. e. quite foreign to the purpose.

† *In midnight.*] If this was Lucian's general character (which is not impossible,) however candid it may be deemed, it was surely not altogether prudent thus to let posterity into the secret.

‡ *A bite.*] This was rather a childish trick of my friend Lucian's, and which we find he had like to have paid dear for.

ander,

ander, and not the prophet. He bore it, however, very patiently; called off the attendants, and promised he would soon find the means of reconciling me to him, and would shew me the power of Glycon, who could make the bitterest enemies friends to each other. Then commanding all that were present to retire, he began to expostulate with me, saying, he knew me very well, and what I had said to Rutilianus about him: And why, added he, would you act thus, when you know how it is in my power to advance you by his means? Knowing the dangerous situation I was in, I thanked him for his civility, and withdrew. And so we parted friends, to the no small astonishment of many who wondered to see me come off so well.

Soon after this, when I was going to set sail, (for only Xenophon and myself were left behind, my father and family being gone before to Amastris,) he sent me several presents, and even went so far as to offer me a ship and rowers to carry me over. I thought he meant me fair in all this, but when we were got half way, observing the pilot in tears, and quarrelling with the sailors, I began to suspect something wrong. Alexander, it seems, had given orders that they should seize and throw us all over-board, which, indeed had they performed, it would soon have put an end to our difference. He persuaded them, however, by tears and supplications, not to do us any injury. "I, said he to me, as you see, am threescore years of age, and have hitherto lived a good and irreproachable life, and have a wife and children, and will not after all, dip my hands in blood." He then told us Alexander's commands, and what he was to have done with us.

When they had landed us at *Ægiale*, celebrated by the noble † Homer, they returned home. Here I met with some Bosphoran ambassadors, who had been sent by king Eupator into Bithynia to receive the annual tribute, and told them the danger we had been in; they treated us kindly, took us into their ship; and thus I got safe to Amastris, after our narrow escape. From this time I strained every nerve to be revenged on that rascal, whom, before the vile snare which he laid for me, I always abominated, on account of his infamous character. I now determined on a public accusation of him, in which I was supported by many, and more especially by those philosophers who were disciples of Timocrates the Heracliot. But this was put a stop to by the king of Pontus and Bithynia, who almost on his knees intreated us to go no farther; assuring us, that on account of his particular regard

† *Homer.*] See *Iliad*, book vi. l. 855.

for Rutilianus, he could not punish him, even if he had been found guilty of the greatest enormities. I was obliged therefore, of necessity to desist, as it would have been madness to accuse him before a judge so predetermined.

Amongst other instances of his audacity, what think you of his asking the emperor to change the name of the wall of Abonus, and to call it * Ionopolis; and striking money with the representation of Glycon on one side, and himself on the other; with the crown of his grand-father Æsculapius, and the scythe of Perseus, his progenitor by the mother's side?

He had published an oracle which foretold that he should live to the age of a hundred and fifty, and then be † struck dead with lightning: but after all made a most miserable end, dying before he was quite seventy, as became the son of Podalirius; his foot and lower parts mortifying up to the groin: besides that, he was almost eaten up with worms. At the time of his death, they discovered that he was ‡ bald, the pain obliging him to lay open his head to the physicians to pour something upon it, which they could not do without taking off his || peruke.

Such was the catastrophe of the tragedy of Alexander: one would suppose it to have been the work of providence, though it might possibly so fall out by mere chance. Very fitting it was, that the ceremonies after his death should correspond with those of his life, and that a contention should ensue for the oracle. His brethren and accomplices, therefore, petitioned Rutilianus to determine which of them should be preferred to it, and adorned with the sacerdotal robe, and prophetic crown. Amongst them was Pætus the physician, an old man, and grey-headed; little did it become his grey hairs, or his profession, to appear in such an affair. Rutilianus, however, who was to decide it, sent them all away uncrowned, reserving the prophet's place for him, at some more convenient opportunity.

I have selected, my dear friend, these few remarks by way of essay, partly to oblige you, my old acquaintance and companion; whom I admire, as well for your wisdom and love of truth, as for that softness and sweetness of

* *Ionopolis.*] There are medals yet extant of Antoninus Pius, with the serpent and Glyco upon them; and others of L. Aurel. Verus, with this inscription ΓΛΥΚΩΝ ΤΩΝΟΠΟΛΙΤΩΝ.—an unanswerable confirmation of the truth of Lucian's narrative.

† *Struck dead.*] Alluding to his own prophecy concerning himself, in verse.

‡ *Bald.*] A circumstance which Lucian, we find by the question proposed to him a little before, had come to the knowledge of.

|| *Peruke.*] Greek, *φίανης*, fictio capillamento;

manners,

manners, that equity and justice, and all those several qualities which so eminently distinguish you. And partly, I must own also, and which I know you will approve, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, that truly good and pious man, endowed with most divine knowledge, who alone was acquainted with the beauty of truth, and taught it to others, blessing all those with freedom and happiness who attended to him. The book will, withal, I flatter myself, be profitable to the reader, as it may serve to refute some falsehoods, and confirm the truth of some things worthy to be remembered.

T O
S I G N O R G A L L I N I,
THIS TREATISE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

O N
D A N C I N G,
A D I A L O G U E.

One of the bad Consequences arising from the Company of Wits, who deal in Irony and Sarcasm is, that you never know whether they are in Jest or Earnest; and this is the Case with LUCIAN, in regard to the following Dialogue, which wears such a double Face, that it is difficult to say whether he meant to ridicule the noble Science of Dancing, or truly and soberly to defend and extol it. When he tells us, in the Beginning, that Dancing is coeval with the Universe, and that the World is nothing but a grand Dance of Things, we can hardly conceive him to be serious; and yet in the latter Part of the Treatise, the Gravity of his Arguments and Manner would incline us to think him so. The whole, however, except, perhaps, the long String of old Fables, is entertaining and sensible.

L Y C I N U S A N D C R A T O.

L Y C I N U S.

AS you have thought proper, my friend Crato, for some time past to bring most heavy complaints against dancing, to abuse the art itself, and find fault with me for being fond of it, as spending all my time on a frivolous and womanish entertainment; I must now convince you how greatly you are mistaken, and how sadly you have forgot yourself, in speaking thus contemptuously, of one of the most agreeable things in life: it may, however, be pardonable in you, who have been brought up and used to a gloomy way of life, and have always imagined that nothing can be good that is not harsh and rigid, and condemn that which you are an utter stranger to.

C R A T O.

C R A T O .

In good truth, my friend Lycinus, I am astonish'd to see a man like you, brought up to letters, and no bad philosopher, leaving his profitable studies and converse with the ancients, to be tickled with a flageolet, or sit admiring an effeminate fellow, in long petticoats, singing lascivious songs, and imitating the lewd women, the * Phædras, Parthenopes, and Rhodopes of antiquity, beating time with your foot upon the benches, and making a ridiculous noise, very unbecoming a man of your education. When I heard you frequented such entertainments, I not only blush'd for, but was truly angry with you, for thus neglecting Plato, Aristotle, and Chrysippus, to sit like those who tickle their ears with a feather; and that too whilst there are so many noble and delightful employments for the eye and ear, so many excellent concerts, so many, where the † harp is play'd on in perfection, and above all, whilst there is grave tragedy and chearful comedy to amuse you, things worthy of public contest, and universal emulation. You will stand in need, therefore, my good friend, of a long apology, at least with every liberal mind, if you mean not to be cut off from the society of all good and virtuous men: you had better, indeed, at once, deny that you were ever guilty of such a folly; and take care that, for the future, we never see you changing yourself thus, from a man into a Lydian or Bacchanal; it would be not only your fault, indeed, but ours, if, when we saw you stupified, like † Ulysses by the lotus, we did not endeavour to bring you back to your senses, before you were totally possess'd by those Syrens of the stage; his Syrens caught mariners by the ears, if they did not stop them up with wax, as they fail'd that way; but you are taken by the eye, and reduced to the most abject slavery.

* *Phædras, &c.*] The story of Phædra, and her passion for Hippolytus, is too well known to stand in need of any illustration. Parthenope was one of the Syrens whom Ulysses shut his ears against. The last mentioned lady is reported to have got money enough, by her profession as a courtesan, to build one of the famous Egyptian pyramids.

† *The harp.*] Greek *κithαρα*. I call it a harp, though, as Montfaucon has observ'd, it is very difficult to determine in what the lyre, cithara, chelys, psaltery, and harp differ'd from each other. Dr. Burney observes, that the cithara (from which the Italian word chitarra, or guitar, is manifestly deriv'd), was, perhaps, as different from the lyre, as a single harp from a double one. The Greeks had, probably, two principal species of string'd instruments, one, like our harp, of full compass, resting on its base, the other more portable, and slung over the shoulder, like our guitar, or the ancient lyre, represented in sculpture.

‡ *Like Ulysses.*] See Odyssy, book ix. l. 92. I have quoted the passage as translated by Pope, in another place.

LYCINUS.

Bless us, Crato, what a fierce dog have you let loose upon me! but your simile, let me tell you, of the Syrens and Lotophagi, is by no means applicable to my case: for those who eat the lotus, and listened to the Syrens, were punished with death; whereas, with regard to myself, besides that the pleasure is much greater than theirs, the consequence also is good and happy; for neither have I by this forgot my private concerns, nor become incapable of doing my business; but, on the contrary, I can affirm, always return from the theatre more alert, and fit for all the offices of life, so that I may say with Homer, who was an eye witness of it,

* Delighted I return, and wiser far.

But pray tell me, Crato, do you find fault with dancing, and the stage, after being often present at them; or, having never been there, do you, notwithstanding, assert that they are indefensible? If you have seen them yourself, you are upon the level with me; and if you have not, surely your accusation is unreasonable and ill-founded, when you condemn that which you know nothing of.

CRATO.

Most certain it is, I have never been there: it would but ill become me, with my long beard and grey locks, to sit myself down amongst a heap of women, and mad spectators, to applaud a worthless fellow, writhing his body into a thousand forms, for no good or useful purpose whatsoever.

LYCINUS.

I must pardon you, Crato, since this is the case; but if you will take my advice, only go by way of experiment, and open your eyes; I will answer for it, you will soon be for going early, and before any body else, to secure a good place, from whence you may see and hear every thing distinctly.

CRATO.

May I perish if ever I submit to any such thing whilst I have hair on my legs, and my beard is not pulled off! In the mean time I sincerely pity you, who are seized with this Bacchanalian frenzy.

* *Delighted.*] This is a literal translation of the line in Homer, which is

Τερψαμειος νιται, και πλειονα ειδως,

which is part of the Syren's song in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*. Pope has sunk the whole line in his translation, and, as he frequently does, gives us something else in the room of it.

LYCI.

L Y C I N U S.

Will you then listen to me, my friend, whilst I defend dancing, and endeavour to convince you that it has many perfections; that it is not only entertaining, but profitable to the spectators; that it is useful and instructive, harmonises the souls of the beholders, charms the sight with agreeable spectacles, and the hearing with delightful sounds, displaying the united beauties both of mind and body: that it does all this by the assistance of music and numbers, is not to its disgrace, but adds to the praise and honour of it.

C R A T O.

I am not at leisure to hear a madman harangue in praise of his distemper; but, if you are very desirous of pouring out your nonsense upon me, I will submit to the operation, and lend you my ears, which, though I shall not stop them with wax, may not, perhaps, be very attentive to you. I will hold my tongue, however; therefore, say what you please, as if there was nobody to overhear you.

L Y C I N U S.

That is the very thing I wished for; you will soon see whether what I am going to say to you is nonsense. In the first place, then, I must observe, that you seem not to know the antiquity of dancing; that it is not of yesterday, not invented by our ancestors, nor by those who lived before them: they who know the true origin of it will inform you, that it is coeval with the birth of the Universe, and sprang forth at the same time with Love, the eldest of the gods. The Chorus of the stars, the conjunction of the planets, their harmonious order and connection, are but various copies of the first great dance of things: from that time the art hath been advancing, which is now arrived at perfection, and is at length the most * muse-like, all comprehending, all harmonious, first of things.

† Rhea, we are told, delighting in the art, first commanded the Corybantes in Phrygia, and the Curetes in Crete to dance; and she received no

* *Muse-like.*] Greek, *πολυμουσικον αγαθον.*

† *Rhea, &c.*] To understand the force, and taste the ridicule of this passage, it is necessary to inform the reader, if he does not know it before, that according to the unaccountable system of ancient theogony, Rhea, or Cybele, when she was with child of Jupiter by Saturn, that her husband might not destroy the infant as soon as born, which it seems he had threatened, retired to Crete, when, after being delivered, she gave her little Jupiter to the care of her friends, or priests, the Curetes and Corybantes, who made a violent noise with their lances, shields, and bucklers, that Saturn might not hear the child cry. Lucian takes this opportunity of laughing at the whole story, and tells us that it is therefore to dancing alone we are indebted for the preservation of the father of gods and men.

small

small advantage from it; for they preserved her son, and Jove will himself acknowledge, that to them he owed his delivery from the cruelty of an incensed father: they danced in arms, and striking their swords on their shields, seemed, as it were, filled with a martial and divine fury. Some of the bravest Cretans afterwards studied this art, and became excellent dancers; and these were not the low and common people, but of the noblest families, and amongst those who were deserving of the empire. Homer, with a view to distinguish, and not to disgrace Merion, calls him a dancer: and so famous was he in this art, that not only his countrymen the Grecians acknowledged his perfections in it, but his enemies the Trojans also; they experienced, no doubt, in battle, that skill and agility which he had acquired by his proficiency in this useful science: the verses, I think, are pretty nearly as follows,

* Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
 And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize;
 My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
 Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

And yet we find he did not kill him: by his knowledge of † dancing, I suppose, he escaped the arrows that were shot at him. I could enumerate several other heroes who were renowned for this art; it may suffice to mention only Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, a most admirable dancer, who invented the famous Pyrrhic dance, so called from him. When Achilles heard this of his son, it gave him more pleasure, they say, than when he reflected on his beauty, and all his other accomplishments and perfections. It was ‡ his dance indeed, that destroyed and laid level with the ground, the proud city of Troy; which, to that day, had remained unconquerable.

The Lacedæmonians, who were reckoned the bravest of all the Grecians, learned their Caryatic from Castor and Pollux (this is a species of dance, so called from Caryæ, a street in Sparta); these people did every thing in a

* See Pope's Homer's *Odyssæy*, B. xvi. l. 745.

† *Dancing*] Is this a serious defence of dancing, or a severe ridicule of it?

‡ *His dance.*] Surely Lucian appears here with a broad grin on his countenance, and is plainly ironical; it puts us in mind of the burlesque song, where Alexander

Drank about the council-board,
 And subdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword,

muse-

muse-like manner, fought by numbers, music, and a regular motion of the feet; the pipe always giving the first signal of battle: and as they were led on by music and dancing, they always conquered: their young men were taught to dance, as well as to fight: they came to blows, then paused for a time, and finished the engagement in a dance; the fidler always sitting in the midst, and beating time with his foot; whilst they, forming themselves as it were, into metre, followed each other in various circumvolutions; and marching to different tunes, sometimes rough and warlike, and soon after to quick and sprightly ones, such as Bacchus and Venus admire. The song which they sing in their dance, is an invitation to Venus and Cupid to trip it along with them; another, for they sing two, contains instructions how they are to dance: then they cry out aloud, "Boys, move your feet, and dance better."

Those do much the same who perform the * *Hormus*: this is a dance of the youths and virgins, moving in a chorus one by one, like a chain or collar, from which it takes its name. The young man leads the way, stepping gracefully along, and with such motions as he is afterwards to practise in the field; the virgin follows, teaching her sex, as it were, to dance with decency and grace; so that the whole appears indeed like a chain, where manly fortitude, and female modesty, are knit together.

What Homer tells us in his shield of Achilles concerning † *Ariadne*, and the dance which *Dædalus* led her, as unnecessary to repeat to a reader like you, I shall pass over; as well as the two dancers, leaders of the chorus, whom the poet calls * *tumblers*; and likewise where he says,

* *Hormus*.] From the Greek *ὄρμος*, monile, a collar, or necklace. The idea is a pretty one, something similar to this is frequently adopted in our modern dances.

† *Ariadne*.] A figured dance succeeds; such once was seen,
In lofty *Gnosus*, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by *Dædalian* art; a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,
Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And, undistinguish'd, blend the flying ring.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, book xviii. l. 691.

It is worth observing, says a commentator on this passage, that the Grecian dance is still performed in this manner in the oriental nations; the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly, by degrees the music plays a quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness, and towards the conclusion, sing as here in a general chorus.

‡ *Tumblers*.] Greek, *κεφαλῶντες*, the Latin translator calls them *saltantes in caput*, such as dance on their heads. Pope calls them *tumblers*.

The

The youthful dancers, in a circle bound.

And which, he tells us, was the most beautiful part of Vulcan's shield. The Phæacians, we may naturally suppose, were fond of dancing, being a delicate race of people, and who lived a life of luxury and happiness. Homer therefore, makes * Ulysses particularly admire them.

The Thessalians had this art in such esteem, that they called their generals and great warriors † leaders of the dance; and this is proved by their inscriptions on the monuments which they raised, in memory of their great men: one of them says, "the city made such a man Proorchester: and another, "the people raised this to the memory of Ilation, for his well-danced "battle."

I shall not here observe, that amongst all the ancient mysteries, there are none without dances, as Orpheus, Musæus, and others, the best dancers of their time, who instituted them, always took care to make dancing an indisputable qualification for all who were initiated into them. We must not speak of the orgies, on account of those who are not initiated; but every body knows, that those who reveal the mysteries, are said to have ‡ danced out of the circle.

In Delos, no sacrifices, it is well known, were ever made without music and dancing: a chorus of boys always played upon the lute and harp, whilst the most skilful of them proceeded with hymns and songs; and the verses written for these chorusses which the Lyric poets are full of, were called || Hyporchemata. But why need I dwell upon the Greeks, when even the Indians, as soon as they rise in the morning, worship the sun; not as we do, who, when we have kissed our hands, think our adoration complete; but

* *Ulysses.*] See *Odysses*, c. l. 365.

† *Leaders.*] Greek, προορχηστρας, first dancers. This and the other appellations mean no more than that the Thessalians applied terms used in dancing to military affairs, and did this art the honour sometimes to draw allusions from it; but Lucian's business here is to make the most of the matter.

‡ *Danced out*] Greek; Εξορχισθαι, extra sacrum chorum saltare. Whence, perhaps, we may derive our English word, exorcism; but, after all, this is nothing, as I before observed, but an allusion; though Lucian seems to insinuate that religion itself depends on dancing. His fervent zeal on this occasion puts me in mind of a famous Treatise on the Art of Angling, now before me; the author, after affirming that no man can be honest or good who does not love fishing, proceeds gravely to remark, that only three Apostles attended our Saviour to the mount on his transfiguration, and that these three were all—fishermen.

§ *Hyporchemata.*] From ορχησις, saltatio, υποορχημα δε, says Meursius, το μετ' ορχησις αδο-
μενον μελος.

turning

turning their heads towards the east, salute him with a dance; silently throwing themselves into certain postures, and imitating the motions of the divinity. Such is the adoration of the Indians, their chorus, and sacrifice; in this manner they propitiate the deity in the morning and in the evening every day. The Æthiopians also dance whilst they fight; nor will one of them take an arrow out of his hair, (for that is his quiver, which they surround like so many rays,) without first making use of several threatening motions, and terrifying the enemy with a dance.

And now we are got into India and Æthiopia, it may be worth our while to step down into the neighbouring kingdom of Ægypt. Here, according to the old fable, lived the famous Proteus, who, I believe, was nothing more than a good dancer, and an excellent mimic; who could throw himself into all shapes and forms, imitating, by the rapidity of his motions, the swiftness of fire, the fluidity of water, the fierceness of the lion, the spirit of the panther, the bending of the trees, and any thing, in short, he pleased: but they caught hold of the marvellous; and told the story as if those things had really happened, which were so well represented by him, though those that dance now perform the very same, for they change themselves into every form, and rival * Proteus himself: we have reason to suppose that Empusa also, who could throw herself into such a variety of shapes, was likewise some excellent proficient in this art.

Nor must we here pass over that dance of the Romans which is performed by the † Salii (for so they call some of their priests), in honour of Mars, the god of war, and which is most grave and holy.

Agreeable to this Roman custom is the fable which the Bithynians relate of their Priapus, a warlike deity, one of the Titans I believe, or the ‡ Idæ-

* *Proteus.*] Here the mask falls fairly off, and Lucian may be said to laugh out: his turning Proteus into a dancing-master plainly shews he cannot be in earnest, but it is hoped the Proteus's of the present age, in consideration of the many handsome things he has said on the subject, will forgive him a laugh or two on the profession.

† *Salii*] The Salii were Roman priests, and so called from *salio*, to dance, first appointed we are told by Numa: their office was to celebrate the rites of Mars with songs and dances; they were habited in a short scarlet cassock, having round them a broad belt, clasped with brass buckles, on their heads they wore a sort of copper helmet, short swords by their sides, a javelin in their right hand, and the ancle, or target, in the other. They were twelve in number, and always chosen from the patricians.

‡ *Idæan dactyli.*] Priests of Cybele, who was worshipped on mount Ida, called *dactyli*, from *δακτυλος*, a finger, in allusion to their number, as in their first institution there were but ten of them. See Strabo, Pollux, Is. Casaubon, and the learned Bryan.

an Dactyli, well skilled in military knowlege, who is said to have received Mars from the hands of Juno, whilst he was yet a boy, though remarkably strong and manly, and to have instructed him in dancing, even before he taught him to fight; for this, as a reward, he was presented by Juno with a tenth of the spoil which fell to the share of Mars in battle. I need not mention to you the feasts of Bacchus, which, you well know, all consist in dances, the principal of them the * Cordax, the † Sicynnis, and the ‡ Emmeleia, were so called from the Satyrs, priests of Bacchus, who invented them; by these he conquered the Tyrrhenians, Indians, and Lydians, and obliged those warlike nations to carry the thiasus.

Take heed, therefore, my most extraordinary friend, that you are not guilty of impiety, in vilifying this divine and mystic art, practised by so many of the gods themselves, and dedicated to their service, and which, at the same time, affords both profit and delight. When I consider (for I must once more recur to the poets), how great an admirer you are of Homer, and Hesiod in particular, I am astonished to find your opinion so directly opposite to them, who praise this art above all things. When Homer speaks of things the most desirable, he mentions sleep, love, and harmony, and calls dancing alone the § irreprehensible pleasure: he bears testimony, you see, to the excellency of song, which always accompanies my favourite art, and expressly says, that is irreprehensible, which you have dared to find fault with; and again, in another part of his poem, he says,

|| To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some sweet music, and the charms of song.

Most delightful, indeed, are song and dance together, they are the sweetest gift of heaven; the poet seems to have divided all things into two parts, war and peace, and in opposition to the former has contrasted these pleasures as the most delectable.

* *Cordax*.] This was a gay brisk dance, accompanied sometimes, we are told, with lewd and wanton gestures, and belonged properly to comedy; a learned writer on the subject calls it *genus ridiculae saltationis in comediis, quae turpiter lumbos spinamque quatiebat*—approaching, I suppose, pretty nearly to the indecency of our modern stage-dancing; the Bacchanalia, or feasts of Bacchus, consisted principally of various dances.

† *Sicynnus*.] This was a satirical dance, wherein the grave and brisk were intermixed.

‡ *Emmeleia*.] This was a grave and solemn dance.

§ *Irreprehensible*.] Greek, *αμυμνος ορχηθμοιο*. II. N. 636.

|| *To some, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 915.

Hesiod,

Hesiod also, who was not told of it by others, but himself,

At early morn beheld the dancing choir,
in the beginning of his poem, sings the Muses praise, and tells us, as the highest encomium of them, that

* On the clear fountain's brim, with tender feet,
They lead the mazy dance, around the altar
Of their celestial fire —

And is it not, my friend, almost to fight against the gods, thus to revile so noble an art?

Socrates, who, if we are to credit the Pythian oracle, was the wisest of men, not only praised dancing, but did himself condescend to learn it, attributing the greatest effect to music, numbers, and modulated motions; nor was he ashamed, though an old man, to consider it as the most serious thing. He was, indeed, no little friend to it who frequented the schools of music, and listened even to the † courtesan Aspasia for wisdom and instruction, though he lived when the art was in its infancy, and long before it had arrived at its present perfection; had he seen those who now practise it, he would, I doubt not, have left every thing else for this entertainment alone, nor have taught his pupils any thing before, or in preference to it.

When you talked of tragedy and comedy, you must certainly have forgot that there are dances appropriated to each of them; for one, the Emmeleia; for the other the Cordax; the Sicynnis also is sometimes taken in with them; but since you set out by preferring these to dancing, because they are frequently proposed as subjects of contention, and are therefore honourable, let us compare them together, to pass over music, which is only an attendant on our art, and subservient to it.

If we are to judge of tragedy from its first appearance, what a disgusting and formidable spectacle it is! to see a man come in stretched out to an enormous length, and stalking in high-heeled shoes, with a mask that comes out beyond his head, and gapes as if it would devour all the spectators, not to mention the cushions stuck out on the breast and belly to make artificial fat, to prevent the inconsistent appearance of a thin body: then from under

* *On the clear.*] See Hesiod's Theogony.

† *Courtesan.*] This is an invidious sneer on Socrates, whose exalted virtue Lucian frequently takes the liberty to call in question.

his covering you hear him crying out, sometimes high, and sometimes low, and chaunting his sorrows in iambic verse, minding nothing but his voice, for every thing else used to be supplied by the poet himself: as long as only Hecuba or Andromache spoke, this was tolerable; but when Hercules comes to sing alone, he forgets the club and the lion's skin, drops the character, and may be said to make a solecism indeed.

You alledge, that in dancing, men act the part of women; now this is commonly done both in tragedy and comedy, for * in both there are more women than men: in comedy, the principal parts, to make the audience laugh, are given to the ridiculous characters, cooks, scullions, Davus's, and Tibius's: on the other hand, how neat and decent the habit and appearance of the dancer is, I need not remark, one must be blind not to see it: add to this, that the mask is always handsome, and suited to the action, not gaping like the other, but with the mouth shut. There are, indeed, other mouths enough to open in praise of it. It was formerly usual for the same person both to sing and dance; but, finding that shortness of breath from quick motion spoiled the song, they relieved the dancer, and appointed a person to sing † under him. With regard to other things, tragedy and dancing are nearly the same, except that the latter has more variety, and is ‡ more instructive.

The reason why there are no exercises, or prizes for dancing appointed in Greece, was, I suppose, because the magistrates thought it too noble and

* *In both.*] This, so far as it regards the small remains of the ancient drama now extant, is by no means true; in Lucian's time, however, for ought we know, it might have been so. Women, it is almost certain, never acted either in comedy or tragedy, and most probably were not then thought capable of it. What would Lucian say, if he could come amongst us, to a Young, a Yates, or a Barry?

† *Under him.*] This lets us into a dramatic manœuvre which we were totally unacquainted with, one man dancing, and another explaining his motions in a song; a great deal of skill and exactness must have been necessary in both. This idea agrees surprisngly with the hypothesis supported by the Abbé du Bos. See his Reflections on Painting and Poetry.

‡ *More instructive.*] Greek, *πολυμαθεσθαι*, plus doctrinæ habentes, a bold assertion of Lucian, which the tragic poets of this or any other age will hardly admit; but our satirist, we must remember, is apt now and then to deal in the hyperbole: the writers, however, on the other side of the question are equally extravagant, melius est fodere quam saltare, says the pious St. Augustine; nemo saltat sobrius, says Tully; and the author of the History of the Waldenses very gravely assures us, that a dance is the devil's procession, and as many paces as a man dances, so many steps does he make towards hell; with many other reflections of the same nature.—Must we then, after all, send our children to the dancing school or not? as Pope says,

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

facred

sacred a thing to become a subject of public trial, as it were, and examination; not to mention that there is a city in Italy, which has added this ornament to their other games and ceremonies.

I must here apologize to you, for omitting many things which I might have mentioned on this occasion: I am not ignorant that several who have treated the same subject before me have dwelt much longer upon it, have run through every species of dancing, given us their names, and described what they were, and by whom invented, with a view, I suppose, to shew their extensive learning; for my own part, I look upon all this, as the poor ambition of the ignorant; and besides that, it would be very troublesome and inconvenient to me, and for that reason I pass them all over. I must desire you, moreover, to recollect, that it was not my present intention to trace out the origin of every kind of dance, but only to describe the few which I first mentioned, and which, I considered as the principal efforts of this noble art. The chief end of this discourse being to recommend dancing in general, and to shew how much, both of pleasure and profit, there is in it: I mean, as it is now practised, not as it was formerly, but with all the improvements which it received in, and since the time of Augustus. Passing over, as it were, the roots and foundation of the art, we come now to the flower and fruit of it. Taking no notice of the * *Thermaystris*, the † *Crane*, and the rest of those which are foreign to our present practice: nor shall I mention the ‡ *Phrygian* dance, made use of, generally, by boon companions in their drinking bouts; and which, our rustics continue to this day to the sound of flutes, which, likewise, have very little resemblance with our present modes and fashions. Plato, in his laws, finds fault with several of these; in his division of them into the useful and agreeable, rejecting some as rude and indecent, and praising and admiring others. So much therefore, for the art itself. For to describe all the species of it would be a ridiculous and unnecessary task.

* *Thermaystris*.] A remarkably quick dance, abounding in leaps and caprioles, such as required the greatest strength and agility. Athenæus calls it *furiosa saltatio*, a mad dance; and another author calls it, *genus saltationis vehementis, & præcipuæ agilitatis*.

† *The crane*.] Greek, *γερανος*, so called, we may suppose, from the flight of that bird, whose motions were probably imitated by the dancers.

‡ *Phrygian*.] This was probably, as it is described to us, a rustic popular dance, in which the performers, as they danced, sung to the dance tune, — Where are my roses, where are my violets, where are my beautiful swarms of bees, &c.

And

And now I will enumerate those qualities which the dancer should be possessed of, how he should be prepared, and instructed, and by what means his knowledge may be strengthened and confirmed; by which you will perceive, that this art is not to be numbered amongst the easiest and most practicable, but reaches to the * summit of all human learning: comprehending music, numbers, geometry, with your favourite philosophy, both natural and moral, though it doth not hold the subtilty of disputation by any means necessary. Oratory, however, it would not despise, but lays claim to a part of it, as far as concerns the passions and affections of men: nor must it be a stranger to painting and statuary, as it can imitate their symmetry and proportion, in such a manner as neither Phidias nor Apelles can be superior to it. But, above all, it will be necessary for the dancer to have a great and comprehensive memory: for, like Homer's Calchas, he

† Must know the past, the present, and to come.

That nothing may escape him, as it is an imitative science, he must be able to point out and express the thoughts of men; what Homer, therefore, attributed to Pericles, the good dancer must also enjoy; a power of understanding what ought to be done, and of practising it also. How he is to do this, I will now consider.

The first great requisite is a knowledge of ancient history, a perfect remembrance, as I before observed, and a proper representation of it. He must know every thing, therefore, from chaos and the origin of things, down to the times of Ægyptian Cleopatra; with all that passed in the interval; as, the † castration of Cœlum, the birth of Venus, the battle of the Titans, the nativity of Jupiter, the fraud of Rhea, the stone, the imprisonment of Saturn,

* *The summit.*] This exaggerated encomium puts us in mind of a stroke of humour (and I believe it is the only one in it), in one of our farces, where the dancing-master observes, that the young lady's imprudent conduct can be attributed to nothing but her never having learned to dance.

† *Must know*] See Homer's Iliad, book i,

‡ *The castration, &c.*] Lucian has here, probably to shew his learning, which was very extensive, given us a long detail of ancient stories, which, to confess the truth, is rather tedious and unnecessary; it would surely be sufficient to observe, in support of his labour'd panegyric on the art, that the dancer should be acquainted with every part of ancient history, fable, and mythology, without entering so minutely into the repetition of them.

It is observable that some of the tales alluded to are not mentioned by any author but Lucian, and contain some facts and histories which we know nothing of: an enquiry into, and full explanation of them all would fill a quarto volume; I have not, therefore, attempted a task which would be both tiresome and unnecessary.

and

and the fate of the three brothers; the rebellion of the giants, the stolen fire, the creation of men, the punishment of Prometheus, the power of the two kinds of love; the wandering of Delos, the birth of Latona, the taking away of Python, the snares of Tityus, the middle of the earth discovered by the flight of eagles: besides these, he must remember the wreck of things in the time of Deucalion, one * ark containing the remnant of mankind, and mortals springing up again from stones; the tearing Iachus in pieces, the trick of Juno, and burning of Semele; the birth of both Bacchus's, every thing about Minerva, Vulcan, and Erichthonius; the contention for Athens, the story of Halirrhodius, the sentence of the Areopagus, with all the mythology of that country, particularly the travels of Ceres, the hospitality of Celeus, the agriculture of Triptolemus, the planting of the vine by Icarius, the misfortunes of Erigone, and every thing that is related concerning Boreas, and Oreithyia, and Theseus, and Ægeus; the carrying away of Medea, and the retreat into Persia; the daughters of Erectheus and Pandion, with all that they did and suffered in Thrace; not forgetting Acamas, and Phyllis, the first rape of Helen, the invasion of Athens by Castor and Pollux, the adventures of Hippolytus, and the return of the Heraclidæ; this all belongs to the history of Athens, from which I have only selected these few particulars. Afterwards must come that of Megara, the account of Nifus and Scylla, and the purple hair, the journey of Minos, and his ingratitude to his benefactress; to which will succeed, the story of Cithæron and the Thebans, the affairs of the Labdacidæ, and the travels of Cadmus, the ox that laid down, the serpent's teeth, and the men springing up from them, the metamorphosis of Cadmus into a serpent, the walls built by Amphion by the sound of the lyre, the madness of the builder, the pride of Niobe, her silence and grief, the history of Pentheus, Actæon, Oedipus, Hercules and all his labours, with the murder of his children. Then comes Corinth that abounds in fables, of Glauce and Creon, Bellerophon and Sthenobæa, the battle between Neptune and the sun, the madness of Athamas, the flight of the children of Nephele through the air upon a ram, with the reception of Ino and Melicerta amongst the deities of the sea: then follows the history of the Pelopidæ, Mycenæ, and all that passed there; Inachus, Io, Argus, Atreus,

* *The ark.*] A strong confirmation of the truth of the Mosaic history of the Deluge; but Lucian, in another part of his works, which the reader will come to presently, gives us a full and very extraordinary account of this matter,

and

and Thyestes, *Ærope*, the golden fleece, the wedding of *Pelops*, the murder of *Agamemnon*, and the punishment of *Clytemnæstra*; before this, the expedition of the seven leaders against *Thebes*, the reception of the banished sons-in-law of *Adrastus*, the oracle concerning them, the forbidding of funeral rites, and the deaths of *Menæceus* and *Antigone* in consequence of it; add to this, as necessary to be known, what happened in *Nemæa*, to *Hypsipyle* and *Archemorus*, and what passed long before that with relation to *Danaë's* prison, the birth of *Perseus*, and his combat with the *Gorgon*, to which is joined the history of *Æthiopia*, *Cassiopeia*, *Andromeda*, and *Cepheus*, whom the credulity of after-ages placed amongst the stars: neither must he forget the story of *Danaus* and *Ægyptus*, and the fraudulent marriage of their children. *Lacedæmon* will also furnish him with many events, the loves of *Hyacinthus*, the rivalry of *Zephyrus* and *Apollo*, the murder of the boy by a discus, the flower that sprung up from his blood with the melancholy marks upon it, *Tyndarus* rising from the dead, and *Jupiter's* quarrel with *Æsculapius*, the wandering of *Paris* after his judgment of the apple, with the rape of *Helen*. The history of *Troy* is connected with that of *Sparta*, and is very large and comprehensive: as from almost every one of the adventures there, a fable may be composed; all which, he ought, therefore, to retain in his memory, particularly from the rape of *Helen* to the return of the *Greeks*, the voyages of *Æneas*, and the passion of *Dido*; with which may be connected, the acts of *Orestes*, and what he performed in *Scythia*; nor must the previous circumstances be forgot of *Achilles* remaining at *Scyros* in the habit of a virgin, the madness of *Ulysses*, *Philoctetes* left in the desert island, all the adventures of *Ulysses*, *Circe*, and *Telegonus*, the power of *Æolus* over the winds, and every thing that happened down to the death of the suitors, back as far as the snares laid for *Palamedes*, the anger of *Nauplius*, the madness of one *Ajax*, and the death of the other amongst the rocks. *Elis* will also furnish the skilful dancer with many subjects; *Oenomaus*, *Myrtilus*, *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and the first contenders at the *Olympic* games. *Arcadia* will likewise supply him with abundance of fables, such as the flight of *Daphne*, *Callisthes* living the life of a savage, the drunken frolics of the *Centaur*s, the birth of *Pan*, the loves of *Alpheus*, and his diving under the sea. If he passes over into *Crete*, he will meet with great variety, *Europe*, *Pasiphae*, the two bulls, the labyrinth, *Ariadne*, *Phædra*, *Androgeos*, *Dædalus*, *Icarus*, *Glaucus*, the prophecies of *Polyides*, and

Talus

Talus the traveller, who carried the brazen tablets through Crete. If he goes from thence to Ætolia, he will find Althæa, Meleager, Atalanta, the fatal brand, the combat of Hercules and Achelous, the birth of the Syrens, the origin of the Echinæ, when the fury of Alcæon had subsided, the story of Nessus, and Deianira, and the funeral pile of Hercules. Thrace will likewise produce some things very necessary to be known by him, as, the death of Orpheus, his head swimming upon the lyre and speaking, Hæmus, Rhodope, and the punishment of Lycurgus. Theffaly will furnish him with still more, Pelias, Jason, Alcestes, the fleet of the fifty youths, Argos, and the * talking ship; the adventures of Lemnos, Æte, the dream of Medea, Absyrtus torn to pieces, what befel her in her voyage, and the story of Protefilaus and Laodamia. If from thence you go back to Asia, you will meet with Samos, and the misfortunes of Polycrates, and his daughter's rambles into Persia, not to mention the more ancient fables of the imprudent tongue of Tantalus, the dreadful banquet of the gods, with the death of Pelops, and his ivory shoulder. In Italy he will find Eridanus, with Phaeton, and his sisters turned into trees that distilled amber: he must be acquainted also, with the Hesperides, the dragon that guarded the golden fruit, the labour of Atlas, Geryon, and the driving of the oxen out of Erytheia; nor must he be ignorant of the various metamorphoses into trees, beasts, or birds; and of women into men, as Cæneus, Tiresias, and the like; in Phœnicia, Myrrha, and the death of Adonis. Besides these, he must know those more recent facts which happened after the establishment of the Macedonian empire, with all that Antipater and Seleucus suffered for the love of Stratonice. He must be acquainted with the mysteries of the Ægyptians, and be able to express them by proper symbols; such, I mean, as Epaphus, Osyris, and the gods changed into various animals; and above all, their love-adventures, particularly those of Jove, and the many shapes he transformed himself into. He must know also all the tragic history of the infernal regions, their punishments, and the causes of them; with the uncommon friendship of Theseus and Pirithous, continued even in the shades. His memory, in short, must

* *Talking ship.*] Orpheus calls it *υλαλος Αργω*, and the Roman poet says,

Mox, uti victa gravi ceciderunt lumina fomno,

Visa coronatæ fulgens tutela carinæ

Vocibus his instare duci.

See Val. Flaccus, book i. l. 301.

comprehend every thing which Homer, Hesiod, and the tragic poets have recorded.

These few things, out of a great many, or rather a great many out of an infinite number, I have here mentioned as indispensibly necessary, leaving the rest to be sung by the poets, or gleaned up by the artist himself, which he must always have in readiness to produce, whenever he may have occasion for them.

As his skill consists in imitation, and he undertakes to explain every thing that is sung by gestures; he must, like the orator, be always perspicuous and intelligible, that whatever he points out may be plain and clear, and not stand in need of an interpreter: for, as the Pythian oracle declared, the dancer must be understood though he is dumb, and heard though he says nothing.

Something like this happened formerly to Demetrius the Cynic, who, finding fault with dancing, as you do now, asserted that it succeeded merely by the assistance of music, conducing not at all of itself to the main action: but, that men were imposed on by a fine silken garment, a handsome mask, the flute, and the good voices of the singers with which that was set off, though it had no merit of its own. An eminent dancer in the reign of Nero, not less distinguished for his knowledge of history, than for the grace and eloquence of his motions, only begged Demetrius, which was certainly a very reasonable request, to see him dance before he condemned him, and promised to perform without music or singing; which he did, and commanding the instruments to cease, he danced before him the whole story of Mars and Venus, the sun exposing them, Vulcan detecting and throwing the chains over the lovers, the gods standing by, Venus blushing, Mars frightened and supplicating him; in such a manner as beyond measure to delight Demetrius, who paid him the highest compliment, crying out with a loud voice, "I not only see every thing you do, but even hear it also; for your hands seem to speak to me."

And now I am talking of Nero: I will tell you what happened in his time, with regard to this very dancer whom I just now mentioned to you, and which was the greatest encomium on the art itself. A certain barbarian from Pontus, of royal lineage, who came to Nero on some private business, saw this man dance with several others; when he performed so amazingly, that though he did not know the meaning of the singing that accompanied him,

him, for he was a Half-Grecian, yet he perfectly understood him. When he was returning home, Nero embraced him, and desired him to ask for whatever he pleased, and he should have it: whereupon, the barbarian said, The greatest favour you can confer, will be, to make me a present of that dancer. And when Nero asked what service he could be of to him, he replied, I have several barbarians at home, who speak different languages, and it is difficult to get interpreters for them: this man will supply the place of one, and by his gestures explain every thing to me. So strong an impression had this imitative art made on him, and so clear and excellent did it appear to him.

The chief business and scope of this art consists, as I before observed, in its imitative perfection; the same which the rhetoricians aim at, particularly those who excel in what we call declamation; which always meets with extraordinary applause, when it is agreeable to the subject, and corresponds with the character of the person supposed to speak, whether he be a tyrant-killer, a poor man, or a husbandman; in either of these, the merit lies in representing what is proper for, and peculiar to him.

I will tell you what another barbarian said on this subject. Seeing one day five masks prepared, (for the fable consisted of five acts,) and but one dancer, he enquired who was to perform the rest of the parts; and, being informed that he was to do them all himself, "I did not know, said he, my good friend, that this one body of yours had so many souls."

The Romans have not improperly styled the dancer a * pantomime, the imitator of every thing, as he really is; the † poetical exhortation, therefore, may be well applied to him; "Frequent thou, my son, various cities and various people, assuming their manners, and adhering, like the poly-

* *Pantomimes.*] The mimics and pantomimes which Lucian here speaks of, were not introduced till in the decline of the Roman empire, when an almost total depravity of taste prevailed: though dancers, they had their names from acting or imitation, copying all the force of the passions, merely by motions of the body, and without the help of words, represented all the stories of antiquity. They became so extremely fashionable, and were so universally cared for by the young nobility, that a law, we are told, was at last made, that no pantomime should be suffered to enter the house of a Patrician. See Weaver on Dancing, and the abbé du Bos.

† *Poetical.*] Alluding to those verses of Theogenis, as quoted by Plutarch,

Πολυπύου οργήν ἴχε πολυπύκου, ὅς ποτε πέτρῃ

Ἰν προσομιλήσει, τοιοῦ ἰδὲν εἶφαι.

The polypus here mentioned, was probably a kind of oyster or muscle, adhering to the rock, and appearing as a part of it.

pus, to every one of them." This is absolutely necessary to the dancer, who must adhere to, and be familiar with every thing about him. The art professes to describe the manners and passions, and to express them by action, to represent men as affected by love, by anger, by grief, by madness, and every one of them with its peculiar gestures. What is most astonishing, is, that in the same day is often performed the character of a raging Athamas, an affrighted Ino, an Atreus, or Oerope, and all by one and the same person.

Other spectacles and representations either for the eye or ear, exhibit but one thing, it is the pipe, the harp, the song, the comedy, or the tragedy, but dancing comprehends them all; you have the pipe, the harp, the cymbal, the motion of the feet, the chorus singing, and the actor speaking, every thing, in short, put together into one: in other things, the functions of the mind and body are separately exerted, but in this they are united: it exercises the limbs, and at the same time employs the understanding; for nothing is done in it without wisdom and reason. Lesbonax, therefore, of Mytilene, one of the best and worthiest of men, used to say, that dancers had wise heads; he went frequently, therefore, to see them, as thinking he never came out of a theatre without being the better for it: and his master, Timocrates, having been only once, and that when he was far advanced in years, present at this entertainment, cried out after it was over, What a spectacle hath the foolish shame of a philosopher so long deprived me of!

If Plato's division of the soul into three parts, the irascible, the concupiscible, and the rational, be a just one, the good dancer may be said to perform them all when he represents the angry man, the lover, and lastly, the moderate and sensible man, who guides every thing by reason; reason, indeed, presides over, and directs the whole of this art, being diffused through every part, as the touch is in every sense. Whilst, moreover, it consults beauty and grace, doth it not demonstrate the truth of Aristotle's assertion, who says in praise of beauty, that it makes one third of the happiness of this life? And I have heard young men, jesting on the silence of the dancers, observe, that it favoured much of the Pythagorean doctrine.

Some studies boast of the useful, and others the agreeable; but this alone possesseth both: and the profit is still greater, because it is joined with pleasure. It may be agreeable to see the contentions of young men, wrestling in the sand, beating one another with their fists, and drenched in blood; but how much more pleasant, safe, and decent, is the representation of it in a dance!

dance! where you observe their various turns and motions, the bendings and writhings of the body, which at the same time that they are entertaining to the spectator, are wholesome and salutary also to the performer; for the exercise is both healthful and becoming, that bends and supples the limbs, makes them fitter to bear any change, and gives them no small strength and firmness.

What then can be said against an art so universally excellent, which sharpens the mind, exercises the body, delights the spectator, teaches the knowledge of antiquity, and pleases both the eye and ear, amidst the harmony of flutes, cymbals, harps, and songs: if the modulations of the voice attract you, where will you find sweeter harmony? or, if you take delight in music's still more enchanting sounds, in our art you will have enough of both. Nor need I add, that this entertainment improves the manners also, for we always find the stage detesting and abhorring every thing that is evil, sympathizing with the oppressed, and in every respect inculcating morality, and the conduct of the spectators. Most praise-worthy it is, in this art, that it promotes both the strength and agility of the limbs; the force of Hercules, and the delicacy of a Venus, are at once exhibited by it.

I will now describe to you what a good dancer should be, both with regard to mind and body: the former I have already touched upon, and observed that he should have a fine genius and an excellent memory, a ready wit, and good understanding, knowing how to make the best of every thing; with a critical judgment of poetry, able to distinguish the best songs and verses, and to reject what is bad.

With regard to his body, it should be according to the rules laid down by Polycletes; he should not be excessively tall, nor too short like a dwarf, but of a true and proper height; not fat and bulky, for that can never be agreeable, nor, on the other hand, so thin, as to be like a carcase, or a skeleton.

The people of Antioch, a very ingenious and sensible nation, who are very fond of dancing, and so nice in their observations that nothing escapes them, made the following remarks: a * little man one day performing the part of Hector, they cried out, this is Astyanax; where is his father? an-

* *A little man, &c.*] This puts me in mind of Quin's facetious remark on Garrick in the part of Othello. I see the little black boy, said he, but where is the tea-kettle?—It is but justice to add, that Garrick played the part of Othello (though it was not his finest character), infinitely better than Quin.

other time, an immoderately tall fellow, dancing in the character of Capaneus, who was to scale the Theban wall, "get up, they cried, you do not want a ladder:" a fat heavy dancer, attempting to make a great leap, they roared out, "take care you do not beat the stage down;" and a poor meagre creature cutting capers, they cried out, "I wish you better," as if the man had been sick. I mention these remarks, not for the jest's sake, but that you may perceive that there are whole nations, who consider the art of so much consequence as to prescribe what is becoming in it, and what is not so.

The body of the good dancer must, moreover, be both flexible and compact, that it may bend easily, or stand firm, as occasion shall require. Dancing, with regard to the motion of the hands, partaking in a great measure the nature of boxing in the public games, and borrowing whatever is beautiful and becoming from the rites of Hercules, Mercury, and Pollux. Herodotus tells us, that the † eye conveys more faithful intelligence than the ear: the dancer must make use of both.

Dancing has such an effect on the mind, that the lover who comes into the theatre is cured of his passion by seeing the dreadful consequences of it: and the melancholy man shall go away brisk and chearful, as if he had drank the cup of oblivion, as the ‡ poet says,

— Of soveregn use t'assuage

The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage,
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the fearful sluices of despair.

It is a certain sign that there is in this art something analogous to our nature, if the spectator weeps when any thing sad and mournful is represented. The Bacchanalian dance, which is so constantly performed in Ionia and Pontus, though a satirical one, has such an effect on the people there, that at certain seasons they neglect every thing else, to sit whole days viewing the Titans, Corybantes, Satyrs, and shepherds: even the nobility and chief persons there join in the dance, and are so far from being ashamed, that they are more proud of it than of their high birth, honours, and dignities.

† *The eye.*] See Herodotus, B. viii.

‡ *The poet.*] Homer. See *Odyssey*, book iv. l. 303. What the Nephenthe of Homer really was, the critics have not yet determined: certain, however, it is, that the description corresponds exactly with our idea of opium, and the usual effects of it.

The perfections of dancing I have already enumerated; it is fit I should now take notice of its faults; those of the body have been just now mentioned: what concerns the mind may be easily discovered: many dancers, from ignorance (and it is impossible all should be wise), commit dreadful solecisms; some move irregularly, and, as we say, out of time and tune, the foot pointing out one thing, and the music another: others dance in tune, but mistake the period of time and the circumstance of action. I remember, for example, when a man was to represent in a dance the birth of Jove, and the cruelty of Saturn in devouring his children, he confounded it with the misfortunes of Thyestes; and another, who was to perform the part of Semele, who is consumed by lightning, ran into the story of Glauce, both betrayed into it by the similitude of the events. But the art itself is not to be condemned or despised for the fault of the artist, but those only are to take the blame who are ignorant and unskilful; and those, on the other hand, to be applauded who do every thing properly, and according to the rules of art. Upon the whole, the dancer should be exact and perfect, taking care that all is beautiful, consonant, and harmonious, superior to criticism, deficient in no part, but excellent in all; acute to discern, deeply learned, and, above all, possessed of humanity and benevolence: then will his praise be complete, when every spectator shall in the dancer behold himself, and see, as in a glass, every thing which he is used to think and to do: then will they not be able to contain themselves for joy, but will break forth into rapture, at finding the image of their own minds thus reflected on them. The Delphic precept of "know thyself," is thus fulfilled by means of this noble spectacle, they go from the theatre instructed in what they are to follow, and what they are to avoid, and are there taught that which before they were totally ignorant of.

But there is in dancers, as in oratory, a kind of false energy, or affectation, which sometimes carries them beyond the proper bounds of imitation: if they are to represent any thing great, they make it immense; if tender, effeminate; if manly and robust, rustic and savage: an instance of which I remember in a dancer of the first character, and who in every thing else deserved the highest admiration, but unaccountably fell into this error from an excessive desire of pleasing, and performing the part of Ajax, so overacted it, that he seemed not to imitate a madman, but to be really so: he tore the
robe

robe of one of the dancers in * iron shoes, took the flute away from another who acted Ulysses, and, as he was rejoicing in his victory, broke his head with it, and wounded him in such a manner, that if it had not been for the head-piece, that took off the force of the blow, our poor Ulysses had lost his life by attacking a madman: the common people, who could not distinguish right from wrong, thought it the finest imitation they ever beheld; and the better sort, who blushed for the performer, did not condemn him by their silence, but endeavoured to cover his error by their applause, though they easily perceived that it was the dancer's madness, and not that of Ajax: our noble performer, however, not contented with this, did something still more ridiculous; for, leaping into the middle of the theatre, he sat himself down between two persons of the † first rank, who were not a little frightened lest he should have taken either of them for a ram and flogged him: some were surpris'd at this strange behaviour, others laughed, and many began to think, that from extraordinary attention to his part, the man was actually run mad: they say that when he came to himself, and was conscious of having appeared like a madman, he fell sick with grief: it was plain, indeed, he was greatly affected by it, for, being afterwards desired to perform the same part again, he recommended another, and said upon the stage, ‡ it was enough to play the fool once in his life: but what gave him the most uneasiness, was the success of a rival, who, being appointed to succeed him in Ajax, did it so well as to gain universal applause, keeping within the proper limits of his art, and not spoiling the imitation by madness and excess.

I have laid, my friend, these few observations before you on dancing, that you may no longer be so angry with me for admiring it; and if you will accompany me to the theatre, I am sure you will be * captivated, and soon be fond of it even to madness; I shall have no reason to say with † Circe,

* *Iron shoes.*] Wooden shoes we have seen, but the practice of dancing in iron shoes is, I believe, confined to antiquity, as I do not remember it has yet been adopted amongst us; though a dance of ladies in pattens might possibly, from the novelty of it, have no bad effect; but this I submit to the managers of the theatres royal.

† *First rank.*] Greek, *δύο ὑπατικῶν μέσσοι*, inter consulares duos, between two persons of consular dignity. The people of the first fashion in the ancient theatres sat close to the stage, and not as our's do, at a distance, where they can neither see nor hear.

‡ *It was enough.*]

Nec luisse pudet sed non incidere ludum.

Horace.

* *Captivated.*] Greek, *αλωσομενον*, the translation here is literal.

† *Circe*] See Homer's *Odyssy*, book x. l. 326.

Amazing

Amazing strength these poisons to sustain.

For sustain them you will: you need not be afraid of having an afs's head, or a hog's heart, for your understanding will be improved, and you will be for putting the cup to your friends, over and over: for what † Homer says of Mercury's golden rod, that it

Causes sleep to fly,
And in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

may be applied to dancing; it pleases the eye, makes men watchful, and awakens them to every thing they ought to do.

C R A T O.

Lycinus, I am a convert to your opinion, my eyes and ears are open and attentive: therefore, remember, my friend, when you go to the theatre, that I take a place next to you, that you may not come out from thence so much wiser than myself.

† *Homer.*] See Pope's *Odyffey*, book v. l. 60.

T H E
E U N U C H,
A D I A L O G U E.

About the Time when this was written, a Number of Eunuchs, imported amongst other eastern Luxuries, had spread themselves over Greece, Rome, and other Parts, assuming various Offices and Employments, who, probably, finding Philosophy much in vogue, took upon them to teach it to the young Nobility: this furnished LUCIAN, who, we must acknowlege, had a Kind of Shandean Propensity to Things of this Nature, with some ludicrous Ideas, which he sports with no small Degree of Pleasantry and Humour in the following Dialogue.

P A M P H I L U S, L Y C I N U S.

P A M P H I L U S.

WHENCE come you, Lycinus, and why so merry? you are always chearful, but this is something more than ordinary, for you seem ready to burst with laughter.

L Y C I N U S.

I come, my friend, Pamphilus, from the market-place; and I shall make you laugh too, when I tell you, I have just now been entertained with a dispute between two philosophers.

P A M P H I L U S.

For philosophers to dispute with one another is truly ridiculous indeed, who, of all men, be the cause ever so great, should, doubtless, make up the matter amicably.

L Y C I N U S.

Very amicably indeed; for they have thrown * cart loads of abuse on one another, roaring and wrangling as long as they could.

P A M P H I L U S.

About their different tenets and opinions, I suppose.

L Y C I N U S.

Not so, I assure you; for their doctrines and opinions are exactly the

* *Cart loads.*] Greek, ἰσας ἀμαξίας βλασφημιῶν, tota plaustra conviviorum; the translation, we see, however, from the familiarity of the expression, it may appear forced, or intruded, to adopt it to one of our own language, is almost literal.

same;

fame; it was quite another thing: they have appealed, however, to the judgment of the oldest and gravest men of the city, before whom none, who had any modesty, would dare to say what was improper or indecent.

P A M P H I L U S.

Pray tell me the origin of this quarrel, that I may know what made you laugh so heartily.

L Y C I N U S.

A certain stipend, you know, is allowed by the emperor to every sect of philosophers, Stoics, Platonics, Epicureans, and Peripatetics, to every one the same: on the death of any one of these, another must be chosen in his room, by a majority of votes amongst the nobility; the reward of this contention is, not what the poets sing of, a hog, or an ox's hide, but * ten thousand drachmas a year, for the instruction of youth.

P A M P H I L U S.

It is so; and one of them, I hear, is lately dead, a Peripatetic, I believe.

L Y C I N U S.

This was the Helen for which they fought; and so far there was nothing ridiculous in it, except that those who call themselves philosophers, and pretend to despise riches, should contend about them, as if they were fighting for their country, their religion, and the sepulchres of their ancestors.

P A M P H I L U S.

It is a maxim, you know, with the Peripatetics, not to despise riches too much, but to hold them as the † third best thing in life.

L Y C I N U S.

You say right; and, agreeably to this doctrine, they went to war about them: now mark what followed; there were several candidates at these funeral games, but the struggle lay particularly between two; and it was doubtful which should succeed, either Diocles, you know whom I mean, the quarrelsome old man, or Bagoas, the reputed eunuch. They had disputed the point before in words, each of them had shewed his learning, and proved his attachment and fidelity to Aristotle and his tenets, and neither had the supe-

* *Ten thousand drachmas.*] Upwards of three hundred pounds. A better stipend, I believe, than most of our modern tutors receive from the English nobility.

† *The third.*] "Of goods (says Aristotle, the great leader of this sect), some are in the soul, some in the body, and some external: first, in the soul, are ingenuity, art, virtue, wisdom, prudence, pleasure: secondly, in the body, health, soundness of sense, beauty, strength: and thirdly, riches, glory, power, &c."

riority; at length the contest ended thus: Diocles, without saying any thing about his own pretensions, attacked Bagoas, and began to find fault with his life and conduct; and Bagoas, on the other hand, enquired narrowly into his.

P A M P H I L U S.

There, I think, Lycinus, they were both in the right: the greatest part of the dispute should have turned on this point: had I been the judge myself I should have dwelt particularly on that, should rather have enquired who was the best liver than who was the best orator, and decided accordingly.

L Y C I N U S.

You say well, I am entirely of your opinion: at last, however, when they had abused one another sufficiently, Diocles insisted on it that Bagoas was not fit to teach philosophy, as being an eunuch; that he could have no title therefore to the reward; that such creatures were not only excluded from things of this kind, but from lustral vases, sacrifices, and all public assemblies; and that it was always counted an * ill-omen'd and abominable sight if one met any of them when we went out in a morning: he said a great deal likewise about their being neither man nor woman, but a kind of strange and wonderful mixture, and something odious to human nature.

P A M P H I L U S.

This is quite a new accusation, and truly laughable: what said the other? did he hold his tongue, or make any reply?

L Y C I N U S.

At first, through fear and shame, which these people are very subject to, he puffed, sweated, and said nothing; but at last, in a feeble, thin, and womanish voice, he squeaked out, that it was very unjust in Diocles to exclude eunuchs from philosophy, when even women professed it; and then he brought in * Aspasia, Diotima, and Thargelia to support his cause; and also an † Academic from Gaul, an eunuch like himself, who flourished in Greece

* *Ill-omen'd.*] Amongst the Grecians, who were almost as superstitious as the English of the last century, boars, weasels, hares, and many other things were considered as bad omens, and to meet any of them a certain presage of ill fortune. Lucian adds to the list, and brings in his eunuch as an ominous sight.

• *Aspasia.*] See Menage on Female Philosophers.

† *An Academic.*] Lucian is here supposed to allude to one Phavorinus, a famous philosopher mentioned by Philostratus; who, though an eunuch, was tried and convicted as an adulterer. He is likewise taken notice of in our author's *Demonax*.

a little

a little before our time. But Diocles, even admitting that there was such a one, and that he had been suffered to do this, would not allow the force of the argument, nor pay any regard to the glory he had acquired from an ignorant multitude: he mentioned at the same time, several severe jokes thrown out particularly by the Stoics and Cynics, upon his bodily imperfection. The whole matter, therefore, with the judges, rested on this, whether an eunuch was qualified to teach philosophy, and to preside over youth? some asserting, that a philosopher should have every part of his body whole and complete, and above all, a long beard, that might procure him respect and authority amongst his disciples, and render him in every respect worthy the drachmas allowed by the emperor, that an eunuch was worse than one who had been totally emasculated, for they had enjoyed their virility for some time, as the former were deprived of it even from their infancy, and could be considered only as an ambiguous creature like the crows, which are reckoned neither amongst the pigeons nor the ravens.

On the other hand, it was strongly urged, that this was properly a contention of minds, and not bodies; it was a matter of science and learning, and Aristotle was cited, who admired Hermius the eunuch, king of Aternæ, to such a degree, that he even paid divine honours to him as to a god. Bagoas had the impudence to add, that eunuchs were the best preceptors for young men, as they must be free from all suspicion, and could not be accused of the crime attributed to Socrates, of corrupting the pupils committed to his care. And when they objected to him his want of beard, he replied wittily, at least as he thought it, "If we must judge of philosophers by the length of their beard, a * goat must be preferable to them all."

In the midst of this bustle came in a third person, whose name shall not be mentioned; who cried out, "Judges, this † fellow with the smooth chin, and woman's voice, who is so like a eunuch, if you strip him, will be found as good a man as you could wish for; at least, if those say true who have accused him as an adulterer, and taken him in the fact, when he had recourse to this artifice, and pretended to be an eunuch; persuading the judges, from his outward appearance, to acquit him of the crime laid to his

* *The goat.*] The Greek Epigram on this subject is well known. See the Anthologia.

† *This fellow.*] It is remarkable, that this circumstance should, so many years after, form the ground-work of an English comedy. Wycherley's *Country Wife* turns entirely upon it, and the character of Horner is but a transcript of Lucian's Bagoas. Such a plot, to our honour be it spoken, would not go down in the present age.

charge;

charge; and now, for the sake of the reward, I suppose, he would willingly retract again. Upon this, there was, as you may imagine, a general laugh. Bagoas was confounded, changed colour, put himself into a thousand postures, and fell into a cold sweat: not caring to acknowledge the adultery, though at the same time, he thought that the suspicion of it might be of service to him in the present affair.

P A M P H I L U S.

The circumstance was ridiculous enough, and must have afforded you no small entertainment. But pray, what was done at last, and how did the judges determine it?

L Y C I N U S.

They were not all of the same opinion; some were for stripping him as they do the slaves, and examining whether, so far as certain parts were concerned, he might be deemed a philosopher: others, to make the affair still more laughable, voted for calling in some ladies, ordering him to speak with them in private; sending along with them some credible witnesses, to prove whether he was able to philosophize. After all, when every one of the company had split his sides with laughing, they agreed to dismiss the cause to Italy, to be finally determined there.

The other, it seems, is still carrying on the affair, preparing his accusation, and has taken up the business of the adultery, though it must make against himself rather than his adversary: thus, like a bad lawyer, hurting his own cause. Bagoas, in the mean time, attends to other matters, and frequently gives proofs of his manhood, hoping he may succeed, if he can but shew that he has the abilities of a jack-ass.

This, after all then, my friend, seems to be the best criterion of philosophy, and a demonstration not to be controverted. I shall wish, therefore, that my son (at present but a boy) may be possessed, not of eloquence or understanding, but of certain parts, still more necessary to make a complete philosopher.

A S T R O L O G Y.

This little Treat of LUCIAN's has been handed down to us by the sagacious Critics and Commentators as a serious Defence of Astrology; though a vein of delicate Irony and Sarcaſm apparently runs through the whole, and muſt convince every intelligent Reader, that his Intention was to turn this abſurd and pompous Science into ridicule. It was probably about his time creeping into ſome Degree of Credit, and our Satiriſt, therefore, took the firſt opportunity of laughing at it. Considered in this Light, the Piece has a conſiderable Share of Merit, and we are only ſorry to find it ſo ſhort. Many of the Learned have, notwithstanding, confidently aſſured us, that it is not LUCIAN's. It is written in the Ionic Dialect, which is remarkable.

IN the following treatiſe on heaven and the ſtars, I ſhall only conſider their influence over the affairs of human life, with regard to prophecy and divination. Neither do I mean to lay down precepts, or rules, how to excel in this art; but only to lament that the learned, who ſo ſtrenuouſly apply themſelves to other ſciences, neither practiſe nor pay any reſpect to aſtrology.

The art is not of late invention, but delivered down to us by our ancient kings, the favourites of heaven. But the preſent race of men, from ignorance and idleneſs; either, perhaps, becauſe their opinions on thoſe points are different from thoſe who went before them, or becauſe they have lit on falſe prophets and diviners, find fault with the ſtars, and condemn aſtrology as a lying, frivolous, and empty ſcience; without any truth or profit in it. A very unjuſt and cruel ſentence: for the builder's ignorance is no reflection on architecture; nor is the unſkilfulneſs of the muſician a reproach on muſic. Every art is wiſe in itſelf, though the artiſts may be fools.

The *Æthiopians* were the firſt who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this branch of learning: and this we are to attribute partly to their own wiſdom, for in that they were ſuperior to moſt nations; and partly to the happineſs of their ſituation, for the air is always ſerene and tranquil round them; neither do

they

they suffer any vicissitudes of seasons, but remain for ever in the same temperate climate. When they perceived, therefore, that the moon appeared in various forms, they considered it as a matter worthy of admiration, and diligent enquiry : by which they discovered the cause of those changes, and found out that the moon had no light of her own, but borrowed it from the sun. They discovered also the motion of those stars which we call * planets, (as they are the only ones that move,) with their nature, power, and properties ; they gave them names also, or rather signs, expressive of their several situations. Such were the observations on the heavens, made by the Æthiopians, who delivered down the imperfect art to their neighbours the Ægyptians, who greatly improved it, and measured out time, by days, months, and years ; their months being determined by the moon and her changes, and their years by the circuit of the sun. But they soon performed much more than this : dividing the space occupied by the fixed stars in which the other were moved about, into † twelve parts, and to these, assigned the forms and names of different creatures, men, beasts, birds, and fishes. The religious ceremonies, therefore, of the Ægyptians, are of different kinds : they did not draw their divinations from the whole twelve, but from particular signs ; those who looked towards the ram, worshipped him ; they would not eat fish who lived under ‡ Pisces ; nor did those sacrifice a goat, who were beneath Capricorn. Some propitiate one divinity, and some another. Some worship a bull in honour of the celestial Taurus ; and Apis is an object of adoration to them, because he pastures in that region, where an oracle is constituted by him.

The Libyans, not long after, took up this science ; for there we meet with the oracle of Ammon, and they worship Jupiter under the figure of a ram. The Babylonians were also acquainted with it, as they report, indeed, before all other nations ; but, I am of opinion, this knowledge did not reach them till many ages after. The Greeks were not taught astrology either by the Æthiopians or Ægyptians, but by Orpheus, the son of Oeager and Cal-

* *Planets.*] From the Greek *πλανητης*, errans, a wanderer.

† *Twelve parts.*] The zodiac, and its twelve signs.

‡ *Pisces.*] From the solemnity of Lucian's countenance at his first setting out, an old acquaintance (and such I esteem myself, having had a long conversation with him), may easily perceive that he is in jest ; when he tells us, with a grave face, that the people who lived under Pisces would not eat *fish*, nor those beneath Capricorn touch a *goat*, &c. is not the ridicule as strong as possible, and does it not sufficiently point out the author ? To apply, what was once said of Erasmus, aut Lucianus est, aut Diabolus.

lioep ;

liope; neither did he entirely explain it to them, but wrapped up his knowledge in mystery and incantation; he made orgies for his lyre, and sung sacred songs, the lyre consisting of * seven strings, symbolically expressing the motions of the planets; with this Orpheus softened and prevailed over every thing; and in this lyre alone, and not in any other kind of music, the Greeks delighted, and even appointed it a place in heaven, some stars being to this day called Orpheus's Lyre; and if you see a picture or statue of him, he is always represented as sitting down, fingering, and with a lyre in his hand, and round him various creatures, as a man, a bull, a lion, and the rest: when you meet with these, therefore, remember what the meaning of them is, you will know the reason when you look into the heavens.

It is reported amongst the Greeks that Tiresias, the Boeotian, so celebrated for his skill in divination, told them that some of the planets were masculine, and some feminine, and that their influence differed accordingly, whence arose the fable of his being both man and woman.

At the time when Atreus and Thyestes contended for their father's kingdom, astrology, and the knowledge of the heavens, flourished most in Greece, and it was determined by the people, that which soever of them excelled in that art should succeed to the empire: then it was that Thyestes pointed out to them that part of heaven which is called Aries, from whence came the fabulous account of his having a golden ram: but Atreus treated on the rising of the sun, and endeavoured to prove that his course was directly opposite to that of the starry firmament, and that what appeared to be the west

* *Seven strings.*] Agreeable to the description given by Virgil,

— Threicius longâ cum veste sacerdos
Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,
Jamque eadem digitis, jam pectore pulsat eburno.

The first Mercurian lyre had but four strings, others were afterwards added to it by the second Mercury, or Amphion; but it was Orpheus who completed the second tetrachord, which extended the scale to a heptachord, or seven sounds, implied by the
Septem discrimina vocum.

See the ingenious Dr. Burney's excellent History of Music, vol. i. page 330.

Orpheus, the son of Oeager, was the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongst the Greeks, and (as Lucian here plainly intimates), of all their most sacred religious rites and mysteries.

of the world, is the rising of the sun : for these discoveries the Greeks raised him to the throne, and his wisdom was held in the highest esteem and veneration : nearly the same thing, I am inclined to think, happened to Bellerophon : I can never bring myself to believe that he had a * flying horse, but suppose he was fond of astrology, engaged in the study of sublime knowledge, and conversant with the stars ; that he ascended into the heavens, not by the assistance of a horse, but by the strength of his own mind. A fable of the like nature was told of Phryxus, the son of Athamas, who was carried through the air on a golden ram. The story of † Dædalus, the Athenian, is strange and wonderful ; my opinion is, that it arose from his knowledge of astrology, which he was well acquainted with, and which he taught his son : but Icarus, being young and rash, went into abstruse disquisitions, soared too high, and fell down into the unfathomable abyss : from hence the Greeks deduced their fable of the Icarian Gulph.

Pasiphae was most probably told of the sign Taurus in the heavens by Dædalus, and from thence fell in love with Astrology, on which they founded the report of Dædalus having wedded her to a bull.

In process of time, the learned divided the task between them ; some applied themselves to the study of the Moon, others of the Sun, others of Jupiter ; describing the motions, course, and influence of each. Endymion probably took care of what concerned the Moon ; Phaeton marked out the progress of the sun, but dying, left the work imperfect ; from whence the ignorant have invented a strange and incredible tale of Phaeton's being the son of Phœbus : that he came to his father the Sun, and begged to drive the chariot for a day ; which was granted him, and rules laid down how he was to guide it ; that Phaeton, from youth and inexperience, drove sometimes too near the earth, and sometimes too far from it, and killed mortals with the heat and cold, which were insupportable ; that Jupiter being enraged,

* *Flying horse.*] According to Hyginus, Minerva made Bellerophon a present of Pegasus (the flying horse here alluded to), to assist him in his combat with the Chimera. After he had destroyed that monster, having so good a beast under him, he was for making the best of his way up to heaven ; but Pegasus, being unfortunately stung by a horse-fly, threw his rider, who died in the fall.

† *Dædalus.*] This is an excellent burlesque of the story of Dædalus, and plainly shews that Lucian's design was, by every possible application, to turn astrology into ridicule.

flew him with a thunderbolt; that his sisters standing round and lamenting his fall, were turned into poplars, and distilled tears of amber. No such things were ever done, nor should we give credit to the fable: the Sun's child never died; the truth, indeed, is, he never had one.

The Greeks tell a thousand other stories, which I do not intirely believe: how can we suppose, that Æneas was the son of Venus; Minos, of Jupiter; Ascalaphus, of Mars; and Autolychus, of Mercury? all of them, indeed, were beloved of the gods; Venus beheld one, Jupiter another, and Mars another, at their * nativity: for which soever god presided at the time

* *Nativity.*] This is the foundation, as it were, and corner-stone of astrology; casting nativities has been practised in almost every age and nation, from the times of Lucian even to this day. Amongst us, this ridiculous science flourished greatly during the reigns of the Stuarts, and even at a later period. Some of our greatest men were weak enough to consult astrologers, and to listen to their predictions. Amongst these a story is told of Dryden which, as it is a pretty extraordinary one, I shall here subjoin for the entertainment of my readers.

“ Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. When his lady was in labour of his son Charles, he, being told it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies, then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour, for Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the Earth, and the lord of his ascendant afflicted with a hateful square of Mars and Saturn. If he lives to arrive at the eighth year, says he, he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day, but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very same evil direction, and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third, or thirty-fourth is, I fear—here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of the lady, who could no longer hear such calamity prophesied to befall her son. The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month, in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him in Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John. When the fated day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well, which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an eclaireissement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology; therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting match lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When he went out, he took care to set the boys a double exercise in the Latin

time of their birth, always adopted them as sons, and formed them after their own divine similitude, in body and mind. Thus, Minos was a king under Jove; Æneas was beautiful, as born under Venus; and Autolychus a thief, from his father Mercury.

Neither do I believe that Jupiter bound Saturn, sent him to Tartarus, or committed any of those base actions which men attribute to him; Saturn, we know, is at a great distance from us, has a languid motion, and which is scarce to be discerned by men; he is, therefore, said to stand still, as if bound with chains; and the part in heaven where he resides, from its great depth, is called Tartarus.

There are many things in Homer and Hesiod, entirely consonant with astrology: when they talk of the chain of Jupiter, and the arrows of the Sun, I imagine they mean the days; and the description of Vulcan's shield, with the cities, the dancers, and the vineyard, may all be explained by astrology. All the story of Mars and Venus, is apparently drawn from thence. Homer's whole work is a conjunction of Mars and Venus; in his verses, he has described their several qualities and perfections: he says to Venus,

* Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care;
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.

tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take him up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also, when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall, ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way he recovered; so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled; in the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower, belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by the swimming of his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late. Thus the father's calculation proved but too prophetic." Dryden, we see by this, if the tale is to be credited, was the true VATES, and possessed the double character of prophet and poet. See Life of Dryden.

* Go, let, &c.] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 435.

And

And when he is speaking of war,

† To Mars and Pallas only, that belongs.

The ancients observing these things, drew from them their divinations; nor did they think lightly of this art, for neither would they build walls, or cities, go to war, marry, or do any thing, without first consulting the prophets concerning it: their oracles were always well-versed. At Delphi, a virgin possessed the gift of prophecy, a cymbal of the celestial Virgo; the dragon under the tripod, was taken from the Dragon in the heavens; and the oracle of Apollo at Didymus, was, in my opinion, so called, from the sign which goes by the name of Didymi, or the Twins. So sacred was divination held by them.

When Ulysses, desirous of prying into futurity, went down into hell, he did not go, merely

* To tread the downward melancholy way,

but that he might have the opportunity of conversing with Tiresias. When he came to the place which Circe had described to him, had dug the ditch, and slain the sheep; the dead crowded round about him, and amongst them his mother, all earnestly requesting, that they might drink of the blood, which he would not permit them to do; nor would he suffer even the shade of his own mother to quench her thirst, till he had, himself, tasted of Tiresias.

Lycurgus always regulated the commonwealth of Sparta by the motions of the heavenly bodies, and enjoined the Lacedæmonians never to hazard an engagement till the full of the Moon; as knowing that every thing was governed by her, though her power was not so great, either at the increase or decrease.

The Arcadians alone neglected and despised astrology; being mad and foolish enough to assert, that they were much older than the Moon.

Our ancestors, it is evident, were lovers of divination; but the present age deny that there is any foundation for, or dependence on it, esteeming it not true or faithful; and asserting that neither Mars nor Venus in the heavens, pay any regard to us, or concern themselves in human affairs; but,

† To Mars.] Greek,

Ταύτα δ' Ἀρηθῶν καὶ Ἀθηνῶν πάντα μέλῃσι.

See Homer's Iliad, E' l. 430.

Pope has not given, in his translation, the sense of this line, but, as in many other places, a circumvolution of his own instead of it.

* To tread, &c.] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 117.

that

that things fall out, or vary, according to their necessary rotation. Others acknowledge the truth, but not the utility of the art; affirming, that nothing could be changed by divination, which was already decreed by fate.

To these objections I can only answer, that the stars perform their own rotations in the heavens, and at the same time perhaps, together with their own motions, may direct ours. When the horse runs, and men and birds move, the stones are loosened, and the stubble is blown about by the wind; and shall nothing be effected by the motion of the stars? from the smallest fire, some heat comes to us, though the fire burns not on our account, nor seemeth to care whether we are warm or not; and shall we not feel and acknowledge the influence of the stars? It is not, indeed, in the power of astrology, to make things better than they are, or to change them from what they were; it is, nevertheless, profitable to those who make use of it, for, when good events are foretold, it anticipates the pleasure of them; and teaches us to bear evils with the greater patience, as they do not come upon us so unexpectedly, but become softer, and more tolerable, by our fore-knowledge of them.

Such are my sentiments, concerning astrology.

T O

TO
D^{R.} S A M U E L J O H N S O N,
THE DEMONAX OF THE PRESENT AGE;
THIS PIECE IS INSCRIBED, BY
A SINCERE ADMIRER OF HIS TRULY RESPECTABLE CHARACTER,
THE TRANSLATOR.

D E M O N A X.

LUCIAN has here rescued from Oblivion a Character well worthy of being transmitted to Posterity; it is, indeed, something extraordinary, especially as Demonax lived to see so great an Age, that no other Writer should have mentioned a Person of such singular Accomplishments. Our Author has shewn, in this little Tract, that he could excel as much in Panegyric as in Satire; the Whole being a serious well-written Encomium, on a Man whom he was intimately acquainted with, and who seems to have been not only a good Philosopher and virtuous Citizen, but a Man of Wit and Genius also. The Collection of Bons-Mots which LUCIAN has attributed to his Friend is curious, and gives us an imperfect Idea of that kind of social Pleasantry, and Repartee, which was fashionable in those Times. Some of them are very arch and severe, others laughable, and a few, to say the truth, rather dull and unintelligible.

THE age we live in cannot be reproached as entirely destitute of men worthy to be recorded, either for extraordinary strength of body, or for the more noble accomplishments of the mind. As instances of both, I shall mention * Softratus of Bœotia, whom the Greeks called Hercules, for as such they esteemed him, and Demonax, the philosopher; these I have seen

* *Softratus.*] The same man, it is supposed, as is mentioned by Philostratus, who tell us he was eight feet high, &c. Lucian had, it seems, written a long history of him, which, however, is not come down to us. But as he was only remarkable for feats of bodily strength, the loss is not very considerable.

and

and admired, particularly the latter, with whom I was for a long time intimately acquainted. Concerning the former, I have treated in another book, wherein I described his immense size, and incredible strength, his living in the open air on Parnassus, and feeding on what the woods afforded him, his clearing the road of robbers, building bridges, mending impassable ways, and other labours not unworthy of his great * predecessor.

With regard to Demonax, I think it highly necessary to make honourable mention of him, for two reasons; first, because I should wish, as far as in me lies, to deliver down the memory of him to posterity; and secondly, because it would be a recommendation of philosophy to our young nobility, to set before them not only the examples of antiquity, but to give them a recent model for their imitation in our own times, in the life of the best philosopher, whom I have ever seen or known.

He was born at Cyprus, of parents not mean or obscure, but distinguished by their wealth and dignity; aspiring himself to much greater honours by the search after every thing that was good and beautiful, he applied himself early to the study of philosophy, not from the example of † Agathobulus, ‡ Demetrius, or Epictetus, all whom he knew and was conversant with; nor || Timocrates the Heraclian, so famous for his wisdom and eloquence, but excited by the love of honour and virtue, the passions of his earliest youth, he looked with contempt on all the pleasures of human life, and attached himself to liberty and truth; living a sober and irreproachable life, and setting an example of prudence and wisdom to all who saw and heard him. Nor did he enter upon it, as they say, with unwashed feet, but was familiar with the poets, and had most part of their works by heart; had not lightly skimmed over the tenets of the several sects of philosophers, or only touched them, as the common expression is, with the tip of his finger, but knew them all perfectly; keeping his body, at the same time, in proper exercise, and inured to labour. His ambition was not to be deficient in any thing which any body excelled in; inasmuch, that when he found he was no longer equal to himself, he quitted life of his own accord, leaving to the principal persons in Greece, much to be said concerning him.

* *Predecessor.*] Hercules.

† *Agathobulus.*] He lived, according to Eusebius, Ann. Christi 120.

‡ *Demetrius.*] A Cynic philosopher, mentioned by Apollonius Tyaneus, and Phavorinus.

|| *Timocrates.*] This philosopher flourished, according to Philostratus, about the 130th year of Christ.

He

He did not, as it were, * cut off his philosophy from any particular piece, but blended all the sects and opinions together, and never openly declared which he was most attached to. He seemed, on the whole, rather partial to Socrates, though, in his habit and manner of living he resembled Diogenes; not that, with regard to diet, he carried things to extremity, that he might be gazed at and admired, but eat and drank like other people, without pride and ostentation, associated with all, both public and private. His conversation was full of Attic grace, without the mixture of Socratic irony, so that those who kept him company never either contemned his advice, or dreaded the severity of his reproofs, but were always agreeably improved, growing more decent and orderly, as well as more chearful, and forming better hopes of an hereafter.

He was never noisy or quarrelsome, and though he would often chide, was never angry; he was severe on the offence, but pardoned the offender, like the good physician, who heals the distemper, without fretting at the patient: to commit faults, he thought was human, to repent of, and correct them, was divine. Living in the manner he did, he never wanted any thing for himself, but always endeavoured to provide his friends with what was necessary: but when they were exalted with the good things of life, he would remind them how frail and transitory they were; and when they complained of penury, banishment, diseases, or old age, would comfort them, by observing with a smile, that what afflicted them would soon be gone and past, that in a short time there would be no more remembrance either of good or evil, but all would enjoy a long and lasting freedom. His constant employment was to reconcile contending brethren, and make peace between man and wife. When the people mutinied and rebelled, he interposed seasonably, and prevailed on the greater part of them to submit, and lend all reasonable assistance to their country. Such was his philosophy, gentle, mild, chearful, and benignant; nothing deeply affected him but the disorder or death of a friend, as he esteemed friendship the greatest blessing of life; he was himself therefore kind and benevolent to all: to be a † man was a sufficient title to his regard and affection, nor did he withdraw

* *Cut off.*] Greek, *ἐκ τῆς ἀποσπαστικῆς*, the idea of cutting off a piece of philosophy, like a bit of cloth, from another man's coat, is extremely droll, and quite in Lucian's best manner; some critics, notwithstanding, have told us that Demonax was not written by him.

† *A man.*] *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Ter.

himself from any but such as were wicked beyond all hopes of amendment. Venus and the Graces, in short, attended on every thing he spake or did, and, as it is said in the * comedy, "persuasion dwelt upon his lips."

Not only the principal persons in Athens, but the whole kingdom beheld him with admiration, and looked up to him as a divinity; though he at first offended many of them by his boldness and freedom of speech: nor were there wanting an † Anytus and Melytus, to rise up against and accuse him; to say that he never was seen to offer up sacrifice, nor was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries: these he confuted like a man; appeared before the assembly crowned, and in a white garment, and answered them, partly in a meek and gentle manner, and partly with more asperity than he was wont. With regard to the sacrifice, "Wonder not, he cried, O Athenians, that I have not sacrificed to Minerva, when I tell you that she ‡ standeth not in need of my offerings. "And as to the mysteries, he said, the reason of his not being initiated was, that || if they were bad, he should not be able to conceal them from the uninitiated, which would deter them from the orgies; and, if they were good, he was afraid that, out of good will and philanthropy, he should be apt to disclose them to every body. Whereupon the Athenians, who had stones in their hands ready to destroy him, were immediately reconciled to him, and from that time held him in the highest estimation. Though in the beginning of his discourse he had been very severe upon them, "You behold one, said he, before you, crowned like a victim, slay me now, therefore, as one, for ye never before sacrificed to any purpose."

I shall here subjoin a few of his smart and excellent § repartees.

Favorinus.

* *Comedy.*] From a fragment of Eupolis.

† *Anytus and Melytus.*] The accusers of Socrates.

‡ *Standeth not.*] A fine sentiment and agreeable to those of the holy Psalmist.—"Burnt-offerings, and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required.—I will take no bullock out of thine house, nor he-goat out of thy folds; thinkest thou that I will eat bull's flesh and drink the blood of goats, &c."

|| *If they, &c.*] These would be excellent reasons for a man's not chusing to be made a free mason.

§ *Repartees.*] Lucian is, I believe, almost the only Greek author now extant who has descended into the familiarity of conversation, and transmitted to us the good things said by his friends and acquaintance: considered in this light, he may be called the Joe Miller of antiquity. What he has given us from Demonax are of various kinds, like Martial's Epigrams.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

Though many of them are pointed, sensible, and to the purpose, yet in these, as well as in most

* Favorinus being informed by some body that Demonax had laughed at his discourses, particularly those that were mixed with foolish verses, and said that they were poor, womanish, and unbecoming a philosopher, came to him and asked what fellow that was who had dared to ridicule his performances: "A man, replied he, who has ears that are not to be imposed on:" the Sophist still pressing on him, asked "How it happened that from a child he was a philosopher?" to which he answered, "Only because from a child I became a man." The same Sophist asked him another time, "what sect of philosophers he belonged to:" "How do you know, said he, that I am a philosopher?" and then laughed to himself, when the other enquiring what he smiled at, "I smile, says he, to think how you can pretend to judge of a philosopher by his beard, when you have none of † your own. A Sophist of Sidonia used to praise himself violently, and boast that he was acquainted with every part of philosophy (but I will give you his own words), "If Aristotle, said he, should summon me to the Lyceum, I would follow him thither; if Plato to the Academy, I would meet him there; if Zeno to the Portico, I would attend him; if Pythagoras commands me, I will be silent." "Hark you, said Demonax, rising up in the middle of the audience, and calling him by his name, ‡ Pythagoras calls upon you."

A Macedonian youth, mighty handsome, and well-dressed, who had a mind to play the fool with him, asked him a sophistical question, and desired he would finish the syllogism: "One thing I know, child, said he, that you are § finished yourself!" The boy, angry at the jest, and threatening him, cried out, "I will shew you a man presently." "I did not know, replied

most of the bon mots handed down to us, there seems to be a stiffness, and want of that ease and politeness, which we frequently meet with in modern times. I am inclined, indeed, to believe that conversation is one of the few things in which we excel the ancients; and I have, myself, heard more bon mots, when in company with Foote, Garrick, Warton, Goldsmith, Burke, &c. in one day, than would have served Lucian's friend, Demonax, for a twelve-month.

* *Favorinus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your own.*] Because Favorinus was an EUNUCH.

‡ *Pythagoras.*] Pythagoras enjoined his disciples, during their noviciate, a five year's silence.

§ *Finished.*] Greek, *περαίνεσθαι*, unum inquit, puer, novi, says the Latin translation, *περαίνεσθαι, περαίνω*, (says the commentator on this passage) est dialecticum, significatque efficere, vel concludere aliquid ex sumptis quibusdam. The Latin translator, we see, could not find a word in his tongue which would properly explain the ambiguous Greek one.—But ours, which bears more analogy to the original, is a tolerable substitute, and expresses the meaning pretty exactly.

Demonax, you had one there." Another time, Demonax laughing at a common Olympic wrestler, for wearing an embroidered coat, the fellow struck at him with a stone, and made him bleed: every body present was enraged at this, as if they had themselves received the blow, and cried out, he should go immediately to the magistrate: "Not to the magistrate, my friends, said he, but to the surgeon." Happening one day, as he was walking, to find a ring, he put up a note in the market-place, signifying, that if any body, who had lost such a ring, would come and describe the weight, the stone, and the impression on it, he might have it again; a handsome young fellow came and demanded it, but not proving any kind of right to it, "My pretty youth, said Demonax to him, take care of your own ring, for you have not lost this." A Roman senator at Athens, brought his son to him, a most beautiful youth, but rather weak and effeminate: "My son salutes you," said the father. "A handsome boy, indeed, replied Demonax, worthy of you, and very like his mother." He used to call a certain Cynic philosopher, who was always dressed in a bear's skin, not Onoratus, which was his real name, but * Arctefilaus. Being asked what was the summit of human happiness, he answered, liberty; and the other replying that infinite numbers were free, "None, said he, but those who neither hope nor fear." "That, said the other, is impossible, for we are all slaves to those two passions:" "But if, said Demonax, you properly consider human affairs, you will find that they are not worthy either of our hopes or fears, seeing that both happiness and misery are here of such short duration."

Peregrinus the philosopher, commonly called Proteus, used to reproach him for laughing too much, and being too familiar with people: "Demonax, said he, you do not act the † dog well:" "No, Peregrinus, replied he, nor you the man." When a certain natural philosopher was disputing about the Antipodes, he took him to a well, and shewing him his own shadow in the water, cried, "Are these what you call the Antipodes?" Another man boasting one day that he was a great magician, and had a certain charm that could persuade people to give him any thing he wanted; "There is nothing so surprising in that, said Demonax: I am a magician as well as you, and if you will follow me to the baker's, you shall see me, with a little charm and

* *Arctefilaus.*] A pun upon the Greek word *arctos*, arctos, signifying a bear, and alluding to his being dressed in a bear's skin. The joke is but a poor one.

† *Dog.*] Meaning the Cynic.

potion that I have about me, persuade him to give me some bread;" he then took out a piece of money, which is as good as any incantation whatsoever. When the famous Herod seemed beyond measure afflicted at the untimely death of his dear son Pollux, and had ordered his chariot and horses to be got ready, and a supper prepared for him; he came to him, and said, "I have got a letter for you from Pollux." Herod giving into the deceit, cried, and what does he want of me?" "He is very angry, replied Demonax, that you do not come to him." The same Herod weeping bitterly for the loss of his son, and shutting himself up in darkness; he came to him, and told him "He was a magician, and could raise up the shade of his son, on condition that he produced three men who had never grieved for any thing." Herod beginning to doubt and hesitate, for in truth he could find out no such person; "How ridiculous, then, is it in you, said Demonax, to imagine yourself the only unhappy man, when you cannot find one who hath not tasted of misfortune!" He used to laugh much at those, who, in their conversation affected uncouth and antiquated phrases; one of these being remarkably absurd, he said to him, "I ask you a plain question in intelligible terms, and you answer me in the language of Agamemnon." One of his companions saying to him, "Let us go to the temple of Æsculapius, and pray to him for the health of my son;" "Dost thou suppose, said Demonax, that Æsculapius is deaf, that he cannot hear us pray just as well from hence." One day hearing two ignorant philosophers in dispute, one asking foolish questions, and the other returning answers nothing to the purpose, "One of these, says he, seems to be milking a he-goat, whilst the other holds the sieve under him." Agathocles the Peripatetic, boasting that he was the first and only logician, "If you are the first, said he, you cannot be the only one; and if you are the only one, you cannot be the first." When Cethegus, a man of consular dignity, was sent from Greece into Asia to represent his father, he said and did a number of ridiculous things, and one of his companions observed, "that he was a wondrous great fool." "Fool enough, said Demonax, but there is no great wonder in it." When Apollonius the philosopher went off with several of his scholars to attend on, and instruct the emperor, "There goes † Apollonius, said

* *One of these, &c.*] The image here is a good one, and puts us in mind of the old proverb, great cry and little wool, as the man said when he sheared his Hog.

† *Apollonius.*] The joke lies entirely in the name, and merely as a pun is not amiss. Apollonius Rhodius wrote a poem on the Argonautic expedition, to whom Demonax alludes, and as

said he, with his Argonauts." A person asking him, whether he thought the soul was immortal, "Yes, said he, it is immortal, but just as every thing * else is." Concerning Herod, he remarked that Plato was right in saying that men had more souls than one, otherwise Herod could never have acted so ridiculously as to set † Regillas and Pollux up to supper with him, as if they were alive; with other foolish actions of the same kind. He had the courage once, to ask the Athenians at one of their public assemblies, "Why they excluded barbarians from their mysteries, when Eumolpus who instituted them, was himself a barbarian of Thrace." When he was going to sea in the winter, one of his friends said to him, "Are you not afraid of being drowned and eat by the fish?" "It would be ingratitude in me, replied Demonax, to murmur at being devoured by fish, when I have, myself, devoured so many of them." He advised a certain rhetorician, who declaimed miserably to exercise himself frequently for improvement; "That I do, said he, and always repeat it to myself:" "No wonder you talk so wretchedly, replied Demonax, when you practise before such a foolish audience." Seeing a diviner who prophesied for money, he said to him one day, "I cannot see what right you have to be paid thus for your prophecies, if they can reverse the decree of fate, take what you will, it must be too little; but if all things must happen as it is determined by God, of what use is your divination?" An old Roman who took care to keep his body in exercise by sham fights with a post, said to Demonax, "Don't I fight well?" to which he replied, "Nobly, indeed, against a wooden enemy." Nobody was so clever as he, at solving a difficult point: somebody asked him one day, in a scoffing manner, this question, "Pray, Demonax, if you burn a thousand pounds of wood, how many pounds will there be of smoke?" "Weigh the ashes, says he, and all the rest will be smoke." One Polybius, an illiterate fellow, and who did not understand his own mother-tongue, acquainting Demonax, that the emperor had honoured him with the freedom of Rome; "I wish,

the Argonauts went after the golden fleece, so Apollonius the philosopher, and his scholars, followed the emperor for what they could get, so that there is a double meaning in the application.

* *Every thing else.*] Demonax, we see, with all his philosophy and virtue was a Materialist, and, probably, had no better idea of true religion than probably his friend Lucian.

† *Regillas and Pollux.*] His two sons who were dead. We have all heard of a parallel absurdity in a modern lady of fashion, who had so partial an attachment to the famous poet Congreve, as after his death to set up an image of him, dressed in his usual manner, which she addressed, and used to converse with; a farce which, they say, was carried on for some time.

said

said Demonax, instead of a Roman, he had made a Grecian of you." Seeing a fine-dressed man who was very proud of his purple robe, he went up close to him, and laying hold of his garment, cried, "This belonged to a * sheep before you had it." Going to bathe one day in warm water, he seemed afraid of stepping into it, and somebody reproaching him for a coward, he replied, "I do not do this to save my country." "What do you think they are about, said somebody, in the shades below?" "Stay till I get there, says he, and I will write you word." Admetus, a very bad poet, telling him he had wrote his own epitaph, which he had left orders in his will should be graved on his tomb-stone, (it was only these two lines,)

Admetus lies beneath this stone,

His better part to heav'n is gone.

It is so fine an epitaph, said Demonax, methinks I wish it was there already. Somebody observing that his calves were a little shrunk, as old men's generally are, cried, "What is the meaning of this, Demonax?" he replied with a smile, "Cerberus has bit me, that is all." Seeing a Lacedæmonian one day whipping his servant most unmercifully, he cried out, "Do not put yourself thus upon a level with your slave." A girl whose name was Danae, having a law-suit with her brother, "You are in the right, child, said he, to go to law, for you are not Danae the daughter of Acrifus." He was a bitter enemy of all those who professed philosophy, not for the sake of truth but from pride and ostentation; and observing a certain Cynic, with his wallet and cloak, and a pestle instead of a staff, who called himself the rival of Antisthenes, Crates, and Diogenes; "Tell no such lies, said he to him, thou art the disciple of † Hyperides." Seeing some bad wrestlers, who, contrary to the laws prescribed, were biting one another, "Well, said he, may out wrestlers be called lions." What he said to a proconsul was smart, and at the same time very severe upon him; he was one of those, it seems, who pluck the hairs from off their legs, and every part of the body: a Cynic got up, and accused him of effeminacy; upon which, the proconsul being violently enraged, ordered him to be knocked on the head, or sent into banishment: but Demonax interfered and begged him off, telling him, "It

* *A sheep.*] Agreeable to Pope's observation,

The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

The making cloth from sheep's wool, we see, was a very old invention. The application is arch enough.

† *Hyperides.*] It does not appear who this Hyperides was, the Latin translator says, *Pistoris vel pistillarii*; that he was a baker, so that the joke lies in the pestle.

was a liberty taken by the Cynics, and therefore ought to be pardoned;” “ Well, says the proconsul, for your sake I will forgive him now, but if he does so again, what punishment is bad enough for him?” “ O then, said Demonax, order all his hair to be taken off immediately.” Another who was appointed by the emperor to the government of a large province, and the command of the army, asked him how he should manage always to govern well: “ Keep your temper, said he, hear every thing, and say nothing.” Somebody asking him whether he eat honey-cakes, “ Dost think, says he, bees ever made their combs for fools?” Seeing a statue in the portico with one hand, “ At last, says he, * Cynægirus is honoured by the Athenians with a brazen statue.” Seeing Rufinus, the lame philosopher, hopping about the Lyceum, “ There is nothing so impudent, said he, as a lame Peripatetic.” Epictetus one day advising him to marry, and get children, for that it was by no means unbecoming a philosopher to leave something behind him in room of himself; “ Then, said he, you must give me one of † your daughters.”

What he said to Herminus the Aristotelian, is well-worth recording; observing this rascal doing every thing that was bad, and always talking, at the same time, of Aristotle and his † categories; “ In good truth, said he, Herminus, you are worthy of them all.” The Athenians having some intention to build an amphitheatre for gladiators in imitation of the Corinthians, he went into the assembly, and cried out, “ Before you determine this point, O Athenians, you should destroy the altar of mercy.” When he came to Olympia, the Elians would have decreed him a statue of brass: “ By no means, said he, that would be a reproach to your ancestors, who never made one either for Socrates or Diogenes.” I heard him once tell a lawyer, “ he thought laws of very little service to mankind, for the good did not stand in need of, and the bad were never the better for them.” He used frequently to repeat this verse of Homer,

|| Alike regreted, in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

* *Cynægirus.*] See Bayle.

† *Your daughters.*] Epictetus was older than Demonax, and died a bachelor.

‡ *Categories.*] Every body knows what the Categories of Aristotle were; but it is fit the English reader should know also that the Greek word *κατηγοριος*, categorius, signifies also, an accusation. The whole wit, therefore, of this bon mot, if any there be, consists in the pun upon, or double meaning of the word in the original.

|| *Alike, &c.*] Gr. Καταυ: ὁ τὴν αἰγῶν ἀντὶ ὅ τε πολλὰ σοφῶς. See Hom. Il. I. l. 320.

He always admired Therfités as a kind of Cynic philosopher. Being asked, which of the philosophers he liked best: "They are all excellent, said he, but Socrates I venerate, admire Diogenes, and love Ariftippus."

He lived till near a hundred without pain, grief, or disorder; without being burthenfome, or under obligations to any man; was always serviceable to his friends, and never had an enemy. Not only the Athenians, but all Greece so loved and honoured him, that when he appeared in public the nobles rose up in respect to him, and there was an universal silence. Even in extreme old age, he went about from house to house, supped, and lay all night wherever he pleased; the master always considering himself as honoured by the presence of some god, or tutelary genius. The sellers of bread, would beg him, as he passed along, to accept some from their hands; and happy were they from whom he would receive it. The boys, too, would offer him fruits, and call him their father. On a sedition that had been raised up at Athens, his presence alone put an end to the tumult; for the moment he appeared in the assembly, they were all silent: he perceived their shame and repentance, and without saying any thing to them, withdrew. When he found he was no longer able to help himself, he spoke to those who were about him in the language of the Cryer at the public games.

The laurel crown attracts no more,
The games are done, the sport is o'er;
Past is the business of the day,
And we are summon'd; hence, away!

He then voluntarily abstained from all food, and died, preserving the greatest ease and cheerfulness to his last moments. A little before his death, somebody asking him, "what orders he would give about his funeral:" "Never fear, said he, when I stink, they will bury me." "But shall such a man, replied his friend, be given to dogs and birds?" "So much the better, said he, for then I shall be of some service even after death."

The Athenians honoured him with a magnificent funeral, and long lamented him. They even crowned with garlands, and held as sacred, the stone he used to rest upon. Every body attended at his burial, and the philosophers carried him to the grave on their shoulders.

I have put together these few circumstances relating to Demonax, that posterity may know how truly great and excellent he was.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR,
TO HIS FRIEND,
THE GREAT PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF ENGLAND,
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE
PORTRAIT,
A DIALOGUE.

This Portrait of LUCIAN's is, as the Painters say, in his best Manner, and finished CON AMORE: it contains a charming Description, in the most warm and glowing Colours, of

*What never was, or is, or e'er shall be,
a perfect Woman; and is supposed to be a striking Likeness of a Mistress, or Wife,
(about which the Critics are divided), of the Emperor Verus. The Style, throughout, is finely adapted to the Subject, smooth, animated, and poetical.*

LYCINUS, POLYSTRATUS.

LYCINUS.

POLYSTRATUS, the fate of those who beheld the Gorgon resembles mine, the sight of a fine woman has almost turned me into stone; I am petrified with admiration.

POLYSTRATUS.

What, the impenetrable Lycinus! astonishing, indeed, * * *

But who is this petrifying Medusa, and whence comes she? for I must see her too: you need not be jealous, as I must expect the same fate, and shall be stiffened into stone as well as yourself.

LYCINUS.

Depend upon it, my friend, if you look upon her, even at a distance, she will render you motionless as a statue: the wound, indeed, will be less dangerous

dangerous if you only see her, but if she fixes her eyes on you at the same time, I know not how you can ever get away; she will hold you fast, and make you follow her about as the needle does the * loadstone.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Say no more about her wonderful beauty, but tell me who she is.

L Y C I N U S.

You think me extravagant, but when you see her, you will say my praise was weak in comparison with what she deserves. Who she is I know not; but the number of attendants, her splendid appearance, eunuchs, maids, every thing, in short, about her seemed beyond what any private fortune could afford.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Did not you hear her name?

L Y C I N U S.

No: all I could discover was that she came from Ionia, which I gathered from a person who, as she passed by, observed to his neighbour, "such are your Smyrna beauties;" nor can we wonder that the finest city in Ionia should produce the finest women: the man, I imagine, came from thence himself, as he seemed to be not a little proud of her.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

You acted like a stone indeed, never to follow her, nor ask the Smyrna man who she was: but, come, describe her form to me as well as you can, and, perhaps, I may recollect her.

L Y C I N U S.

You know not what you request of me: it is not in the power of language, at least of mine, to give you an idea of her: scarce would Apelles, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Phidias, or Alcumenes be equal to the task: art is too weak to represent her.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

At least tell me what her features were; there is no danger, be they what they will, in drawing her picture for a friend.

L Y C I N U S.

I think it would be safer to call in the assistance of those eminent artists, to help me to paint her for you.

* *Loadstone.*] The virtues and properties of the magnet were known to the ancients: the great use and advantage of it was reserved to stand at the head of modern discoveries.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

What do you mean? How are those, who have been dead so many years, to appear before you?

L Y C I N U S.

O very easily; only answer me one question.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Ask it.

L Y C I N U S.

Have you ever been at Cnidus?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Most certainly.

L Y C I N U S.

Then you must have seen the famous Venus there.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I have: the finest work of Praxiteles.

L Y C I N U S.

You have heard the story too, I suppose, which they tell of a man's falling in love with a statue, and hiding himself in the temple that he might enjoy her: you have seen too, I imagine, the * garden Venus of Alcamenes?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I should be incurious, indeed, to let the noblest of his performances escape me.

L Y C I N U S.

I need not ask you, who have been so often in the Acropolis, whether you have not also contemplated the Sofandra of Calamides.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Many a time.

L Y C I N U S.

And which of Phidias's works do you most admire?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

The † Lemnian Minerva, which he put his name to; and the Amazon, leaning on her spear.

* *Garden Venus.*] It is remarkable that this little piece of Lucian's takes notice of several famous works of ancient sculpture and painting, never mentioned by any other author, and gives us a high idea of their extraordinary merit.

† *Lemnian.*] A famous statue of Minerva, by Phidias, and so called from the inhabitants of Lemnos, who dedicated it to her. See Pausan. Attic.

L Y C I N U S.

Very well : now we have artists enough : from all these I propose to make one picture, selecting what is most excellent in each of them.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

And how is this to be done ?

L Y C I N U S.

With the greatest ease : let us only transfer the ideas to language, whose business it shall be to mix together the several parts, adorn, and form them into one complete whole.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Well, take and try : for my part, I cannot conceive how you can make use of them in such a manner, as from so many different parts, not to form one ill-compacted and ridiculous work.

L Y C I N U S.

You shall see : and first, from the Cnidian Venus I shall take the head alone ; the body, being naked, we have no occasion for : the forehead, hair, and perfect shape of the eye-brows, exactly as Praxiteles has made them : together with that * swimming softness, and vivacity of the eyes, which he has so finely represented : the cheeks, and look of the † full face, with the extremities of the hands, the fine-proportioned wrist, the delicate fingers growing thin at the tips, from Alcamenes. Phidias, and his Lemnian, will supply us with the general turn of the countenance, and size of the nose ; the mouth and neck we will take from his Amazon. Calamides shall furnish us with the modesty of his Sofandra, the sweet half-smile on her countenance, the tucked up, and becoming robe ; her head, however, shall be undressed : the age may be about that of the Cnidian Venus, according to Praxiteles. What think you, my friend, will not the picture be charming, if it be well finished ?

* *Swimming.*] The Greek expression is inimitably elegant,

Οφθαλμων το υγρον αμα τω φαιδρω,

Oculorum mobilem hilaremque gratiam,

Agreeable to Anacreon's

Το δε βλεμμα ———

* Αμα γλαυκον ως Αθηνης

* Αμα δ' υγρον ως Κυθηρης.

Ode xxviii.

† *Full face.*] Greek, τα παντος προσωπη περιγραφη.

P O L Y-

POLYSTRATUS.

Are you sure, my friend, you have omitted nothing in the composition of your beauty?

LYCINUS.

Not that I know of, unless, perhaps, you think it cannot be complete without the proper colouring; there, indeed, we must be deficient; for how shall we procure it? Shall we call in all those painters who are famous for blending their colours with taste and judgment, Polygnotus, Euphranor, Ætion, and Apelles? let these divide the task. Euphranor shall lend us his Juno's hair, Polygnotus the handsome eye-brow, and rosy cheeks of his Delphian Cassandra: he too shall furnish us with a robe of the finest work, most of it flowing in loose folds, and only succinct where it ought to be so. The rest of the body we will take from the * *Pacata* of Apelles, with a skin not too pale and fair, but shewing the † blood within. ‡ Ætion shall give us the lips of his Roxana: we will borrow from Homer too, that best of painters, even in the presence of Euphranor and Apelles, the thighs of Menelaus, which he compares to § ivory stained with purple, will suit her also; he shall give her the eyes: the || Theban poet too shall assist, and lend us his even brows; and Mæonides shall make her † white arm'd, and rosy-finger'd, far more like golden Venus than his Briseis.

Thus far the statuary, the painter, and the poet may be of service to us; but for that grace which is diffused through every part, or rather all the

* *Pacata*.] Greek, Πανάκτων, probably mistaken by the transcribers for Panchaste, mentioned by Ælian, and who, as Pliny tells us, was the same as Campaspe, the celebrated beauty, and mistress of Alexander the Great, whom Apelles fell in love with as he was drawing her picture.

† *The blood*.] See Shakespeare.

‡ *Ætion*] See the description of this famous picture in Lucian's *Ætion*.

§ *Ivory*.] As when some stately trappings are decreed,
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria, or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry, with a lively red.
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness of the Tyrian dye;
So, great Atrides, show'd thy sacred blood,
And, down thy snowy thigh, distill'd the streaming blood.

Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book iv. l. 170.

|| *The Theban poet*.] Pindar, who calls Evadna, ἰσοβλεφαρον. See *Olymp.* vi.

† *White-arm'd, &c.*] Epithets frequently used by Homer, and applied to Juno, Venus, &c.

Graces

Graces and all the Loves united, that dance around her; who shall imitate, or who shall describe them?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Lycinus, thou speakest of something more than human, sent down from Jove, the progeny of heaven. But, tell me, how was she employed?

L Y C I N U S.

She held in her hand a book doubled in two, part of which she seemed to have gone through, and was reading the other; speaking at the same time to one of her attendants, but so low, that I could not distinguish what she said. When she smiled, she shewed a set of teeth so white, so even, so well put together, it is impossible to describe them to you: if you have seen a beautiful necklace, of the most brilliant pearls, all of the same size and splendour, you may have some idea of them; adorned as they were by her ruby lips, and shining through them; like Homer's * bosom of ivory, not one broader than another, sticking out, or separated as others have them, but all of one size and colour, and entirely even: upon the whole, she was a most astonishing sight, and infinitely beyond our conceptions of mortal beauty.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Stop a moment: for, by what you have said, I am sure I know who she is; you told me what country she was of, and that she had eunuchs and soldiers attending her; it must be the celebrated beauty who lives with the emperor.

L Y C I N U S.

What is her name?

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

That too is soft and lovely like herself, the same as that of † Abradatas's wife: you must have heard of the modest charming woman whom Xenophon speaks so highly of.

L Y C I N U S.

I remember her well; and as often as I read that beautiful passage, methinks I hear her speak, see her arming her husband, and preparing him for the battle.

* *Bosom.*] And the pure iv'ry o'er her bosom spreads.

See Homer's description of Eurynome, in the eighteenth book of the *Odyssey*.

† *Abradatas's wife.*] Panthea. See the whole story in the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, one of the best written and most affecting tales to be met with amongst the writers of antiquity.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

You, my friend, have only seen her once, glancing, like lightning by you, and speak only, therefore, of that which struck you then, her external form; but you saw nothing of her mind, nor know how far that exceeds it in every beauty. I am her countryman, am well acquainted with, and have often conversed with her. You very well know, I prefer good-nature, benevolence, magnanimity, learning, and wisdom, to beauty; these, doubtless, are far superior, and not to esteem them so, were as absurd as to prefer the garment to the body which is clothed in it. Where the virtues of the mind and body are united in one person, there, and there only, is true beauty. I could point out numbers whose form is excellent, but who disgrace it by their manners; whose beauty fades and dies away, the body confessing, as it were, by its indecent actions, that it is ruled by the worst of mistresses, an evil soul. Such women put me in mind of Ægyptian idolatry; the temple is large and beautiful, adorned with precious stones, gold, and pictures; whilst the god within, is, perhaps, an ape, an ibis, a goat, or a cat: of these there are but too many amongst us. But beauty alone is not sufficient, unless it is properly adorned; * not by purple robes, by necklaces, or toys; but by modesty, truth, benevolence, philanthropy, and the rest of those virtues which crown the complete woman.

L Y C I N U S.

You, therefore, Polystratus, must give me description for description, measure for measure, as they say, or rather something over (for you are very well able): let me have the portrait of her mind, that I may no longer admire only one half of her.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

It is no small trial of skill which you have exacted of me; it is much easier, let me tell you, to praise that which every body has before their eyes, than to describe that which cannot be seen by any; for my portrait, I must call in the aid not of painters and statuaries only, but of philosophers also, that I may finish the figure by their rules, and according to the complete model of antiquity.

* *Not by purple, &c.*] “ Whose adorning (says a better moralist than Lucian), let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.”

To

To the business then. And first, She is eloquent, and witty : with much more reason might Homer have said of her than of the Pylian sage,

* Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.

The tone of her voice is inexpressibly soft and harmonious, not strong or masculine, nor thick and broken ; but like that of youths just before the age of manhood, sweet and pleasant, stealing gently on the ear, so that even when it ceases, the words still dwell upon the sense, like echo lengthens out the sound, and leaves a pleasing remembrance on the mind, full of grace and persuasion ; when she sings or plays, swans, grasshoppers, and halcyons, must be silent ; for, compared with her, they are rough and inharmonious ; and the † daughter of Pandion, with all her power of voice, would appear ignorant and unmusical. Orpheus and Amphion, who so charmed their audience that even things inanimate were attracted by their songs, if they heard her, would leave their lyres, and listen in silent attention to her. So well does she know how to preserve true harmony, so to accompany her instrument, as never to be out of time or tune, to swell and sink in such a manner, as that the voice and lyre shall set off each other, with that easy touch of the finger, and motion of the limbs, which so distinguished the great ‡ musician of Thrace, and || him who touched the lyre as he fed his cattle on Cithæron. Trust me, Lycinus, if ever you hear her sing, you will not, like those who beheld the Gorgon, be turned into stone ; but will experience the fate of them who were allured by the Syrens ; you will stand amazed and confounded, regardless of your country, your family, and your friends. Stop up your ears ever so close, her voice will penetrate through all ; for such is the song of Terpsichore, of Melpomene, and Calliope, with a thousand enchantments of every kind to adorn and recommend it. Think, in a word, what the harmony must be which passes through such teeth, and is uttered by such lips as her's. You have seen part of what I tell you, imagine to yourself that you hear the rest.

That she should speak correctly and in pure Ionic, that her conversation is full of wit and Attic grace, is by no means to be wondered at ; she had it

* *Words, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 332.

† *Daughter, &c.*] Who was turned into a nightingale.

‡ *Musician.*] Orpheus.

|| *Him who, &c.*] Amphion.

from her country and her ancestors: nor is it surprizing that she should be fond of poetry, who is a native of that * place which gave birth to Homer. Thus much for her voice, both with regard to speaking and singing. I shall now proceed to her other perfections; and here, I do not intend, like you, to mingle all the beauties together, to make one complete model, but to describe at large every virtue of her mind, and refer them singly and separately to this great original.

L Y C I N U S.

You invite me, Polystratus, to a noble feast indeed, and seem resolved to give me, as I desired, full measure; pour away, therefore, as fast as you please, you cannot do me a greater favour.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

As knowlege then, particularly that which arises from study and contemplation, is, doubtless, of all human perfections the most desirable, let us take it in all its various forms, that our model may be as complete as your's. Let her, therefore, have all the gifts of Helicon, not as Clio, Polyhymnia, or Calliope, and the rest; each possessing one, but endowed with them all, together with those of Mercury and Apollo. Adorned with whatever poets have feigned, historians recorded, or philosophers taught; these she must be perfect mistress of; not moistened only by this dye, but totally tinged and saturated with it. Of this, indeed, I can produce no living example, nor recollect one, even in the stores of antiquity. Such, however, let our portrait remain; you will think it, perhaps, no poor or contemptible one.

L Y C I N U S.

It is, indeed, most excellent, and comprehends every point of perfection.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

Let us now produce the portrait of wisdom and prudence: and here, I shall want many examples, particularly from the ancients: amongst whom, I shall select Socrates and his friend Æschines, the most skilful of all artists, who painted with peculiar energy and grace. As the best model of prudence, we will take Aspasia of Miletus, who lived with the famous Pericles, and was so renowned for her knowlege and acuteness in all civil affairs; for quickness of parts, penetration, and sagacity. These we will all transfer to our own portrait, though one is but a small picture, the other a Colossus in comparison with her.

* Place.] Smyrna.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

POLYSTRATUS.
I mean that pictures may be very like, though not of the same size; as the republic of Athens may resemble the present state of Rome, though the latter is so much superior, because upon a larger scale.

Our third portrait shall be taken from * Theano, the Lesbian poetess, and Diotima. Theano shall lend her magnanimity, Sappho her elegance of manners, and † Diotima, not only what Socrates has so commended in her, but her wisdom and prudence also. Such is our second portrait.

LYCINUS.

And it is truly admirable: let us now have a picture of humanity and benevolence, that may represent her sweetness of disposition, and charity to the poor.

POLYSTRATUS.

For this we shall find a model in the wife of Antenor, Arete, and her daughter Nauficae: and for her chastity and affection, we will take Penelope, whom Homer celebrates for those virtues, or her name-sake, Panthea, before mentioned.

LYCINUS.

You have now, I think, Polystratus, beautified her all over, and we want no more portraits; for you have gone through her whole mind, and sufficiently praised every part of it.

POLYSTRATUS.

Not so, Lycinus; for the greatest of her virtues is still behind: her humble and modest behaviour in that exalted station: never elated by her good fortune, nor relying too much on human prosperity, she is not insolent or ridiculous, but keeps herself still on the level; is affable to all, treats all as her equals, without pomp, or affectation; a conduct so much the more agreeable, as it comes from one of her rank and condition: those who thus use their riches, not for pride and ostentation, but for the purposes of charity and benevolence, are worthy of the gifts which fortune bestows on them: they alone can escape envy, for none grudge riches to those who enjoy them with temperance and moderation: such as do not, like Homer's ‡ Ate,

* *Theano.*] The wife, or, as some tell us, the daughter of Pythagoras. See a full and true account of this lady in Menage's Catalogue of Female Philosophers.

† *Diotima.*] See Plato's Symposium.

‡ *Ate.*] Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined,

Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples on mankind. See Pope's Hom. II. b. ix. l. 628.

stalk over the heads of men, and trample on every thing beneath them, which often happens to low and groveling souls, unused to riches and prosperity: when Fortune lifts up such men, and seats them in her high and winged chariot, they will not look down below, but soar into the clouds, melt their wings like Icarus, and soon fall into the waves, and become the scorn and derision of all: but those who, like Dædalus, remember what their wings are fastened with, aspire not too high, content to be borne just above the waves, and dip their pinions in them, these fly with ease and safety; and thus it is she also gains universal admiration: for all wish those * wings may ever remain unhurt, which scatter blessings on every side of them.

L Y C I N U S.

Long may she do so, Polystratus! for she is not only beautiful as Helen in her external form, but boasts a mind also still more beautiful and lovely. Happy, therefore, is our good and beloved emperor, as in every thing else, so above all to have such a woman born in his dominions, and thrice happy to be beloved by her: nor less happy is that fair one, to whom we may apply those lines of Homer,

† She who, like golden Venus, charms the heart,
And vies with Pallas in the works of art.

For no woman can be compared to her, who, as the same poet says, is,

‡ — Unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

True, Lycinus. Let us, therefore, join our portraits together, your's of the body, with mine of the mind, and form of them one complete picture to be given to the present age, and delivered down to posterity: it may, perhaps, be more durable than those of Apelles, Parrhasius, and Polygnotus, as it is not made of wood, or wax, or paint, but the work of the Muses, and exhibits a perfect resemblance of her, both in body and mind.

* *Wings*] This is to the last degree elegant: the whole description is, indeed, inimitable. It is, perhaps, impossible for an English reader at the present juncture, to read the latter part of it, without applying it to the best of women, our own amiable and beneficent queen Charlotte.

† *She who, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 512.

‡ *Unmatch'd.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. i. l. 141.

D E-

D E F E N C E

OF THE

P O R T R A I T,

A D I A L O G U E.

The Empress, whom LUCIAN had so highly complimented in the Portrait, not liking, or, perhaps, like other fair Ladies, rather pretending not to like, such extraordinary Praises, having signified to his Friend her Disapprobation, the Author enters here into a serious Defence of his Encomium, and supports it with some Reasoning, and a great deal of Politeness. It is, indeed, full of as courtly and delicate Flattery as could have fallen from the Lips of a French Marquis, though, probably, with a much larger Portion of Sincerity.

L Y C I N U S, P O L Y S T R A T U S.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I AM obliged to Lycinus, said the Lady, for his commendations, as it shewed his affection and respect for me; no man could be so lavish of his praises without some real regard: but I would have him know I hate flatterers, whom I look upon but as so many base impostors, mean and illiberal. When I am praised beyond measure, and much more than I deserve, I always blush, and, if possible, would stop my ears against that which appears more like ridicule than applause. Panegyric is only to be borne so long as we are conscious of possessing those qualities for which we are extolled; all beyond this belongs not to us, and is downright flattery: and yet many I know, who love to be praised for what they have not: there are old men who would be celebrated for their strength and prowess; crooked and deformed, who wish to be called beautiful as Nireus or Phaon: they think, perhaps, that compliment will change their forms, and flatter themselves, like * Pelias,

* *Pelias.*] Medea, the famous enchantress, we are told, put old Æron, Jason's father, into a kettle of medicated herbs, and boiled him till he became young again: such extraordinary success, in a project so universally desirable, put the daughter of Pelias, tyrant of Iolchos, on requesting the same favour of her for their father: she accordingly dipped him also in her cauldron, where she perfidiously left him to be consumed by the fire, and never brought him to life again. See the story told at full length by Ovid.

that

that they shall grow young again. Flattery would be valuable, indeed, if it could produce such effects; but it will prove the direct contrary: for the same thing must happen to such, as would to an ugly man putting on a handsome mask, and boasting of his beauty, though it might so easily be taken off by any body, and he of course only become the more ridiculous, when his own face appeared from under the vizard, and detected him: as if a little fellow should put on a cothurnus, and then pretend to measure with a man taller by three foot than himself standing on the plain ground. She then told me a story of a woman of the first rank, and who was, withal, handsome and agreeable, but short, and much below the common stature, who was extolled by a poet in his verses for her height, as well as her other accomplishments, and compared, for her size and slenderness, to a poplar: the woman was highly pleased with the compliment, and stretched her arms out, as if she grew taller at every verse, and the poet observing how much she was delighted, repeated them over and over, till one of the company whispered in his ear: "Have done soon, my friend, or you will make the woman * get up, and spoil all."

Similar to this, though infinitely more ridiculous, is what they relate of Stratonice, the wife of Seleucus, who offered a talent of gold for the best poem to be written on her hair, though she had not one upon her head; every body well knowing she was bald, and that it was occasioned by a long illness: she sate, nevertheless, to hear a set of execrable poets praising her Hyacinthin locks, making them up into curls, and comparing them to leaves of parsley, though, in fact, there was not one belonging to her.

Panthea, therefore, laughed at all those who yielded themselves up to adulation, and observed, that praises were like pictures, which pleased only because they flattered and deceived: many, said she, only admit those painters who can draw a handsome likeness of them; there are even some who will bid the artist take off part of a nose, make the eyes blacker, or add any other beauty, which they would be thought possessed of: forgetful that they are all the while crowning with applause such pictures as do not in the least resemble themselves.

Such were her observations on your book, which, however, in many parts she much admired, though she could not bear your comparing her to Juno

* *Get up.*] A short person, whilst sitting, may be imagined tall, but standing upright must always discover the real size and height.

and

and Venus. They, says she, are far beyond me; beyond, indeed, any thing human: nor do I desire to be put on a level with Penelope, Arete, and Theano, any more than with the first of the goddesses. I am a religious worshipper of the gods, and fearful of offending them, and were I to admit such flattery, should dread the fate of * Cassiopeia, though she only compared herself to the Nereids, and adored Juno and Venus. This part, therefore, she desired you would alter; she would, otherwise, call those goddesses to witness, it was not written by her desire, or with her approbation, but was entirely disagreeable to her, as void of piety and religion. She should look upon it as impious, to suffer herself to be compared to the Cnidian or Garden Venus; and begged you would recollect what you said yourself, towards the end of your book, when you praised her modesty and humble behaviour, that never soared above human nature, but confined its flight within the limits of mortality; and yet you lift her up to heaven, and compare her to the inhabitants of it. She would rather wish you thought her capable of imitating Alexander, who, when the sculptor promised to make mount Athos into a statue of him, with two cities in his hand, would not encourage such a ridiculous scheme, but advised the man to let it remain as it was, and not attempt to fashion a mountain of such an immense size, into the shape and resemblance of a diminutive mortal. She praised, at the same time, the conqueror's greatness of mind, which, she said, would raise a nobler statue to him than Athos itself in the opinion of posterity, as it was doubtless a proof of the highest magnanimity to despise and reject so great an honour.

For herself, she said, she much admired the ingenuity and perfection of your portraits, but could by no means admit of their likeness to her, as neither she, nor any other woman, could ever arrive at such perfection. She begs leave, therefore, to return the intended honour back upon your hands, and with all humility adores your archetypes; begs you would praise those virtues only, which are within the reach of humanity, and that you would not make the shoe too big for the foot, lest it should throw her down, when she walks in it.

* *Cassiopeia.*] Wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, and mother of Andromeda. She boasted that she was handsomer than Juno, which the goddess, as we may naturally suppose, was highly incensed at, and took the first opportunity to make an end of her. She met, however, afterwards with a noble recompence for her sufferings on earth, being placed, with all her family, in heaven, where she still shines as a constellation.

I have

I have heard, said she, (whether it be true or not, you men know best,) that the victors at the Olympic games are not permitted to have statues of them made bigger than themselves; that the judges always take care of this, and are even more nice in the examination of them than of the candidates. Take care, therefore, that your measure also is exact, or the judges will reject your portraits.

Such is her opinion of your performance: I would advise you, therefore, Lycinus, to revise and correct it, that you may not be accused of impiety. She appeared, indeed, herself, highly displeased at some parts, and seemed to shudder at them, deprecating the wrath of the goddesses, to render them propitious to her, and incline them to pardon a weak woman. To say the truth, I am, myself, a little of her opinion: when I heard you, indeed, first repeat it, I found no fault; but after what she said, began, I own, to think as she did. It is the same thing with regard to opinions, as with objects of sight; when the thing is close to us, and just before our eyes, we cannot observe it distinctly; but if we draw back a little, and view it at a proper distance, it is all clear and plain, and we see immediately what is right, and what is wrong in it.

To compare a mere mortal with Juno and Venus, what is it in effect but to depreciate the goddesses? for, in this case, the lesser is not made so much greater by the comparison, as the greater is diminished and degraded by it; for, if two men walk together, one very tall, and the other extremely short, if you would make them appear of equal height, you cannot do it by setting the little one on his tip-toes, but by the tall man's stooping down to him; and, in like manner, the divine nature must be diminished and made lower by your comparison. If, indeed, for want of terrestrial objects, you are obliged to have recourse to celestial ones, the fault will be more venial; but when you had so many mortal women before you, to compare her to Venus and Juno was totally unnecessary. Take off, therefore, my good friend, what is more than sufficient, and what is obnoxious: this whole piece, indeed, is foreign to your nature and disposition; for you are seldom inclined to panegyric, though at present so wonderfully altered, that from a niggard in praise, you on a sudden are grown prodigal of it; but never be ashamed of mending. Phidias did so, when he made his Jove; for when he first produced his work, he stood behind the door and listened to those who either praised or condemned it. One found fault with the nose because it was too broad,

broad, another with the face for being too long, and a third with something else. When they were all gone, he shut himself up again, and corrected his figure according to the several observations on it; the opinion of numbers, he thought, was by no means to be despised, and that many must of necessity judge better than one, even though he were a Phidias.

This I have faithfully delivered from her, and beg you will take the same advice from your old friend and companion.

LYCINUS.

I protest, Polystratus, I did not know you were so great an orator; you have made so long a speech, and brought so heavy a charge against my poor book, that I shall never be able to answer it. But, let me tell you, it is contrary to the usual form of proceeding, to pass sentence on a man before the cause is tried, or his advocate appears for him. "It is very easy, as the proverb says, to win the race when you run by yourself;" and it is no wonder I should be cast, when I had not the liberty to defend myself; but what was worst of all, you were, yourselves, both accusers and judges. What am I to do then? must I submit to your decrees, or, like the poet of * *Himera*, sing a palinodia; or will you permit me to have a re-hearing?

POLYSTRATUS.

By all means, if you have any thing proper to urge in your own behalf; nor will you plead before enemies as you seem, to think us, but amongst your best friends; for myself, I am a party concerned, and shall be ready to assist you.

LYCINUS.

I am only sorry that she is not present, for now I must transmit my defence by another hand; however, if you will be as faithful a messenger from me to her, as you were from her to me, I will e'en cast the dye.

POLYSTRATUS.

Never fear that, Lycinus, I will repeat your speech like a good actor, you may depend on it; but be brief, I desire, that I may be able to remember it.

LYCINUS.

So heavy an accusation will require a long defence, but for your sake I shall contract it; tell her, therefore, this from me —

* *Of Himera*] Stephichorus, the famous Sicilian lyric poet, who, having in one of his odes taken some liberties with the character of that immaculate lady, the celebrated Helen, was punished for it by her brothers with blindness. He made his peace, however, with their godships, by recanting, in a palinodia, and, in consequence of it, was restored to his sight.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

You had better speak as if she was now before you, and then when I go to her, I will imitate you.

L Y C I N U S.

We will suppose her, here then if you please, and that she has just spoke what you told me she did, and now I am going to answer her; yet I must fairly acknowledge to you, the affair becomes dreadfully serious: I know not why, but as you see, I absolutely sweat, and am frightened out of my wits. I think I see her before me, and am terrified: I must begin, however, for now she is come, there is no retiring.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

But see! her countenance is full of benignity, she smiles propitious on you; therefore, be confident, and proceed.

L Y C I N U S.

Most noble and illustrious lady, lavish as I have been of your praises, for so you say I am; nothing which I ever extolled you for, is equal to your piety to the gods, which incited you to find fault with your poor admirer: this is infinitely superior to all I ever said of you; you will pardon, if through ignorance alone, amongst my portraits, I omitted it; for this, above all others, I should have represented. Here, therefore, at least, you must acknowledge, I went not too far, but fell short of what you deserved; I left out that, indeed, which contributes more than all to purity of manners, and a perfect mind; inasmuch, as those who most truly worship God, always behave best towards man. If, therefore, I correct my picture, it must be, not by taking any thing away from it, but by adding this as the crown of all. There is one thing, moreover, which I am infinitely obliged to you for, and that is, when I praised your moderation and humility, and said that your good fortune and prosperity had never made you proud or insolent, you condemn me for it, and by that very censure confirm the truth of it; for, surely, not greedily to swallow such praise, but to be confounded at, and say you did not merit, is but to shew yourself still more deserving of it. One may apply to you the answer of Diogenes, who, being asked how glory might be acquired, replied, "By contemning it:" and, if I were asked myself, who was most worthy of praise, I should answer, "Those who wish not to be praised at all."

But this, you will say, is foreign to the purpose, and has nothing to do with the cause in hand: I stand accused of comparing you, in the picture which

which I drew of your person, to the Cnidian and Garden Venus, and likewise to Juno and Minerva. It is an old observation, that painters and poets are not to be called to account for what they say; much less, consequently, such as write in humble prose, like myself: praise is free, nor is there any law to limit the size and extent of it: all it is bound to is, to prove the object praised worthy of admiration, and of imitation also. But I shall not dwell on this argument, lest you should say, it is because I have no other to produce: all I shall now contend for is, that in panegyric we have a right to make use of images and similitudes, and the principal merit is to draw a fit comparison. We must not compare one thing with another that is equal to it, or that is inferior, but with what is more excellent: if you speak of a dog, and say he is better than a sow or a cat, what extraordinary praise is it? or, if you compared him to a wolf, would it be any great encomium? What then would be the proper similitude? Doubtless, to say, he was equal in size and strength to a lion. When the * poet speaks of Orion's dog, he calls him the lion-tamer: this is the highest praise he could bestow on him. If a man were to make an encomium on † Milo the Crotonian, Glaucus of Carystus, or Polydamas, and should say, that each of them was stronger than a woman, would not you think him in jest? nor would it be sufficient to say, that either of these would be superior to any one man. But how has the noble poet described Glaucus,

Doth he not put forth
The strength of Pollux, or the iron son
Of great Alcmena —

You see how he compares him to the gods, nay, even makes him superior to them; and yet neither did Glaucus resent his being likened to the gods, nor did the gods punish Glaucus or the poet; both, on the contrary, were held in the highest esteem and veneration by the Greeks; Glaucus for his wonderful strength, and Homer for the celebration of him. Wonder not, therefore, if, when I wanted a comparison to illustrate my subject, I made use of the noblest I could procure. You say, you hate flatterers, and I commend you for it; but I would have you distinguish between praise and adulation; the flatterer, who consults his own interest without any regard to

* *The poet.*] The passage here quoted is probably from Pindar, but is not to be met with in any of his works now extant.

† *Milo.*] The famous wrestler.

truth, loads every thing with praise, says what he pleases, makes no scruple of asserting that Therfites was handsomer than Achilles, and that of all the warriors who fought at Troy, Nestor was the youngest; he will swear that the * son of Cræsus could hear better than † Melampodes, and that ‡ Phineus had sharper eyes than || Lynceus, if he could get any thing by it: whilst the true encomiast never says the thing that is not, but where good qualities are planted by nature, he improves, increases, and sets them off to the best advantage. If he would praise a horse, I mean a swift courser, he ventures to say,

§ He lightly skimming, when he sweeps the plain,
Nor plys the grass, nor bends the tender grain.

Nor would he scruple, perhaps, to call the fleetest of them ¶ storm-footed. If he was to commend a beautiful and well-built house, he might cry out,

‡ Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove.

A flatterer would say just the same of a swine-herd's cottage, if he thought the master would pay him for it. Like Cynæthus, the flatterer of ** Demetrius, who, when he had worn out very mode of adulation, at last complimented him on his cough, and vowed that he hawked and spit most harmoniously. The difference between them, therefore, is, that the flatterer hesitates not to tell the most direct falsehoods, if he can please his patron; the encomiast only raises and illustrates what is true; add to this, that the one makes use of all the hyperboles he can meet with, whilst the other is moderate even in them,

* *Son of Cræsus.*] Who was deaf and dumb.

† *Melampodes.*] Or, as he is called by other authors, Melampus, was an eminent physician, of whom many wonderful stories are told, and amongst the rest, that he could distinguish sounds so well, as even to understand the language of birds. See Plin. x. 49.

‡ *Phineus.*] The son of Agenor, he married Cleopatra, the daughter of Boreas, but afterwards repudiated her, and commanded the eyes of two children which he had by her to be put out. Boreas, in revenge, punished him with blindness.

|| *Lynceus.*] The most sharp-sighted of mortals.

§ *He lightly, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 269.

¶ *Storm-footed.*] Gr. αελλοποδων, an epithet made use of by Homer, in the Hymn to Venus, generally attributed to him.

‡ *Such, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Odysey, b. iv. l. 89.

** *Demetrius.*] Demetrius Poliorcetes, of whom Lucian speaks in another place.

and

and keeps within proper limits. These, out of many that might be mentioned, are the specific differences of praise and adulation, which I must beg you to remark, that you may not suspect all of flattery, but distinguish between them, and give to each its proper measure.

Let me then be judged by this rule; apply it to what I have written concerning you, and say to which class I belong. Had I compared an ugly and deformed wretch to the Cnidian Venus, I had been, indeed, an impostor, a worse flatterer than Cinæthus, but when I spoke of one who, as every body knew, deserved all that could be said of her, surely it could not be censured as deviating from the truth.

But, perhaps, you will say (you have, indeed, already said), that I might have praised your beauty, but that I ought not thus invidiously to compare a mortal to a goddess: but, for I must tell you the real truth, I did not compare a mortal to a goddess, but only to the work of an eminent artist in brass, stone, or ivory. There could be no impiety in saying that resembled a mortal which was made by one; unless you will say the picture by Phidias was the true Minerva, or the statue made at Cnidus but a few years since, by Praxiteles, was the celestial Venus: take heed, noble lady, you think not thus of the immortals, whose true image is far beyond the reach of human imitation.

But if I had even said, you were like the goddesses themselves, I am not the first who struck out this path; many of our best poets have done it before me, and particularly Homer, your own fellow-citizen, whom I here call upon to plead for me, for he must fall under the same condemnation: let me ask him, or rather let me ask you for him (for you remember, and happily for you, all his charming verses), does he not tell us, when speaking of the captive Briseis, that she, who resembled golden Venus, wept over Patroclus, and a little after, as if not satisfied with comparing her to Venus only, he says,

* Prone on the body fell—the HEAVENLY fair.

And do you abhor him for this, do you throw by his book, or do you allow him the liberty of praise? if you refuse, posterity hath already bestowed it on him; I know none who accuse him of impiety, nor is there a man to be

* *Prone*, [Ec.] See Homer's Iliad, book xix. Pope here calls her the HEAVENLY fair, which is a bad translation of Homer's Εἰκηθεμένη.

found who will dare to beat his statue, or to mark these verses as † spurious, and not belonging to him. Shall Homer then, liken a weeping Barbarian to golden Venus, and I, because you will not be praised for beauty, must not compare even to the statue of a goddess the most lovely of women, whose chearful countenance is ever covered with smiles? for in smiles, at least, we resemble the immortals. Observe, in his Agamemnon, how sparing he is of his divinities, giving him a proportion of each, his eyes and head are like Jove, his belt like Mars, and his breast like Neptune; dividing the man into parts, to suit his representation of the deities: in another place he compares him to Mars, the man-slayer. Phryges, he tells us, had the form of a god; and often calls Achilles the godlike son of Peleus. But I must return to examples of women; you remember where he says,

Like Dian she, or golden Venus —

And again,

As Dian wand'ring o'er the mountains strays.

He not only likens men themselves to gods, but even talks of Euphorbus's hair, and that stained with blood, as resembling the Graces. There is not, in short, any species of poetry that is not adorned with divine images: blot them all out, therefore, or indulge me in the same liberty. So far, indeed, are similitudes of this kind from being liable to censure, that Homer frequently praises his deities by images drawn from inferior nature: compares Juno's eyes to those of an ox, another poet tells us, Venus had eye-brows like violets, and who, that knows ever so little of the blind bard, does not remember his rosy-finger'd goddess?

To be likened to the gods in shape and form is surely venial: how much bolder are those who assume their names, like Dionysius, Hæphestion, Zeno, Posidonius, and Hermæus! The wife of Evagoras, king of Cyprus, called herself Latona; and yet the goddess resented it not, though she might have turned her, like Niobe, into stone. I need not mention the Ægyptians, who, though the most superstitious of all people, make use of the divine names perpetually: every thing with them comes from heaven.

You need not, therefore, be so fearful of praise; if there be any thing impious or profane in what I wrote, it is not your fault, unless you think it

† *Spurious.*] Greek, τῆ νόθα, the English, it is observable, answers exactly to the original.

one, even to have read it : the gods will punish me for it, when they have first revenged themselves on Homer, and the rest of the poets ; but they have not yet shewn their resentment against the * first of philosophers, who has said that, man is the image of god.

I had a great deal more to say, but must leave off for the sake of this Polystratus, who will otherwise not be able to remember it.

P O L Y S T R A T U S.

I do not know, indeed, Lycinus, whether I can or not, for you have been very long, and much beyond your glass already ; but I will endeavour, as well as I can, to recollect what you have said, and shall go to her immediately, first taking care to stop my ears, that nothing may get in and disturb the order of things ; for then, perhaps, I shall be † hissed for my pains.

L Y C I N U

I have given you your part, Polystratus ; it is your business to act it well. I must be gone ; when the judges have passed sentence, I shall come back, to know the fate of my performance.

* *First of philosophers.*] Plato.

† *Hissed.*] Alluding to the image he had before made use of, when he said, that, like a good actor, he would play the part of Lucian before the empress as well as he could, and hoped to represent him faithfully.

T O X.

T O X A R I S,

A DIALOGUE ON FRIENDSHIP.

This Dialogue is very entertaining. The Stories are well told and extremely interesting: at the same Time that a striking Contrast between the Grecian and Scythian Manners presents a Degree of Light and Shade which greatly embellishes the Picture.

MNESIPPUS, TOXARIS.

MNESIPPUS.

IS it so, indeed, Toxaris? do you Scythians sacrifice to Pylades and Orestes, and believe them to be gods?

TOXARIS.

We sacrifice to them, Mnesippus, not as gods, but as good men.

MNESIPPUS.

Have you a law, then, which obliges you to sacrifice to good men after their deaths, as if they were divinities?

TOXARIS.

We have; and not only that, but to honour them also with public festivals and solemnities.

MNESIPPUS.

And for what purpose? that the dead may be propitious to you?

TOXARIS.

There would be no harm, perhaps, in that; but * we do it principally for the sake of the living, paying due honours to the memory of our departed heroes, in hopes of persuading others to follow their example.

MNESIPPUS.

There you are certainly in the right: but how came you to fix on Pylades and Orestes as worthy of divine honours, who were strangers, and, what is worse, enemies to you? who, when your ancestors, the Scythians of that time, had seized on, and were going to sacrifice them to Diana, bribed the keepers, broke through the guard, killed your king, stole away the priestess, and took the goddess herself along with them, and, setting all your laws at defiance, escaped from you. If for this, indeed, you honour them, it can-

* *We do it, &c.*] This is the papist's plea for his worship of faints and martyrs.

not fail but you will find enough to imitate their conduct. Look back on what is passed, and judge whether it would be to your advantage to call in any more such guests as Pylades and Orestes. If the rest of your divinities should be carried off in the same manner, you will soon be left without any gods at all, and you must make them of those very men who came to deprive you of your deities. Formerly you would not own them for divinities, but now you sacrifice to them, and offer up victims to those who were very near being victims themselves. This appears to me, I own, truly ridiculous, and beyond all example.

T O X A R I S.

What they did at that time I think great and noble, for so, in my opinion, it was. To attempt such an undertaking, to sail so far from their own country, through seas unknown and untried by any Grecians except those who went to Colchis, not terrified by the reports of its being an inhospitable climate, inhabited by savage nations: to behave so bravely when taken, and, not content with escaping from us, to revenge the injuries they had received on our tyrant, and bear away the goddesses with them, surely these were deeds truly admirable, and worthy of divine honours. But know, my friend, it is not for this alone we look upon Pylades and Orestes as our greatest heroes.

M N E S I P P U S.

Let me know, then, what they ever did besides which was so wonderful and god-like: for, as to their skill in navigation, I can shew you some merchants, who are much more divine voyagers than either of them; particularly amongst the Phœnicians, who will not only sail to Pontus, Mæotis, and Bosphorus, but through the Greek and Barbarian sea; who run over the whole coast every year, and return home at the latter end of it: these you may just as well make gods of, though three parts of them are no better than victuallers and fishmongers.

T O X A R I S.

Mark, now, my friend, how much better judges of good men we Barbarians are than you. Neither at Argos or Mycenæ is there any monument to Pylades or Orestes, whilst we have erected a temple, offer sacrifice, and pay every honour to them both, as friends and companions. Nor because they were strangers did Scythia esteem them less worthy of her notice: we never ask of what country a good man is, nor, if they have done noble ac-

tions, whether they are our friends; but when they are praise-worthy, consider them as our own. But that which above all excited our applause and admiration of these men was, that they seemed to be the best friends that ever lived; the great legislators, appointed, as it were, by heaven, to teach mankind how friends should act in all ranks and circumstances of life: and therefore intitled to the praise and worship of every noble Scythian. What they did for each other, and what they suffered, our ancestors ordered to be engraved on a pillar of brass, in the Oresteum, and made a law that this should be the first study of their children. Sooner would one of them forget the name of his father than the acts of Pylades and Orestes. On the walls of the temple is painted, by ancient artists, the whole history, as engraved on the pillar. There you see Orestes sailing with his friend, his ship split on the rock, himself taken, and Iphigenia preparing to sacrifice him: in another part he is represented freed from his chains, slaying Thoas, and several other Scythians: their setting sail with Iphigenia and the goddess; the Scythians attempting to board the ship, and hanging on the rudder, some wounded, and repulsed, others frightened, and swimming back to shore. On the opposite side of the wall is portrayed the mutual affection of the two friends in their battle with the Scythians: the painter has drawn one of them driving away the enemies who attacked the other, without regarding those who fell on himself, as if careless of his own life, if he could but preserve that of his friend, covering him on every side, and receiving the strokes that were aimed at him. That strong attachment, that mutual participation of dangers and afflictions, that truth, honour, fidelity, love, and kindness, which they shewed for each other, we regarded as something more than human, as proofs of a mind far superior to the generality of mankind, who, when the * wind sets fair, and the voyage is prosperous, resent it highly if they are not admitted to a share in the happiness of their friends, and yet, if it turns about, retire, and leave them alone,

* *When the wind, &c.*] There is a striking elegance and propriety in this image. Prior has finely improved upon it in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, where he makes his heroine say to her lover,

Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?

exposed

exposed to all the dangers of the storm. The Scythian esteems nothing so much as true friendship: there is not any thing which gives him more pleasure and satisfaction than to partake with his friend of every sorrow and calamity, nor doth he hold any thing more shameful and ignominious than to desert and betray him; for this we honour Pylades and Orestes, because they excelled in that virtue which we most admire: for this reason, we call them the *Coraci*, which, in our language, signifies, the gods of friendship.

M N E S I P P U S.

I find, Toxaris, you Scythians are not only famous for the swiftness of your arrows, and skill in war, but for your eloquence also. Formerly, I own, I did not think so of you; but must now confess you seem to have a proper sense of justice, by the honours which you pay to Pylades and Orestes: nor did I know, my friend, that you were, yourself, so excellent a painter; your pictures in the Orestum, the battle, and the wounds which the noble friends received for each other, are finely drawn. I little thought that friendship was held in such high esteem amongst the Scythians, whom I always looked on as a savage and inhospitable people, passionate, quarrelsome, and contentious, strangers to friendship, even amongst their nearest kindred and relations; which, I was inclined to believe, as well from many other things that I have heard concerning them, as from their custom of devouring their own parents after death.

T O X A R I S.

With regard to our treatment of, and veneration for our parents, I shall not at present enter into dispute with you; but that the Scythians are much more faithful to their friends, and have a better idea of friendship than the Greeks, is past a doubt. By your own gods, I intreat you, therefore, do not be offended, if I tell you what I have remarked, during the long time that I have lived amongst you: my opinion is, that you talk better about friendship than any other people, but are so far from practising what you preach, that you entirely content yourself with only praising, and shewing what a fine thing it is: when there is the least occasion to exercise this virtue, you bely your own words, and fall off from your promises. When your tragedians bring on the stage scenes of exalted friendship, you applaud them most furiously, and sometimes even shed tears at the representation, though, at the same time, ye will none of you do any thing to serve your own friends: if they come to want or misery, your tragic scenes all fly off as so many dreams,

dreams, and leave you, like those mute personages in the drama, who gape with immense wide mouths, and say nothing. We, on the other hand, by as much as we fall short of you in words, by so much do we excel you in our actions, at least with regard to this subject.

Let us then make this agreement; we will permit, on both sides, the friends of former ages to remain in peace; for there, I think, you would have the better of me, as your poets bear witness, who, in most harmonious metre, have sung the praises of Achilles and Patrocles, Theseus and Pirithous, with others of equal renown; and let each of us produce some few examples in our own times, I from Scythia, and you from Greece; and whichever shall bring instances of the most noble and disinterested friendship, shall be declared victor in this honourable contest. For my own part, rather would I be conquered in single fight, and have my right hand cut off, (which is the punishment inflicted amongst us,) than be overcome, especially a Scythian by a Greek, in this particular.

M N E S I P P U S.

It is no easy task, let me tell you, Toxaris, to engage hand in hand with such a warrior as you are, one who so well knows how to aim the * arrows of his wit and eloquence. Challenged, however, unexpectedly as I am, I will not tamely give up the cause of Greece; shameful and ignominious, indeed, would it be, when † they two alone could conquer so many Scythians, as fame and your ancient pictures record, which you have just now so tragically set forth; if, after this, so many cities, and nations, all Greece should yield the palm, and be overcome by you alone: were this to happen, I should deserve not to lose my right hand, as you say, but to have my tongue cut out. But how is it to be? must each of us produce just so many friendly actions, or, is he who can bring the most, to be declared conqueror?

T O X A R I S.

By no means: we are not to consider the quantity of examples, but the quality of them. If your arrows are sharper, and more penetrating than mine, though only equal in number, they will make the deeper wounds, and I shall yield the sooner to them.

* *The arrows.*] In allusion to the manner of fighting generally made use of by the Scythians with bows and arrows, in which they were remarkably skilful.

† *They two.*] Pylades and Orestes, as represented by Toxaris in the picture.

M N E S I P P U S.

You are right: let us, therefore, fix how many they shall be, five, I think, from each of us, will be sufficient.

T O X A R I S.

I think so too: do you begin then, but, first, you must swear that what you relate is true, otherwise it would be very easy to invent stories of this kind, and very difficult to prove the falsehood of them; whereas, if you swear, to doubt would be impiety.

M N E S I P P U S.

Let us swear then if you think it necessary: let me see, by which of our gods now — what say you to Jupiter * Philius?

T O X A R I S.

With all my heart, and I will call upon one of our gods, that will best answer to yours.

M N E S I P P U S.

Bear witness then, O Jupiter Philius, that what I am about to say, either of my own knowledge, or which I have gathered from the certain information of others, is strictly true; that I will make no fabulous, or † theatrical addition to it. First, therefore, I shall relate the friendship of Dinias and Agathocles, so much celebrated amongst the Ionians. This Agathocles, who has not been long dead, was of Samos, not distinguished from his countrymen for birth or fortune, but by the sincerity of his friendship for Dinias of Ephesus, the son of Lycion, with whom he was acquainted from his infancy. Dinias was immensely rich, and, as is usual with such as come suddenly into great fortunes, was visited by a number of people, who came to eat, drink, and be merry with him; but who, at the same time, little merited the title of real friends. Amongst these, Agathocles, though he delighted not much in such company, was admitted: Dinias paying little more regard to him than to the flatterers who surrounded him, he was at last even affronted at the freedom which he took to reprove him, by reminding him

* *Philus*] The friendly. Jupiter was called *ξενος* and *φιλιος*, as the great protector of friends and guests. Cleodemus, in Plutarch, calls the table, the altar of the gods of friendship and hospitality.

† *Theatrical.*] Alluding to the liberties generally taken by the ancient dramatic writers, of representing facts in any manner that best suited their purpose, without a strict regard to historical truth; a freedom which the supercilious critics of modern times are always exclaiming against, with a degree of asperity, which the crime, (if such it be,) by no means deserves.

of

of the dignity of his ancestors, and advising him to be careful of that estate which his father had acquired by his industry, and bequeathed to him. For this reason Dinias no longer invited Agathocles to his feasts and entertainments, but drank with the rest of the company, and shunned him as much as possible. At length, this unfortunate young man was, by the sycophants about him, drawn into an affair with one Chariclea, the wife of Demonax, a man of the first quality in Ephesus, who, they made him believe, was violently in love with him. They took care she should send him letters, garlands half-faded, apples bit by her own sweet lips, and other such tokens of love, with which artful women allure young men. These things, they well knew, go a great way towards drawing in the unwary, especially such as fancy themselves handsome, and easily fall into the snare. This Chariclea was a most agreeable woman, but the true lady of pleasure, and always ready for any man who shewed the least inclination to her; whoever looked at her, she would answer with a nod, and there was no fear of Chariclea's refusal. She had, moreover, beyond any other harlot of her time, the art of attracting and engaging her admirers, of subduing the indifferent, and fixing the fond lover, of increasing his passion by flattery, by resentment, by coyness, by feigning an inclination for others; she was, in short, completely skilled in every trick and device that could seduce and secure admirers.

This Chariclea, the flatterers of Dinias, who acted the under parts in the play, endeavoured, by all the means in their power to make him in love with; whilst she, who had already ruined many a wealthy family, and with pretended passion had inveigled hundreds, when she perceived that she had laid hold on this weak and unexperienced young man, would not let him escape out of her * talons, but held him fast, till she got the entire possession of him, destroyed herself, and involved him in a thousand calamities. She first sent him private letters, and dispatched her maid to him, who was to watch all his motions, to weep, and tell him how deeply her mistress was enamoured with him; till the happy youth was thoroughly persuaded he was the most beautiful of men, and the admiration of every wife in Ephesus. At length, overcome by her solicitations, he met, and had frequent intercourse with her. From that time, one may naturally suppose, he was easily and totally subdued by a beautiful and lovely woman, who well knew how to charm him by her conversation, and who, in the midst of it, would

* *Talons.*] Greek, *ἐν τῶν οὐχῶν*, the translation is literal.

frequently

frequently burst into tears, and fetch deep sighs, run out to meet him with ardour, and embrace him tenderly at his departure from her; who always took care to wear every thing that was agreeable to him, who sung and played admirably; for all those arts did she practise against the unhappy Dinias; when, at length, she perceived he was † steeped in love, she had recourse to an artifice, which she knew would be a finishing stroke; she pretended to be with child by him; she would come no more to him now, she said, for she was confined by her husband, who had heard of her intrigue with him. This was more than he could bear; not to see her was absolutely intolerable; he wept, and raved before the sycophants, called on the name of Chariclea, and embraced her statue, which had been made for him of white marble, and cried out in agonies, then threw himself down on the ground, and was almost distracted: instead of apples and garlands, he sent her whole fields and houses, servants, fine cloaths, and as much gold as she could desire; in short, in a very little space of time, the richest and noblest house in all Ionia was emptied, and its treasures entirely consumed. When Dinias was at length sucked dry, and totally exhausted, she got another lover, a Cretan youth, of a good fortune, whom she pretended to be fond of, and who thought himself equally beloved by her. Dinias now deserted, not only by Chariclea, but by all his flatterers, who with her had gone over to the new lover, came to Agathocles, who already knew in how bad a situation he was, and after confessing, not without shame, his own folly, related to him every thing that had happened, his passion, his poverty, the pride and insolence of the woman, her reception of the Cretan rival, assuring him after all that he could not live without Chariclea. Agathocles thought it was then an unseasonable time to reproach him for his past behaviour, in rejecting such a friend for sycophants and flatterers, but went immediately, sold his paternal estate at Samos, which was all that he had, for two talents, and brought them to him. After the receipt of this, Dinias was again fit to be seen by Chariclea, again he appeared beautiful to her, letters again came to him, and the maid was sent to reproach him for his tedious absence, the flatterers too once more came about him, finding that he was once more fit to be fed upon: he appointed a time to meet her, and came to her house accordingly, where he was no sooner entered than Demonax, the husband of Chariclea, whether

† *Steeped.*] Greek, *δαειροχον και ταχειρον τω ερωτι*, maceratum et mollitum ab amore.

he

he had by chance discovered the affair, or it had been so concerted between them (for the story is differently told), on a sudden sprang out of some private place, ordered the doors to be shut, and Dinias to be seized on; drawing his sword on the adventurer, and threatening to beat him, or throw him into the fire. Dinias, perceiving what a wretched situation he was in, snatched up a bar that lay by him, and striking Demonax on the temples, slew him, then turning to Chariclea, first with the bar, and afterwards with the sword of Demonax, repeating his blows, made an end of her: the servants, who seemed struck dumb with an event so unexpected, endeavoured to lay hold on him, but, he pursuing them sword in hand, they retired. Dinias got off as privately as he could, and stayed with Agathocles till morning, deliberating on what it was best to do on this occasion; the magistrates having intelligence (for the thing was now become public), came early, seized upon Dinias, who did not deny the fact, and carried him before the governor of Asia, who sent him to the emperor: a little while after he was transported to * Gyarus, one of the Cyclades, being condemned by the emperor to perpetual banishment. Agathocles alone, of all his friends, accompanied him into Italy, attended him to the tribunal, and assisted him in every thing: neither, when he went into banishment, did this faithful friend desert him, but, condemning himself to voluntary exile, remained with him in Gyarus, and when he became so poor as to want common necessaries, hired himself to one of those who dive for the † purple-fish, and with the wages he received supported Dinias, took care of him during a long illness, and even after his death would not return to his own country, but stayed in the island, as if to guard the remains of his departed friend. This is a very recent example, as I believe it is scarce five years ago since Agathocles died there.

T O X A R I S.

I wish, Mnesticus, you had told this story without swearing to it, as I might then have called the truth of it in question: this Agathocles was really quite a Scythian friend. I am afraid you will be puzzled to find such another.

M N E S I P P U S.

By no means: for I am now going to tell you a fact no less extraordinary, as related to me by Simylus, a pilot of Megara, who will swear he was an

* Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum. Juv.

† Purple-fish.] The murex, from which they extracted the purple dye, and which always lay at bottom near the shore.

eye-

eye-witness of it. This man, says he, was sailing once from Italy to Athens, about the setting of the Pleiades, with several passengers on board the ship, amongst whom was Euthydicus, and his friend Damon of Chalcis, the former a stout, robust man, the latter weak and pale, being just recovered from a violent illness: they had a prosperous voyage as far as Sicily, but just as they were got into the Ionian sea, were overtaken by a most dreadful storm. We will not dwell upon the whirlwinds, showers of hail, high waves, and other consequences of the tempest; suffice it here to observe, that when they came near to Zacynthus, with their sail-yards all torn, and their ropes hauled out to stop the force of the current, Damon, who was sick with the tossing of the vessel, had laid himself down with his body hanging over the sea, and the ship leaning that way, a wave washed him headlong into the ocean, and, which was worse, with all his clothes on, so that he could not well swim: he kept himself up with some difficulty, for a time, and cried out that he should be drowned. Euthydicus, who was naked in bed, heard his cries, jumped out, and threw himself immediately into the sea, took him up in his arms as he was just sinking, and swam with him towards the ship. The rest of the passengers would willingly have assisted the unhappy sufferers; but the wind was so high, that they were not able: all they could do was to throw out some pieces of cork, a few oars, and a large ship ladder. And now, I beseech you, consider for a moment, whether you can conceive a nobler instance of friendship, than for a man thus, in the middle of the night, to throw himself into a tempestuous sea, at the hazard of his life; place before your eyes the desperate situation of them both, the dreadful roar of the waves, the darkness of the night, the foam dashing upon them, one almost drowned, with his head scarce above water, stretching out his hand to implore assistance, the other leaping boldly in, and swimming towards him, afraid that Damon should perish before him: think of this, and acknowledge with me, that Euthydicus was no idle or unprofitable friend.

T O X A R I S.

Did they perish, Mnesippus, or were they, beyond expectation, preserved? I am in dreadful apprehensions for them.

M N E S I P P U S.

You have no occasion: for they were both saved, and are now philosophers at Athens. Simylus only relates what he saw that night, that one fell

overboard, the other leaped in after him, and that they swam some time : it was dark and he could see no more, Euthydicus himself tells the rest, and informs us that they first got on some pieces of cork, which kept them up with difficulty for a few hours, and that in the morning they spied the ladder, which they got upon, and came safely to Zacynthus.

After these two instances, which are no bad ones, I shall now produce a third, not less remarkable.

Eudamidas, of Corinth, who was himself very poor, had two rich friends, Aretæus, a Corinthian, and Charixenus, a Sicyonian : when he died he left a will, which to many may perhaps appear ridiculous ; though to a good man, like yourself, who knows the merit of friendship, and is now contending for the noblest example of it, it cannot possibly appear so : in this will was the following article, “ I leave to Aretæus the care of nourishing and providing for my mother in her old age, and to Charixenus the portioning out of my daughter, which he will do to the best of his abilities :” for he had at that time a mother who was very old, and a daughter marriageable : “ If either of these, it went on, should happen to die, the other is to perform the part of the person so dying, as well as his own.” The will being opened, in the presence of some who were acquainted with the poverty of Eudamidas, but not with the sincerity of his friends, they turned it into ridicule ; how happy, said they, laughing, will Aretæus and Charixenus be, and what a noble legacy will they receive, when they are to pay for Eudamidas, and whilst living themselves, have a dead man to inherit their estates ! The heirs, notwithstanding, to whom it was bequeathed, as soon as they heard the contents of the will, resolved to execute it according to his desire : Charixenus, however, died himself within five days after ; but Aretæus, the best heir, perhaps, that ever lived, most nobly performed the part of both, for he took care of the mother, and not long ago gave the daughter a portion, and out of five talents, which were all he was worth, gave two to the daughter of his friend, and two to his own ; and they were both married the same day.

What think you, Toxaris, of this Aretæus ; was it not a noble instance of affection, to pay such a regard to the will of his friend, will you allow this to be one of the five ?

T O X A R I S.

He is, indeed, an excellent example ; but I admire Eudamidas still more, for the confidence which he placed in his friends : it is a proof that he would

would himself have acted in the same manner for them, even though they had not mentioned it in their will.

M N E S I P P U S.

I believe so: but proceed we now to my fourth instance, Zenothemis of Maffilia, the son of Charmoleus. He was shewn to me in Italy, when I was on a public embassy there; a tall, handsome young man, and, as they informed me, very rich; in the chariot by him sat a woman, extremely ugly, and deformed, her right side shrunk up and withered, with only one eye, in short, a perfect * fright: on expressing my surprize, that a youth so beautiful should have such a woman with him, the man who shewed them to me, and who was himself a Maffilian, explained the affair to me, which he was perfectly acquainted with: Zenothemis, said he, was the intimate friend of Menecrates, father to that ugly woman; they were both, indeed, of equal rank and fortune; it happened, however, that, on a certain occasion, Menecrates was at once deprived of all his riches, and stripped of his honours and dignities by the † six hundred senators, for giving sentence contrary to law; for so we punish offenders of this kind in Maffylia: the unhappy man was deeply affected at being thus reduced from affluence to penury, from honour and reputation to infamy and disgrace; but what gave him the greatest uneasiness was this daughter, now marriageable, being about two and twenty, whom before this, rich as her father then was, nobody, even of the lowest rank or condition, chose to marry, so ‡ unhappy was her form and appearance; besides, that she was subject to falling fits, at the increase of the moon.

As he was one day lamenting these misfortunes to his friend Menecrates, said Zenothemis to him, “Be comforted, you shall never want, and your daughter shall marry a man of family equal to her own.” Saying this, he took Menecrates by the hand, carried him home with him, and gave him an equal share of his fortune, which was very considerable; ordered a splendid entertainment to be got ready, to which Menecrates, with other friends, were invited; intimating, that he had procured a husband for his daughter. When they had supped, and made a libation to the gods, he took a bowl

* *Perfect fright.*] Greek, *μορμολυκτιον*, terriculamentum.

† *Six hundred.*] Venenum datur ei qui causas sexcentis (id enim senatus ejus nomen est) exhibuit. See Valer. Max. lib. ii. cap. 6.

‡ *Unhappy.*] Literally from the Greek *οφιν κηκοδαμωνα*.

full of wine, and holding it in his hand, receive, says he to Menecrates, this cup of friendship from a son-in-law, for this day I mean to wed your daughter Cydimache, already I have received the portion, which is five and twenty talents. Zenothemis, replied the father, this must not be, never can I bear to see a beautiful youth, like thee, wedded to a girl so deformed and disagreeable. Zenothemis, however, led her forth into the bride-chamber, and, after consummation, returned to Menecrates: from that time he has lived with her, treats her with the greatest tenderness and affection, and, as you see, carries her every where along with him; so far is he from being ashamed of this match, that he seems to glory in it, shewing thus his indifference with regard to the external form, whether it be beautiful or ugly, and manifesting at the same time his contempt of riches and splendor, considering only the happiness of his friend, whom he did not esteem less worthy of his affection from the judgment of the senate against him. For this integrity he hath been rewarded by Fortune, having since had a most beautiful boy by this ugly woman, whom he but the other day carried into the senate, with an olive branch round his head, and clothed in mourning, the more to excite their pity in favour of his grand-father, when the child smiled, and clapped its hands before the senators, who, touched at the sight, pardoned Menecrates, and he is now restored to his honours, by means of this little advocate. Such, according to the Maffilian's report of it, was the behaviour of Zenothemis to his friend; an example, I believe, which will scarce be paralleled by Scythians, who, they say, always take care that their mistresses shall be handsome.

For my fifth and last example, I must not forget Demetrius of Sunium, who travelled into Ægypt with Antiphilus the Alopecian. They had been brought up together from children, one applying to the Cynic philosophy under the famous sophist of Rhodes, and the other studying physic. It so happened, when they were there, that Demetrius took a journey to visit the pyramids, and the statue of * Memnon; the former of these, he had heard, though

* *Memnon.*] A large colossal statue of Memnon, was erected at Thebes in Ægypt, which, we are told, whenever the rays of the sun struck upon it, astonished the standers-by with the most ravishing and harmonious sounds, though nobody could tell how the music was produced. Strabo, a most grave and respectable author, gives us this account of it: "I went one day, (says he,) with Ælius Gallus, and a number of friends, to see the colossus, when we heard a wonderful noise issue from it, but could not tell whether it proceeded from the statue, the base, or from any of the persons who stood round about it; it was impossible to suppose that stones

though immensely high, made no shadow, and the latter founded wonderfully at the rising of the sea: to see and hear these extraordinary things, he took a voyage of six months up the Nile, leaving behind his friend Antiphilus, who was deterred by the length of the journey, and heat of the climate, from accompanying him thither. During this time it was, that Antiphilus met with one of those misfortunes which seem more peculiarly to call for the assistance of a good and generous friend: his servant, it seems, one Syrus, had entered into a confederacy with some sacrilegious villains, who broke into the temple of Anubis, and stole away two golden cups, a sceptre, some silver seals with the dogs head on them, and other things, all of which, they brought to, and lodged with Syrus. Being afterwards taken and put to the * torture, they confessed the fact, and sent the officers to Antiphilus's house, where they found the stolen goods hid under the bed. He, and Syrus, were both taken, bound, and sent to prison; not one of those who had before kept him company, daring to relieve or assist him, concluding him to have been guilty of sacrilege, and that those would be impious and defiled, who even eat or drank with him. His two other servants, after pillaging the house of every thing that remained, ran away. The wretched Antiphilus was now confined in a dungeon, and treated as the worst of malefactors; the goaler himself, who was a superstitious Egyptian, thinking he did a meritorious service to his God, revenged the injury offered to him, by oppressing this unhappy criminal, who, if at any time he denied the fact, was only deemed the more insolent, and was treated accordingly. He soon grew sick and emaciated, as well he might, laying on the ground, and not able even to stretch out his feet, which were bound tight with a cord. In the day-time, indeed,

stones placed in any particular manner could produce such sounds." Others imagined, "That it was some secret contrivance, probably an instrument concealed in the body of the statue, the chords of which, after being relaxed by the moist night air, recovered their tone and elasticity, by the heat of the sun;" which, with all due deference to the learned Strabo, is but an awkward solution of the riddle. It was more probably some trick of the ancient priests, for the statue of Memnon was oracular once in seven years. - Cambyfes, in order to find out the mystery, broke the statue in two, but it seems to little purpose, for the remaining part, we are assured, possessed the same power, and gave, for a long time afterwards, most excellent music.

A fine application of this fable, is made by Dr. Akenfide in his Pleasures of the Imagination, one of the finest poems in our language.

* *Torture.*] Gr. *σρεβλαμένοι ἐπὶ τῷ τροχῷ*, cum rota torquerentur, when they were tortured on the wheel. This ingenious method of tormenting our fellow-creatures, and bringing them to a confession of what they did, and frequently of what they did not, had, we see, been in fashion for some time before the church of Rome took it up, and humanely brought it into universal practice.

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he had only a log on one hand, but at night, chains were put on every limb. The stench of the prison, the heat from so many people stuffed close together, and scarce able to breathe, the noise of the fetters, with the total want of rest and sleep, were altogether dreadful and intolerable, especially to a man who had never experienced such calamities. He at length gave himself up to despair, and refused to taste any food or nourishment. When Demetrius, hitherto a stranger to all this, returned; the moment he heard of it, he ran to the prison, but could not get admittance, for it being then late in the evening, the goaler, leaving other matters to the care of his servants, had locked up the gate, and was gone to sleep. Early, however, in the morning, after much intreaty, he was let in. He enquired for Antiphilus, who was so altered by his misfortunes that he could not be known, and ran about examining all the prisoners, like the friends of the slain looking for their dead bodies half-corrupted on the field of battle. At length, he called out several times to him by name, and Antiphilus knowing the voice, and putting aside the dishevelled hair that hung over his face, discovered himself. The melancholy spectacle had such an effect, that they both fainted; and when, in a little time after, they came to themselves, Demetrius, as soon as he had heard the whole story of his misfortunes, bade him be of good cheer, took away the rags he had been clothed in, and wrapped him up in part of his own cloak. From that time he constantly, whenever he could find time and opportunity, attended on him. He even worked with the merchants in the port, and carried burthens every morning, and with the money he got by it, for he was well paid, provided for his friend, and, withal, bribed the goaler to behave with kindness and civility to him. In the day-time, he staid with, and comforted him, and at night made himself a bed of leaves just on the outside of the prison gate, where he always slept. In this manner they lived for some time, Demetrius having free access to the prison, and Antiphilus bearing his misfortunes more easily, from the society of his friend.

It happened some little time after that a robber died in prison, as it was supposed by poison: a stricter guard was immediately placed, and no stranger admitted into the goal. Demetrius, in the utmost anxiety on this account, went to the commanding officer, and accused himself of being concerned in the robbery of the temple; upon which he was immediately sent to prison, where he prevailed on the keeper, by many prayers and supplications,

cations, to place him near to Antiphilus, and to bind him with the same chain; that he might embrace, assist, and though he was ill himself, take care of his sick friend: thus did they both, with less pain and uneasiness, support themselves under their common calamity. An event at length took place, which, unexpectedly, put an end to their misfortunes: one of the prisoners, having by some means or other procured files, by the assistance of his fellow-captives, sawed off the great chain that linked them together, and set them all at liberty; they then easily murdered the few keepers, and made their escape; they soon dispersed, and several of them were re-taken. Demetrius and Antiphilus, however, remained there, having seized Syrus just as he was getting off: in the morning, when the governor of Ægypt heard of it, he dispatched his officers in pursuit of the fugitives, sending at the same time for the two friends, whom with many commendations of their behaviour, in not going away with the rest, he set at liberty. Demetrius, however, not content with such a dismissal, said he thought it would be an affront on them to receive their pardon thus as a favour or reward, he solicited the judge, therefore, for a public trial, who granted it; and finding, on examination, that they were innocent, let them go, not without his praise and admiration, especially of Demetrius, whom he presented with * twenty thousand drachmas, out of his own private fortune, giving at the same time half as much to Antiphilus, to make them amends for the punishment which they had unjustly suffered. Antiphilus is now living in Ægypt: Demetrius gave away all his fortune to Antiphilus, and retired amongst the Brachmans in India, saying, before his departure, that he hoped his friend would forgive his leaving him, that, "as for himself, he, who was content with a little, could not want riches; and on the other hand, he, whose circumstances were perfectly easy, could not stand in need of a friend."

Such, Toxaris, are our Grecian friends. We are apt, you say, to dwell too long upon things, I would otherwise have repeated to you what Demetrius said upon the trial, pleading not for himself, but his friend, with tears and supplications taking all the blame, in order to acquit him, till, at length, Syrus, whipped into confession, acknowledged the crime, and acquitted them both.

These few instances, out of many, being the first that occurred to my memory, I have produced of good and faithful friends: I shall now take my leave, and give the cause into your hands. Your part is now to

* *Twenty, &c.*] About six hundred pounds.

begin;

begin; take care that your Scythians are better than my Greeks; if you expect to preserve your right hand, you must exert all your skill, as it would be truly ridiculous for you, who have so learnedly harangued for Pylades and Orestes, to prove a bad orator in the defence of your own country.

T O X A R I S.

It is very kind in you, Mnesippus, to give me this warning, as if your own * tongue was not in just as much danger in case I succeed. I shall begin, however, immediately, without affecting all that pomp of eloquence, which you have been so lavish of, and which would but ill become a Scythian, especially where facts will speak better than words. I shall not, like you, extol a man for marrying an ugly woman without a fortune, or giving two talents to his friend's daughter; no, nor for going to prison of his own accord, when he knew he should soon be let out again: these are poor instances; nor do I see any thing so great or magnanimous in them. I shall tell you of wars waged, slaughters made, and deaths suffered for friends, such as will make your examples look like mere trifles in comparison with mine. The little things, however, which you have produced, are suitable enough to your country: you, who live always in peace, meet with no signal occasions of shewing friendship; in fine weather the pilot's excellency is not seen: the tempest only proves his skill and conduct. With us, there is perpetual war; we are always invading, or invaded; for ever skirmishing in defence of our pastures, or our prey: here is room for friendship, and those which we contract are ever firm and lasting, as holding them to be the most invincible arrows we can make use of.

But I will first tell you how we choose our friends: not at our drinking matches, as you do, nor because any one was brought up with us, or is our neighbour: but if we see a man brave, generous, and fit for great and noble actions, to him we all fly with speed, and, as you do by your women, whom you wish to marry, court and solicit him, endeavouring, by all the means in our power, to make ourselves worthy of his affection. The happy chosen friends enter into a solemn oath and covenant, that they will live with, and, if occasion calls, die for each other: and thus it is performed; each cuts his finger, and drops the blood into a bowl; they then dip the points of their swords in the blood, and both drink together of it, after which nothing can dissolve the bond. Three may be admitted, but never

* *Tongue.*] Alluding to their first argument.

more :

more: for he who has many friends is, in our opinion, like a common harlot: nor do we think that friendship can ever be firm which is divided into so many channels.

I will begin then with Dandamis, and the relation of an event which happened but very lately. Dandamis, in the war with the Sauromatians, his friend Amizoces being taken prisoner.—But first, for our usual oath, according to agreement: by the * wind then, and by this falchion, here I swear, to tell thee nought but truth concerning our Scythian friends.

M N E S I P P U S.

I did not want any oath at all from you: you were right, however, not to swear by any of the gods.

T O X A R I S.

Do not you call these gods? Are not life and death of the greatest consequence to mankind? When, therefore, we swear by these, do we not, in effect, swear by them? seeing that air is the cause of life, and the sword the instrument of death.

M N E S I P P U S.

For the same reason you may make gods of arrows, spears, ropes, hemlock, and many other things; for death is a divinity of various powers, and numerous are the paths that lead us to him.

T O X A R I S.

This is only wrangling, on purpose to interrupt me.

M N E S I P P U S.

I do not know but it may: come, I will do so no more, go on with your discourse as if I was not here, for I assure you I shall say nothing.

T O X A R I S.

Four days after Dandamis and Amizoces had tasted the bowl of friendship, the Sauromatians invaded our kingdom, with ten thousand horse, and three thousand three hundred foot: as they came unexpectedly upon us, we were soon routed, and put to flight; many of our soldiers were killed, and many taken prisoners, all, indeed, who could not make their escape, by swimming over to the other side of the river, where half our army and part of the carriages were posted; for, our generals, I know not why, had thought

* *The wind.*] The Scythian's oath, though a serious matter to him, has something, it must be confessed, rather comical in it; and Lucian, who never misses an opportunity of this kind, has accordingly endeavoured to throw it into ridicule.

proper to encamp them on both banks of the Tanais. They took a great deal of spoil, plundered our tents, seized on our carriages, with the drivers, and ravished our women before our eyes, whilst all we could do was to lament our misfortunes.

Amizoces, being amongst the rest taken prisoner, and bound in chains, called loudly on his friend, reminding him of the solemn bond, and the bloody bowl: Dandamis heard his cries, and immediately leaped into the river, and swam towards the enemy; the Sauromatians observing, levelled their arrows at him: when he cried out, Ziris! this, if any one repeats, he is never slain, as they conclude he comes to redeem a captive: he was accordingly carried to the general, and demanded the restitution of his friend; they signified to him that a very large ransom would be expected, if they let him go: upon which Dandamis said, "Every thing which I had you have already taken from me, if, naked and destitute as I am, there is aught which you will accept, command, and I obey: take me instead of him, and do what you will with me." "We want not, replied one of them, your entire person, especially as you came a suppliant, but must have a part, if you would redeem your friend." "What part, said Dandamis do you require?" they insisted on his eyes, which were immediately taken from him: and he then took his friend, leaned on, and swam over with him safe to our camp.

This action so animated and encouraged our troops, that they no longer considered themselves as vanquished, when they saw that the greatest of human blessings was not taken from them, but that there still remained in Scythia a noble mind, and the confidence of disinterested friendship: nor did it fail to astonish and terrify our enemies, when they reflected what kind of men they had to contend with hereafter, and how they would fight when prepared, though when thus taken at unawares, they had so easily subdued them: the very next night, therefore, leaving a great quantity of their cattle, and setting fire to the carriages, they retreated. Amizoces could not bear the thought of enjoying his sight, whilst Dandamis was deprived of it, but put out his own eyes; and they now sit together, are maintained at the public expence, and held in the highest esteem and veneration by every Scythian.

Can you, Mnesippus, produce any thing equal to this? no, not if you were to bring ten more, besides your other five, and without swearing to the truth of them. I have told you nothing but the plain naked fact. If you had

had related the story, I know how you would have embellished it, and told us what Dandamis said in his petition, how he was blinded, what he spoke on the occasion, how he got back, and with what applause he was received, with other things which you Grecians so well know how to flourish on.

Now attend to another instance no less worthy of admiration. Belittas, a near relation of that Amyzoces, saw his friend Basthes, as they were hunting together, dragged off his horse by a lion, who had seized him by the head, and was going to tear him in pieces with his claws, when leaping down, he rushed upon the beast, put his fingers within his teeth, and endeavoured, but in vain, to save Basthes from his devouring jaws; the lion then leaving his first prey just expiring, turned upon Belittas, and, with a grasp, killed him also, after having received a mortal wound from Belittas's sword; so that they all three perished together. We buried them near to each other, raising on one side of the path a monument, with an effigies of the two friends, and on the other, that of the lion.

I will now relate to you a third, concerning the friendship of Macentes Lonchates, and Arfacomas. The latter of these being sent on an embassy to Leucanor, a sovereign in the Bosphorus, to demand the tribute which had been due to us from thence, three months, fell deeply in love with his daughter Mazæa, a tall and beautiful virgin. The business he went upon was now finished, the king had given his answer, and the feast was prepared for his departure. It is a custom in the Bosphorus for suitors to demand their virgins in marriage at their public festivals; and it so happened, that at this time, there were many of them who came in pursuit of Mazæa, kings and the sons of kings; amongst whom were Tigrapates, king of the Lazi, Adyrmachus, prince of Machlyna, with several others. Those who come on this occasion, first sup peaceably together, and when the feast is over, each takes a cup, sprinkles the wine on the table, declares himself a suitor to the virgin, and supports his pretensions with regard to power, rank, and fortune. After many, in compliance with this custom, had laid in their claim, and boasted of kingdoms and treasures in their possession, Arfacomas, last of all, stepped forth, and taking the cup, did not, like the rest, make a libation, (for we never pour out the wine, as thinking it an affront to the deity,) drank up the whole at one draught, and thus spake; "Give me, O king, thy daughter Mazæa to wife, for I have greater riches and possessions by far than either of these." Leucanor, who well knew that Arfacomas was poor,

and of no rank in Scythia, seemed astonished, and said, "How many herds and waggons may you be possessed of? for these, I know, are your riches." "I have neither, replied Arfacomas, but I have two good and worthy friends, such as no Scythian can boast of besides me." They laughed at him for this speech, as if he had been mad or drunk; and the next day, Adyrmachus being preferred to all the rest, prepared to carry off the bride into his own country.

No sooner was Arfacomas returned home, than he acquainted his two friends how contemptuously he had been treated at the feast, and laughed at on account of his poverty; "and when, said he, I told them how rich I was in having such friends as you, so much more valuable than all their treasures, the king despised and derided you also, and gave his daughter to Adyrmachus, because he had ten golden vessels, and four-score waggons, and many flocks and herds, preferring cattle, trifling cups, and heavy carriages, to men of honour and virtue. I am doubly injured, my friends, for I love Mazæa, and am not a little hurt besides, by an affront so publicly given; nor do I think you have been better treated than myself: the ignominy reaches to you also, for, from the moment we entered into the great bond of friendship, we are one, we must all rejoice in the same good, and be afflicted by the same calamity." "Not thus far alone, subjoined Lonchates, but each of us receives, and must feel the whole injury which you have suffered." "What then, said Macentes, is to be done on this occasion?" "The business, replied Lonchates, must be divided between us; I promise, on my part, to bring Arfacomas the head of Leucanor; be it your task to secure the bride for him: be it so, and do you, says he, Arfacomas, in the mean time, remain here; and, as we must expect a speedy war, prepare arms, horses, and men for it: you are a good man, and we have many servants and dependents; numbers, therefore, I doubt not, will join your cause, especially if you sit on the bull's hide." The thing was immediately agreed on, Lonchates set out for the Bosphorus, and Macentes for Machlina, on horse-back, whilst Arfacomas stayed at home to arm the forces: at length he sat on the hide.

The custom of sitting on the hide is as follows: if any man is highly injured by another, and is unable to revenge himself, he sacrifices an ox, cuts up the flesh, and dresses it, then spreading the skin on the ground, sits down on it with his hands placed behind his back, as if chained at the arm: this, with

with us, is looked upon as the strongest mode of supplication. Whoever pleases then comes, takes a part of the flesh, and placing his right foot on the hide, makes a solemn promise to assist him to the utmost of his abilities: one to raise five horsemen with pay and provender, or so many foot ready armed, some ten, and others more, according to their rank and fortune, and the poorest offers his own service. A prodigious multitude is sometimes thus assembled on the hide, and these armies are generally firm and invincible, being all bound by oath; for, to stand upon the hide, is always considered as the most solemn obligation. In this business Arfacomas was now deeply engaged, and had got together about five thousand horse, and of light-armed, and other foot, near twenty thousand.

In the mean time, Lonchates made the best of his way privately into Bosphorus, and being introduced to the king, who was then busied in some affairs of the state, told him, that he was just arrived with a commission from the commonwealth of Scythia, and had, withal, some matters of importance to communicate to him in secret. Being desired by the king immediately to acquaint him with them; "The Scythians, said he, with regard to the former part of my embassy, do, by me, require and insist, that your shepherds will not wander over into their fields, but keep within the Trachon: they likewise assure you, that the robbers whom you complain of for making incursions into your territories, are not authorized by the public, and if you seize any of them, you may punish them as they deserve: this they requested might be made known to you. I must now, moreover, acquaint you, that Arfacomas, who lately came here on an embassy, is now raising a great army against you; incensed, I believe, at the repulse he met with, when he asked your daughter in marriage. For these seven days past, he hath sat on the hide, and has already collected together no inconsiderable number of forces." "I have heard, replied Leucanor, of forces raised on the hide, but did not know before, that they were designed against me, or that Arfacomas was to be their general." "Against you, and you alone, rejoined Lonchates, the whole expedition is pointed: but, between ourselves, Arfacomas is my avowed enemy, he cannot bear to see me preferred before him by the elders of Scythia, and in every thing to be accounted superior to him. If, therefore, you will promise to give me your other daughter Barcetis, (and you will find me not unworthy of her,) I will undertake, in a very short time, to bring you the head of Arfacomas." "You shall

shall have her," replied Leucanor, who well knew the cause of Arfacomas's resentment, and was, besides, greatly alarmed, as he always stood in fear of a Scythian army. "Swear then, said he, Lonchates, that you will stand by this agreement, and never deny what you have now promised." The king, lifting up his hands to heaven, was about to ratify it by an oath, when Lonchates interrupting him, said, "Not here, O king, lest any observing us, should suspect the cause: let us retire to the temple of Mars, shut the doors after us, and swear in secret; for, if Arfacomas should be apprised of this, he will certainly destroy me before the battle, and he has already got a powerful guard to defend him." "Let us then go in, replied the king: do you retreat, and let none follow without my command." This said, the guards retired, and they went together into the temple; when, * Lonchates with one hand drawing his sword, and with the other stopping the mouth of Leucanor, lest he should cry out, plunged it into his breast, then cutting off his head, hid it under his garment, and as he came out of the temple, pretended to be talking with him, and as if he had been sent on some errand, and was to return thither. He then immediately got back to the place where he had left his horse tied, and mounting him, rode off with all speed to Scythia. The Bosphorians, who were for a long time ignorant of the affair, never pursued him; and when they came to the knowledge of it, were employed in disputes concerning the succession.

Thus did Lonchates fulfil his promise of bringing with him the head of Leucanor. Macentes, who in the course of his journey had been acquainted with what happened in Bosphorus, came to Machylia, and having first informed Adymachus of the death of Leucanor, thus addressed him, "The city (said he), look on the king's son-in-law as heir to the throne; you should haste, therefore, to settle a distracted state, and take possession of the kingdom: let your wife follow you in the chariot, for the sight of the king's daughter will conciliate the affections of the people. I am myself an Alanian, and related to her by the mother's side, for Mastira, whom Leucanor married, was of our family: I come from her brothers, who are now in

* *Lonchates.*] Lonchates and Macentes might, according to Lucian's account, be very good and determined friends, but they were certainly very bad men, breaking through all laws human and divine, that they might fulfil their promise. To say the truth, after all the romantic stories which our author has produced in favour of his Scythian heroes, we can only gather from them, that amongst these illustrious savages, friendship was at that time, as charity is at present amongst us, the favourite and fashionable perfection; and that they found it no very difficult task to practise one virtue at the expence of all the rest.

Alania,

Alania, and who request you to make all possible haste to Bosphorus, lest the empire should devolve to Eubiotus, a bastard brother of Leucanor's, a friend to the Scythians, and our avowed enemy." Macentes, who said this, had greatly the resemblance of an Alanian, their arms, indeed, and language are the same with ours, and there is only this difference, that the Scythians wear longer hair, and he had taken off just so much as would make him more like one of them: they, therefore, gave full credit to what he had said, and he passed for a near relation of Mastira and Mazæa. "And now, continued he, Adyrmachus, I will either accompany you to Bosphorus, or stay here behind, and conduct the bride. As you are a relation, replied Adyrmachus, you had better remain, and come along with her; if you go with me you will only add to a number of attendants, but if you stay to accompany her, your presence will supply the place of many: it was accordingly thus determined. Adyrmachus set forward, leaving Mazæa, who was yet a virgin, to the care of Macentes: he put her for that day into a carriage, but as soon as night came on, he placed her on his own horse (having taken care to have another to follow him), then mounted himself on the same saddle with her, and, instead of going on towards Mæotis, turned aside to the Mediterranean, keeping the Mitræan mountains on his right hand, and resting his beautiful charge at proper intervals, reached Scythia with her on the third day. His horse, at the end of the journey, after standing a few minutes, fell down and died. Macentes delivered Mazæa into the hands of Arfacomas; there, said he, take her, I have performed my promise. The lover, struck beyond measure with a sight so unexpected, and pouring forth his thanks in great abundance, "Cease, said Macentes, thus to treat me as a person different from thyself; to return thanks to me for this, is as if my * right hand were to thank the left for healing it when wounded, or stroaking it when in pain; how ridiculous were it to suppose that, united as our members are, one limb performed any thing extraordinary, when it contributed to the use and advantage of the whole body! seeing it acted for its own good, as being itself a part of that which received the benefit."

Thus spoke Macentes to his friend Arfacomas: in the mean time Adyrmachus, apprized of the deceit practised on him, proceeded not on his journey to Bosphorus, for Eubiotus, being called in by the Sauromatians,

* *Right hand.*] According to the old age, *χρὴς χριζα πικτις*, the sentiment here is noble and natural, the image made use of puts us in mind of Shakspeare's Lear.

with

with whom he had formerly lived, succeeded to the empire: he returned, therefore to his own country, and having got together a large army, made an irruption through the mountains into Scythia: Eubiotus also, not long after, invaded us, bringing all his Grecians, together with the Alani, and Sauromates, making about twenty thousand; the forces of Eubiotus and Adyrmachus united, formed together an army, of not less than ninety thousand men, a third part of which were archers, who fought on horse-back. We, for I was myself at that battle, furnishing a hundred horse at my own expence, having collected about thirty thousand forces, made head against them under Arfacomas; and when we saw them advancing, sent out a party of our horse to attack them. The battle was hardly fought for a long time, till in the end our troops began to give way: our phalanx was broken, and the whole Scythian army cut, as it were, into two parts; one of which, partly subdued, saved themselves by a retreat, and the Alani did not choose to pursue them; the other, which was the smaller division, was soon inclosed, and totally surrounded by the Alani and the Machlinians, who, by their darts and arrows, made great slaughter amongst us. Thus locked in on every side, we were in the greatest distress, and many laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims, were Lonchates and Macentes, who, exposing themselves bravely to every danger, were both wounded, Lonchates in the thigh, and Macentes in the shoulder with a spear, and likewise on the head by a battle-ax; which being perceived by Arfacomas, who was then with us, and who could not bear the thought of deserting his friends, he set spurs to his horse, and brandishing his sword, rode so furiously through the enemies ranks, that the Machlinians, unable to resist his impetuosity, gave way, and let him pass quite up to them. He recovered the wounded heroes, and exhorting them to join him, rushed upon Adyrmachus, and with one blow of his sword, clave him in two. On the death of their leader, the soldiers soon turned their backs and fled; as did, in a little time after, both the Alani and the Grecians. Thus were we once more victorious, pursuing and killing numbers, till night coming on, put an end to the slaughter. The next day we received ambassadors from them with terms of peace; the people of Bosphorus submitted to pay us double tribute, the Machlinians offered hostages, and the Alani, to make us amends for this invasion, promised to reduce the Sindians, who had long held out against us, to obedience. On these conditions we were prevailed on, in compliance with the opinion of
Arfacomas,

Arfacomas and Lonchates, who transacted the whole affair, to make peace with them. Such things, Mnesippus, will Scythians dare to do for their friends.

M N E S I P P U S.

A most tragical story indeed, Toxaris, and bordering on the fabulous. The wind and sword you swore by, will pardon me, if I really think those not much to blame, who should not believe it.

T O X A R I S.

I wish, my noble friend, your credulity does not proceed from envy. Your want of faith, however, shall not prevent my producing some more actions of the same kind, which I know to have been done by Scythians.

M N E S I P P U S.

I beseech you then, my good man, not to be tedious, and long-winded in your discourse, that you would not carry me up and down from Scythia to Machlyia, to Bosphorus, and back again, to wear out my patience.

T O X A R I S.

You are the legislator, and must be obey'd in every thing, I shall, therefore, be as short as possible in what I say, and not tire your ears with my travels for the future.

You shall hear what a friend did for me, whose name is Sifinnes. When in search of Grecian literature, I left my own country to go to Athens, I went by sea to Amastris, this city being in my way, and conveniently situated for those who come from Scythia, and not far from Carambis. Sifinnes, who had been my companion from a child, accompanied me thither. We immediately looked out for a lodging near the harbour, and removing our bundles to it out of the ship, without suspecting any mischief, left them there, and went to the market-place. In the mean time, some thieves broke open our trunks, and stole out every thing we had, not leaving so much as would serve us even for one day. When we came back, and heard what had happened, we knew not what to do; publicly to accuse the neighbours, who were very numerous, or the master of the house, we did not think adviseable: to give it out that we were robbed of fourscore Dariusses, a quantity of cloaths, bedding, and other things, would only have made us appear to the populace as cheats and impostors. Thus stripped of every thing in a strange country, we were much at a loss how to act: for my own part, I was rather for making an end of ourselves at once, than submitting to any

thing mean or base for a subsistence; but Sifinnes begged I would, on no account, do any such thing; and endeavoured to console me, by saying, he had thought on a method to procure victuals for us. He hired himself as a porter, to carry wood from the harbour, and with the money bought us some provision. Next morning, as he was walking in the forum, he saw a procession of well-made, noble, youths; these, he understood, were to fight as gladiators for a considerable sum of money in three days after. As soon as he had learned this, he came to me, and said, "Toxaris, no longer complain of being poor, for in three days time I will make you rich." During the interval, we made what shift we could to live, and the appointed time for this spectacle now approaching, we resorted to it. He had led me there, indeed, as to a Grecian fight, which had something new and extraordinary in it. We sat down in the theatre, and first saw several wild beasts hunted by dogs, wounded with spears, and then set on to fight with some men, who we supposed were malefactors: the gladiators then came on the stage, and the crier bringing on a tall lusty youth, proclaimed, that if any man would fight with him, he should come forth, and as a reward, he should receive ten thousand drachmas. Upon this, Sifinnes got up, and leaping into the middle of the theatre, declared himself ready to fight, demanded the arms, and receiving the money, brought it to me; "Toxaris, said he, if I conquer, we shall have enough to live on, and will go away together; if I fall, you will bury me, and return to Scythia." He then took the arms, and put on every thing but the helmet, choosing to fight with his head bare. At the first onset he was dreadfully wounded, having his knee cut with a hooked sword, and bleeding plentifully. I perceived it, and was almost dead with fear. He rushed, however, on his adversary, whom he observed coming on with great impetuosity, and struck him on the breast with such force, that he fell down at his feet. Sifinnes was, himself, so weak with the wound he had received, that he almost fainted as he stood over his dead foe, and seemed just expiring. I ran to, raised up, and comforted him; as soon as he was declared conqueror, I took him in my arms, and carried him home with me. By degrees, with great care, he at length recovered, and is now in Scythia; having married my sister, though he is still lame of the wound.

This, Mnepippus, was not done in Alania, or amongst the Machlinians, so that it doth not stand in need of witnesses, nor can the truth of it be called in question;

question; as there are many Amastrians now alive, who remember the combat of Sifinnes.

I will now give you for my fifth instance the story of Abanchas, and then I have done. This man came sometime ago into a city of the Borysthenes, with a wife whom he was extremely fond of, and two children, one a boy then at the breast, the other a girl about seven years of age. He was accompanied by his old friend Gyndanes, who was lame from a wound in his thigh that he received in resisting some robbers on their journey, and which was so painful, that he was not able to stand. It happened, that they were lodged at the upper part of the house, and in the middle of the night, whilst they were all asleep, a great fire broke out, and the whole house was surrounded by the flames. Abanchas being awakened, left his children who were crying round him, and pushing away his wife who had laid hold of him, advised her to shift as well as she could for herself; and taking his friend on his shoulders, made the best of his way out, escaping at that part of the building, where the fire was least fierce: the woman followed with the infant in her arms, and the girl after her: half-burned herself, she let the boy fall, and, together with the girl, with great difficulty got through the flames, at the peril of her life. When Abanchas was afterwards reproached for leaving his * wife and children, and carrying out Gyndanes, "I may easily get more children, said he, and it is uncertain whether those I had would turn out good or bad, but I should not easily find such another friend as Gyndanes.

I have now, Mnesippus, out of many examples which I could have produced, selected five only: it is now time to decide whether my hand or your tongue is to be cut off. Who shall determine this point?

M N E S I P P U S.

Nobody; for we never fixed on any arbitrator. What are we to do then? since at present we have only aimed our darts at random, and at no particular mark, let us choose an umpire, and produce other examples before him; then the vanquished must suffer, and I must lose my tongue, or you your hand. But if, after all, this appears rather savage and uncourteous, since you on your part seem to have the highest opinion of true friendship, and I

* *Wife and children.*] This story, it must be acknowledged, though it may redound to the honour of Abanchas, with regard to the delicacy of his friendship, gives us but a very moderate idea of his conjugal affection; nor does it, indeed, pay any great compliment to the ladies, who will be pleased, however, to remember, that this was a SCYTHIAN, and not an ENGLISH husband.

T O X A R I S.

on mine hold nothing to be more great and noble; why should we not, ourselves, agree from this moment to be friends, and to continue so: thus shall we both remain conquerors, both enjoying the greatest rewards; instead of one tongue, and one hand, thus shall each of us possess two, four eyes, four feet, and every thing double. The painters, we know, represent Geryon, as a man with three heads, and six hands; what was this, but three friends acting always together, and joined in one!

T O X A R I S.

You say right, and it shall be so.

M N E S I P P U S.

We want no * sword, my Toxaris, to confirm this friendship; our taste for the same pleasures, and this our contest, will bind it faster than the bloody cup you drank of; the heart and not the oath must ratify it.

T O X A R I S.

I approve your sentiments; henceforth, therefore, be we friends, and guests, whilst I remain in Greece, and when you come to Scythia.

M N E S I P P U S.

And know, I would not grudge to take a much longer journey, were I sure to find such friends as you have described to me.

* *Sword.*] Alluding to the method mentioned by Toxaris, of contracting friendships.

T H E

A S S.

LUCIAN'S *Ass* has, to do him justice, a good deal of Mirth and Entertainment about him, but, as it is the Nature of the Beast to be sometimes lewd and skittish, I was obliged (to use his own Phrase), to dock him a little, before he could be properly introduced to modest Company. Curtailed, however, as he is, the Reader will find him no disagreeable Companion. The Golden *Ass* of Apuleius, spun out to an immoderate Length, is apparently founded on the Idea of this *Metamorphosis*, which has likewise suggested a Number of Adventures of the like Nature to several modern Writers.

NOT many years ago I had occasion to go into Theffaly, to settle some accounts of my father's with a person who lived there. I had a horse to carry my baggage, and one servant to attend me: in this manner we jogged on, and, as it happened, met with some people going to Hypata, whom we joined company with; and after a long journey, through a very disagreeable road, got very near to the city, when I asked our companions, who were natives of Theffaly, whether they were acquainted with one Hipparchus, who lived there, as I had letters of recommendation to him, and was to lodge in his house: they said they knew him very well, told me whereabouts he lived, that he was very rich, and had nobody with him but a wife, and one servant maid; for he was extremely covetous. When we came into the city, they directed me to his habitation, where I found a little garden, and a tolerable looking house: my fellow-travellers took their leave, and I knocked at the door: after making me wait some time, a girl came out; I asked whether Hipparchus was within: "Yes, said she; who are you, and what do you want with him?" "I have letters, replied I, from Decrianus, the Sophist." "Stay here, said she, till I come back;" and shut the door upon me: she returned, however, in a short time, and desired me to walk in. I did so, saluted Hipparchus, and gave him my letters: he and his wife were just set down, on a very small couch, as if to supper, though I observed there was nothing upon the table: he read my letters. Decrianus, says he, is one of the best of Grecians, for thus sending his friends to me

me without ceremony : you see, Lucius, I have but a small house, it is big enough, however, to entertain a guest, and your company, if you can put up with it, will make it a great one. He then, calling the maid, "Go, said he, shew my friend his bed-chamber, put his things into it, and then conduct him to the bath ; for he comes a great way, and must be fatigued." Palæstra, upon this, immediately shewed me to my room : "You, said she, must sleep in this bed, I shall make up a couch for your boy close to you, and will get him a pillow :" saying this, she led us to the bath, where we washed ourselves, and gave her some money to get provender for our horses. We then went back into the house, where Hipparchus, embracing me, desired me to sit down by him : the supper was by no means a scanty one, and the wine sweet and very old : after supper we drank and chatted, and spending the evening in a cheerful and hospitable manner, went to bed. The next day he asked me to what place I was going, and whether I meant to continue there. I told him I was on my journey to Larissa, where I proposed to stay four or five days : this, however, was only a pretence, for I meant to remain where I was, in hopes of meeting some woman skilled in the magic art, or seeing a man fly, or turned into stone, or, in short, some miracle or other of that kind : with this view I traversed the city, not knowing at the same time how or where to enquire about it. I rambled round, notwithstanding, and, as I was going along, I observed a woman, young, and, as I imagined, of good rank and condition, being well dressed, and with several servants after her. She came up to, and saluted me : I returned the civility : she then addressed herself to me, "My name, said she, is Abræa, a particular friend of your mother's, I love her children as dearly as my own ; why, my son, would not you come and live with me ?" "That, replied I, I should be glad to do, but know not how I can leave my friend, whom I have no reason to complain of ; my heart, however, shall be with you, though I cannot." "And where do you lodge?" said she. "With Hipparchus, said I." "What, with that miser !" "Call him not so, I beg you, said I, my good mother, for to me he has behaved nobly, and with the greatest generosity, infomuch that I have more reason to blame him for extravagance." She smiled, and laying hold of my hand, "Beware, said she, of the wife of Hipparchus ; she is a great magician, and withal casts a wanton eye on every young man that comes in her way : if he does not behave as she would wish, she makes use of her art to revenge herself on him : she has turned some into beasts, and entirely made an

an end of others. You are a young man, my son, and handsome enough to please any woman, and a stranger besides, who, in this country, is thought but slightly of." Hearing this, and finding that what I was in search of might be had at home, I paid no more attention to my mother's friend; but as I returned back, entertained myself with these reflections, "If thou art so fond of fights, Lucius, why dost not thou procure them for thyself, and wisely think on some scheme for that purpose? Make up to the maid Palæstra, keeping as far off as you can from your friend's wife; if you can get possession of her, you may easily learn what you please; servants always know what their masters and mistresses do, either good or bad: mind this, and go about it immediately." Thus parlying with myself, I came into the house; neither Hipparchus nor his wife were at home; Palæstra stood by the fire-side, getting supper ready for us. I took occasion from this to begin upon her. "How charmingly, said I, my pretty Palæstra, do those pretty * fingers of your's turn and toss that hash about; happy should I be to be so handled by them." "If you value your life, replied she, (for she was a smart and lovely wench), keep off, for I am full of fire and smoke; if you do but touch me, I shall burn you in such a manner, that the god of physic himself will not be able to heal your wound: nobody can cure you but myself, and what is more extraordinary, I shall only increase your disorder, and the pleasing remedy itself will always give you pain; you will not easily get over it, I assure you: you smile, I perceive; but I am a true † cooker of men, that is to say, I not only dress and prepare such vile eatables as these, but that great creature, called man, I kill, and cut in pieces, aye, and devour him too, heart and all." "I find it so, indeed, replied I, for even before I came near, you not only burned, but absolutely threw me into the fire: the flames, though I did not see them, have already consumed me; and yet I have never done you any injury: cure me, by the gods I intreat you, cure me! with that sweet bitter medicine which you talked of: I am slain already, flea and dress me as you please."

At this she burst into a loud delightful laugh: from that moment she was mine, and we agreed, that when she had put her ~~her~~ master and mistress to

* *Fingers, &c.*] Here the ass, as I observed in the argument, is a little frisky; I have, therefore, given him a small check, as the learned reader will see by turning to the original. This being one of the passages where a free and modest is rather better than a strict and literal translation.

† *Cooker.*] Greek, *Αθροπομαγειρον.*

bed,

bed, she should steal up to my chamber. At length, Hipparchus returning home, we bathed, and went to supper, talked, and drank plentifully: I pretended drowsiness, and retired, in hopes of seeing the charming Palæstra, who kept her word with me, and made me so happy * * * * * that I almost forgot my journey to Larissa, and the business which I came about: desirous, however, before we parted of getting some intelligence concerning this matter, "My dear Palæstra, said I to her, cannot you some day or other shew me your mistress practising her magic, and transforming herself into something or other, for it is a sight which I much long for; or rather, if you know any tricks of this kind yourself, shew me some, and it will be the same thing, as I may judge of one by the other: I make no doubt but you also are well skilled in the art, as I know, indeed, by experience, for never before did I cast an eye of love on any woman, and they used to say I was as hard as adamant, but you soon made a captive of me, and subdued my very soul." "Leave off your jokes, replied Palæstra, for where is the magic that can create love, that master of every art? No, by your dear self I swear, I know nothing of it; I am totally illiterate, and my mistress is to the last degree jealous with regard to her art: if I have an opportunity, however, I will endeavour to shew her to you whilst she is about some transformation."

This was accordingly agreed upon, and in a few days after she brought me word that her mistress intended very soon to turn herself into a bird, and fly off to her lover: "Now then, said I, is the time to satisfy the longing of your poor petitioner." "Never fear," replied Palæstra; and, accordingly, in the evening, she led me towards her mistress's bed-chamber, and bade me look through a crevice in the door, and see what was going forward. There did I behold a woman, who first undressed herself, and then putting two grains of incense into the flame of the lamp, repeated certain words, as if talking to it, after which she opened a large drawer, that had several boxes in it, and out of one of them took something, what it was I could not tell, but it looked like an ointment: with this, beginning from her toe-nails, she rubbed herself all over, when immediately wings spread themselves out on each side of her, her nose grew hard and crooked, she had every thing, in short, all over her like a bird, and became a complete owl: as soon as she saw herself thus feathered, she set up a horrible screech, as these birds do, and flew out at the window. For my part, I looked upon it as a dream, and rubbed my

my eyes, not knowing whether I was asleep or awake, and when at length I found that it was a real fact, I begged Palæstra would let me have some wings too, and, anointing me with some of the same ointment, permit me to fly a little: as I wanted much to try whether, when I had quitted the shape of a man, I should have the understanding only of a bird. She took the first opportunity, therefore, of opening the chamber door privately, and took out the box: I undressed as fast as possible, and anointed myself all over: when, lo, to my great mortification, I was not turned into a bird, but on a sudden a tail stuck out behind me, my fingers vanished, and of all my nails only four remained, which were changed into hoofs; my hands and feet resembled those of a beast, I had a large face, with long ears, and viewing myself all round, perceived that I was metamorphosed into an ass; my human voice was entirely gone, so that I could no longer converse with Palæstra, and all I could do was to stretch out my lips, look miserable, and as well as I could, accused her for making an ass instead of a bird of me. "Wretch that I am, cried she, beating herself with both her hands, what have I done! in my hurry I mistook the box, for they were both alike, and missed that which makes the wings; but be not uneasy, my dear, for this may be easily remedied: if you only eat some roses, you may at any time shake off the beast, and give me my lover again: but continue an ass, I beseech you, for this night only, and to-morrow morning, early, I will bring some roses, that shall set you right." An ass, therefore, I remained to all intents and purposes, saving that in sense and understanding I was still a man, and the true Lucius, though dumb.

Not a little displeas'd, therefore, at Palæstra for her mistake, I bit my lips in silence, and made the best of my way to the stable, where my own horse stood, and an ass belonging to Hipparchus: as soon as they saw me come in, being afraid I should take part of their hay, they bent down their ears, and seem'd determin'd that their heels should revenge the cause of their bellies, which I perceiving, got as far as I could from the manger, and laugh'd at them: though my laugh was nothing but a bray. I said to myself, "What a foolish curiosity was this of mine! if a wolf now, or some other wild beast should break in, though I have done no harm, there would be an end of me." Whilst I was making these reflections, little did I think of the misfortune that was just coming upon me: for in the middle of the night, when all were silent and asleep, a dreadful noise was heard on

the outside of the wall, as if somebody was breaking in; and so it proved, for in a short time there was a great gap in it, big enough for a man to enter at: somebody soon came in, and another followed him, and then several more, all armed with swords. They had bound Hipparchus, Palæstra, and my servant, in their beds, ransacked the whole house, and were now carrying off the money, cloaths, and furniture. When they had got it all together, they took me, the other ass, and the horse, and putting on our pack-saddles, placed the baggage on our backs: with this heavy burthen they drove us on, beating us with sticks through the mountains and by-paths, that they might not be discovered. What became of the other beasts I know not, but for myself, having no shoes on, and not used to travel over sharp-pointed rocks, and with such a weight, I was half-dead: often did I stumble, though not suffered to fall, as there was somebody always behind me, with a good stick to keep me up. I tried often to cry out, "O master," but could only bray: the O, indeed, came out, and made noise enough; but Master would not follow: even for this I was handsomely cudgelled, for fear my braying should discover them: perceiving, therefore, that I could not cry out as I ought, I determined to jog on in silence, and save my carcass.

It was now day-light, and we had passed over several mountains: they had tied the bridle, however, over our mouths, that we might not lose our time in feeding as we went along; an ass, therefore, I was obliged still to remain. About the middle of the day we were turned into a stable, belonging to some of their brethren, such at least, by their behaviour, we imagined them to be, for they saluted them, invited them to dinner, and ordered us some barley: the rest of us fell to, but as I had never been used to raw barley, though I was almost famished, I could not taste it, but looked about me for something else, when, behind the stable, I spied out a garden, with a good many fine herbs in it, and above them, something which I took for roses: immediately, unobserved by the men who were employed within at dinner, I got into the garden, partly to fill my belly with the raw herbs, and partly for the sake of the roses, which I thought, if I could lay hold on, I might have a chance of being a man again. I fell upon the lettuces, radishes, and parsley, and feasted as long as I could stuff; but as for the roses, they proved not to be real ones, but what they call the

* laurel rose: woe be to the horse or ass that feeds on such, for if they taste

* *Laurel-rose.*] The rhododendron, a poisonous plant.

of

of it, they die immediately. The gardener, chancing to spy me out, came into the garden, and perceiving what destruction I had made of his pot-herbs, even, just at the * thief-detesting constable lays hold on the culprit, seized on, and belaboured me with a large club, sparing neither sides nor thighs, slit my ears, and tore my face: I grew out of all patience, and lifting up my heels, laid him flat on the ground, and fled towards the mountain: as he saw me going off, he cried out, and bade them set the dogs at me; for there were a number of them hard by, very large, fierce, and fit to fight with bears. I concluded that if they laid hold on, they would tear me in pieces, and deeming it, as they say, better to run backward than not to run well, I returned as fast as I could to the stable: they called off, and tied up the dogs, but persecuted me themselves with stick and staves, till I fairly gave up all the herbs that I had swallowed. It was now time for us to set out again, when they loaded me with the greatest part of their stolen treasures: weighed down as I was by the burthen, with my hoofs worn away by the road, and quite desponding, I had resolved to lay me down, and, let them beat me ever so much, not to rise up again; satisfied that I should profit by this resolution, and imagining, that, overcome at last by my obstinacy, they would divide the burthen between the horse and the other ass, and leave me to be devoured by the wolves. Some malicious dæmon, however, was apprized of my resolution, and counter-acted it: for, the other ass, probably with the same design, fell down in the road; they would fain have prevailed on him, by repeated blows to get up again, but finding it was to no purpose, and that he laid like a stone, entirely knocked up, concluding at last that they laboured in vain, and that it was only losing time to wait any longer on a dead ass: they divided all his load between me and the horse, then taking my fellow-prisoner, and fellow-labourer, they threw him down a precipice, and he died immediately. Seeing, by the fate of my companion, what my former resolutions would have brought me to, I determined to bear my present misfortunes with patience, and to push on boldly, in hopes that I might one day light on some roses, and recover myself: I heard, besides, from the † robbers, that we had not far to go, and that the cattle would soon be released; we ran for joy, and got home that very evening. There

† *Thief-detesting constable.*] Greek, *δυνατός μισοκλοπιῆτος.*

* *Robbers.*] The cave scene, amongst the robbers in Gil Blas, seems to have been suggested by this passage, though the French author, it must be acknowledged, has greatly improved on the original.

we found an old woman, sitting by a large fire, who took all the baggage, and put it up for them; they asked her why she sat there, and did not get the supper ready; it is all ready, said she, there is bread, and good old wine, and some flesh of wild beasts for you; every thing in order. They thanked the old woman, pulled off their cloaths, anointed themselves at the fire, and as she had a cauldron of hot water ready, poured it out, and used it as a temporary bath on the occasion. In a little time after, there arrived several young men, with gold and silver, and men's and women's apparel of various kinds; these were all brought into the common stock, and deposited here, The men bathed: after this, there was a magnificent supper, and a long conversation amongst the ruffians. The old woman provided barley for me and the horse, who made all the haste he could to devour it, as fearing I should come in for a dinner with him. I never touched it, but whenever the old woman turned her back, got to the bread which was in the house, and eat it. Next day they all went out on their business, leaving me with the old woman, and one young fellow. I lamented the strict confinement, for though I could have easily got away from the old woman, the young man was very stout, and looked formidable, standing always at the gate with a sword in his hand. About three days after, in the middle of the night, the robbers came back, bringing nothing along with them but a young and beautiful virgin in tears, with her hair dishevelled, and garments almost torn off her: they brought her in, desired her not to be frightened, and ordered the old woman to stay with and take care of her. The girl would neither eat nor drink, but wept, and tore her hair in such a manner, that even I, who was standing at the manger, could not help shedding tears with her. The robbers went to supper in an outer room. Towards morning, one of their spies, whose business it was to look out sharp for the crew, came to give them notice, that a stranger who had a great deal of money with him, was to pass by that way. As soon as they heard this, they rose immediately, took their arms, and saddled both me and the horse, to go along with them. As I knew I was going to a battle, I hung behind, and went on very slowly, but was soon made to mend my pace with a good club. When we came to the place where the stranger was to pass, the robbers all rushed upon the carriage, slew him and his servants, and put all the booty which they got of great value, upon the horse and me, hiding the rest of their spoil in the wood. Thus loaded, we were returning home, when besides, being beaten and
banged

banged about, I struck my hoof against a sharp stone, which wounded me so terribly, that I went lame almost all the rest of the journey. They cried out, "What do we keep this ass for, that is always stumbling, let us get rid of such an ill-omen'd beast." "Aye, says another, let us throw him down headlong, by way of an expiatory offering for the company." They seemed then to come round me for that purpose; but hearing what they were about, I put on, and thought no more of my wound, the fear of death taking away my sense of pain.

When we got back to the inn, they took off our burthens, lodged them safe, and went in to supper; but night coming on, they sallied forth again to take care of the baggage which they had left behind. "There is no occasion, said one of them, to take that lame ass with us, he can be of no service, therefore, some of us must carry part of the burthens, and the horse the rest." They took the horse, and went off: it was a bright moon-light night. "And why now, Lucius, said I to myself, should I then stay here for vulturs and the offspring of vulturs to devour me? you heard what the thieves said about you, why would you choose to be thrown down a precipice? it is night, and the moon shines, there is nobody here, fly off, and save thyself from these murderers." Whilst I was making these reflections, I perceived I was quite loose, for the bridle hung up just by me; this encouraged me, and I ran out of the stable as fast as I could: the old woman observing that I was marching off, caught hold of my tail, and hung by it. Thrice worthy, thought I, should I be of the precipice, or any other death, should I suffer myself to be taken by an old woman, and away I dragged her after me: she cried out for assistance on the young captive within, who coming out, and seeing the old woman hanging like an ass's tail, immediately conceived a most noble design, and worthy of a desperate heroine, she jumped up, and seated herself upon me. I, partly from the hopes of escaping, and partly to oblige my young rider, galloped off with all the speed of a horse, leaving the old woman behind us. The virgin put up her prayers to the gods that she might get off safe; and, addressing herself to me, "If, says she, my lovely creature, you will carry me to my father's house, I will set you free from all labour for the future, and you shall have as much barley as you can eat every day for your dinner." Thus encouraged, both by the hopes of escaping from the ruffians, and the advantages I expected by saving my young mistress, I ran away nimbly, without ever thinking of my lame foot.

Coming

Coming at length to a place where the road divided, we spied the robbers who had seen us at a great distance by the light of the moon, and now rushed upon us; they seized on the poor girl; "So, said they, fair virgin, why would you leave us so suddenly, were you afraid of *ghosts? but come, you must go back with us, we will restore you to your friends." This they said with a † Sardonian smile, and then turned me back. I began immediately to recollect my wounded hoof, and went lame. "Oho, said one of them, now you are taken, you are lame, but when you wanted to get away, you were as nimble as a horse, and as brisk as a bird." Saying this, he laid on me with a large stick, which made a fresh wound in my thigh. When we came home, we found the old woman hanging from a part of the rock, afraid, probably, of her masters' anger, on account of the young woman's escape; she had put a rope round her neck, and dispatched herself. The robbers admired her fidelity, and without farther ceremony, threw her, rope and all, down the precipice. They then took the virgin, bound her fast, and locked her up in the house, after which, they went to supper, and caroused plentifully: they then entered into a consultation about their fair prisoner. "What shall we do, says one of them, with this run-away?" "What can we do better, says another, than send her after the old woman, she has done us all the mischief she could, and had like to have spoiled our whole business. You must very well know, my friends, that if she had once got home, not one of us would have been left alive; for the enemy would have made head against us, and we should have been all taken. Let us, therefore, be revenged on her; if we throw her down the precipice, she will die too easily, let us think on some bitter, lingering death, that she may be first tortured, and afterwards expire by degrees." "I have thought on a method, says another, which I am sure you will approve; we must destroy that lazy ass, not only for shamming lame, but for aiding and abetting her in her flight; to-morrow morning, therefore, we will kill him, take out his bowels, and sew her up in the inside of him, with her head just out to prevent suffocation, and her body within his; we may then leave them both,

* *Ghosts.*] Gr. Τα δαιμόνια.

† *Sardonian*] In the island of Sardos, says the Greek scholiast, on this passage, grows an herb resembling parsley, (probably hemlock,) which, whoever tastes of, falls into a fit of immoderate laughter, and dies. Whence arose this proverbial expression of a Sardonian laugh, to signify a malevolent exultation, portending misfortune, misery, and death. See Suidas and Erasmus.

as a fresh meal for the vulturs. You will see what an excellent torture this will be, to be shut up in a dead ass, to be burned up in the heat of summer, in the inside of a beast; dying with hunger, and not able to procure any other means of death; to be eat up with worms, and suffer the stench of the carcass; to have the vulturs, after they have got through him, preying upon her even whilst she is alive; I need not say what a punishment this will be."

This admirable scheme was received by them with the highest approbation. I lamented, as you may suppose, my inevitable fate; not only that I was to be killed, but, even after death, not suffered to lie peaceably down, but condemned to be a sepulchre for the unhappy virgin.

It was now day-break, when, on a sudden, there rushed in upon us a band of soldiers, who had been sent to take up the robbers; all of whom they immediately bound, in order to carry them before the governor. Amongst our deliverers was a young man, beloved by, and who was soon to be married to the beautiful captive; he it was, it seems, who had traced out, and directed them to the habitation of the ruffians. He took the virgin, placed her on my back, and accompanied her home. The villagers saw us afar off as we were returning, and easily guessed at our success. I took care, indeed, to proclaim the glad tidings to them with a loud bray; they ran out to salute us, and conducted us in with many congratulations.

The virgin, who considered me as the partner of her captivity and of her flight, and withal, as one who had been in danger of death along with her, paid every possible attention to me; I had my large measure of barley, and as much hay as would have served a camel: I cursed Palæstra for turning me into an ass, instead of a dog, for then I might have ran, as I saw many of them do, into the kitchen, and tasted of all the dainties which we generally meet with at a rich wedding. A few days after the nuptials, my young mistress, to make me amends for all my trouble, requested it as a favour of her father, and he ordered me to be turned loose into the field, and to feed with the mares: "There, said he, you may live happily, and divert yourself with them." He then called one of the shepherds, and gave me to his care. He put me into grass among the mares, and happy I thought myself, that I was to carry no more burthens. This reward was, doubtless, in the opinion of a jack-ass, no contemptible one. The lady's favour, however, proved fatal to me as it did to Candaules; for the master of the stud left me entirely to the will and pleasure of his wife, who put me into a mill, and made me
grind

grind all the corn and barley. An ass of any gratitude, indeed, would never grudge grinding for his masters; but the good woman must needs assist her friends, of whom she had a great many, with corn also, and my neck suffered for it. She would even put the barley for my own dinner into the mill, and make cakes of it for herself, whilst I was forced to take up with the bran: besides that, when I was let in among the mares, the horses grew jealous, and fearing I should be too intimate with their wives, kicked and bit me most furiously. In a short time, I grew terribly thin and lank, being not very happy at the mill when within doors, and when I got out, well beat and bruised by my companions in the field. I was often, moreover, sent up to the mountain, and obliged to carry wood; this, indeed, was the worst of my misfortunes; for, in the first place, the mountain was very steep, and in the next, I had no shoes on in a rough road. They sent, withal, a mule-driver along with me, a rascally boy, who was always whipping me without mercy; though I went on as fast as I could, he kept still beating me, not with a plain stick, but nobbed, always striking me on the same part of the thigh, till it was laid quite open, and still followed his blow; putting such burthens upon me, at the same time, as an elephant would scarce have been able to carry. Though the descent was very steep, he continued thumping me; and when he saw the load go on one side, instead of shifting part of it to the other, he would increase it with great stones, till I fell down, stones and all. If there was a small ford in the way, to save his shoes, he would get up and ride over it. If weary and overburthened, I chanced to fall, it was still worse with me; for he would never get down to help me, but continued belabouring my back and sides, till he had raised me up again; and, for this purpose, he got a bundle of thorns, which he tied to my tail; these pricked me as I went along, and wounded my posteriors in the most dreadful manner; whilst I could by no possible means relieve myself, as what inflicted the wound, hung always close to me; and if I went slow to escape the thorns, the club saluted me, and if I pushed on to avoid the club, the thorns stuck in me immediately: the villain plyed them both, with a design to make an end of me. At length, after a thousand insults, being out of all patience, I lifted up my heel, and gave him a kick, which he never forgave me. Being one day ordered to carry some stubble out of one field into another, he saddled me with it, and taking a rope, tied me to the load; not without design, for having stolen a hot pocker out of the fire, he put it into the stubble, which,

as might be supposed, was soon in flames : perceiving that I must be inevitably burned, I looked out for water, and spying a marshy place, threw myself down in the wettest part of it, and by turning and rolling about, quenched the fire, and got rid of part of my burthen ; nor could he light the other again, as it was well moistened with mud. When we came home, he told them, " I had ran into the flames of my own accord." I got safe, however, this time, and escaped a burning.

A little after this, he played me a trick worse than all ; for one day when I went up with a load into the mountain, he sold the wood I had carried on my back to a countryman, and when we came home, invented this tale against me to his master ; " I don't know, says he, what we keep that lazy ass for, he loves something else better than work, if he sees a pretty mare upon the road, away he flies after her ; it was but this very morning that he went out to carry wood, and spying a filly just before him, he pranced off, threw the wood off into the road, nobody knows where, and would have been very rude, if he had not been prevented by the neighbours, who saved the mare, and put a stop to his gallantry." " If that be the case, said his master, and he is so lazy that he will not work, nor carry any burthens, and is, besides, so very amorous, cut his throat, and give his carcase to the dogs ; if any body asks what is become of him, you may say he was devoured by a wolf." The boy was happy at the news, and prepared to make an end of me : but a countryman who lived in the neighbourhood, coming in by chance, saved me from immediate death, by suggesting something not much better ; " By no means, said he, kill the ass, whilst he is able to grind and carry burthens ; if he is amorous, let him be properly docked ; the thing is easily done, he will soon be quiet and grow fat, and bear his loads the better. If you do not know how to go about it, I shall be here again in two or three days, and will do it for you ; I warrant, I can make him as meek as a lamb." They approved of his advice, and said " it was the best thing that could be done." I began to lament my fate, and to conclude that I had better die than to be made an eunuch of. I resolved, therefore, from that time, to abstain from all food and nourishment, or throw myself down the precipice and die, so as I could but remain whole and un mutilated. When lo ! in the dead of night comes a messenger to acquaint the village, that the bride, she who had been taken by the robbers, and her husband, walking late in the evening on the sea shore, were suddenly carried off by the waves

breaking in upon them, and had not been heard of since. The servants, apprised of their young master and mistress's fate, resolved to remain no longer in slavery, but getting what they could out of the house, made the best of their way off. The shepherd, who looked after the mares, packed up all he could find, and put it on our backs; I had, for my own part, as great a burthen as an ass could well carry, but still thought myself happy that I had escaped docking. For that night, and three days after, we had a hard and dreadful journey, but at length arrived at Beræa, a famous city in Macedonia. Here our drivers rested us and themselves; the beasts were then all put up to sale, and we were cried in the market-place. The chapmen came, looked into our mouths, and examined all our teeth; one bought one, and another another, but I was still left behind, and the crier bade them drive me back again, for nobody would bid for me; when my unlucky fate, which was always shifting about and persecuting me, threw me upon such a master as I little desired. I was purchased by an old fellow, one of those itinerants who carry the Syrian goddesses about through the streets and fields, and oblige her to go a begging: to him I was sold at a great price, no less than thirty drachmas, and now, with a heavy heart, I followed my new master.

When we came to the place where Philebus lived, for that was the name of the man who had bought me, he cried out at the door with a loud voice, "Here, girls, I have bought you a beautiful, well-made slave, from Cappadocia." The girls set up a shout, thinking it had been a man that he had purchased: when they saw it was an ass, they cried, "What sort of a spouse have you brought us here? pray take him yourself, for we want no such cattle."

The next day they began to set themselves seriously to work, dressed up their goddesses, and placed her upon me; then, quitting the town, we rambled over the fields, and when we came to a village, I, as bearer of the divinity, was stopped, and stood still; immediately a parcel of minstrels played some solemn tunes, then a croud of them hung their heads down, and twisting their necks round, lolled out their tongues, and pricked both them and their shoulders with lancets, so that the blood flowed on every side of them. I beheld the ceremony with astonishment, and began to tremble lest the goddesses should want a little ass's blood also. When they had cut and hacked themselves in this manner for some time, they collected oboli and drachmas from

from the spectators : some gave them figs, and cheese, and casks of wine, and others a measure of wheat and barley for their ass. Thus they got a livelihood, and worshipped their goddesses whom I carried on my back. * *

Reflecting now on the many miseries I had suffered since my transformation, I could not help attempting to cry out, " O Jupiter, thou art too patient," but alas ! my voice failed, and I could only bray. It happened just at this time, that some countrymen who had lost their ass, and were in search of it; hearing me cry out, came in without any leave or notice, taking me for the beast they were looking for, and caught my lewd masters doing what they should not do, which they took care in the neighbourhood to divulge. My good friends, the priests of the Syrian goddesses, finding their secret transactions were discovered, made off that very night, and when they had got into a private place, began to be very angry with me for exposing their mysteries : I could have borne their curses, but what succeeded to them was intolerable ; for, taking the goddesses off my back, they tied me naked to a tree, and whipped me till I was half dead ; telling me, " That, for the future, when I carried a goddess, I must hold my tongue." They disputed afterwards, whether they should not cut my throat, for bringing such reproach upon them, and forcing them to turn out of the village before they had done their business there. They desisted, however, out of respect to the goddesses, who laid down on the ground, and could not proceed on her journey without me.

After a sound whipping, therefore, I took up my mistress, and proceeded ; towards evening we turned into a field belonging to a rich man, who happening to be at home, luckily for us, received our goddesses very graciously, and offered sacrifices to her ; here it was that I remember I was in great peril of my life ; one of our landlord's friends had sent him for a present the thigh of a wild ass, which the cook carelessly lost, some dogs having probably got in and stole it ; he, apprehensive of being severely beat for his negligence, resolved to hang himself, but his wife, to my sorrow, cries, " Never despair, my dear, nor think of destroying yourself, follow my advice and all will be well again ; take the traveller's ass into some bye-place, kill him, cut him up, bring the thigh here and dress it for your master ; you may throw the rest of the carcase any where down the precipice, they will suppose he is run away, : you see how fat he is, and on all accounts preferable to the wild one." The cook approved of her advice ; " It is the only

way, said he, my dear, that I could possibly escape whipping; it shall be done immediately:" such was the result of the conversation between the cook and his wife.

Perceiving, therefore, what I had to expect, I thought it best to avoid, if possible, the death which threatened me, and breaking the halter with which I was fastened, I ran skipping and prancing into the room where they were all at supper together, and threw down the candles, table, and every thing that came in my way: this I thought an excellent contrivance, imagining that the master of the farm would have immediately ordered me to be confined, and taken care of as a mad ass; but this trick of mine had like to have cost me dear; for, thinking I was mad, they all ran upon me with swords, spears, and staves, as if they intended to make an end of me: aware of the very great danger I was in, I ran away towards the chamber where my masters were to sleep, and they made as much haste to shut the doors against me.

At day-break I set out once more with my sacred beggars, and the goddesses on my back; when we arrived soon at a large and famous town, where my masters played a new trick, pretending that the goddesses did not chuse to stay in any private house, but would be lodged in the temple belonging to the deity of the place: the inhabitants, accordingly, received our goddesses into their own temple, assigning to us a habitation in the house of a poor man: after staying there two or three days, my honest masters, wanting to get on, asked for their goddesses again, and being permitted to go into the temple for her, stole from thence a large golden cup, which they hid under the goddesses's petticoats: the people of the place soon missed it, and pursued us, and coming upon the robbers, seized upon them, called them sacriligious villains, and demanded the cup, which, on searching, they found at last, near the waist of our divinity: they then carried back the thieves, and bound them, took our goddesses off my back, placed her in another temple, and gave the golden cup back to their own.

The next day it was resolved that I, with the rest of the goods, should be disposed of; and they sold me to a miller that lived in a neighbouring village, who took me home, through a very rough road, with ten measures of wheat on my back. When I came there, I found a number of fellow-servants, with several mills, full of all sorts of grain, and which were worked by them: as I was a new slave, and had travelled through a bad
road

road with a large burthen, they permitted me to rest for that night, but next day, putting a blind over my eyes, they fastened me to the beam of the mill-wheel, and would have drove me on: I knew well enough how to grind, as I had often been forced to learn it, but pretended ignorance; this, however would not do, for a number of the louts got about me, and, taking sticks, laid on me in such a manner, that I spun round like a top, and found by experience, that a servant, who has work to do, need not wait for his master's hand to make him go about it. I soon grew weak and emaciated, and my master, resolving to get rid of me, sold me to a gardener. Here my business was to carry herbs every day to market for him, which, when he had sold, he drove me back to the garden, where I remained idle whilst he was digging and planting. My way of life, however, was not very agreeable; for, winter coming on, he had nothing to buy straw with, either for me or himself; besides, that I had no shoes, and was forced to walk, sometimes through wet mud, and at others, through rough and prickly ways, whilst, as to food, there was nothing for us both but hard and bitter lettuces.

One day, as we were going into the garden, a tall man came up to us, in a soldier's habit, and addressed the gardener in the Italian tongue, asking him where he was going to carry the ass; my master, I suppose, not understanding the language, made him no answer; the soldier resenting this as an affront, gave my master a lick with his whip, which so incensed him that he took the stranger up in his arms, and laid him flat on the ground: the soldier resisted as well as he could, and threatened if he got up he would kill him with his sword, upon which my master, taking the hint, forced the weapon from him, and throwing it a good way off, fell upon, and mauled him dreadfully: the soldier, seeing himself in such bad plight, laid still, as if he was dead with the wounds, which so terrified my master, that leaving him on the ground, he took the sword, leaped upon me, and rode off as fast as he could towards the city: when he came there, he gave up his garden to a friend to take care of for him; and, for fear of danger, concealed both me and himself at the house of a particular acquaintance in the city. The next day, after consulting what they should do with us, they locked my master up in a chest, and took me, tied my legs, and carried me up stairs, into a chamber at the top of the house, where they locked me in. The soldier, when at length he was with great difficulty recovered, though his head was still

still bad with the wounds he had received, made his way to the city, and told his comrades what had happened to him, with the insolence of the gardener; they immediately joined with him, and taking some persons sent by the magistrates along with them, endeavoured to find out where we were: they came to the house, and one of the officers commanded all that were within to come forth, they appeared, but no gardener with them: the soldier insisted on it that the gardener was there, and his ass also: they, on the other hand, affirmed that there was neither ass nor man left behind: the street being but narrow, and a great noise and riot made in it, I who am naturally impatient, and had great curiosity, wanting to know what they cried out about, got to the window and looked down upon them: some observed me, and told the rest, and said it must be a lie: the magistrates at length came, and found out every thing, discovering my master lying in the chest, and sent him to prison, to be called to account for his insolence. I was made a present of to the soldiers. They were all ready to die with laughing at the ass on the top of the house, who betrayed his master; and from thence sprang the proverb, when a man squints, they say, he looks from an ass.

What became of my master, the gardener, I know not, but the next day the soldier sold me for five and twenty attic drachmas: the man who bought me was servant to a rich grandee of Thessalonica, one of the largest cities in Macedonia: he was a kind of house-steward, and with his brother, who lived also in the family, prepared every thing for his master's table. These two lodged in the same house, and joined stocks together, one baking the bread, and the other making up sweet-meats, and dainties of every kind: after their master had supped, they used to bring home the reliicks, fish, flesh, and all sorts of niceties. Joining to the apartment where they were put, was my stable, and I was left there as a guard, and locked in with the provision. I had farewell, therefore, to my barley, fell foul upon my master's dainties, and, after a long fasting, got a good belly-full of human food. When they returned home they had for some time no suspicion of what had passed; there was, indeed, such plenty, that what I took was never missed, besides, that at first I made my depredations very sparingly, and with great caution; but after this, laughing at them for fools, I not only devoured as much as I pleased, but picked out the nice bits, when at length they found they had been plundered, though they could not tell by whom, and began to suspect, and abuse each other, for seizing on the common stock, which from that time they carefully divided.

I, in

I, in the mean time, led a most pleasant and luxurious life : by the help of my * accustomed food, my body grew sleek and handsome, my hair soft, and my skin smooth : my worthy masters, perceiving how fat and fine I was, and at the same time observing that the barley was not eat, but remained untouched, began to entertain some suspicion of my impudence, and pretending to go out to bathe, shut the door after them, and peeped through a crevice, where they saw what was going forward ; for, not aware of the trick, I got immediately to dinner : at first they could scarcely believe their eyes, but presently fell a laughing, and brought several of their fellow-servants to view this spectacle ; the noise and riot was at last so great that my master heard, and asked the meaning of it ; when they told it him, he got up from table, came to them, and looking in, beheld me devouring part of a wild boar ; he was highly diverted, and went in again : thus was I exposed to my master, both as a glutton and a thief : he laughed excessively at it, ordered me in to supper with him, and setting me down to the table, helped me to flesh, oysters, broths, fish, some in oil or pickle, others with mustard, to every thing, in short, which other asses never eat. Perceiving that fortune seemed at length to smile upon me, and that this jest alone might procure me safety and happiness, though I was brim full, I still kept eating at the table : the whole company was in a roar, and at last one of them cried out, this ass would drink wine too, if you would give it him ; the master immediately ordered them to get me some, and I supped it up.

The great man astonished, as you may suppose, at so singular and extraordinary a creature, bad his steward give the servant, who had bought me, twice as much as I cost him, and then gave me to the care of a young freedman, whom he ordered to teach me some such tricks as would be most agreeable to him ; all which I easily learned, and performed before him. First, he taught me to sit down on the bed, like a man, and lean on my elbow, then to wrestle with him, to stand upright, to dance, to signify Yes or No by nods and gestures, with several other things, which I knew well enough without teaching. The story was soon blazed abroad, of the ass that wrestled, danced, and drank wine ; and above all, that could say Yes or No,

* *Accustomed.*] There is something rather absurd and ridiculous in supposing that Lucius, when turned into an ass, should be fattened by the food which he was used to before his transformation. But Lucian found it necessary, we may suppose, to break through the rules of nature and probability, that he might introduce the marvellous and truly laughable consequences of it.

and

and when he wanted drink, could ask for it, by looking at the cup-bearer who waited: they looked upon all this as very unaccountable, little suspecting that this ass was in truth a man: I took advantage, however, of their ignorance, to fare most deliciously. I learned to go upon two legs, and to carry my master so easily, that he scarce knew I was under him: for all this I was rewarded with magnificent furniture, purple housings, bridles worked with gold and silver, and bells that made the sweetest harmony.

Meneclis, for that was my new master's name, had come from Theffalonica, to procure a shew of gladiators, which he had promised to bring back with him, and the men being now ready, we all set out, early in the morning; I carrying my master, wherever the road was rough, and not fit for a carriage. When we came to Theffalonica, every body crouded to see the spectacle, and at the same time to have a fight of me, for the fame had gone before us how good a mimic I was, and how I danced and wrestled like a man; my master producing me at his table, amongst the principal persons of the city, and shewing them all my tricks at supper.

The man, to whose care I was entrusted, made a good penny of me: for, shutting me up in a stable, he would only open the door to those who paid well for my wonderful performances. Every body that came in, moreover, brought me something or other to eat, which they thought most foreign to an ass's stomach, but, whatever it was, I devoured it: so that in a few days, what with dining with my master and other people, I grew enormously

† fat * * * * *

The time of my deliverance now approached; for, being amongst the spectators at the show, I observed a man passing by with some flowers, amongst which, I spied some leaves of roses just gathered; I rose up in a great hurry, as the people about me thought, to dance, when making the best of my way to the flowers, I tumbled them over, one by one, till I got to the roses, which I eagerly devoured; and immediately, to the admiration of all present, the whole form of the beast entirely disappeared, the ass was no more, and Lucius, in his own proper shape, stood up before them. This strange and unexpected fight struck them all with amazement, and the spectators were divided in opinion; some looked upon me as a forcerer, skilled in the

† *Fat.*] Here follow in the original three or four pages of most rank obscenity, fit only to cut into notes, for the Great Patriot's Essay on Woman; and which are, therefore, totally omitted in this translation.

black

black art, and as a public nuisance, were for having me burned immediately; whilst others said, they would hear me speak, and then determine accordingly: upon which, I addressed myself to the governor of the province, who happened to be present at the shew, and informed him, that a maid servant belonging to a woman of Thessaly, anointing me with a magic ointment, turned me into an ass. I then begged him to take me under his protection, till I could prove to him the truth of my assertions. "Tell me, says the governor, your name, and the names of your friends and relations, if you have any, and where they live." "Father, replied I, my name is Lucius, my brother's surname is Caius, the rest of what we are called by, is common to us both. I am a writer of histories and other books; he makes elegies, and is an excellent poet; and I come from Patræ, a city of Achaia." The governor hearing this, leaped from his seat, embraced, and kissed me; "You are the son, said he, of my dearest friends and acquaintance, who received me most hospitably at their house, and made me several presents; I am sure their son could never tell a falsehood." He then took and carried me home with him. In the mean time, my brother, who had heard of the affair, came to me, and brought me money, and other necessaries, which I was much in want of. The governor, before all the people, acquitted me. We then went down together to the sea-shore, looked about for a ship, and put our bundles aboard; the wind blowing fair from the harbour, we set sail, and in a few days, reached our native country. Here I sacrificed to the tutelary deities, and offered gifts in thankful return for my safety and preservation, after the many toils and dangers I had suffered, during my long and painful ass-hood.

JUPITER CONFUTED,

A DIALOGUE.

The Intent of this Dialogue is evidently nothing less than to turn into Ridicule the whole absurd System of Religion that so long prevailed in the Heathen World, and particularly that Part of it which relates to the Doctrine of Fate, or Predestination, which was full of Error and Inconsistency: it is, indeed, exactly the Conversation of Milton's Devils, where he tells us, they talked of

*Fix'd Fate, free Will, Foreknowlege absolute,
And find no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.*

*Nothing can exceed the Freedom and Familiarity with which LUCIAN, in this, as well as in many other Parts of his Works, treats Jupiter, and the rest of the Divinities; but, as a very * sensible Writer observes,—“ We may be well assured that a Man conversant with the World, as LUCIAN was, would never have ventured to expose the Gods of his Countrymen to public Ridicule, had they not already been the Objects of secret Contempt among the polished and enlightened Orders of Society.”*

JUPITER, CYNISCUS.

CYNISCUS.

I COME not, Jupiter, to trouble you for riches, honours, or kingdoms, which the greater part of mankind are so ambitious of, and which you know not how, without some difficulty, properly to divide amongst them; I want but one thing of you, which you may very easily grant.

JUPITER.

And pray, Cyniscus, what may that be? if your desires are so moderate, I shall certainly comply with them.

CYNISCUS.

It is only to answer me this plain question.

JUPITER.

A small request, and easily granted; ask as many as you please.

* See Gibbon on the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

C Y N I S C U S .

Observe me, then; you have read the poems of Homer and * Hesiod: inform me, therefore, whether that be true which they have sung concerning the Fates, that, whatever they determined at our birth, is absolutely unavoidable?

J U P I T E R .

O most indisputably: there is nothing which the Fates do not pre-ordain; whatever is wound upon their reel, must continue from the † beginning of life to the end of it, and cannot possibly be altered.

C Y N I S C U S .

When Homer, therefore, in another part of his poem, says,

‡ — Beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come;

we must suppose him to be a little out of his senses.

J U P I T E R .

No doubt of it: nothing must transgress the law of the Parcæ, or break their thread. Whatever poets sing by inspiration of the Muses, is true; but when they are deserted by the Goddeffes, and make verses of their own heads, then they mistake and contradict themselves: as men, however, they are intitled to pardon, though ignorant of truth, when that power is no longer with them, which, when present, dictated to, and inspired them.

C Y N I S C U S .

I am satisfied it must be so: but, may I ask another question? the Fates, I think, are three in number, § Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

J U P I .

* *Hesiod.*] From the same parent sprung the rig'rous three,
The goddesses of fate and destiny,
Clotho and Lachesis, in whose boundless sway,
With Atropos, both men and gods obey;
To human race, they from their birth ordain,
A life of pleasure, or a life of pain;
To slav'ry, or to empire, such their pow'r,
They fix a mortal at his natal hour;
The crimes of men and gods the Fates pursue,
And give to each alike the vengeance due.

See Hesiod's Theogony.

† *The beginning.*] — Let him fall, as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 154.

‡ *Beware, &c.*] Neptune's speech to Æneas. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xx. l. 385.

§ *Clotho, &c.*] These three ladies, it seems, divided the business between them. Clotho presided over, and directed the natal hour, Lachesis wound up the thread of events in life, and

J U P I T E R C O N F U T E D .

J U P I T E R .

Right.

C Y N I S C U S .

Fate and Fortune, then, those hackneyed names, what are they, and what is the power of each of them? are they equal to the Fates, or superior? for I hear all the world crying out, nothing is greater than Fate and Fortune.

J U P I T E R .

Cyniscus, you must not know every thing : but why so inquisitive about the Fates?

C Y N I S C U S .

If it be as you tell me, they command even you, and you are forced to hang by their thread.

J U P I T E R .

I am so, Cyniscus; but why that smile?

C Y N I S C U S .

I was just calling to mind those verses of * Homer, where you are brought in, haranguing the gods in council, and threatening them; where you are represented as hanging all things in a golden chain, and saying, that when you let it down from heaven, if all the gods at the end of it were to pull against you, they could not move it, but that you with ease,

Cou'd heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

You seemed then to be possessed of a most astonishing power, and when I read those verses, I shuddered at the thought of it; but now you appear to me with your long chain and your threats, to hang, as one may say, by a slender thread. Clotho, in my opinion, has more right to boast, that she can lift you up at the end of her shuttle, with as much ease as an angler does a fish at the end of his rod.

J U P I T E R .

I am at a loss to conceive what you aim at by all those questions.

C Y N I S C U S .

I will tell you; but I beseech you, by Fate and the Paræ, not to be angry with me for speaking the truth boldly: if these things are so, if every thing

Atropos cut off the thread, and put an end to the being. Their several employments are all put into the following Latin verse,

Clotho colum retinet, Lachesis net, & Atropos occat.

It would be no very easy task to confine all the sense of this in an English one; do it then if thou canst, gentle reader,

Et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

* *Homer.*] See *Iliad*, book viii. l. 25. The lines have already been quoted from Pope.

is in the power of the Fates, and nothing which they have decreed, can by any means be reversed ; why should we mortals bring our hecatombs and sacrifices to you, or * put up prayers for blessings from you ? for my part, I see no advantage that can result from it, if our prayers can neither avert evil, nor procure good for us from the divine Being.

J U P I T E R .

I know where you pick up your subtle arguments ; from those cursed sophists, who deny our providence, and, not content with asking these impious questions, dissuade others from praying or sacrificing to us, telling them, it is all in vain, for that we take no care about earthly things, nor are able to do any thing for mankind : but they shall not long rejoice in their iniquity.

C Y N I S C U S .

I swear, Jupiter, by Clotho's shuttle, it was not any thing which they said that makes me talk so ; but it seems to follow from your own confession, that sacrifices are rather superfluous ; for let me ask you only one thing, do not be angry now, but answer me.

J U P I T E R .

Well, if you have nothing else to do but to prate about these things, ask it.

C Y N I S C U S .

Every thing, you say, is determined by the Fates ?

J U P I T E R .

Certainly.

C Y N I S C U S .

And is it in your power to change, or annul it ?

J U P I T E R .

By no means.

C Y N I S C U S .

Need I mention the consequence then, or is not it plain enough without my saying any thing about it ?

J U P I T E R .

It is plain enough indeed : but those who sacrifice to us, do it not through want, but out of gratitude for benefits received, as paying for what they have had of us, and from reverence of their superiors.

† *Put up, &c.*] This, to a believer in predestination is, it must be acknowledged, a shrewd argument, and to say the truth, not easily refuted.

CYNISCUS.

Sacrifices then, you say, are only intended to shew gratitude and respect; but if one of our sophists were here, he would ask you, perhaps, in what the superiority of the Gods consists, when they are only fellow-servants with men, and subject to the same mistresses, the Fates; your immortality does not make you better, but rather so much the worse; for death, if nothing else, will set them free; but your slavery must continue as long as they please to extend the thread, and lasts for ever.

JUPITER.

But then, Cyniscus, our happiness is infinite and eternal.

CYNISCUS.

Not to all of you, some have trouble enough; you, indeed, may be happy, who are the king, and can let down your * rope, and draw the earth and seas after you; but what think you of lame Vulcan, a poor footy labourer; Prometheus too, who was chained to a rock; not to mention your own † father, who was bound in Tartarus. They tell us too, that some of you fall in love, others are wounded, others become the slaves of mortals, as your ‡ brother was to Laomedon, and Apollo to Admetus. There seems to be no great happiness in all this; some of you, perhaps, may be fortunate, and others just the contrary. Not to mention that you often get among thieves who rob and plunder you, and you fall from affluence into penury; if you happen to be || gold or silver, they melt you down, even just as the Fates have decreed.

JUPITER.

You are very abusive, Cyniscus; but you may repent it hereafter.

* *Rope.*] Alluding to the chain, as mentioned before, in the second book of the Iliad. A circumstance which Lucian is perpetually making merry with.

† *Father.*] Saturn. See the whole absurd story, told at large in Lucian's Theogony.

‡ *Brother.*] Neptune, we are told, was banished from heaven for conspiring against Jupiter, who sent him down to earth, and obliged him to go into the service of Laomedon, the father of Priam, and king of Troy, who employed him in making dikes to prevent inundations: which, it seems, being skilled, as Neptune must have been, in all maritime affairs, he performed to a miracle.

|| *Gold.*] The gold and silver statues of the Pagan divinities were frequently, we may suppose, melted down by the possessors of them, when occasion required, just as our modern madonnas, saints, and martyrs, have often been served by monks and priests, belonging to the church of Rome.

C Y.

C Y N I S C U S.

Spare your threats, good Jupiter, for you very well know, nothing can happen to me but what the Parcæ have predestined: even sacrilege, I see, is not punished; it is not, I suppose, in the Fates, that it should be.

J U P I T E R.

Did not I say before, you were one of those who deny a providence?

C Y N I S C U S.

These are the men you seem to be most afraid of, and whatever I say, you attribute to them; but I appeal to yourself, and beg leave to ask you what that providence is which you talk of; is it one of the Parcæ, or a greater goddess who gives laws to them?

J U P I T E R.

I told you, before you must not be too inquisitive, and want to know every thing. At first you only desired to ask one question, and now you teize me with a thousand: I see your design, plainly enough, to prove, that we take no care of human affairs.

C Y N I S C U S.

I have no such intention, but you said a little while ago, that the Fates did every thing; now, perhaps, you mean to recant.

J U P I T E R.

By no means: Fate does every thing, but then it is through us.

C Y N I S C U S.

You are only the servants then, the ministers of the Fates; and the providence, after all, is theirs, whilst you are nothing but mere instruments.

J U P I T E R.

What do you mean?

C Y N I S C U S.

That as axes and hammers are useful to a smith in his art, though nobody calls them artists; and a ship is not the work of the axe or hammer, but of the builder: in like manner, Fate is the architect of our great ship, and you are but their axes and hammers; and yet men, it seems, instead of sacrificing to the Fates, and asking blessings of them, come to worship you for them: nor, if they were to pay their adorations there, would they be much the better for it, for the Fates themselves cannot alter their own decree; not would Atropos or Clotho ever suffer their spindles to be turned backward, and their work unravelled.

J U-

J U P I T E R .

Such doctrine as your's would confound every thing; but we deserve to be worshipped, if for no other reason, at least for this, that we can foretell every thing that the Fates have decreed.

C Y N I S C U S .

A very useless privilege indeed, to be able to foretel what you cannot teach them to avoid; unless the man who knew he was to die by a sword, could escape it by shutting himself up; but this you do not pretend to, for Fate will carry him out a-hunting, and expose him to the enemy: Adrastus shall throw his spear at a boar, miss him, and kill the son of Cræsus; for so the powerful Fates had long since decreed, and directed the javelin. How ridiculous was the prediction of * Laius:

† Beget no children, for the wrath of heav'n
Awaits thee, and the son shall slay his father.

Unnecessary is the admonition, when the event must come to pass: in spite of the oracle, he begat a child, and was slain by him. I see no reason, therefore, why you should be thanked for your prophecies. I shall say nothing of your obscure and ambiguous oracles, so worded, that there was no knowing whether he who had passed over ‡ Halys, was to destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own, for the oracle might mean either of them.

† *Laius.*] See the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

‡ *Beget, &c.*] This was the answer given to Laius by the oracle of Apollo, which was afterwards so exactly and literally fulfilled in the destruction of the unhappy Oedipus, and which furnished Sophocles with the subject of his finest and most perfect tragedy, of the Oedipus Tyrannus.

§ *Halys.*] The famous Cræsus, king of Lydia, having sent to the Delphic oracle to know whether it was decreed by Fate that he should pass over the river Halys in his march against the Persians, and how long the empire should remain in his hands, the oracle returned for answer, that if he passed the river Halys he should destroy a great empire, and that his power should remain unshaken till a mule should sit on the throne of Persia." Cræsus was satisfied with the reply, and thought himself as safe as Macbeth did, when the witches told him he

————— Need not fear any thing,
Till Birnam wood should move to Dunfinane.

The answer of the oracle, like that of Shakspeare's witches, was evasive. We did not tell you, said the priests afterwards, whose kingdom was to be destroyed, your enemy's, or your own; and as to the mule, it came to pass as we foretold, for Cyrus was the mule we meant, being half Persian, half Mede; a Persian by his father, and a Median by his mother.

J U P I

J U P I T E R.

You must remember, Apollo had reason to be affronted at Cræsus, for trying his oracle by * mixing tortoise and lamb's flesh.

C Y N I S C U S.

A god, Jupiter, should never be angry; but that the king of Lydia should be deceived by an oracle, was, I suppose, decreed by Fate, which had wove his thread in such a manner, that he could not clearly understand the prophecy; so that your power of divination itself, is, after all, nothing but the work of Fate.

J U P I T E R.

By and by you will leave us nothing: we are gods, it seems, to very little purpose, for we take no care of human affairs, nor have any claim to sacrifice, being no more, in reality, than so many axes and hammers: but I deserve all this contempt for standing thus with a thunder-bolt in my hand, and not punishing your insolence.

C Y N I S C U S.

Strike, I beseech you; if it be so decreed, I shall not blame you for the blow, but Clotho, who, by you, thus makes an end of me. But let me ask you and Fate one more question, and answer me for both: how happens it that, taking no notice of thieves, ruffians, and murderers, you throw your thunder at oaks, and stones, the mast of a ship, that never did any harm, or now and then a poor innocent traveller! what say you, Jupiter? is this another thing which I must not enquire after?

J U P I T E R.

It is, you are impiously inquisitive; I wonder where you picked up all this stuff to perplex me with.

* *Mixing, &c.*] Cræsus, who, we may suppose, was a sceptic, or free-thinker, with regard to oracles, sent messengers to Delphos and other places, requesting them to resolve this question, viz. "What is Cræsus, king of Lydia, now doing?" The answer from Delphos was, "I smell a strong smell of a tortoise mixed with lamb's flesh, boiled in a cauldron, that is brass above and brass below." Cræsus, it seems, little thinking that the oracle could discover what he was about, was at that very instant diverting himself with boiling lamb's flesh and tortoise in a brazen vessel. How the oracle, or the priests belonging to it, got intelligence of his majesty's strange employment at that time, has never yet been discovered; certain, however, it is that Cræsus, from that time, conceived a high opinion of the oracle, and consulted it ever after: but Apollo, we find, repented the trick which Cræsus wanted to play upon him, and punished him accordingly. See Herodotus's account of this transaction.

C Y N I S C U S.

I suppose, I must not ask you, or Fate, or Providence, why that good and just man Phocyon died for want, or, before him, Aristides; whilst those debauched youths, Callias, and Alcibiades, lived in affluence and prosperity: as well as the proud Midias, and Charops of Ægina, that infamous fellow, who starved his own mother; or again, why Socrates was condemned by the judges, instead of Melitus; or why the effeminate Sardanapalus reigned in peace, whilst so many brave Persians were destroyed by him, for murmuring at his actions: why, in short, the * covetous, the base, and wicked, are prosperous and happy, whilst the good and pious are oppressed by want, sorrow, disease, and every other calamity.

J U P I T E R.

But thou knowest not, Cyniscus, what punishments are reserved for the wicked in another life, nor what happiness for the good and virtuous.

C Y N I S C U S.

You want to frighten me with the infernal regions, with your Tityus, and your Tantalus; when I am dead, I shall know whether there is any such thing; in the mean time I would wish to live happily here, be the time ever so short, though a score of † vulturs were to prey upon my liver in the shades below, nor would I thirst for ever in this life, like Tantalus, for the sake of drinking nectar with the heroes, in the Island of the Blest, or reposing in the ‡ Elysian Fields hereafter.

* *The covetous, &c.*] “I was grieved (says David), at the wicked. I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity, they are in no peril of death, but are lusty and strong; they come in no misfortune, like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men: these prosper in the world, these have riches in possession; and I said, then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.” See Psal. lxxiii.

† *Vulturs.*] Alluding to the punishment of Prometheus.

‡ *Elysian fields.*] The happiness of the good and virtuous after death, according to the Pagan system, seems to have been merely negative, and to have consisted rather in an exemption from pain and solicitude, than in the actual enjoyment of any pleasures, either mutual or corporeal. The arch-impostor, Mahomet, no doubt saw the absurdity of this plan, and allured his followers by the offer of a sensual paradise; and his scheme, though visionary, and ill-founded, was certainly a much more rational one than that of the heathen poets and philosophers. But, how poor and contemptible are both of them, when compared to the glorious prospect of immortality, brought to light by the gospel of Christ!

J U P I-

J U P I T E R .

Do you doubt, then, whether there are rewards and punishments in another state, where every man's life and actions will be enquired into?

C Y N I S C U S .

I am told that Minos, the Cretan, is appointed judge below; you can inform me about him, for they say he is your son.

J U P I T E R .

What would you know concerning him?

C Y N I S C U S .

Whom he inflicts the greatest punishments on.

J U P I T E R .

On bad men, thieves, and murderers.

C Y N I S C U S .

And whom does he send to keep company with the heroes?

J U P I T E R .

The good and pious, who live according to the dictates of honour and virtue.

C Y N I S C U S .

And why so?

J U P I T E R .

Because the one deserve punishment, and the other are entitled to reward.

C Y N I S C U S .

But if a man commits an involuntary crime, ought he to suffer for it?

J U P I T E R .

By no means.

C Y N I S C U S .

Nor if a man does good undefignedly, should he be rewarded?

J U P I T E R .

Certainly.

C Y N I S C U S .

He should not, therefore, either punish or reward any body.

J U P I T E R .

Why so?

C Y N I S C U S .

Because we mortals do nothing of our own will, but are compelled by inevitable necessity; at least, if that be true which we have just now agreed upon, that Fate is the cause of all things: if a man commits murder or sacrilege

lege, it is Fate that obliges him to it; and if Minos acts justly, he must punish the Parcæ, instead of Sisyphus and Tantalus; for whatever both did, was only in obedience to their commands.

J U P I T E R .

You are an impudent sophist, and deserve no answer; I shall therefore take my leave of you.

C Y N I S C U S .

I am sorry for that; for I was just going to ask you where these Fates are to be met with, and how, as there are but three of them, they can contrive to do so much business: they must lead, I should think, but a miserable life, and were born, as one may say, to a bad destiny; for my part, I would not change situations with them; I had rather live in poverty than sit thus for ever, turning a spindle, and perplexed with such a load of employment: if you cannot easily answer these questions, Jupiter, I must e'en be contented with what you have told me about Fate and Providence: perhaps it was not decreed that I should know any thing farther.

J U P I -

J U P I T E R

T H E

T R A G E D I A N,

A D I A L O G U E.

*The unfortunate Situation of the whole Synod of Olympus, and the Contempt in which it was held by all Ranks and Degrees of Men, is, in this Dialogue, painted in the most glaring Colours which Humour and Ridicule could possibly suggest, and is a signal Instance of the extraordinary Freedom with which LUCIAN, and probably other Writers in his Time, treated the Gods, and the Religion of their Country. But, as * FONTENELLE observes, “ Il est assez plaisant que toute la Religion payenne ne fut qu'un Probleme de Philosophie ; apparemment les Philosophes s'interesseroient assez peu au Gouvernement pour ne se pas soucier de choquer la Religion dans leur Disputes ; et peutêtre le Peuple n'avoit pas assez de foi aux Philosophes pour abandonner la Religion, ny pour y rien changer sur leur Parole ; et enfin la Passion dominante des Grecs étoit de discourir sur toutes les Matières à quelque prix que se peut etre, la Religion payenne ne demandoit que des Ceremonies, et nuls Sentimens du Cœur.”*

J U P I T E R, M I N E R V A, M E R C U R Y, J U N O, &c.

M E R C U R Y.

AH, † wherefore, Jove ! thus thoughtful, thus alone,
And with thyself conversing, dost thou roam,
Pale as the deep philosopher who trims
The midnight lamp ? O ! give me to partake
Thy councils, and thy grief, nor slight the aid
Of thy poor slave, as trivial, light, and vain.

* See his Histoire des Oracles.

† *Ab, wherefore, &c.* Mercury, finding his master Jupiter in a melancholy mood, and reciting scraps of a tragedy, like a true courtier falls in with his humour, and addresses him in heroics. The words in the original are probably quoted from some tragedy of Euripides not now extant.

M I.

M I N E R V A .

* Say, king of gods and men, Saturnian Jove,
Behold Minerva, blue-ey'd goddess, thee
Suppliant adores : O give her but to know
Thy inmost grief ; whence spring these dreadful groans,
Why spreads that paleness o'er thy face divine ?

J U P I T E R .

† There's not an ill, a sorrow, or a pain,
No sad event, in tragic story told,
Which gods have not experienced ; nought that's wretched,
Which our unhappy nature doth not feel.

M I N E R V A .

Heav'n's ! what a prologue !

J U P I T E R .

Impious, earth-born race,
And thou, Prometheus, what a train of ills
Didst thou procure me !

M I N E R V A .

Tell us, for thou speak'st
To thy best friends, thy fellow-deities.

J U P I T E R .

‡ What hast thou done for me, thou noisy thunder ?

M I N E R V A .

Do not be angry with us, good Jupiter, if not having swallowed all Euripides, we should find ourselves unable to tragedize with you.

J U N O .

Do you think I do not know what is the cause of all this weeping and wailing ?

J U P I T E R .

O ! if thou didst, 'twou'd fill thy eyes with tears.

* *Say, king, &c.*] Minerva, not to be behind hand in complaisance, appeals to Jupiter in hexameters. Her speech is a little kind of cento, taken from various parts of Homer, and put together ad libitum.

† *There's not, &c.*] From the Orestes of Euripides, with a little variation.

‡ *What hast, &c.*] This is either from some old poet, whose works are not come down to us, or an imitation by Lucian himself.

J U N O .

J U N O.
 I tell you, I know it well enough, it is some love affair; but you have so often injured me in that point that I shall not cry about it. I suppose you have found some new Danae, Semele, or Europa, that you are fond of, and are considering whether you shall be a bull, a satyr, or a shower of gold, flowing through the tiles, into the bosom of your mistress: sighs, groans, tears, and that pallid hue can be symptoms of nothing but love.

J U P I T E R.
 Ridiculous! to think I am uneasy about such trifles.

J U N O.
 What is there else that can make Jupiter unhappy?

J U P I T E R.
 Juno, the affairs of the gods are in imminent danger; we stand, as the proverb says, on the edge of a razor, and it is a moot point whether, henceforth, we are to be worshipped, and receive any honours from mortals, or be totally neglected, and despised.

J U N O.
 Has the earth then brought forth more giants, have the Titans burst their chains, subdued their keepers, and taken up arms against us?

J U P I T E R.
 * Be not alarm'd, for all is safe below.

J U N O.
 What then can happen besides, so very terrible? if this is not the cause of your grief, what is it that can make you thus put on † Polus and Aristodemus, instead of Jupiter?

J U P I T E R.
 I will tell you; there was yesterday a dispute, I do not know how it began, between Timocles, the Stoic, and Damis, the Epicurean, concerning providence, before a large and respectable audience. Damis asserted (which hurt me most), that there were no gods, to look over and direct human affairs; whilst the good Timocles, on the other hand, undertook to defend our cause. A number of people crowding in upon them, they did not finish the discourse, but parted with a resolution to meet again, and determine the point some other time: and now it remains in doubt who will gain the victory. You see what danger we are in, and that all depends on one man:

* *Be not, &c.*] Parody of a line in the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

† *Polus and Aristodemus.*] Two eminent Grecian actors.

one of these things must happen, either that we are to be contemned, and treated as mere idle names, or, if Timocles succeeds, worshipped and honoured as we used to be.

JUNO.

In good truth, Jupiter, these are things of consequence, nor do I wonder now at your tragic strain.

JUPITER.

And yet you thought I was in all this agitation about some Danae, or Antiopa: but now, Mercury, Juno, and Minerva, what is to be done? You must all do your parts, and think of something or other.

MERCURY.

It should be referred, I think, to the consideration of all the gods: and a council called.

JUNO.

I think so too.

MINERVA.

I am quite of a different opinion: heaven, I think, ought not to be disturbed, nor would I have it known that you stirred in the affair: every thing should be carried on privately, if you would have Timocles come off conqueror, and Damis be laughed at, and give up the point.

MERCURY.

It can never be a secret, Jupiter, as the dispute is to be in public, and they will say, you play the tyrant, in not communicating to them what concerns the common safety.

JUPITER.

Give notice, then, and let them all attend.

MERCURY.

You are certainly right. O yes, O yes: away to council, all ye gods, immediately, on affairs of the utmost importance.

JUPITER.

And is this all, Mercury? Do you summon the gods to council, on such deep matters, in this simple manner, and in plain prose?

MERCURY.

How would you have me do it?

JUPITER.

How! why I would give it an air of solemnity, have it cried in verse, with all poetical magnificence, and suitable to the subject.

MER-

M E R C U R Y.

True : but this is the business of rhapsodists, and heroic writers : I am no poet ; I shall only spoil the business, by exceeding the measure of the verse, or patching it up when it falls short, and they will laugh at me for my ignorance : I have seen Apollo himself served so, for some of his oracles : though the obscurity of the prophecy hides a great many faults, and the hearer is seldom at leisure to examine the metre.

J U P I T E R.

You may give it us out of Homer ; call the council as he has done, I suppose you can recollect it.

M E R C U R Y.

Not exactly, I am afraid : I will try, however, what I can do,

* Haste all ye male and female deities,
 Attend, with me, the senate of the skies,
 Not one be absent, not a rural pow'r,
 That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
 Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
 Each azure sister of the silver flood ;
 Ye first and last, and ye who have a name,
 And ye who have not, ye, whose altars claim
 The smoking victim—hither all repair.

J U P I T E R.

Very well, indeed ; Mercury, you are a most excellent crier : for see they are crouding in already : do you seat them according to their rank, both with regard to the † materials, and the workmanship : first, the gold, next the silver, then the ivory, then the brass and stone ; and, do you hear, let the works of Phidias, Alcarnenes, Myron, Euphranor, and the like excellent artists, have the preference : as to the vulgar, that are poorly executed, they may stand silent in a corner, as only admitted to fill up the assembly.

M E R C U R Y.

It shall be done ; I will seat them according to order : but what am I to

* *Haste all, &c.*] This is partly from Homer, and partly Lucian's own humour interspersed with it. The idea of calling on the *νομιμας*, the sine nomine turba, or gods without a name, is truly laughable.

† *Materials.*] The real gods assembled in heaven, are supposed to call on their representatives on earth, the statues in brass, gold, &c. to join the council, and be acquainted with the dangers that threatened the whole community ; hence arises a ridiculous distinction and dispute concerning the several materials of which the deities were made, with which Lucian makes himself extremely merry.

do, if one of the golden ones that weighs several talents, should be but indifferently worked, of the commonest sort, and not answering in the other respects; must I place him before the brazen ones of Myro, and Polycletes, or the stone of Phidias and Alcamenes; or do you think, that those who shew the greatest perfection in the art, should be preferred?

JUPITER.

It should be so; but we must put the golden one first.

MERCURY.

I understand you; you would have me place them, not according to their merit, but their riches. Come, therefore, you golden ones, into the first seats. But now, behold, Jupiter, the best places are filled with barbarians; you see what the Greeks are, beautiful, of a fine appearance, and wrought in a masterly style, but they are most of them in stone or brass, the most valuable of ivory, with a very little gold just to colour and adorn them, whilst the inside is wood, that furnishes an habitation for a colony of mice. But Bendis and Anubis, and with them Attis and Mithres are all solid gold, and of infinite value.

NEPTUNE.

And where is the justice, Mercury, in placing that dog-faced Egyptian before me? do you know who I am?

MERCURY.

I do: but you must remember my good * Earth-shaker, that Lyfippus has made you of nothing but poor brass, for the Corinthians, at that time, had no gold amongst them; which, you know, is the richest of all metals. You must submit, therefore, to be set aside, nor must you take it ill, if he who has such a large golden nose, is preferred before you.

VENUS.

Seat me, I desire, in the first row, for I am all gold.

MERCURY.

That is more than I know; for, if I am not purblind, you are cut out of white Pentelean marble, and as such Praxiteles presented you to the Cnidians.

VENUS.

I can call in Homer, a respectable evidence, to vouch for me, who, in all his verses, calls me the golden Venus.

MERCURY.

Yes; and so he calls Apollo the rich and wealthy, and yet you may see

* *Earth-shaker.*] The title usually given to Neptune by Homer.

him fitting amongst the ploughmen, his crown taken off his head by thieves, and the strings of his lyre cracked by a set of ruffians; be contented, therefore, that you are not at the head of the assembly.

C O L O S S U S.

Who shall dare to contend for precedence with me, the immense * Colofus, with his radiant sun? the Rhodians might have made twenty golden gods for the money that I cost them; by the rule of proportion, therefore, I should be placed above them all; besides that, you should consider the art and exquisite workmanship employed about me.

M E R C U R Y.

What is to be done in this affair, Jupiter? it is a difficult point to determine; for, with respect to the materials, he is nothing but brass; and yet, on the other hand, if we consider how many talents he cost making, he must be of the first quality.

J U P I T E R.

What does he come amongst us for? only to disgrace our diminutive size, and throw the assembly into confusion; hark you, most noble Rhodian, if we give you precedence here, and place you before the golden ones, how will you contrive to take your seat, unless they all rise up to give you room, for one of your thighs will fill the whole court; you had better stand upright, therefore, with your head towards the assembly.

M E R C U R Y.

Here is another difficulty for you; two gods, both of brass, and the same workmanship, both wrought by Lyfippus, both equal in birth, the sons of Jupiter, Bacchus and Hercules; which must have the precedency? they are both, you see, contending for it.

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, we are losing time here, instead of minding our business; we

* *Colofus.*] This famous statue, which is called one of the seven wonders of the world, was a huge and immense representation of Apollo, or the Sun, worshipped by the Rhodians. The ancient historians, who are very apt to fib on these occasions, tell us, that it was seventy cubits high; or, according to Festus, a hundred and five feet long, all of brass, the work of one Chares, a disciple of the famous statuary Lyfippus; its feet were placed on two immensely high rocks or pedestals, at the entrance of the port of Rhodes, and at such a distance from each other, that ships in full sail passed in between them. Pliny informs us, that about fifty-six years after its erection, it was laid flat, and remained in that condition till the time of Vespasian, who set it up again. When the Saracens became masters of Rhodes, they found it again thrown down, and sold it for an immense sum to a Jew, who took it to pieces, and carried off the brass it was made of, on nine hundred camels. The thumb, it seems, was as much as a man could well span with his two arms, and every finger was as large as a common statue.

should have got to our speeches before this: let them feat themselves promiscuously, just where they please for the present; by and by, we will call a council about this, and settle the order of precedency.

M E R C U R Y.

But hark! what a riot and tumult there is amongst them! they are crying out as usual, where is the nectar and ambrosia, where are the hecatombs and the sacrifices?

J U P I T E R.

Mercury, command silence, that they may hear what we are met about, and not think of such trifles.

M E R C U R Y.

But what shall I do, Jupiter? they do not all understand Greek, and I am not so skilled in languages as to be able to talk intelligibly to Scythians, Persians, Thracians, and Gauls; I believe I had better make a sign with my hand.

J U P I T E R.

Do so.

M E R C U R Y.

There: you see they are as mute as so many sophists, now is the time to harrangue; observe, they are looking towards you, and expect you should address them.

J U P I T E R.

Now, as you are my son, Mercury, I will tell you what a condition I am in: you know how bold I generally am in council, and how magnificently I talk.

M E R C U R Y.

I know it; I used to tremble when I heard you: especially, when you threatened to hang down your * golden chain, and draw up gods, earth, and seas from their foundations.

J U P I T E R.

And yet I declare to you, my son, I know not how it is, but, whether it be from the weight of misfortunes that threaten us, or from the number of deities assembled, for you see the council is full of gods; my mind is disturbed, I tremble, and my tongue seems to be tied up; but, what is worst of all, I have forgot a very fine exordium to my speech, which I had drawn up for the occasion.

* *Golden chain.*] See Homer: the passage has been quoted before.

M E R.

M E R C U R Y .

Now, Jupiter, you have spoiled all; for your silence will make them suspect, that the misfortune may be worse than it really is.

J U P I T E R .

Shall I make use of Homer's then?

M E R C U R Y .

What is it?

J U P I T E R .

* Celestial states, immortal gods! give ear.

M E R C U R Y .

No, no; you have given us enough of that already; you had better take one of Demosthenes' Philippics, patch it up, and make a little alteration here and there; many great orators practise this now-a-days.

J U P I T E R .

Well advised; it is a most compendious kind of rhetoric, and very convenient for such as do not know how to get on, or which way to turn themselves. Come, I will begin. † "Far superior to the richest treasures, O ye ‡ mortal gods, am I satisfied, you would esteem the perfect knowledge of that business which hath here called us together, with the greatest pleasure, therefore you will, I doubt not, listen to what I shall advance concerning it; the present crisis doth, as it were, with a loud voice, call for all our immediate care and attention" —

But I will now (for here my Demosthenes fails me,) explain to you, on what occasion I called this council. Yesterday, you know, Mnesitheus the pilot offered up a sacrifice to us, on account of his ship being preserved, which had narrowly escaped a wreck near § Caphareus, and as many as were invited, supped together in the Piræus: after the libations, as you may remember, you dropped off one by one; I, for it was not late, went into the city, and walked about the Ceramicus, reflecting on the sordid disposition of Mnesitheus, who, after inviting sixteen gods to his feast, killed only one cock, and that an old one, and half dead of the pip; which was all he gave us, besides four grains of incense, which was so mouldy, that it

* *Celestial, &c.*] See Homer's *Iliad*, b. viii. l. 5.

† From the beginning of the first Philippic,

‡ In imitation of *Ανδρες Αθηναιοι*, O ye Athenian men.

§ *Caphareus*.] A Promontory of Eubœa, running out at the south-east, dangerous for shipping on account of its eddies and concealed rocks. See Virgil, Ovid, and Propertius.

was

was burned out immediately, and gave so little smoke, that we could hardly smell it; though, when his ship got on the shallows, and struck upon the rock, he promised us whole hecatombs, if we would deliver him.

Whilst I was pondering on these things, I came towards the Pœcile, where I saw a vast crowd of people assembled, some within the porch, others in the open air, and, amongst the rest, two who were seated, and seemed very loud and vehement in their discourse: finding these to be, as I did imagine, two philosophers in a warm debate, I was resolved to hear what they said; and, being concealed in a thick cloud, I immediately assumed their habit and appearance, and by the help of a long-beard, might easily have passed for a philosopher. I elbowed through the crowd, and got in, nobody knowing who I was. There I found that rascal Damis the Epicurean, with my good friend Timocles the Stoic, in high dispute. Timocles had argued himself into a sweat, and almost cracked his voice with roaring; whilst Damis continued to provoke him with his Sardonic sneers.

Their whole debate was concerning us: the villain Damis denied that we took any care of mortals, or looked into their affairs; affirmed, in short, that there were no gods at all, for that was plainly what he aimed at, and many who were present agreed entirely with him. Timocles, on the other hand, who was of our side of the question, defended us with all his might, and shewed with what beautiful order and regularity we ruled and directed every thing. He also met with the praise and approbation of some, but he was now grown tired, and spoke but indifferently, so that the multitude leaned towards Damis. Perceiving the danger we were in, I commanded night to surround them, and put an end to the dispute. They parted, therefore, having first agreed to renew the debate next day. I followed the crowd, and overheard their sentiments as they returned home, which were mostly in favour of Damis, who, I found, had got the majority on his side: some, indeed, were not for predetermining the cause, but resolved to wait till they heard what Timocles had to say at their next meeting.

This, my brethren, is the business for which I called you together; matters, you see, of no little consequence and importance: as on men, all our honour, glory, and worship must depend. If they are once persuaded that there are no gods, or if there are, that we take no care of human affairs, we shall have no more gifts, or victims from them, but may sit and starve in heaven, without festivals, holy-days, watchings, sacrifices, or any pomp or ceremony whatsoever. These, I say, are things of moment, and it will be-

hove

have you all to weigh and consider by what means it may be so managed that Timocles, in his next discourse, shall have the superiority, and Damis meet with contempt and derision; for on Timocles himself I have not much dependence, nor do I think he will gain the victory, unless we lend him some assistance. Give notice, Mercury, in form, for some one to rise up, and speak.

M E R C U R Y.

Silence, and attend; no noise there: which of the gods who is of * proper age, chooses to harrangue on this occasion? what! nobody! the subject, I suppose, is so important, that it has frightened you all into silence.

M O M U S.

If I may be permitted to speak with freedom, I have many things to say on this occasion.

J U P I T E R,

Speak boldly, Momus, for it is evident you rise up from good-will towards the common cause.

M O M U S.

† Away! to earth resolve, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew.

Give ear then, O ye gods, whilst I speak the dictates of my heart. I have, I must own, for a long time expected that our affairs would be brought into this distressful situation; that a number of these Sophists would rise up against us, encouraged, I fear, by our own conduct and behaviour. We ought not, I swear by Themis, to be angry with Epicurus and his followers, for entertaining such opinions of us; what, indeed, can any one think, who observes the confused and wretched state of human affairs, the good and just neglected, and left to perish in poverty, disease, and slavery; and, on the other hand, the worst and most abandoned of men preferred before them, abounding in riches, and lording it over those who are so much better than themselves; base and sacrilegious wretches left unpunished, and undetected, and those condemned to infamy and death, who have done nothing to deserve it; well may they call in question our existence.

Especially when they hear the oracles declaring that

He who o'er Halys passeth, shall destroy

A pow'ful host —

* *Proper age.*] Alluding with a sneer to the number of new gods who had been admitted into the quorum, and who, consequently, could be but young in the business. In the Athenian senate, none were suffered to speak who were under thirty years of age. It would not, perhaps, be amiss, if a similar law were to take place in the parliament of Great Britain.

† See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 99.

Not

Not informing him whether this army was to be his own or that of his enemy.

And again,

Thou, Salamis, art fated to destroy
The fons of * women born.

Now both Persians and Greeks, we know, were born of women.

When, moreover, they are told by the rhapsodists, in their verses, that we fall in love, that we are made slaves of, and bound, that we quarrel with one another, and are subject to a thousand misfortunes, when at the same time we pretend to be unchangeable, happy, and immortal, what can we expect, but that they must laugh at, and despise us! And yet we are angry because some mortals, who are not mere fools, find fault with us, and deny our providence, when, in fact, we ought to think ourselves well off, that, after all our follies, there are some yet remaining, who sacrifice to us.

And now, Jupiter (for we are by ourselves here, without any mortals amongst us, except Hercules, Bacchus, Ganymede, and Æsculapius, whom we have adopted for our own), tell me fairly, did you ever take so much care of what passes upon earth, as to enquire who were good, and who bad? You cannot say, you did. If Theseus, in his way from Trezene to Athens, had not slain the ruffians Scyron, Pityocampes, Cercyon, and the rest of them, they might still have gone on murdering travellers, and rioting in blood and slaughter, for aught that you or your providence would do to prevent them; and unless Eurytheus, a good and just man, led by humanity and compassion, had not sent his trusty servant here, the industrious [Hercules, little would you have cared about the † Hydra, the birds of
Stym-

* *Of women born*] It is impossible to read this, without thinking of

— None of woman born shall hurt Macbeth.

The reputation of Shakspere's witches is secure by

— Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ript —

The quibble of Apollo's oracle is not half so ingenious.

† *Hydra.*] This formidable monster, to whom some of the poets have given seven, some nine, and others fifty heads, used, we are told, to make dreadful havock amongst the cattle, in the marshes of Lerna, near Argos, and, like our dragon of Wantley, spread terror and destruction wherever he came. As soon as he lost one head, another, it seems, immediately sprung up in its room. Hercules, however, soon made an end of him, though Eurytheus
would

Stymphalus, the Thracian horses, or the drunken frolics of the Centaurs. To say the truth, all we trouble ourselves about, is, to see that mortals sacrifice to us, and raise the smoke at our altars: every thing else flows on in its own channel, and just as fortune may direct it: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at now, nor should it be hereafter, if men open their eyes, and discover that it is of little service to them to sacrifice and make libations to us. Many an Epicurus, Metrodorus, and Damis must you expect to see, laughing at, and despising us, and our advocates subdued and destroyed by them. Be it your's, therefore, to appease these tumults, for you have raised them; your's to heal these wounds, for you have inflicted them. Momus runs but little hazard of being deprived of his honours, for he has seldom met with any, whilst you have all enjoyed your victims, and your worship.

J U P I T E R.

Shall we, ye gods, suffer this madman to rave on thus, always severe as he is, and always abusive? But, as the excellent Demosthenes says, it is very easy to censure, to calumniate, and find fault with things, and may be done by any body who has a mind to it; but to advise well how they may be mended, is the part of a good and prudent counsellor: and this, I trust, the rest of you will do, when he shall think proper to hold his tongue.

N E P T U N E.

I, as you all very well know, live at the bottom of the sea, and take care of things there, preserve mariners, save ships, and pacify the winds; at the same time I am not indifferent about affairs here; and my opinion is, that this Damis should be immediately taken off, before he enters again on this dispute, either by lightning, or some other way, for fear he should get the better; for you say he has the talent of persuasion: thus shall we shew mankind that we know how to be revenged on those who declaim against us.

J U P I T E R.

Surely, Neptune, you are in jest, or must have forgot that these things are not in our power, and that the * Fates alone determine whether a man is to die by lightning, fever, sword, or pestilence: were it not so, do you think I would ever have suffered these sacrilegious wretches to have gone off

would not agree to set it down as one of the twelve labours to be imposed on him, because Iolaus assisted him in the conquest. The truth of this story is, that the marshes of Lerna were infested with serpents, of which there seemed to be no end (like the Hydra's heads), Hercules drained the marshes, and got rid of them; all the rest is poetical fable.

* *Fates alone.*] See Jupiter confuted, in the preceding Dialogue.

without a thunderbolt, who * shaved off two of my locks, each of which weighed six minæ; or would you have let the fishermen in Gerastus escape, who stole away your trident? Besides, that it would appear as if we were too deeply affected by this affair, and repented it, that we were afraid of Damis and his arguments, and, conscious that he was superior to Timocles, took this method to be revenged on him; what would this be but to give up the cause, and acknowledge ourselves to be overcome.

N E P T U N E.

Well: I only thought this was the shortest way of gaining the victory.

J U P I T E R.

The best way of killing eels, brother, I grant you is to spear them: but it is a strange kind of device, to destroy your enemy that he may die unconquered, and at the same time, to leave the matter in dispute undetermined.

N E P T U N E.

If my arguments are to be EELIFIED in this manner, you may even think of a better method yourselves.

A P O L L O.

If the young and beardless might be permitted to speak, I would offer something that might, perhaps, be serviceable on this occasion.

M O M U S.

This is an affair, Apollo, of so much consequence, that age is not to be considered; every body should have a right to speak upon it: when matters are in such a critical situation, any idle disputes about the right and title of haranguing would be truly ridiculous: besides, that you are certainly a lawful speaker, having been long since out of your childhood, and, at least, one of the † twelve great divinities, if not of Saturn's council. Do not pretend,

* *Shaved off.*] Alluding to some depredations that had been made by thieves on the statues of these deities, which, when composed of precious materials, we may suppose, were frequently made free with by the rascals of Greece.

† *Twelve.*] Of the deities worshipped by the Greeks, those called *μεγαλοι*, or *Ολυμπιοι*, the great, or Olympic, were of the first class; and, of these, twelve were the most honoured, and had an altar erected to them, called the *Βαιμος των δωδεκα Θεων*, the altar of the twelve gods. Pausanias tells us that the figures of them were painted in the portico of the Ceramicus, and that their statues were erected in the temple of Megara. They are likewise called by the poets *πρανιδαι*, and *ερασιωνες*, and some authors make a distinction betwixt the *ερασιωνες* and the *Ολυμπιοι*, giving the former title to the old gods, under Saturn, which Lucian here calls Saturn's council, and the latter to the new gods, under Jupiter. If the reader is desirous of knowing the names of these respectable heathen aldermen, they are as follows; Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Minerva,

pretend, therefore, to put on the modest boy, but, beardless as you are, speak your sentiments boldly; especially as your son Æsculapius can boast of a long beard, and rough chin: it becomes you above all to shew your wisdom, who reside in Helicon, and philosophize with the Muses.

A P O L L O .

Please, however, Momus, to remember, that it is not you who are to give me leave, but Jupiter: with his permission, I may possibly have something to offer, not unworthy of that Helicon, and those Muses whom I am conversant with.

J U P I T E R .

Speak, my son, you have free leave.

A P O L L O .

This * Timocles seems to be an honest man, a lover of the gods, and one who is well acquainted with the Stoic doctrines. He teaches philosophy to a number of youths, and, as I am informed, is well paid for it; and yet he cannot speak well in a large company, has a faltering voice, does not put his words well together, but stutters, and even when he most wishes to shew the orator, is a semi-barbarian, and makes the audience laugh at him; not but he has an excellent understanding, thinks deeply, and is thoroughly versed in all the precepts of his sect, which, when he endeavours to explain and illustrate, he only confounds, and makes the riddle but the more obscure by his solution of it: those, therefore, who cannot understand, constantly laugh at him. A man should speak clearly, and with † perspicuity, if he expects to be understood.

M O M U S .

You give good advice, however, Apollo, and praise that perspicuity in others, which you never practise yourself; for your oracles are always obscure and perplexed, so that what one Pythian declares, stands in need of

nerva, Ceres, Vulcan, Juno, Mars, Mercury, Diana, Venus, Vesta. Pindar calls them *δωδεκα ανακτες*, the twelve kings. An old poet has put all their names into four hexameter and pentameter verses, and another, with great ingenuity, crowded them into two.

* *Timocles*.] Damis and Timocles were, probably, two philosophers, the one a Stoic, the other an Epicurean, well known in Lucian's time; who, like the orators of our Westminster Forum, or Apollo Society, diverted themselves with public disputes on religious subjects. Lucian, who laughs at every thing, takes this opportunity of producing their characters, and exposing them both.

† *Perspicuity*.] *Fieri potest, says Tully, ut recte quis sentiat & id quod sentit polite eloqui non possit, sed mandare quenquam literis cogitationes suas, qui eas nec disponere, nec illustrare possit, nec delectatione aliqua allicere lectorem, hominis est intemperanter abutentis, & otio & literis.*

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another

another to unravel it: but how are we to act in this affair, what remedy would you prescribe for the weakness of this Timocles?

A P O L L O.

To get an assistant, Momus, some strong and powerful orator, who may enforce the arguments which Timocles shall suggest to him.

M O M U S.

So the child must have a tutor for him in philosophy, to explain his meaning to the auditors: Damis is to speak for himself, whilst the other makes use of an actor, and whispers in his ear what he would have him say, the puppet, perhaps, not understanding what he is to utter for his friend; would not the audience laugh at this? we must think of some other method: in the mean time, my noble friend, for you profess yourself to be a prophet, (and, indeed, are pretty well paid for it, having received many a good * golden brick on this account,) now shew your art, and tell us which of these sophists will get the better; you are a diviner, and must know what is to come to pass hereafter.

A P O L L O.

How is it possible I should do that when I have no tripods here, nor incense, nor Castalian fountain?

M O M U S.

Look you there now, I have driven you up in a corner, and you are afraid of being detected.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, my son, I beseech you, and do not give this calumniator a handle to abuse and laugh at your divinations, as if they all depended on tripods, incense, and holy-water, and without them your art is nothing.

A P O L L O.

Certainly, father, it would be better to do it at Delphos, or Colophon, where I have every thing ready and convenient about me; naked, however, as I am, and unprovided, I will endeavour to foretel on whom the victory shall fall, but you must pardon me if my verse should halt a little.

M O M U S.

Proceed; but let it be clear and intelligible, and not stand in need of an

* *Golden brick.*] Gr. *πλωθεις χρυσας*, lateres aureos, wedges, bricks, or large pieces of gold were frequently sent to the oracles, and generally secured a favourable answer. Lucian here alludes to the magnificent presents sent to Delphos, by Cræsus.

inter-

interpreter; there is no * lamb and tortoise now to be dressed in Lydia. You know what the question is.

J U P I T E R.

What are you about to say, my son? for already I perceive the dreadful preparatives of the oracle; your colour changes, your eyes roll about, your hair stands an end, and there is a corybantic motion in all your limbs; all point out the possessed, the horrible, the mystic divinity.

A P O L L O.

† Attend, ye gods, to what Apollo sings,
 The heavenly augur, touching dreadful strife
 Of noisy combatants, the war of words;
 * Hark! how they fill the air with croakings dire,
 In the thick furrows how the sheaves are mov'd
 By the rough tumult! with his crooked claw,
 When the fierce vultur on the grass-hopper
 Shall seize, the show'r-portending rook shall chaunt
 His last sad dirge; the mules shall conquer then,
 And the slow ass shall gore his nimble foal.

J U P I T E R.

Momus, why split your sides thus? this is no such laughing matter; have done, or you will be suffocated.

M O M U S.

How is it possible to help it, after so clear, so perspicuous an oracle!

J U P I T E R.

If it be so clear to you, pray explain it to us.

M O M U S.

Nothing can be plainer, there needs no † Themistocles to unravel it; the oracle

* *Lamb.*] Alluding to the puzzling question proposed to the oracle by Cræsus's ambassadors, and which Apollo so deeply resented.

† *Attend, &c.*] The ancient oracles, to give a greater solemnity to their predictions, generally delivered them in verse: the original is in hexameters, and imitated from the *ἱεροί*; of Aristophanes. The oracular pomp, obscurity, and nonsense, is finely burlesqued in this speech by Apollo.

‡ *No Themistocles.*] De instantibus optissime judicabat, de futuris callidissime conjiciebat; says Cornelius Nepos, in his life of Themistocles, and a little after, proves the truth of his assertion, by observing, that when the Pythian oracle was consulted concerning the expedition of Xerxes against Greece, the answer was, ut mænibus ligneis se munirent, that they should defend themselves

oracle clearly means that he is an impostor, and we only pack asses and mules to give credit to him, without more understanding than so many grasshoppers.

H E R C U L E S.

And now, father, though I am but as a stranger here, I will venture to give you my opinion: I am for permitting the combatants to proceed in their controversy; and if I find things go wrong, I will, if you think proper, pull the whole portico down upon the head of Damis, that he may no longer pour forth his abuse upon us.

M O M U S.

* By Hercules, Hercules, this is rough work indeed, and rather † Bœotian; to destroy so many at once, together with the whole portico, Marathon, Miltiades, Cynagirus and all! how will future orators be able to adorn their fine speeches, when these necessary ornaments are taken away from them? when you were a living man, indeed, you might have done these things perhaps, but since you are become a god, you must know that the Fates alone have it in their power, and we are incapable of performing them.

H E R C U L E S.

So, when I killed a lion or a hydra, the Fates did it through me?

J U P I T E R.

Certainly.

H E R C U L E S.

And if any body abuses me, plunders my temple, or throws down my statue, I must not knock him o' the head, unless the Fates have so decreed?

J U P I T E R.

By no means.

H E R C U L E S.

Hear me then, Jupiter, whilst I speak my sentiments: I am a free-speaker,

elves with their wooden walls; which, it seems, nobody understood but Themistocles, who very sagaciously informed them, that by wooden walls, nothing more was meant, than that they should trust to their shipping or marine force, as their best bulwark against the enemy. A piece of advice as suitable to old England at all times, as it could possibly be to ancient Greece.

* *By Hercules.*] This was a common Grecian oath. The applying it in conversation with Hercules himself has something laughable in it.

† *Bœotian.*] Bœotia, a city of Greece, was unfortunately distinguished, though we know not well on what foundation, for the ignorance and stupidity of its inhabitants, and an ancient Bœotian was supposed to have as little wit as a modern Laplander: hence the epithet Bœotium always signified heavy. A person of a clownish and awkward deportment, was called *lus Bœotia*, and Horace, speaking of a dull fellow, says,

Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

Bœotia, in short, was the Holland of antiquity.

as the comedian says, and call a * boat a boat; if things are so, I shall take my leave of your honours and dignities here, your incense, and sacrifices, and go down to hell, where, if I carry but a bow without arrows, the shades, at least, of the beasts I have slain will be afraid of me.

J U P I T E R .

Oho! you are a † home-witness, as they say, indeed; you have fore-stalled Damis, by talking thus yourself: but who is this brazen figure coming in such haste towards us, with his hair tied back in the old fashion? even your brother of the forum, Mercury, he who stands near the Pœcile; he is all over ‡ pitch, from being handled every day by the statuaries. Why in such a hurry, son, have you any news for us from below?

H E R M A G O R A S .

Very great indeed, and such as require all haste and diligence.

J U P I T E R .

What! any new disturbance?

H E R M A G O R A S .

As back and breast with pitch well cover'd on
I stood, as oft accustom'd, the rude artist
His awkward corset fasten'd round me, when,
Behold! a crowd approach'd; amongst them two
Pale clam'rous sophists in loud dissonance,
Damis and ——

† *A boat.*] We always say, "I call a spade, a spade." Every nation, as I observed, in a former note, has a different manner of expressing this sentiment. I chose to preserve the original idea.

* *A home-witness.*] In the Grecian courts of justice there were two sorts of evidences, the first of which was called *μαρτυρια*, when the person, or home-witness, who swore, was an eye-witness of the fact; the other went by the name of *εκμαρτυρια*, when the juror received what he testified from another person who had seen it; allegations, however, from absent persons were seldom taken for lawful evidence. The witnesses always wrote down their testimony on tablets, but the tablets of those who came from home to deliver their testimonies were different from those of the witnesses who came casually into court. This may suffice to explain to the reader the appellation of a home-witness, as applied to Hercules. See Potter.

‡ *Pitch.*] This famous brazen statue of Mercury, so frequently mentioned by the ancients, was considered, like our Venus of Medicis, as a standard of perfection, the statuaries, therefore, were perpetually taking models of it, which, we suppose, they did by encrusting the whole over with a mould of pitch, or moist clay, and so procuring an exact resemblance of it. The idea of a god, in this dirty condition, running up on an errand to heaven, and addressing Jupiter in heroics, has something truly laughable in it.

J U-

J U P I T E R .

* Cease thy tragedifing strain,
And tell me,

for I know whom you mean ; are they engaged in battle ?

H E R M A G O R A S .

Not quite ; a little skirmish is begun, they are shaking their flings, and throwing out a few farcafms on each other.

J U P I T E R .

What can we do better, my brother gods, than take a look at them ! let the Hours take away the bars from the gate, put the clouds on one fide, and open the doors of heaven : O Hercules ! what a croud is gathered about them ! I don't like that Timocles, he feems frightened out of his wits ; I am afraid he will fpoil all, he will never lift up his head againft Damis ; however, we may give him our prayers at leaft :

† But pray in fecret leaft the foe fhould hear.

T I M O C L E S .

‡ What doft thou fay, thou facrilegious Damis ? that there are no gods who take care of mankind ?

D A M I S .

None. Answer me firft, by what argument can you prove that there are any ?

T I M O C L E S .

That I fhall not do ; do you answer me firft ?

D A M I S .

Not I indeed ; you muft begin.

J U P I T E R .

Thus far our friend has the better of him ; he bawls loudeft, and feems moft in earneft. Well done, Timocles, abufe him handsomely, that is your forte ; as to every thing elfe, he will foon make you as mute as a fifh.

* *Cease, &c.*] It is obfervable that thefe words are in verfe, as well as Mercury's ; Jupiter, infenfibly as it were, returns the compliment in heroics, though he defires him to leave it off, and defcend to plain profe.

† *But pray, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 231.

‡ *What doft, &c.*] The gods are fuppofed now to be got within hearing of the difpute, and liftening to it. Timocles begins. Lucian's motions, on thefe occafions, are generally very rapid, he carries us, like Horace's tragic poet, juft where he pleafes,

Modo nos Thebis modo ponit Athenas.

All is animated, changeful, and entertaining.

T I .

T I M O C L E S .

By Pallas, then, I will not answer you first.

D A M I S .

Do you ask then : this you are bound to, but let me have no abuse.

T I M O C L E S .

Well then ; tell me, thou execrable fellow, do not the gods provide for mankind ?

D A M I S .

No.

T I M O C L E S .

What sayest thou ? does every thing happen then without a providence ?

D A M I S .

Certainly.

T I M O C L E S .

Is not every thing ordained by some god ?

D A M I S .

By no means.

T I M O C L E S .

But every thing carried on by a fixed and irrefittible impetus ?

D A M I S .

Most undoubtedly.

T I M O C L E S .

Can you hear this impious man, and not stone him immediately ?

D A M I S .

Why, Timocles, should you incense these men against me ; what right have you to be angry, and resent it, when the gods themselves do NOT ? they have never punished, though they have heard me say the same, and even now do hear.

T I M O C L E S .

They hear, rest assured ; and one day they will revenge also.

D A M I S .

What leisure is it possible they can ever find to punish me, who have already, as you say, so much business to do, a whole universe to take care of ? they have not yet revenged themselves of you, for all your perjuries, and other crimes, which, as I would not break my agreement, I shall not now mention, though I do not know any stronger argument they could give in

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favour of their providence, than by punishing you as you deserve: but, perhaps, they are gone on the other side of the ocean,

* To grace

The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race.

For they often go to sup with them, and even, sometimes, when they are not invited.

T I M O C L E S.

What can I reply to such unheard of impudence?

D A M I S.

Even that which I have long wished to hear from you; what reason you have for thinking that there is a divine providence.

T I M O C L E S.

That order and harmony of things, which is universal, first persuaded me of it: the sun and moon holding the same unvaried course, the return of the seasons, the generation of plants and animals, the creatures themselves, formed with so much art, and taught to feed, move, think, walk, build, to perform, in short, every thing that is necessary and convenient for them; these I take to be the works of providence.

D A M I S.

This, Timocles, is begging the question; for it is not yet proved whether all that is the work of providence or not: that such things are, I acknowledge, but it does not therefore follow that I must believe them to be the effect of providence: they may have happened by chance in the beginning, and so continued. You call that order which is but necessity; and then are angry if any man, observing with you, and admiring, doth not at the same time acknowledge that to providence they are indebted for their order and regularity; as the man, therefore, says in the † comedy, this argument is nought, bring me another.

T I M O C L E S.

There wants, I think, no other: however, I will ask you one thing, and beg you will answer me; was not Homer the best of poets?

* *To grace.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 556. Lucian is always laughing at Homer for sending his gods to Æthiopia.

† *Comedy.*] What comedy is here alluded to we know not, the passage is not, I believe, to be found in any now extant.

D A M I S.

Granted.

T I M O C L E S.

On him, then, I relied, who declares for the providence of the gods.

D A M I S.

That Homer, my good friend, was an admirable poet, all will readily allow you; but not that he, or any other poet, is a proper judge in these matters: truth is not their object, but merely to delight their readers, for this reason they sing in verse, and act in fables: every thing they do is merely with a view to please and divert. But I should be glad to know what part of Homer's works you place your implicit faith in: is it in that * where he tells us, that the daughter, brother, and wife of Jove plotted against, and would have bound him in chains, and if Thetis, out of compassion, had not called in Briareus to his assistance, our good Jupiter had been snatched away from us, and thrown into a dungeon; and for this good office he repaid Thetis, by deceiving Agamemnon with a † false dream, that cost many a Grecian their lives: had not he better have thrown a thunderbolt at Agamemnon, and destroyed him, than thus have played the hypocrite and impostor? Or, perhaps, you were drawn into this opinion by hearing that ‡ Venus was wounded by Diomedes, and afterwards Mars himself, at the instigation of Minerva: soon after this, all the gods, male and female, engage along with mortals in the battle, and Minerva gets the better of Mars, weakened, I suppose, by the wound he had received from Diomedes, and

§ Against Latona march'd the son of May.

Or, perhaps, you was struck with the probability of || Diana's resenting her not being invited to Oeneus's feast, and, in revenge, sending a horrible wild boar to ravage his country. Were these some of Homer's excellent persuasives?

J U P I T E R.

Hark! how the mob shouts in praise of Damis! our friend looks frighten-

† *Where, &c.*] See the first book of the Iliad.‡ *False dream.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ii.‡ *Venus.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. v.§ *Against Latona.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. xx. l. 71.|| *Diana's.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. ix. l. 529.

ed, trembles, and is just going to throw down his shield, he seems considering which way he shall get off best.

T I M O C L E S.

Have you no regard to Euripides, who brings his gods on the stage on purpose to reward the good heroes, and punish the impiety of such as yourself?

D A M I S.

But, my noble philosopher, if to these tragedians you owe your conviction, you must either suppose Polus, Aristodemus, and Satyrus, to be real gods, or that the buskins, long robes, helmets, breast-plates, and other tragic geer, make up the divinities, which is truly ridiculous: but, when Euripides speaks his own opinion, without regard to poetical fables, he cries out boldly,

- Behold the great sublime expansive sky,
That in its soft embraces holds the earth:
This, this is Jove, the deity supreme.

And again;

O Jove, whoe'er thou art, for by the name
Alone I know thee ——

With many other passages of the same kind.

T I M O C L A S.

All men and nations, therefore, are deceived, who hold that there are gods, and worship them?

D A M I S.

Thank you for reminding me, Timocles, of the laws and manners of nations, which sufficiently shew how uncertain every thing is which relates to their gods; it is nothing but error and confusion: some worship one, and some another; the † Scythians sacrifice to a scymeter; the Thracians to ‡ Zamolxis, a fugitive from Samos; the Phrygians to Mene, or the Moon;

* *Behold, &c.*] This is taken from a fragment of Euripides preserved by Tully, and quoted in his *Nat. Deorum*; it is likewise cited by Plutarch.

† *Scythians.*] See Lucian's *Toxaris*.

‡ *Zamolxis.*] This extraordinary personage was, as Herodotus informs us, a slave in Ionia, but not as Lucian calls him, a fugitive; he came to Thrace, where he acquired great riches, reformed and instructed the people: he vanished on a sudden from their sight, hid himself for three years, and on his return, was worshipped as a god.

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the Æthiopians to the Day; the Cyllenians to Phanes; the Assyrians to a Dove; the Persians to Fire; the Ægyptians to Water, which is universally adored by them; the Memphians worship an Ox; the Pelusiots an Onion; to some the * Ibis is a god, to others a Crocodile, a † Cynocephalus, a Cat, or an Ape; a Right Shoulder is carried by some through the streets as a deity, by others the Left; some pay adoration to a Head cut in two, others to ‡ Cups and Platters. How ridiculous, my good Timocles, is such variety!

M O M U S.

Did not I say all this would be brought to light, and enquired into?

J U P I T E R.

Indeed, Momus, you foretold too well; all I can say is, things shall go better for the future, if I do but escape the present danger.

T I M O C L E S.

But say, thou enemy to the gods, what are oracles and predictions, to what will you attribute them but to the divine providence?

D A M I S.

Not a word, I beseech you, my good friend, about oracles; for, whose, let me ask you, would you wish to mention, the Pythian at Lydia, with its double face, like the two Mercury's, that, which ever way you turned, appeared to be in every part the same; or that which Cræsus received, when he passed over the Halys, and could not tell from it, whether he was to destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, or his own; though that one double-meaning verse cost the tyrant many a good talent?

M O M U S.

This fellow touches the very points I was most afraid of: but where is our || handsome Harper? why don't you go down, and clear yourself of these heavy indictments?

J U P I T E R.

Momus, you help to ruin us with your impertinent remarks.

* *Ibis.*]

—Crocodilon adorat.

Pars hæc, illa pavet faturam serpentibus Ibin. Juv.

† *Cynocephalus.*] Dog's-head, Anubis, the god of the Ægyptians, and supposed by some to be the same as the Grecian Mercury, being often called Hermanubis; he is represented with the body of a man, and the head of a dog. See Bryant's Ant. Mythol.

‡ *Cups.*] See the Mensa Isiaca of Pignorius.

|| *Handsome harper.*] Apollo.

T I-

T I M O C L E S .

Take heed, thou wicked reviler, thou wouldst root up the very habitations of the gods, and pull down all their altars.

D A M I S .

Not I, indeed, they will be never the worse, so long as they do but smoke, and are full of incense : * Diana, indeed, I should like to see overturned, whilst the virgin delights in such kind of festivals.

J U P I T E R .

Why reproach us with this now ? how he falls upon every one of us !

† Guilty or guiltless, find an equal fate.

M O M U S .

Of the guiltless, I am afraid, he will find there are but few amongst us : if he goes on thus, perhaps, by and by, he may attack some of our principles.

T I M O C L E S .

Art thou not afraid of thundering Jove ?

D A M I S .

The thunder, I must hear, no doubt, but whether it be Jove who thunders, you, who perhaps came down from the gods, can best inform me ; but the Cretans tell me another story, and say, that a certain sepulchre is to be seen there, and a pillar, with a declaration upon it, that Jupiter thunders no more, but has been dead long ago.

M O M U S .

I knew well enough he would come to this at last : why, Jupiter, you turn pale, your teeth chatter with fear ; take courage, for shame, and despise these wretches.

J U P I T E R .

Despise them ! Momus ! do not you see what numbers listen to him, and are brought over by his arguments against us ? Damis has caught them all by the ear.

* *Diana.*] Alluding to the savage custom in Tauric Scythia, of sacrificing strangers to Diana.

† *Guilty, &c.*] See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, b. xv. l. 154.

M O .

M O M U S.

But you, when you please, can let down your chain,

* And heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.

T I M O C L E S.

Tell me, thou wretch, hast thou ever been at sea?

D A M I S.

Aye, many a time.

T I M O C L E S.

And was it not the wind swelling our sail, rather than the oars, which carried us on? and did not one sit at the helm, and guide the vessel?

D A M I S.

Certainly.

T I M O C L E S.

The ship, then, could not have sailed without a pilot; and dost thou think this universe could subsist without a guide and director?

J U P I T E R.

Well urged, Timocles; this is an excellent simile.

D A M I S.

But, my good favourite of the gods, please to remember, the pilot we were talking of, always provided every thing beforehand, and gave proper orders to his sailors; the ship had nothing usefess or burthensome, but every thing that was necessary and convenient about her. But neither this pilot of your's, who commands the great ship of the universe, nor his companions who sail with him, take any care to have things proper and in order, but frequently the rope which should be in the fore-castle is fastened to the stern, and that which belongs to the stern hangs at the fore-castle; the anchors are sometimes of gold, whilst † the goose is lead; the parts under water are finely painted and beautified, and those above it left plain and ugly: amongst the sailors, you shall often see an idle cowardly fellow preferred to one of the first commands on board the vessel, whilst the best swimmer, the most active sail-shifter, and one who knows all his business, is employed in scouring the sink-hole. A rascal shall sit himself down with the captain, and

* *And heave.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. viii. l. 30.

† *The goose.*] The prow of the ship was generally adorned with the figure of a goose, probably, as the scholiast imagines, from a superstitious idea drawn from the nature of that bird, that whilst that remained above water, the ship could not sink.

a par-

a parricide, perhaps, a buffoon, or a pathic, hold the best places in the ship, whilst the honestest fellows in the crew shall be crouded into a corner, and trod upon by the most worthless and abandoned. Remember how Socrates, and Phocion, and Aristides lived, when they were on board, with scarce bread to eat, or room in their hammocks to stretch their legs in; and, on the other hand, what a full sail of ease and luxury did * Callias and Midias, and Sardanapalus enjoy, spitting down upon all those that were beneath them. Such, my most wise and noble Timocles, is your boasted vessel; not to mention the thousand wrecks it meets with: if there were, indeed, a skilful pilot at the helm, who overlooked and ordered every thing, surely he would not be ignorant which were good failors and which were bad ones, he would allot to every one that office which he was fitted for, and give the best to the best, and the worst to the worst men; would choose his counsellors and companions from amongst the good and worthy; take care that every part of the vessel was well attended to; and whip the lazy fellows for neglecting their duty. I am afraid, my friend, this vessel of your's will not hold water, at least, under so bad a commander.

M O M U S.

The tide seems all in Damis's favour, and carries him on with a † full sail to victory.

J U P I T E R.

I think so too; but this, Timocles, says nothing to the purpose, brings no strong proofs to support our cause, nothing but the common flimsy stuff that is easily refuted.

T I M O C L E S.

Since my ship is not stout enough for you, Damis, I will even throw out the ‡ sacred anchor, as they say, which no force can tear up.

J U P I T E R.

What is he going to produce now?

* *Callias, &c.*] A famous libertine, satirized by the comic poet Cratinus, for debauching the wife of Phorus or Phoryon, and buying off the indictment against him for three talents. Midias is censured by Plato and others, as a wicked fellow, and an embezzler of the public money entrusted to him. Sardanapalus was a king of Assyria, remarkable for his vices, dissipation, and effeminacy, which ended in the destruction of himself, and the ruin of his empire.

† *Full sail.*] Momus, to carry on the allusion, speaks in the failor's style, and concludes the allegory, which is carried on throughout with the greatest degree of humour and propriety.

‡ *Sacred anchor.*] *Iacere sacram ancoram*, to throw out the sacred anchor, was a proverbial expression, signifying, to make the last effort.

T I M O.

T I M O C L E S.

Mark my fyllogifm now, and fee if you can overturn it : if there are altars there muft be gods ; now, altars there certainly are, ergo, there muft be gods alfo : what fay you to that ?

D A M I S.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! when I have had my laugh out, I will anfwer you ; ha ! ha !

T I M O C L E S.

That, I think, you never will ; but, in the mean time, pray tell me what is there fo ridiculous in what I faid ?

D A M I S.

Only that you feem not to know what a very flender thread your facred anchor hangs by ; though, by tacking your altars and your gods together, you fancy you have made your rope ftrong enough : but if you have nothing more facred than your anchor to depend on, fare you well.

T I M O C L E S.

You own yourfelf conquered, then, by quitting the field ?

D A M I S.

It is you, my friend, who, being purfued, like a malefactor, fly to the * altar : at the altar, therefore, I here make a truce with you, and swear by your own facred anchor, never to difpute more with you on this fubject.

T I M O C L E S.

Thou digger up of graves, thou facrilegious wretch, thou rafcal, villain, fcum, dareft thou laugh at me ? Do not we know who your father was, that your mother was a harlot, that you killed your own brother, that you are a glutton, a pathic, an adulterer ? Do not think to get off before I have beaten you handfomely. Away, this minute, or I will break your head with this fhell.

J U P I T E R.

Obferve, gods ; one runs away laughing, whilst the other, not bearing to be infulted thus, follows and abufes him. See ! he is going to crack his skull. And now, my friends, after all, what are we to do ?

* *Altar.*] Alluding to murderers and other criminals flying for fhelter to the temples of the gods, where they were always fafe, none daring to follow them into the facred afylum. This cuftom, amongst many other pagan fuperftitious practices, has been adopted into the Romifh church, and is one of thofe reproaches, which, as it is rendered ferviceable to the caufe of fuperftition, her zealous defenders do not wifh to wipe away.

M E R C U R Y .

It was a good observation, I think, of the * comic poet, that no injury is done, where none is felt : and what great harm is it if a few men go away persuaded by this fellow, when there are so many thousands who think the contrary, three parts of the Grecians, all the rabble, and all the Barbarians.

J U P I T E R .

True, Mercury : but as Darius said of † Zopyrus, I had rather have this Damis on my side than a thousand Babylons.

* *Comic poet.*] Menander ; it is amongst the fragments cited by Plutarch.

† *Zopyrus.*] Darius, we are told, owed the kingdom of Babylon to the contrivance of this ingenious gentleman ; who, at the siege of that city, having slit his own nose, cut off his ears, and mangled his body in various parts, presented himself in that condition to the Babylonians ; complained to them of Darius's cruelty, which had reduced him to that dreadful state, and vowed revenge against him. The Babylonians were taken in, entrusted him with the command of their army, which, in consequence of a pre-concerted scheme between him and Darius, he betrayed to that monarch, and put him in possession of Babylon. Darius, after the conquest, is reported by Herodotus, to have said, that " he would rather wish to see Zopyrus safe, unhurt, and unmaimed, than to acquire twenty more Babylons besides that which he had already subdued." These are the words of Herodotus, which Jupiter here applies ; but, as the reader may observe, with a little variation, to his friend Damis. The account of this transaction told at large, may be found at the end of the third book, or *Thalia*, of Herodotus.

T H E

T H E
C O C K
A N D T H E
C O B B L E R ;

*Or, as it is also called, for a very obvious Reason, the DREAM, is one of LUCIAN's most entertaining Dialogues. A Vein of easy Humour and Pleasantry runs through that cannot fail to recommend it to every Reader of Taste and Genius. The Author has made an excellent Use of the Pythagorean Doctrine of the * Transmigration of Souls, which is, indeed, a rich Fund for Ridicule, and a Kind of Hot-bed for the Productions of Fancy and Imagination amongst both ancient and modern Writers.*

M I C Y L L U S, A C O C K, A N D S I M O.

M I C Y L L U S.

A PLAGUE on thee, thou vile abominable Cock, thou envious bawling creature, for waking me thus with thy shrill voice, from the sweetest of all sweet dreams, when I was in the midst of riches, joy, and happiness, the only time I have to shake off that worse companion than thyself, my poverty : at such an unseasonable hour too ! For I know, by the dead silence that reigns, it must be mid-night ; besides, that I have not yet felt the pinching cold, which always gives me notice of approaching day ; one would think thou wert guardian of the golden fleece ; such a perpetual crowing dost thou make from evening till now : but think not to pass unpunished ; were I to get up in the dark, I should have enough to do to find thee, but I will be revenged as soon as it is light, and belabour thee handsomely.

C O C K.

Do not be angry, my good master, Micyllus : I thought I had done you

* There is a well written essay on this subject, in the periodical paper called THE WORLD, by the ingenious SOAME JENNINGS, Esq. to which I refer my readers, as a proper commentation on this dialogue.

a favour by calling you up in the night, as I know what a deal of business you have upon your hands: if you could have finished but one shoe before sun-rise, it might have got you something for a breakfast: but if you chuse to go to sleep, I will be as mute as a fish; only take care, after all your rich dreams, you do not rise up a beggar.

M I C Y L L U S.

O, * wonder-working Jupiter, and thou Apollo, great averter of evil! what do I hear! a cock speaking with a human voice.

C O C K.

Is it so great a miracle that I should speak like you?

M I C Y L L U S.

That it is, indeed: heaven preserve us from ill!

C O C K.

You seem, my good master, to be very illiterate, and never to have read Homer, where † Xanthus, Achilles' horse, takes his leave of neighing, and, in the middle of the battle, talks away, not like me, in humble prose, but repeats whole verses, turns prophet, and foretells what is to come to pass, and no body wonders at it, calls upon heaven to avert the omen, or thinks there is any thing dreadful in it: what would you have said if you had heard the ‡ ship of the Argonauts talk, or the oak of Dodona prophesying, or the half-roasted § oxen creeping about, and lowing upon the spit? besides,

* *Wonder-working.*] Greek, *τερασις*. The ancients gave their gods different epithets, in consequence of the different functions assigned to them: thus Jupiter was called *ξενος*, the hospitable, *φιλος*, the friendly, *σκηπτωχος*, the scepter-bearer, &c. Lucian here gives him the new name of *τερασιος*, prodigialis, or the wonder-worker; alluding to the extraordinary prodigy of a speaking cock.

† *Xanthus.*] Alluding to that passage in the latter end of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, where Achilles addresses his ponies,

Xanthus and Balius of Podarges' strain.

The former answers him, and foretells his death. Homer tells us, that Juno endowed him with the faculty of speech on this occasion, and the Furies took it away again immediately. Lucian, who never misses an opportunity of ridiculing Homer's speciosa miracula, seizes on this to laugh at him for the improbability of this event. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 446.

‡ *Ship.*] The famous ship, that carried Jason to Colchos in search of the golden fleece, was said to have been made out of the oaks of Dodona, sacred to Jupiter, from which were delivered so many fine oracles: that these oaks were oracular, no orthodox heathen ever doubted; for the ship's speaking, we have no authority but Lucian's.

§ *Oxen.*] Alluding to that passage in the Odyssey, where the companions of Ulysses slew the oxen of the sun, and most strange prodigies ensued, for

— Heav'n

besides, I am a companion of * Mercury's, that most talkative, most eloquent of all the deities, and have lived so long with you, that is no wonder I should have learned your language: but, if you will promise me inviolable secrecy, I will tell you how it came to pass that I am thus able to converse with you.

M I C Y L L U S.

Surely this is all a dream, it can never be a Cock that is talking to me: but, by Mercury, I beseech thee, explain it to me: you need not fear that I should tell what you say, for, if I did, who would believe me?

C O C K.

Listen then, and you shall hear; what I am going to say is, to be sure, rather extraordinary: he who now appears before you as a Cock, was, not long since, a man.

M I C Y L L U S.

I have formerly heard something of this kind, that a young man, of the name of † Gallus, was the companion and intimate friend of Mars, used to eat and drink with him, and be the confident in his amours: whenever the god went to Venus he carried Gallus along with him, and suspecting that the Sun might reveal the affair to Vulcan, posted the young man at the door to give him notice when Phœbus appeared; but Gallus unfortunately betrayed his trust, and fell asleep; when the sun came unexpectedly upon the lovers, who had relied upon the notice which the youth had promised to give them, and informed Vulcan of it, who seized upon, and bound them with the chains he had prepared. As soon as Mars got out, he was highly enraged at Gallus, and turned him into a bird of the same name, who bears a crest on his forehead, instead of the helmet which he wore: for this reason

— Heav'n gave signs of wrath—along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound,
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.

See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book xii. l. 464.

This fiction of Homer's is, to be sure, a pretty bold one; Lucian has made the most of it, by telling us, that the oxen loved upon the spit. The ridicule is at least as strong as the absurdity.

* *Mercury's.*] Mercury is always represented with a cock close to him, as an emblem of vigilance, he being considered as the most active and industrious of all the deities: he had, indeed, more business to do than any of them.

† *Gallus.*] This is a curious fable, and if clothed in a poetical dress, would have made no inconsiderable figure in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; it is a wonder, indeed, how, if the story was generally known, it happened to escape him. A young bard, ambitious of shooting with the Ovidian bow, could not, perhaps, choose a more promising subject.

We

we are told, you still, by way of excusing yourself to Mars, though you can do no good by it, when you see the sun rising, always crow, to give notice of it.

C O C K.

There is such a story; but mine is a different affair: it is but very lately that I have appeared as a cock.

M I C Y L L U S.

How happened it then? for I long to know.

C O C K.

You have heard of Pythagoras, the Samian, the son of Mnecarchus?

M I C Y L L U S.

That proud Sophist, you mean, who made a law against * tasting flesh, or eating beans, to me the sweetest food in the world, and the easiest of digestion, and, moreover, enjoined his followers not to converse with one another for five years.

C O C K.

You know likewise, I suppose, that Pythagoras was once † Euphorbus.

M I C Y L L U S.

I have heard he was a great impostor, and used to play tricks.

C O C K.

Do not be abusive, my good friend, for know I am that very Pythagoras: be quiet, therefore, till you see what sort of a person I am.

* *Tasting flesh.*] The Pythagoreans had a very good reason for abstaining from flesh, as they were persuaded that the souls of men transmigrated into animals, birds, &c. and that eating, therefore, their flesh, might be feeding on their own relations; as Ovid most charmingly and poetically expresses their sentiments,

Nos quoque pars mundi (quoniam non corpora solum
Verum etiam volucres animæ fumus, inque ferinas
Possumus ire domos, pecudumque in pectora condi
Corpora, quæ possint animas habuisse parentum,
Aut fratrum, aut aliquo, junctorum foedere nobis,
Aut hominum, certè, tuta esse & honesta sinamus:
Neve Thyestæis cumulemur viscera mensis.

See the fifteenth book of the *Metamorphosis*, where the whole Pythagorean system is beautifully explained and illustrated.

† *Euphorbus.*] Another Trojan, who had the honour of wounding Patroclus. See a description of him in the sixteenth book of the *Iliad*; he was afterwards slain by Menelaus. Concerning the transmigration, see Ovid,

Trojani tempore belli
Panthoïdes Euphorbus eram, &c.

Book xv. l. 160.

M I-

M I C Y L L U S.

O heaven! this is more miraculous than ever, a philosopher turned cock! But inform me, good son of Mnesarchus, how you came to be changed from a man into a bird, and, instead of a * Samian, to be a † Tanagræan; there is very little probability in all this, especially, when I perceive two things in you, that suit but ill with a Pythagoras.

C O C K.

What are they?

M I C Y L L U S.

One is, that you are talkative and clamorous, whilst he enjoined a five year's silence; and the other is directly contrary to his laws; for yesterday, when I came home, I had nothing to give you but a few beans, which you devoured without scruple or hesitation: either, therefore, you have told a falsehood, and must be somebody else, or, if you are Pythagoras, have violated your own command, and done as wicked a thing, in eating beans, as if you had dined upon your father's head.

C O C K.

You are unacquainted, Micyllus, with the reason of all this, and seem not to know what the different stations of life required. I eat no beans then, because I was a philosopher; but now I am a Cock, they are not forbidden. Attend now, and learn, how from Pythagoras I came to be what I am, the various beings which I passed through, and what I suffered and enjoyed in each of them.

M I C Y L L U S.

Proceed, I beseech you: it is impossible to say how much I long to hear it all: I do not know whether I should not prefer it to the golden dream I just now waked from.

C O C K.

You dwell much upon this same dream, which has made a strong impression on you, and seem to recollect, with pleasure, the fleeting happiness which it bestowed.

M I C Y L L U S.

I shall never forget it: it has left behind a sweet drowsiness, that almost closes my eye-lids, and inclines me again to sleep; it is like the tickling of a feather in one's ear, and has almost set me a madding.

* *A Samian.*] Pythagoras was of Samos.

† *A Tanagræan.*] Tanagra, a town of Bœotia, on the Euripus, was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its excellent breed of game cocks. See L'Hist. des Inscriptions. &c.

C O C K.

THE COCK AND THE COBLER.

C O C K.

This must be a wonderful dream, indeed; I long to know what it was that could give you so much pleasure.

M I C Y L L U S.

I will tell it you with all my heart, for nothing can be more pleasing to me than the recollection of it; but when, good Pythagoras, will you entertain me with your transformations?

C O C K.

When you have shaken the honey from your eye-brows, and left off dreaming: but, come, let us hear, that I may judge whether it came through the * horny gate, or the ivory one.

M I C Y L L U S.

Neither.

C O C K.

Homer tells us, there are but those two.

M I C Y L L U S.

Away with your poet; he knows nothing of dreams: some of the poor ones, perhaps, which he saw but imperfectly, for, you know, he was blind, might perhaps come that way; but mine came through golden gates, it was clothed in gold, all over gold, and let me tell you, brought a great deal of gold along with it.

C O C K.

Talk not so goldenly, good Midas, for your dream is like his wish, made up of nothing but gold.

M I C Y L L U S.

O Pythagoras, what a quantity of it did I behold! so shining, and so beautiful; what is it that Pindar says in praise of it in the beginning of his finest ode, where he talks first of water? do you remember?

* *Horny gate.*] Homer, speaking of dreams, tells us that,

Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep,
Of ev'ry one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies, a light fantastic train:
The gate oppos'd, pelucid valves adorn,
And columns fair, incas'd with polish'd horn;
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, b. xix. l. 656.

This is a very indifferent translation of the lines in Homer, but I have not time at present to give my readers a better. See also the latter end of the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

C O C K.

C O C K.

You mean this, I suppose :

* Chief of nature's works divine,
 Water claims the highest praise ;
 Richest offspring of the mine,
 Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays,
 From afar conspicuous gleam,
 Through the night's involving cloud,
 First in lustre and esteem,
 Decks the treasures of the proud.

M I C Y L L U S.

The same ; one would think he had known my dream : and you, my most learned Cock, shall know it also ; therefore list and hear it. Yesterday, you may remember, I did not sup at home, for the wealthy Eucrates laid hold on me in the market-place, and invited me to come from the bath at a certain hour to sup with him.

C O C K.

I remember it very well ; for, after I had fasted all day, you came home a little boozy, and threw me down those five beans, a poor supper enough for a cock that had been a combatant formerly, and gained no little glory at Olympus.

M I C Y L L U S.

When I returned from supper, after giving you the beans, I went immediately to bed ; then it was that, as Homer says,

† As I slumber'd in the shades of night,
 A dream divine appear'd before my sight.

C O C K.

Before you proceed, pray tell me about the supper, and what passed at your feast ; I see no reason why you should not make another dream of that, and eat your supper again in the relation of it.

M I C Y L L U S.

I was afraid of troubling you with the repetition, but if you desire to have it, you shall ; never did I dine with a great man before yesterday, when my good fortune threw me in the way of Eucrates : after paying my compli-

* *Chief of, &c.*] From the first Olymp. of Pindar. See West's translation.

† *As I slumbered, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 71.

ments to him as usual, I was going away, being afraid that a poor man with a tattered garment like me might disgrace him; but he came up to me, and, "Micyllus, said he, to-day I celebrate my daughter's birth-day, and have invited several of my friends; but as one of them is ill, and probably may not come, I shall expect you, after bathing, in his room: unless he should happen to get better, which at present is very doubtful." As soon as I heard this, I paid my respects, and went off; not without imploring all the gods to visit with fever, pleurisy, or gout, the guest, whose place I was to supply. In the mean while, the time between that and the hour of bathing appeared an age to me, and often did I look to the dial with impatience to mark the approach of it; when at length the happy moment came; away I flew, having made my dress as decent as I could, and turned my coat, that the best side might appear outermost. At the door of the house, amongst a number of visitors, whom should I meet but my rival, carried by four men upon a litter: I perceived plainly enough that he was very ill, for he groaned and coughed so terribly, that you could scarce go near him; pale as death, horribly swelled, and seemed to be at least threecore. They told me, he was one of those philosophers who love to talk nonsense to young men. He had a beard like a goat's, that wanted trimming exceedingly. Archibius the Physician, chiding him for coming in this condition, "No man, says he, should neglect his duty, especially a philosopher, though he laboured under a thousand diseases; Eucrates might have thought I slighted him." "So far from it, cried I, that he would rather thank you for staying at home to die, than coming here to cough up your heart at a feast." He pretended, I suppose, from greatness of soul, not to hear this. Eucrates soon after came from bathing, and spying Theismopolis, (for that was the name of our philosopher,) "Master, says he, I am obliged to you for coming, but if you had not, you would have been no loser, for I intended to have sent you every thing to your own house." Saying this, he gave him his hand, and as he leaned upon the servants shoulders, helped him in. I, therefore, made a motion to retire, when Eucrates seeing my piteous face, cried, "Come, come, Micyllus, you must stay and sup with me; I will send my son to keep his mother company in the women's apartment, that there may be room for you." Accordingly in I went, though rather ashamed that the young man should be turned out for me. When supper time came, five lusty young fellows, with some difficulty, lifted the philosopher

to

to his place; and, because nobody else chose to sit next him, I had the honour of being at the same table. The supper came, and a most noble one it was, with variety of dainties, in gold and silver dishes; the cups were of gold; the attendants handsome, well-dressed, sung well, and were facetious and entertaining; every thing, in short, was delightful, except being placed close to Thesmopolis, who teized me all the time with talking about virtue; informing me, that two negatives made an affirmative; that when it was day, it was not night; that I had horns; with fifty other discoveries of this kind, being resolved to teach me philosophy whether I would or no, prating perpetually to me, so that I could not partake of the mirth and festivity going forward, or attend to the singing and playing. Such, my good Pythagoras, was our supper.

C O C K.

And none of the most pleasant, I find, on account of that old fool who spoiled your entertainment.

M I C Y L L U S.

And now you shall hear my dream: I thought that Eucrates, who, heaven knows how it came about, had no child; in his last moments called me to him, made me heir at law to all he had, and soon after died. The estate came to me, and whole vessels of gold and silver flowed in, besides rich garments, cups, and servants; every thing, in short, was mine: that I lay stretched at my ease in a fine chariot, the envy and admiration of all that passed by, crowds running before and behind me. Methought I had all his cloaths, and fine rings, that fitted my fingers wonderfully. Then did I invite my friends to a splendid entertainment, and they all, (which in a dream, you know, is very easily done,) came immediately. Supper was now over, and we were putting about the social cup, when you, with your unseasonable crowing, broke in upon our feast, overturned my tables, and, in a moment, gave all my riches to the winds. Have I not reason, then, to be angry with you, for disturbing me thus out of a dream, which I should not have thought too long, if it had lasted for three nights together?

C O C K.

Are you then, Micyllus, so fond of money, and do you think happiness consists in riches?

M I C Y L L U S.

That is, indeed, my opinion; and not mine alone, for you yourself, my good friend, when you figured in the character of Euphorbus, if I am not

mistaken, * tied up gold and silver in your hair, when you went out to fight the Grecians, when one would have thought you had more need of steel; but you chose to adorn your locks with gold, and for that reason, I suppose, Homer compares them to the Graces; and, to be sure, it must have made them much more shining and beautiful. The son of Panthus, indeed, might well hold gold in such esteem, since the father of gods and men, the son of Saturn and Rhea, when he fell in love with the charming girl of Argos, could think of no form so amiable, or so able to † corrupt her keeper as this; he changed himself, therefore, as you must have heard, into a shower of gold, slid through the tiles, and got possession of her. Need I say more in praise of it? what, and how many good things does it produce? doth it not make men handsome, wise, and brave, and bring them honour and glory? doth it not from meanness and obscurity, raise them in a moment to fame and splendour? You knew my neighbour Simo, a brother cobbler; it is not long since he supped here with me at the Saturnalia, when I gave him a little wheat pottage.

C O C K.

I remember him, the little short hook-nosed fellow, that stole the only earthen pan we had left, and hid it under his coat that very night, for I saw him.

M I C Y L L U S.

How did he perjure himself about it! but why did not you tell me of this, why did not you make a noise then, when you saw me robbed?

C O C K.

I did crow, which was all I could do. But what of this Simo? you were going to tell me something about him.

M I C Y L L U S.

He had a rich cousin whose name was Diphilus, and who never, whilst he lived, would bestow a farthing on him; nor was it to be expected, for he never spent any thing even upon himself. When he died, however, this

* *Tied up.*] Alluding to Homer's lines on the death of Euphorbus, where he tells us,

The shining circles of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear;
Instarr'd with gems of gold, bestrow'd the shore.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xvii. l. 53.

† *Corrupt.*] This explains the fable at once in the most rational manner; Danae's father had locked her up in the tower, her lover bribes the keeper, and gets possession of her. Such was most probably the fact, the rest of the story is all poetical fiction.

Simo,

Simo, with his tattered coat, he that stole my pan, inherited all his estate, and immediately became a great man, appeared in his purple and scarlet, had his slaves, his chariot and horses, gold cups, tables with ivory feet; was, in short, so flattered and worshipped, that he soon forgot me: when I met him the other day, I saluted him with, "Your servant, Simo;" when he put himself into a violent passion, and cried out, "Tell that beggar not to clip my name so, I am not called Simo now, but Simonides." But what is most extraordinary is, the women are fond of him; he gives himself airs, pretends to be coy, admits some to his favour; whilst others threaten to destroy themselves, if he will not take notice of them. You see what gold can do, that makes the crooked straight, the ugly handsome, that, like the poetical Cæstus, bestows grace and beauty. Hear how the poets praise it,

* O gold, thou best and greatest good on earth.

And again,

Gold rules o'er human things with sov'reign sway.

What do you smile at?

C O C K.

To see you, like the rest of the multitude, so deceived and mistaken in your notions of the rich and great, who are much more miserable than yourselves; this I can assure you of, who have been rich and poor, and therefore know both conditions by experience; you shall know by and by every particular.

M I C Y L L U S.

And so I will, by Jove: for now it is your turn to speak, to tell me what forms you were changed into, and all that you can recollect which passed in each of them.

C O C K.

Listen then, and you shall hear; but before I begin, let me assure you that I never yet met with any body who lived more happily than you do.

M I C Y L L U S.

Than me? may you be just as happy then! for now you really make me angry. But come, begin with Euphorbus; tell me how you were transformed into Pythagoras, and so on, down to your present appearance as a Cock: you must have seen and suffered a great deal in so many different lives.

* O gold, &c.] From a fragment of Euripides.

C O C K.

C O C K.

How this foul of mine, which came originally from * Apollo, flew down to earth, and got into a human body, as a punishment for its crimes, it would be tedious to recount; besides, these are things which it is neither lawful for me to tell, or you to hear. When, therefore, I came to be Euphorbus —

M I C Y L L U S.

Tell me first, my miraculous friend, who I was formerly; was I transformed like you?

C O C K.

Certainly.

M I C Y L L U S.

Who was I then? can you tell me? for I long to know.

C O C K.

You were an † Indian pismire, one of those that dig up the gold dust.

M I C Y L L U S.

Why was I so idle then, as not to pick up a few grains for myself, and bring them into this life of mine, where I want them so much: but what shall I be hereafter? tell me that, if it is any thing good, I will hang myself immediately on the post you are perched upon.

C O C K.

The future we know nothing of; but to go on with my story: when I was Euphorbus, I fought at Troy, and was killed by Menelaus; after which I was transformed into Pythagoras; but some time intervened, during which I remained without a mansion, till ‡ Mnesarchus thought fit to prepare me one.

M I C Y L L U S.

And were you all that time without meat or drink?

* *From Apollo.*] Pythagoras, who, like other system-mongers, was ambitious of appearing as something supernatural and divine, endeavoured to persuade the populace that he was Apollo, who had descended to earth, to reform and instruct mankind. See Porphyry and Jamblichus.

† *Indian pismire.*] It is well known that pismires, in digging for a place to deposit their eggs, throw up little heaps of earth; it is not improbable, therefore, but that they might, as the ancients believed, give men the first intelligence of those places where gold was to be found, by casting out some of the dust, and thus informing them where they were to dig for it.

‡ *Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis.*

Proper.

The Cock, by telling Micyllus he had been an Indian pismire, only means to reflect on his avaricious temper.

‡ *Mnesarchus.*] The father of Pythagoras.

C O C K.

C O C K.

When I had no body, I did not want either.

M I C Y L L U S.

But pray, inform me, was the Trojan war just as Homer represents it?

C O C K.

How should he know any thing of the matter, when he was himself at that time a camel in Bactria: I can only assure you, things were not so wonderful and extraordinary as he makes them, nor was Ajax so big, or Helen so handsome as it is generally supposed they were. I saw her myself; she had a long white neck, indeed, to mark her descent from a *swan, but as to any thing else, appeared then, as old as Hecuba: Theseus had her first, who lived with Hercules, and Hercules had taken Troy long before, in the time of our forefathers. Panthus told me this, who, when he was a boy, had seen Hercules.

M I C Y L L U S.

And was Achilles such a great man as the poet says he was, or is that another of his fictions?

C O C K.

With him I had no business, nor can I tell you any thing about the Greeks, as I was on the other side: all I know is, it cost me but little trouble to kill his friend Patroclus.

M I C Y L L U S.

And Menelaus still lets to make an end of you: but we have had enough of this; tell me now about Pythagoras.

C O C K.

Upon the whole, for I must confess the truth to you, I was little better than a Sophist, though by no means illiterate, or unacquainted with true wisdom and knowledge. I travelled into Ægypt, to learn these from their sages and prophets, was admitted into their temples, and studied the works of Orus and Isis; then returned to Italy, and there so possessed the Grecians with the notion of my sagacity, that they almost worshipped me as a god.

M I C Y L L U S.

So I have heard: you made them believe that you rose from the dead,

* *A swan.*] Helen was the daughter of Jupiter, by Leda, whom, the poets tell us, he courted in the shape of a swan.

and

and shewed them a * golden thigh ; but how came it into your head to make laws about flesh, and forbid the eating of † beans ?

C O C K.

You must not ask me.

M I C Y L L U S.

Why so ?

C O C K.

Because I am really ashamed to tell you the truth.

M I C Y L L U S.

O, but to an intimate friend, like me, for as to a master, I no longer think myself so.

C O C K.

It was then, not because I thought there was any thing very wise or useful in them, but that I soon found out, if I had given them nothing but old ‡ common laws, which they were used to, men would never hold me in admiration, and that the more strange I made them, the more singular and extraordinary I should appear : I instituted, therefore, something new and uncommon, pretending that there was a secret reason for it, that some guessing one, and some another, all might be struck with admiration, as they are at an ambiguous oracle.

M I C Y L L U S.

Look you there ; and so now you laugh at me, as you did at the Crotonians, the Metapontians, the Tarentines, and the rest of the poor deluded people, who followed you in silence, and adored the very ground you trod upon. But when you had shook off the form of Pythagoras, what did you put on next ?

* *Golden thigh.*] Porphyry tells us (credat Judæus), that at the public solemnity of the Olympic games, Pythagoras stood up and shewed to all the people his golden thigh, as he did in private to Abaris, to confirm him in the opinion that he was Hyperborean Apollo ; Abaris, we are to observe, was Apollo's chief priest.

† *Beans.*] Pythagoras, seeing one day an ox in a pasture at Tarentum, who had so little regard to his precepts as to eat green beans, desired the master of the ox to dissuade him from such indecency, but the neat-herd, informing him that he really could not speak the language of oxen, the philosopher himself stepped up to the beast, and whispered something in his ear, after which time the ox never touched a bean, lived many years in a field near Juno's temple, and was called the sacred ox.

This story is very gravely told by Porphyry and Jamblichus.

‡ *Common, &c.*] The observation here made is excellent, and the practice founded on it has been adopted by every modern impostor, from the prophet Mahomet down to parson Whitefield, &c. &c. &c.

C O C K.

C O C K.

I was then changed into Aspasia, the famous Milesian courtesan.

M I C Y L L U S.

Heaven blefs us! what! Pythagoras turned into a woman! And was there a time, my most noble Cock, when you laid eggs? You were Pericles's mistress then, I suppose, and had children by him, played the distaff sometimes, and, moreover, had another trade besides.

C O C K.

All that I certainly did, and so did * Tiresias, before me, and † Ceneus also: your ridicule, therefore, will fall upon them as well as me.

M I C Y L L U S.

But pray, tell me, which sex did you like best?

C O C K.

It is not a fair question: you know what the answer to such a one cost Tiresias.

M I C Y L L U S.

If you will not tell me, Euripides will, who has decided that point long ago, where he says,

‡ Thrice would I rather brave th' ensanguin'd field,
And all its terrors, than once bear the pangs
Of labour —

C O C K.

Which you may one day suffer yourself; for in the round of various beings you will pass through, you may often be a woman.

M I C Y L L U S.

§ You think we are all Samians and Milesians; and when you were Pytha-

* *Tiresias.*] Hesiod tells us that Tiresias met with two serpents on mount Cyllene, which he trod upon, and was immediately turned into a woman, and that, some years afterwards, he lit on the same serpents, in the same place, and was turned into a man again.

† *Ceneus.*] Was one of the Lapithæ, who fought against the Centaurs: he was born a girl, and, being very beautiful, ravished by Neptune, who, to make her amends, promised to grant her any favour she asked: she desired, to avoid future inconveniences, that her sex might be changed. The favour was granted, and she figured as a man and a warrior for the remainder of her life. Nunc vir, nunc fœmina Ceneus.

‡ *Thrice would I, &c.*] From the *Medea* of Euripides.

§ *You think, &c.*] i. e. You think you can persuade me to believe any thing you say, be it ever so improbable, as, when you were Pythagoras, you did the Samians and Milesians.

goras, you were so handsome, that the * tyrant, they say, mistook you for an Aspasia. But what were you next?

C O C K.

Crates, the Cynic.

M I C Y L L U S.

O Gemini! what a change! from a whore to a philosopher!

C O C K.

After that I was a king, then a beggar, a satrap, a horse, a jack-daw, and a hundred other things, which it would be too tedious to enumerate; lastly, I often took the form of a cock, which I am very fond of, and in that shape have lived with many kings, with rich men, and poor men, and now have the honour to serve you, and to laugh at you for complaining of poverty, and admiring the rich, little considering how miserable they are: for if you knew what they suffered, you would despise yourself for entertaining so high an opinion of them.

M I C Y L L U S.

My good Pythagoras, then, or by whatever name you would be called —

C O C K.

No matter whether it be Pythagoras, Euphorbus, Crates, or Aspasia; for I am all of them; call me, however, what I am, a Cock, and no contemptible bird, seeing that I have such a number of souls in me.

M I C Y L L U S.

Since then, my good Cock, you have experienced all kinds of lives, tell me truly and exactly how the rich live, and how the poor, that I may judge whether you speak truth, when you say the latter are so much the happiest.

C O C K.

Consider the affair then in this light: when an enemy invades your country, you have no concern about the war; you never care whether they break down the fences, spoil the gardens, or cut off the vines: if you hear the trumpet, all you have to do is to provide for yourself, avoid the danger, and consult your own safety; whilst the rich are not only afraid for themselves, but are wretched when they see from the walls their fields and houses torn to pieces and destroyed: if a tax is to be raised, they only are called upon; if a rally is to be made with the horse, or the whole army, they are first exposed to danger: you, in the mean time, with your wicker shield, can get

* *The tyrant.*] Polycrates, in whose time Pythagoras flourished.

off easier in a retreat, or, in case of victory, are ready to partake in the triumph, to join in the feast, when the general offers up his sacrifice of thanksgiving: in peace also, you common people get up into the assembly, and abuse your betters, whilst they are frightened out of their wits, and glad to silence you by baths, sports, public spectacles, and bribes of every kind: you, in the mean time, either censuring them with severity, or not deigning to speak to them at all; sometimes you will even stone them to death, and confiscate their goods and chattels. You fear neither informers nor thieves, are under no apprehensions that your house will be broke open, or robbed; you have no trouble in getting in your debts, no dishonest stewards to contend with, no care, in short, or anxiety; nothing to do but, when your shoe is finished, to receive your seven oboli for it; in the evening to bathe, if you please, take your sprat, or herring, and an onion-top, and enjoy yourself, sing, like a true philosopher; blessed with poverty and ease. This it is which makes you so healthy, so robust, and able to bear the cold; continual exercise and labour sharpen you, and give you the advantage over others; no disorder dares to attack you, or, if at any time, a slight fever lays hold on you, abstinence, thanks to your poverty, soon carries it off; it durst not appear when it sees you drinking water, and setting the doctor's prescriptions at defiance. In the mean time, what a croud of distempers seize on the rich! gouts, consumptions, inflammations of the lungs, dropies; all from intemperance, all the genuine offspring of their grand suppers: like Icarus, when they have raised themselves to the greatest height, and just touch the sun, forgetting that their wings are glued on with wax, down they drop into the sea: whilst those who, like Dædalus, soar not on high, but skim along, close to the earth, and keep their wax wet with the vapours of the ocean, fly with safety.

M I C Y L L U S.

The prudent and temperate, you mean.

C O C K.

Yes: and what a wreck the others make of fame and fortune! witness Cræsus on the funeral pile, the jest of his whole kingdom; and Dionysius, the great tyrant, turned school-master at Corinth, and after ruling a mighty empire, teaching children to * make syllables.

* *Make syllables.*] It is reported of Dionysius the tyrant of Corinth, that after quitting the throne, he turned school-master; in which of the two conditions he suffered most, it is, perhaps, very difficult to determine.

M I C Y L L U S.

When you reigned yourself, for it seems you have been a king too, how did you find it, when you had got to this fummit of human felicity ?

C O C K.

Do not put me in mind of it I beseech you ; for, with all the external marks of happiness which you talk of, I was the most miserable of men.

M I C Y L L U S.

How so ? you astonish me.

C O C K.

I was sovereign of a large and fertile kingdom, adorned with a number of beautiful cities, well-peopled, and full of rivers, ports, and harbours ; had a numerous army, shipping, stores of every kind, quantities of gold and silver, with all the pomp and parade of a great and mighty empire. Whenever I went abroad, the multitude thronged round to have a look at me, got upon the tops of houses to see my chariot, robe, and diadem, ran before and behind, and, in short, worshipped me like a god. I, in the meantime, conscious of my own unhappiness, pitied their ignorance, and lamented my condition ; comparing myself to the great statues of Myro, Phidias, and Praxiteles ; on the outside you see a beautiful Neptune, or Jupiter, adorned with ivory or gold ; one has a trident in his hand, and the other is darting a thunder-bolt : but within, it is filled with old wood, nails, wedges, mire, pitch, and every thing that is filthy ; not to mention a whole race of mice or weazels, that have established a little colony in the bowels of it. Such, my friends, is a kingdom.

M I C Y L L U S.

But you have not yet told me what the old wood, and nails, and dirt, and mire, and weazels of your kingdom are ; to be gazed at, followed and adored, is the outside of the statue ; now give us the in.

C O C K.

I know not where to begin, nor how to describe to you the fears, the uneasiness, the hatred, jealousy, and plots we are liable to ; the little sleep we take, and that neither deep nor easy ; but disturbed by horrible dreams, and perpetual terrors : add to this, the hurry of business, and constant attention, answering embassies, making treaties, planning expeditions, with a thousand other things that prevent our enjoying any pleasure, oblige us to act
and

and think, and speak for all, and subject us to innumerable cares, and eternal disquietude. Remember what Homer says,

* The king alone with various thoughts oppres'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

And this, whilst the Greeks were all snoring. A dumb sow made Croesus miserable; and how did † Clearchus use Xerxes, by leading a foreign army in favour of Cyrus! Dionysius afflicted another, by holding conference with some of the Syracusans; ‡ Alexander was jealous of Parmenio; Ptolemy envied Perdicas, and Seleucus Ptolemy; then how unhappy is the prince, if his mistress is not fond of him, or, perhaps, loves somebody else; if he hears that some of his courtiers have deserted him, or sees two or three of his dependents whispering together! but what is still worse, they are always suspecting their dearest friends, and in dread of being betrayed by them; for sometimes one is poisoned by his son, another by his mistress, another —

M I C Y L L U S.

O no more of it, for heaven's sake; all this is terrible indeed; it is better, I find, to break one's back with mending shoes, than to drink hemlock and aconite out of a golden cup. If my knife slips, the worst that can happen is, I may chance to cut my finger; whilst they, according to your account, every time they eat, run the hazard of their lives, besides a thousand other misfortunes: when they fall, they are like the tragedy actors, your Cecrops's, Sisyphus's, and Telephus's, with their fine diadems, ivory-hilted swords, and embroidered robes; if their foot slips, and they fall down upon the stage, the audience laugh at them, to see their crowns cracked, their masks broke, their heads streaming with blood, and especially if their legs appear naked, their own tattered garments are exposed, and the busk, in coming off, shews how ill it suited the foot that wore it. You see, my friend Cock, you have taught me to make families; but tell me now, when you were a dog, a horse, a fish, or a frog, how did you like the transformation?

C O C K.

To tell you all this, would take up too much time, and is, besides, foreign to our present purpose; suffice it to say, that upon the whole, every

* *The king alone, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. x. l. 13.

† *Clearchus.*] See Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

‡ *Alexander.*] See Quintus Curtius.

one of those lives is much more quiet and agreeable than that of men, as their desires are confined within the bounds of nature. Amongst them, you never hear of an unfurious horse, a back-biting frog, a sophistical jay, a pimping cock, or any of those vicious and abandoned characters, so common amongst you.

M I C Y L L U S.

That I am afraid is but too true. My own weakness, I will fairly confess to you; never have I yet been able to shake off that desire of growing rich, which I have had from a boy: the dream is still before my eyes, and the gold that I saw in it; I am vexed above all, at that rascal Simo, who lives in such splendour.

C O C K.

I will cure you of that presently: come, it is dark yet, get up and follow me; I will carry you to that very Simo, and to the houses of some more rich men, that you may judge of their condition.

M I C Y L L U S.

How are we to do that, when the doors are shut; must I break through the walls?

C O C K.

By no means; but Mercury, one of whose priests I am, has granted me this privilege: let but any one take hold of the long feather in my tail, which, you may observe, is bent a little——

M I C Y L L U S.

You have two of them.

C O C K.

That I mean on your right hand; if I give it to any body, he * can open every door with it, can see every thing, and not be seen.

M I C Y L L U S.

I did not know before, my good Cock, that you were a conjurer: give me the feather, however, and I will soon bring master Simo's treasures here, and reduce him to his old trade of a cobbler.

C O C K.

That would not be quite fair; besides that Mercury has enjoined me, if

* *Can open.*] This circumstance of the Cock's feather is whimsical and ingenious. Le Sage seems to have had it in his eye in his *Diable Boiteux*, where he makes use of a similar contrivance: Perhaps, indeed, the whole nocturnal expedition in that excellent romance, may owe its rise to the hint here given by Lucian.

he

he whom I lend the feather to, does any such thing, to crow, and raise the house upon him.

M I C Y L L U S.

It is scarce probable that Mercury, who is a thief himself, should be thus severe against thieves : let us go, however, I will keep my hands off from the gold, if I can.

C O C K.

First pluck out the feather : how is this ! you have got them both.

M I C Y L L U S.

We shall be so much the more safe ; besides, you look better now, if I had taken but one, you would have hopped on the other side.

C O C K.

Well ! be it so : shall we go to Simo first, or some other rich fellow ?

M I C Y L L U S.

O by all means to Simo, the * four-syllable gentleman, and here we are at his door : what shall I do now ?

C O C K.

Put the feather in at the key-hole.

M I C Y L L U S.

There. O Hercules, the door is open as if I had unlocked it.

C O C K.

Go on ; yonder he is, don't you see him there upon the watch, and casting up his accounts ?

M I C Y L L U S.

Yes, now I see him sitting by a dim lamp with scarce any oil in it : he looks very pale and wan, eat up, I suppose, with care, for I never heard of his being ill.

C O C K.

Hush : let us listen a little, and we shall know what is the matter with him.

S I M O.

So : these seventy talents I have stowed safely under the bed, and nobody by ; but the other fifteen, I am afraid, Sosylus the groom saw me hide below the manger : that fellow is always about the stable, which he never used to be, for he does not love work. I am sure I have been robbed of a great deal more than this ; else, how could Tibius get so much good salt-fish for

* *Four syllable.*] Alluding to the changing of his name from Simo to Simonides, mentioned a little before.

dinner

dinner yesterday? I am told, too, that he brought an ear-ring for his wife that cost five drachmas; these wretches spend all my substance, to support their luxury and extravagance. I wish somebody does not undermine the wall, and steal my money: there are a great many envious rogues that lay wait for me, particularly my neighbour Micyllus.

M I C Y L L U S.

What! you think I am like yourself, and have got one of your * pans under my coat.

C O C K.

Softly, Micyllus, or we shall be caught presently.

S I M O.

I had better not venture to go to sleep: I will get up and look all over the house. Who's there? aye, I see you digging under the wall; O, it is only the pillar, all is safe. Stay, I will count my gold over again, perhaps I may have made a mistake. Hark! another noise; I am besieged; there is a conspiracy against me; where is my dagger? if I catch them—I will e'en bury my gold again.

C O C K.

You see what a condition Simo is in: but come, the night is not yet spent; let us go to somebody else.

M I C Y L L U S.

Poor wretch! what a life does he lead! thus may my worst of foes grow rich! let us give him a slap on the face, and go off.

S I M O.

Who is that strikes me? thieves, thieves, I am ruined and undone.

M I C Y L L U S.

Aye, aye, watch and weep; fret till you look as yellow as the gold you hang over. Now, suppose we make a visit to Gnipho the usurer, he lives but just by, see, the door is open.

C O C K.

Look, there he is, telling his ill-gotten riches upon his fingers, shrivelled up with care; soon must he leave all this, to become a gnat, a moth, or a fly.

M I C Y L L U S.

I see the poor wretch; he lives a worse life now than either of them; his calculations have worn him to nothing. Let us go somewhere else.

* *Pans.*] Alluding to Simo's having stolen one of the Cobler's pans, as mentioned in the beginning of this dialogue.

C O C K.

C O C K.

To Eucrates, if you will; and look, the door is open. Let us go in.

M I C Y L L U S.

* All that was mine but a little while ago.

C O C K.

What! still dreaming of your riches! there is Eucrates in bed with one of his servants, an old fellow too.

M I C Y L L U S.

I behold a scene of lust and debauchery; in another bed is his wife diverting herself with the cook.

C O C K.

And now, Micyllus, would you wish to inherit every thing that belonged to Eucrates; vices, distempers, and all together?

M I C Y L L U S.

No; I had rather starve: farewell to gold and luxury. Sooner would I wish, that I had but two oboli in the world, than have my walls undermined by a parcel of rascally servants.

C O C K.

Come, it is almost morning, let us go home; you shall see more of this another time.

* *All that, &c.*] Alluding to Micyllus's dream, as above.

ICARO - MENIPPUS,

A DIALOGUE.

This Dialogue, which is also called by the Commentators 'Υπερνεφελος, or, Above the Clouds, has a great deal of easy Wit and Humour in it, without the least Degree of Stiffness or Obscurity; it is equally severe on the Gods and Philosophers; and paints, in the warmest Colours, the glaring Absurdity of the whole Pagan System.

MENIPPUS AND A FRIEND.

MENIPPUS.

THREE thousand * stadia from the earth to the moon, my first resting-place; from thence up to the sun about five hundred parasanga; and from the sun to the highest heaven, and the palace of Jupiter, as far as a swift eagle could fly in a day.

FRIEND.

What are you muttering to yourself, Menippus, talking about the stars, and pretending to measure distances? As I walk behind you, I hear of nothing but suns, and moons, parasangas, stations, and I know not what.

MENIPPUS.

Marvel not, my friend, if I utter things aerial and sublime; for I am recounting the wonders of my late journey.

FRIEND.

What! tracing your road by the stars, as the † Phœnicians do!

* *Stadia.*] The ancient Greek stadium is supposed to have contained an hundred and twenty-five geometrical paces, or six hundred and twenty-five Roman feet, corresponding to our furlong. Eight stadia make a geometrical, or Italian mile; and twenty, according to Dacier, a French league. It is observed, notwithstanding, by Guilletiere, a famous French writer, that the stadium was only six hundred Athenian feet, six hundred and four English feet, or a hundred and three geometrical paces.

The Greeks measured all their distances by stadia, which, after all we can discover concerning them, are different in different times and places.

† *Phœnicians.*] The Phœnicians, it is supposed, were the first sailors, and steered their course according to the appearance of the stars.

M E.

M E N I P P U S.

Not so, by Jove! I have been amongst the stars themselves.

F R I E N D.

You must have had a long dream, indeed, to travel so many leagues in it.

M E N I P P U S.

It is no dream, I assure you; I am just arrived from Jupiter.

F R I E N D.

How, say you? Menippus, let down from heaven?

M E N I P P U S.

Even so: this moment come from thence, where I have seen and heard things most strange and miraculous. If you doubt the truth of them, the happier shall I be to have seen what is past belief.

F R I E N D.

How is it possible, most heavenly and divine Menippus, that a mere mortal, like me, should dispute the veracity of one who has been carried above the clouds; one, to speak in the language of Homer, of the * inhabitants of heaven. But inform me, I beseech you, which way you got up, and how you procured so many ladders: for, by your appearance, I should not take you for another † Phrygian boy, to be carried up by an eagle, and made a cup-bearer of.

M E N I P P U S.

You are an old scoffer I know, and therefore I am not surpris'd that an account of things, above the comprehensions of the vulgar, should appear like a fable to you: but, let me tell you, I wanted no ladders, nor an eagle's beak to transport me thither; for I had wings of my own.

F R I E N D.

This was beyond Dædalus himself, to be metamorphos'd thus into a hawk, or jay, and we know nothing of it.

M E N I P P U S.

You are not far from the mark, my friend; for my wings were a kind of Dædalian contrivance.

* *Inhabitants.*] Greek, *εραμων*, *cælicolæ*, Homer's general name for the gods.

† *Phrygian boy.*] Ganymede, whom Jupiter fell in love with, as he was hunting on mount Ida, and turning himself into an eagle, carried up with him to heaven. I am sure, says Menippus's friend, archly enough, you were not carried up there, like Ganymede, for your beauty.

I C A R O - M E N I P P U S.

F R I E N D.

Thou art a bold rogue, indeed, and meant, no doubt, if you had chanced to fall into any part of the ocean, to have called it, as * Icarus did, by your own name, and stiled it the Menippean Sea.

M E N I P P U S.

Not so; his wings were glued on with wax, and when the sun melted it, could not escape falling; but mine had no wax in them.

F R I E N D.

Indeed! now shall I quickly know the truth of this affair.

M E N I P P U S.

You shall: I took, you must know, a very large † eagle, and a vultur also, one of the strongest I could get, and cut off their wings: but, if you have leisure, I will tell you the whole expedition from beginning to end.

F R I E N D.

Pray do; for I long to hear it: by Jove the Friendly, I intreat thee, keep me no longer in suspense; for I am hung by the ears.

M E N I P P U S.

Listen then; for I would by no means baulk an inquisitive friend, especially one who is nailed by the ears, as you are. Finding, on a close examination, that every thing here below, such as riches, honours, empire, and dominion were all ridiculous and absurd, of no real value or estimation, considering them, withal, as so many obstacles to the study of things more worthy of contemplation, I looked up towards nobler objects, and meditated on the great universe before me: doubts immediately arose concerning what philosophers call the world; nor could I discover how it came into existence, its creator, the beginning, or the end of it. When I descended to its several parts, I was still more in the dark: I beheld the stars, scattered as it were, by the hand of chance, over the heavens; I saw the sun, and wished to know what it was: above all, the nature of the moon appeared to me most wonderful and extraordinary; the diversity of its forms pointed out some hidden cause, which I could not account for; the lightning also, which

* *Icarus.*] Icarus Icaris nomina fecit aquis.

The story is too well known to stand in need of any illustration. This accounts for the title of Icaro-Menippus.

† *Eagle.*] See bishop Wilkins's Art of Flying, where this ingenious contrivance of Menippus's is greatly improved upon. For a humorous detail of the many advantages attending this noble art, I refer my readers to the Spectator.

pierces

pierces through every thing, the impetuous thunder, the * rain, hail, and snow, all raised my admiration, and seemed inexplicable to human reason. In this situation of mind, the best thing I thought which I could possibly do, was to consult the philosophers; they, I made no doubt, were acquainted with the truth, and could impart it to me: selecting, therefore, the best of them, as well as I could judge from the paleness and severity of their countenances, and the length of their beards (for they seemed all to be high-speaking and heavenly-minded men); into the hands of these I entirely resigned myself, and partly by ready money, partly by the promise of more, when they had made me completely wise, I engaged them to teach me the perfect knowledge of the universe, and how to talk on sublime subjects; but so far were they from removing my ignorance, that they only threw me into greater doubt and uncertainty, by puzzling me with atoms, vacuums, beginnings, ends, ideas, forms, and so forth: and the worst of all was, that though none agreed with the rest, in what they advanced, but were all of contrary opinions, yet did every one of them expect that I should implicitly embrace his tenets, and subscribe to his doctrine.

F R I E N D .

It is astonishing that such wise men should disagree, and, with regard to the same things, should not all be of the same opinion.

M E N I P P U S .

You will laugh, my friend, when I shall tell you of their pride and impudence in the relation of extraordinary events; to think that men, who creep upon this earth, and are not a whit wiser, or can see farther than ourselves, some of them old, blind, and lazy, should pretend to know the limits and extent of heaven, measure the sun's circuit, and walk above the moon; that they should tell us the size and form of the stars, as if they were just come down from them; that those, who scarcely know how many furlongs it is from Athens to Megara, should inform you exactly how many cubits distance the sun is from the moon, should mark out the height of the air, and the depth of the sea, describe circles, from squares upon tri-

* *Rain, hail, &c.*] Even Lucian's Menippus, we see, could not reflect on the works of God without admiration; but with how much more dignity are they considered by the holy Psalmist!

“O praise the Lord of heaven, praise him in the height. Praise him, sun and moon, praise him all ye stars; praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps; fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm fulfilling his word.” Psal. cxlviii.

angles,

angles, make spheres, and determine the length and breadth of heaven itself: is it not to the last degree impudent and audacious? When they talk of things thus obscure and unintelligible, not merely to offer their opinions as conjectures, but boldly to urge and insist upon them: to do every thing but swear, that the * sun is a mass of liquid fire, that the moon is inhabited, that the stars drink water, and that the sun draws up the moisture from the sea, as with a well-rope, and distributes his draught over the whole creation? How little they agree upon any one thing, and what a variety of tenets they embrace, is but too evident; for first, with regard to the world, their opinions are totally different; some affirm that it hath neither beginning nor end; some, whom I cannot but admire, point out to us the manner of its construction, and the maker of it, a supreme deity, whom they worship as creator of the universe; but they have not told us whence he came, nor where he exists; neither, before the formation of this world, can we have any idea of time or place.

F R I E N D.

These are, indeed, bold and presumptuous diviners.

M E N I P P U S.

But what would you say, my dear friend, were you to hear them disputing concerning † ideal and incorporeal substances, and talking about finite and infinite? for this is a principal matter of contention between them; some confining all things within certain limits, others prescribing none: some assert that there are ‡ many worlds, and laugh at those who affirm there is but one; whilst § another, no man of peace, gravely assures us that war is the original parent of all things. Need I mention to you their strange opinions

* *The sun is, &c.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, one of the Ionic philosophers, born at Clazomene, in the first year of the seventieth Olympiad. See Plutarch and Diogenes Laert.

† *Ideal.*] Alluding to the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle.

‡ *Many worlds.*] This was the opinion of Democritus, who held that there were infinite worlds in infinite space, according to all circumstances, some of which are not only like to one another, but every way so perfectly and absolutely equal, that there is no difference betwixt them. See Plutarch and Tully, *Quest. Acad.*

§ *Another.*] Empedocles, of Agrigentum, a Pythagorean; he held that there are two principal powers in nature, amity and discord, and that

Sometimes, by friendship, all are knit in one,
Sometimes, by discord, fever'd and undone.

See Stanley's *Lives of the Philosophers*, page 432.

concerning

concerning the deities? One says, that * Number is a god; others swear by † Dogs, Geese, and Plane-trees: some give the rule of every thing to one god alone, and take away all power from the rest, a scarcity of deities which I could not well brook: others more liberal, increased the number of gods, and gave to each his separate province and employment, calling one the first, and allotting to others the second or third rank of divinity. Some held that gods were incorporeal, and without form; others supposed him to have a body. It was by no means universally acknowledged that the gods took cognizance of human affairs; some there were who exempted them from all care and solicitude, as we exonerate our old men from business and trouble; bringing them in like so many mute attendants on the stage. There are some too, who go beyond all this, and deny that there are any gods at all, but assert that the world is left without any guide or master.

I could not tell how to refuse my assent to these high-sounding and long-bearded gentlemen, and yet could find no argument amongst them all, that had not been refuted by some or other of them; often was I on the point of giving credit to one, when, as Homer says,

‡ To other thoughts,
My heart inclin'd.

The only way, therefore, to put an end to all my doubts, was, I thought, to make a bird of myself, and fly up to heaven: this my own eager desires

* *Number.*] Alluding to the doctrine of Pythagoras, according to whom, number is the principle most providential of all heaven and earth, the root of divine beings, of gods and daemons, the fountain and root of all things; that which, before all things, exists in the divine mind, from which, and out of which, all things are digested into order, and remain numbered by an indissoluble series. The whole system of the Pythagoreans is at large explained and illustrated by Stanley. See his *Lives of Philosophers*, page 377.

† *Dogs, Geese, &c.*] See our author's *Auction of Lives*, where Socrates swears by the Dog and the Plane-tree.

This was called the *ορκος Ραδαμανθίου*, or oath of Rhadamanthus, who, as Porphyry informs us, made a law that men should swear, if they needs must swear, by geese, dogs, &c. *ὅτις τις μὴ τῶς θεῶς ἐπιπαινεσθῆτω*, that they might not, on every trifling occasion, call in the name of the gods; this is a kind of religious reason, the custom was therefore, Porphyry tells us, adopted by the wise and pious Socrates. Lucian, however, who laughs at every thing here (as well as the place above quoted), ridicules him for it.

‡ *To other, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssæy*, book ix. l. 302. Pope translates it badly,

—— Wisdom held my hand.

Homer says nothing but—my mind chang'd.

represented

represented as probable, and the fable-writer * Æsop confirmed it, who carries up, not only his eagles, but his beetles, and camels thither. To make wings for myself, was impossible, but to fit those of a vultur and an eagle to my body, might, I imagined, answer the same purpose. I resolved, therefore, to try the experiment, and cut off the right wing of one, and the left of the other; bound them on with thongs, and at the extremities made loops for my hands; then raising myself by degrees, just skimmed above the ground, like the geese. When finding my project succeed, I made a bold push, got upon the † Acropolis, and from thence slid down to the theatre. Having got so far without danger or difficulty, I began to meditate greater things, and setting off from ‡ Parnethes or Hymettus, flew to § Geranea, and from thence to the top of the tower at Corinth, from thence over || Pholoe and Erymanthus, quite to Taygetus. And now, resolving to strike a bold stroke, as I was already become a high flyer, and perfect in my art, I no longer confined myself to chicken flights, but getting upon Olympus, and taking a little light provision with me, I made the best of my way directly towards heaven: the extreme height which I soared to brought on a giddiness at first, but this soon went off: and when I got as far as the moon, having left a number of clouds behind me, I found a weariness, particularly in my vultur wing; I halted, therefore, to rest myself a little, and looking down from thence upon the earth, like Homer's Jupiter, beheld the places

‡ Where the brave Mycians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
Then India, Persia, and all-conqu'ring Greece.

which gave me wonderful pleasure and satisfaction.

* *Æsop.*] One of the fables here alluded to is yet extant amongst those ascribed to Æsop, but that concerning the camel I never met with.

† *Acropolis.*] That part of Athens which was called the upper city, in opposition to the *παραπολις*, or lower city: the Acropolis was on the top of a high rock.

‡ *Parnethes or Hymettus*] Mountains near Athens.

§ *Geranea.*] A mountain between Geranea and Corinth.

|| *Pholoe, &c.*] A high mountain in Arcadia, to the west of Elis: Erymanthus, another, bordering upon Achaia. Taygetus, another, reaching northwards, to the foot of the mountains of Arcadia.

‡ *Where, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xiii. l. 4.

F R I E N D.

F R I E N D.

Let me have an exact account of all your travels, I beseech you, omit not the least particular, but give me your observations upon every thing; I expect to hear a great deal about the form and figure of the earth, and how it all appeared to you from such an eminence.

M E N I P P U S.

And so you shall; ascend, therefore, in imagination with me to the moon, and consider the situation and appearance of the earth from thence: suppose it to seem, as it did to me, much less than the moon, inasmuch, that when I first looked down, I could not find the high mountains, and the great sea; and, if it had not been for the * Rhodian Colossus, and the tower of Pharos, should not have known where the earth stood. At length, however, by the reflection of the sun-beams, the ocean appeared, and shewed me the land, when, keeping my eyes fixed upon it, I beheld clearly and distinctly every thing that was doing upon earth, not only whole nations and cities, but all the inhabitants of them, whether waging war, cultivating their fields, trying causes, or any thing else; their women, animals, every thing, in short, was before me.

F R I E N D.

Most improbable, all this, and contradictory; you told me but just before, that the earth was so little by its great distance, that you could scarce find it, and, if it had not been for the Colossus, would not have appeared at all; and now, on a sudden, like another Lynceus, you can spy out men, trees, animals, nay, I suppose, even a fleas nest, if you chose it.

M E N I P P U S.

I thank you for putting me in mind of what I had forgot to mention. When I beheld the earth, but could not distinguish the objects upon it, on account of the immense distance, I was horribly vexed at it, and ready to cry, when, on a sudden, † Empedocles the philosopher stood behind me, all over ashes, as black as a coal, and dreadfully scorched: when I saw him,

* *Rhodian Colossus*] See note on this in a former dialogue.

† *Empedocles*.] It is reported of Empedocles, that he went to Ætna, where he leaped into the fire, that he might leave behind him an opinion that he was a god, and that it was afterwards discovered by one of his sandals, which the fire cast up again, for his sandals were of brass. See Stanley's *Lives of the Philosophers*. The manner of his death is related differently by different authors. This was, however, the generally received fable. Lucian, with an equal degree of probability, carries him up to the moon.

I must own I was frightened, and took him for some dæmon of the moon ; but he came up to me, and cried out, “ Menippus, don't be afraid,

* I am no god, why call'st thou me divine ?

I am Empedocles the naturalist : after I had leaped into the furnace, a vapour from Ætna, carried me up hither, and here I live in the moon, and feed upon dew : I am come to free you from your present distress.” “ You are very kind, said I, most noble Empedocles, and when I fly back to Greece, I shall not forget to pay my devotions to you in the tunnel of my chimney every new moon.” “ Think not, replied he, that I do this for the sake of any reward I might expect for it ; by † Endymion, that is not the case, but I was really grieved to see you so uneasy : and now, how shall we contrive to make you see clear ?” “ That, by Jove, said I, I cannot guess, unless you can take off this mist from my eyes, for they are horribly dim at present ; you have brought the remedy along with you.” “ How so !”—“ Have you not got an eagle's wing ?”—“ True, but what has that to do with an eye ?”—“ An eagle, you know, is more sharp-sighted than any other creature, and the only one that can look against the sun : your true royal bird is known by never winking at the rays, be they ever so strong.”—“ So I have heard, and I am sorry I did not, before I came up, take out my own eyes and put in the eagle's ; thus imperfect, to be sure, I am not royally furnished, but a kind of bastard bird.”—“ You may have one royal eye, for all that, if you please ; it is only when you rise up to fly, holding the vultur's wing still, and moving the eagle's only ; by which means, you will see clearly with one, though not at all with the other.”—“ That will do, and is sufficient for me ; I have often seen smiths, and other artists, look with one eye only, to make their work the truer.” This conversation ended, Empedocles vanished into smoke, and I saw no more of him. I acted as he advised me, and no sooner moved my eagle's wing, than a great light came all around me, and I saw every thing as clear as possible : looking down to earth, I beheld distinctly cities and men, and every thing that passed amongst them ; not only what they did openly, but whatever was going on at home, and in their own houses, where they thought to conceal it. I saw ‡ Ptolemy committing incest with his

* *I am, &c.*] See Homer's *Odyssæy*, b. xvi. l. 187. The speech of Ulysses to his son, on the discovery.

† *By Endymion.*] When Empedocles is got into the moon, Lucian makes him swear by Endymion, in complement to his sovereign lady.

‡ *Ptolemy*] *Euergetes*. According to Herodian, he afterwards married her.

sister,

sister; Lyfimachus betrayed by his * son; Antiochus intriguing with his † mother-in-law; Alexander the Theffalian, slain by his wife; ‡ Antigonus in adultery with his daughter-in-law; and Attalus poisoned by his son: in another place, I saw Arfaces killing his wife, and the eunuch Arbaces drawing his sword upon Arfaces; Spartim, the Mede, dragged by the heels from the banquet by his guards, and knocked o' the head with a cup. In the palaces of Scythia and Thrace, the same wickedness was going forward; and nothing could I see but murderers, adulterers, conspirators, ravishers, false-swearers, men in perpetual terrors, and betrayed by their dearest friends and acquaintance.

Such was the employment of kings and great men: in private houses there was something more ridiculous; there I saw Hermodorus the Epicurean forswearing himself for a thousand drachmas; Agathocles the Stoic quarreling with his disciples about the salary for tuition; Clinias the orator stealing a phial out of the temple; and Herophilus the Cynic sleeping in a bawdy-house: not to mention a thousand others, who were undermining walls, litigating in the forum, extorting money, or lending it upon usury; a sight, upon the whole, of wonderful variety.

F R I E N D.

It must have been very entertaining; let us have it all, I desire.

M E N I P P U S.

I had much ado to see, to relate it to you is impossible; it was like Homer's § shield, on one side were feasting and nuptials, on the other haranguing and decrees; here a sacrifice, and there a burial; the Getæ at war, the Scythians travelling in their caravans, the Ægyptians tilling their fields, the Phœnicians merchandizing, the Cilicians robbing and plundering, the Spartans flogging their children, and the Athenians perpetually quarreling and going to law with one another.

When all this was doing, at the same time, you may conceive what a strange medley this appeared to me; it was just as if a number of dancers, or

* *Son.*] Agathocles.

† *Mother-in-law.*] Stratonice.

‡ *Antigonus.*] I do not remember to have met with this story in any author, nor can the commentators inform us who this Antigonus was; two or three other private histories are here alluded to, which, at this distance of time, we are unacquainted with, though the facts were probably at that time well known, and remembered by every body.

§ *Shield.*] Of Achilles. See the 18th book of the Iliad.

rather fingers were met together, and every one was ordered to leave the chorus, and sing his own song, each striving to drown the others voice, by bawling as loud as he could; you may imagine what kind of a concert this would make.

F R I E N D.

Truly ridiculous and confused no doubt.

M E N I P P U S.

And yet * such, my friend, are all the poor performers upon earth, and of such is composed the discordant music of human life; the voices not only dissonant and inharmonious, but the forms and habits all differing from each other, moving in various directions, and agreeing in nothing, till at length the great † master of the choir drives every one of them from the stage, and tells him he is no longer wanted there; then all are silent, and no longer disturb each other with their harsh and jarring discord. But in this wide and extensive theatre, full of various shapes and forms, every thing was matter of laughter and ridicule: above all, I could not help smiling at those who quarrel about the boundaries of their little territory, and fancy themselves great because they occupy a ‡ Sicyonian field, or possess that part of Marathon which borders on Oenoe, or are masters of a thousand acres in Acharnæ; when, after all, to me, who looked from above, Greece was but four fingers in breadth, and Attica a very small portion of it indeed. I could not but think how little these rich men had to be proud of; he who was lord of the most extensive country owned a spot that appeared to me about as large as one of Epicurus's atoms. When I looked down upon Peloponnesus, and beheld § Cynuria, I reflected with astonishment on the number of Argives and Lacedæmonians who fell in one day, fighting for a piece of land no bigger than an Ægyptian lentile; and when I saw a man brooding over his gold, and boasting that he had got four cups or eight rings, I laughed most heartily

* *Such my friend, &c.*] How just and elegant is this comparison!

† *Master*] Greek, ὁ χορηγός.

‡ *Sicyonian*] Sicyon was a city near Corinth, famous for the richness and felicity of its soil.

§ *Cynuria*] The famous Ager Cynurius, a little district of Laconia, on the confines of Argolis; the Argives and Spartans, whom it laid between, agreed to decide the property of it by three hundred men of a side in the field: the battle was bloody and desperate, only one man remaining alive, Othryades, the Lacedæmonian, who immediately, though covered with wounds, raised a trophy, which he inscribed with his own blood, to Jupiter Tropæus. This victory the Spartans, who from that time had quiet possession of the field, yearly celebrated with a festival, to commemorate the event.

at

at him : whilst the whole || Pangæus, with all its mines, seemed no larger than a grain of millet.

F R I E N D.

A fine fight you must have had ; but how did the cities and the men look ?

M E N I P P U S.

You have often seen a croud of ants running to and fro in and out of their city, some turning up a bit of dung, others dragging a bean-shell, or running away with half a grain of wheat. I make no doubt but they have architects, demagogues, senators, musicians, and philosophers amongst them. Men, my friend, are exactly like these : if you approve not of the comparison, recollect, if you please, the ancient Thessalian fables, and you will find that the * Myrmidons, a most warlike nation, sprung originally from pismires.

When I had thus seen and diverted myself with every thing, I shook my wings, and flew off,

† To join the sacred senate of the skies.

Scarce had I gone a furlong, when the Moon, in a soft female voice, cried out to me, “ Menippus, will you carry something for me to Jupiter, so may your journey be prosperous.” “ With all my heart, said I, if it is nothing very heavy.” “ Only a message, replied she, a small petition to him : my patience is absolutely worn out by the philosophers, who are perpetually disputing about me, who I am, of what size, how it happens that I am sometimes round and full, at others cut in half, some say I am inhabited, others that I am only a looking-glass hanging over the sea, and a hundred conjectures of this kind ; even my ‡ light, they say, is none of my own,

|| *Pangæus.*] A mountain of Thrace. Dion Cassius places it near Philippi. It was supposed to have abounded in golden mines in some parts of it.

* *Myrmidons.*] When Æacus was king of Thessaly, his kingdom was almost depopulated by a dreadful pestilence ; he prayed to Jupiter to avert the distemper, and dreamed that he saw an innumerable quantity of ants creep out of an old oak, which were immediately turned into men ; when he awoke, the dream was fulfilled, and he found his kingdom more populous than ever ; from that time the people were called Myrmidons. Such is the fable, which owed its rise merely to the name of Myrmidons, which it was supposed must come from *μυρμηξ*, an ant, or pismire — To some such trifling circumstances as these we are indebted for half the fables of antiquity.

† *To join, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 294.

‡ *My light.*] This was the opinion of Anaxagoras, and is confirmed by the more accurate observations of modern philosophy.

but

but stolen from the Sun ; thus endeavouring to fet me and my brother together by the ears, not content with abusing him, and calling him a hot stone, and a mass of fire. In the mean time, I am no stranger to what these men, who look so grave and sower all day, are doing o' nights ; but I see and say nothing, not thinking it decent to lay open their vile and abominable lives to the public ; for when I catch them committing adultery, thieving, or practising any of their nocturnal tricks, I wrap myself up in a cloud, that I may not expose to the world a parcel of old fellows, who, in spite of their long beards, and professions of virtue, are guilty of every vice, and yet they are always railing at and abusing me. I swear by night, I have often resolved to move farther off to get out of the reach of their busy tongues ; and I beg you would tell Jupiter that I cannot possibly stay here any longer, unless he will destroy these naturalists, stop the mouths of the logicians, throw down the Portico, burn the Academy, and make an end of the inhabitants of Peripatus ; so may I enjoy at last a little rest, which these fellows are perpetually disturbing."—"It shall be done," said I, and away I set out for heaven, where

* No tracks of beasts, or signs of men are found.

In a little time the earth was invisible, and the moon appeared very small ; and now, leaving the sun on my right hand, I flew amongst the stars, and on the third day reached my journey's end. At first I intended to fly in, just as I was, thinking, that being half an eagle, I should not be discovered, as that bird was an old acquaintance of Jupiter's, but then it occurred to me that I might be found out by my vultur's wing, and laid hold on : deeming it, therefore, most prudent not to run the hazard, I went up, and knocked at the door : Mercury heard me, and asking my name, went off immediately, and carried it to his master ; soon after I was let in, and, trembling and quaking with fear, found all the gods sitting together, and seemingly not a little alarmed at my appearance there, expecting, probably, that they should soon have a number of winged mortals travelling up to them in the same manner : when Jupiter, looking at me with a most severe and † Titanic countenance, cried out,

* *No tracks, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, book x. l. 113.

† *Titanic.*] i. e. Such a countenance as he put on when he flew the rebellious Titans.

Say

* Say who thou art, and whence thy country, name,
Thy parents —

At this I thought I should have died with fear; I stood motionless, and astonished at the awfulness and majesty of his voice; but recovering myself in a short time, I related to him every thing from the beginning, how desirous I was of knowing sublime truths, how I went to the philosophers, and hearing them contradict one another, and driven to despair, thought on the scheme of making me wings, with all that had happened in my journey quite up to heaven. I then delivered the message to him from the Moon, at which, softening his contracted brow, he smiled at me, and cried, “What were † Otus and Ephialtes in comparison of Menippus, who has thus dared to fly up to heaven: but come, we now invite you to supper with us, to-morrow we will attend to your business, and dismiss you.” At these words he rose up and went to that part of heaven where every thing from below could be heard most distinctly; for this, it seems, was the time appointed to hear petitions. As we went along, he asked me several questions about earthly matters; such as, “How much corn is there at present in Greece? had you a hard winter last year? and did your cabbages want rain? is any of ‡ Phidias’s family alive now? what is the reason that the Athenians have left off sacrificing to me for so many years? do they think of building up the Olympian temple again? are the thieves taken that robbed the Dodonæan?” When I had answered all these, “Pray, Menippus, said he, what does mankind really think of me?” “How should they think of you, said I, but with the utmost veneration, that you are the great sovereign of the gods.” “There you jest, said he; I am sure, I know well enough how fond they are

• *Say who, &c.*] See Homer’s *Odyssæy*, A. v. 170.

† *Otus.*] Otus and Ephialtes were two giants of an enormous size; some of the ancients, who, no doubt, were exact in their measurement, assure us that, at nine years old, they were nine cubits round, and thirty-six high, and grew in proportion, till they thought proper to attack, and endeavour to dethrone Jupiter; for which purpose they piled mount Ossa and Pelion upon Olympus, made Mars prisoner, and played several tricks of this kind, till Diana, by artifice subdued them, contriving, some way or other, to make them shoot their arrows against, and destroy each other, after which Jupiter sent them down to Tartarus. Some attribute to Apollo the honour of conquering them. This story has been explained, and allegorized, and tortured so many different ways, that it is not easy to unravel the foundation of it.

‡ *Phidias’s, &c.*] Jupiter thought himself, we may suppose, much obliged to Phidias for the famous statue which he had made of him, and therefore, in return, complaisantly enquires after his family.

of

of novelty, though you will not own it: there was a time, indeed, when I was held in some estimation, when I was the great physician, when I was every thing, in short,

* When streets, and lanes, and all was full of Jove.

† Pifa and ‡ Dodona were distinguished above every place, and I could not see for the smoke of sacrifices; but, since Apollo has set up his oracle at Delphi, and Æsculapius practises physic at Pergamus; since temples have been erected to § Bendis at Thrace, to Anubis in Ægypt, and to Diana at Ephesus, every body runs after them; with them they feast, to them they offer up their hecatombs, and think it honour enough for a worn-out god as I am, if they sacrifice once in six years at Olympia; whilst my altars are as cold and neglected as || Plato's laws, or the syllogisms of Chryippus."

With this and such-like chat we passed away the time, till we came to the place where the petitions were to be heard: here we found several holes, with covers to them, and close to every one was placed a golden chair. Jupiter sat down in the first he came to, and lifting up the lid, listened to the prayers, which, as you may suppose, were of various kinds; I stooped down and heard several of them myself; such as, "O Jupiter, grant me a large empire!" "O Jupiter, may my leeks and onions flourish and increase." "Grant, Jupiter, that my father may die soon!" "Grant I may survive my wife!" "Grant, I may not be discovered, whilst I lay wait for my brother!" "Grant that I may get my cause!" "Grant that I may be crowned at Olympia!" One sailor asked for a north-wind, another for a south; the husbandman prayed for rain, and the fuller for sun-shine: Jupiter heard them all, but did not promise every body,

† — of some the just request,
He heard propitious, and denied the rest.

* *When streets.*] From Aratus.

† *Pifa.*] A city of Elis, where there was a temple dedicated to Olympian Jupiter, and public games celebrated every fifth year.

‡ *Dodona.*] A city of Thessaly, where there was a temple to Jove; this was likewise the seat of the famous oracle.

§ *Bendis.*] A goddess worshipped in Thrace. Hefychius says this was only another name for Diana. See Strabo.

|| *Plato's laws.*] Alluding to his republic, which, probably, was considered by Lucian and others, as a kind of Utopian system.

† *Of some, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 250.

Those

Those prayers which he thought right and proper he let up through the hole, and blew the wicked and foolish ones back, that they might not rise to heaven: one petition, indeed, puzzled him a little; two men asking favours of him, directly contrary to each other, at the same time, and promising the same sacrifice; he was at a loss which to oblige; he became immediately a perfect Academic, and, like * Pyrrho, was held in suspense between them. When he had done with the prayers, he sat down upon the next chair, over another hole, and listened to those who were swearing and making vows: when he had finished this business, and destroyed Hermodorus, the Epicurean, for perjury, he removed to the next seat, and gave audience to the auguries, oracles, and divinations; which having dispatched, he proceeded to the hole that brought up the fume of the victims, together with the name of the sacrificer. Then he gave out his orders to the winds and storms: "Let there be rain to-day in Scythia, lightning in Africa, and snow in Greece; do you, Boreas, blow in Lydia, and, whilst Notus lies still, let the North wind raise the waves of the Adriatic, and about a thousand measures of hail be sprinkled over Cappadocia."

When Jupiter had done all his business, we repaired to the feast; for it was now supper-time, and Mercury bade me sit down by Pan, the Corybantes, Attis, and Sabazius, a kind of demi-gods, who are admitted as visitors there. Ceres served us with bread, and Bacchus with wine; Hercules handed about the flesh, Venus scattered myrtles, and Neptune brought us fish; not to mention that I got slyly a little nectar and ambrosia; for my friend Ganymede, out of good-nature, if he saw Jove looking another way, would frequently throw me in a cup or two. The greater gods, as † Homer tells us (who, I suppose, had seen them as well as myself), never taste meat or wine, but feed upon ambrosia, and get drunk with nectar, at the same time their greatest luxury is, instead of victuals, to suck in the fumes that rise from the victims, and the blood of the sacrifices that are offered up to them. Whilst we were at supper, Apollo played on the harp, Silenus danced

* *Pyrrho.*] Of Elis, founder of the Sceptic sect, who doubted of every thing. He flourished about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

† *Homer tells us.*]

Οὐ γὰρ σίτον ἔδωκε, ἢ πικρὰ αἰδοπα σίτον.

— Not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book v. l. 425.

* a cordax, and the Muses repeated Hesiod's Theogony, and the first Ode of Pindar. When these recreations were over, we all retired, tolerably † well-soaked, to bed,

‡ Now pleasing rest had seal'd each mortal eye,
And ev'n immortal gods in slumber lye,
All but myself —

I could not help thinking of a thousand things, and particularly how it came to pass that, during so long a time § Apollo should never have got him a beard; and how there came to be night in heaven, though the sun is always present there, and feasting with them. I slept a little, and early in the morning Jupiter ordered the crier to summon a council of the gods; and when they were all assembled, thus addressed himself to them.

“ The stranger, who came here yesterday, is the chief cause of my convening you this day. I have long wanted to talk with you concerning the philosophers, and the complaints now sent to us from the Moon make it immediately necessary to take the affair into consideration: there is lately sprung up a race of men, slothful, quarrelsome, vain-glorious, foolish, petulant, gluttonous, proud, abusive, in short, what Homer calls,

|| An idle burthen to the ground.

These, dividing themselves into sects, run through all the labyrinths of disputation, calling themselves Stoics, Academics, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and a hundred other names still more ridiculous; then wrapping themselves up in the sacred veil of virtue, they contract their brows, and let down their beards, under a specious appearance hiding the most abandoned profligacy: like one of the players on the stage, if you strip him of his fine habits wrought with gold, all that remains behind is a ridiculous spectacle of a little contemptible fellow, hired to appear there for seven drachmas: and yet these men despise every body, talk absurdly of the gods, and drawing in a

* *Cordax.*] See Lucian on Dancing.

† *Well-soaked.*] Greek, *υποβιβασμενος*.

‡ *Now pleasing, &c.*] See the beginning of the second book of the Iliad.

§ *Apollo.*] Apollo is always represented as imberbis, or without a beard, probably from a notion that Phœbus, or the sun, must be always young.

|| *An idle, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book xviii. l. 134.

number of credulous boys, roar to them in a tragical style about virtue, and enter into disputations that are endless and unprofitable. To their disciples they cry up fortitude and temperance, a contempt of riches and pleasures, and, when alone, indulge in riot and debauchery. The most intolerable of all is, that though they contribute nothing towards the good and welfare of the community, though they are

* Unknown alike, in council and in field;

yet are they perpetually finding fault with, abusing, and reviling others, and he is counted the greatest amongst them who is most impudent, noisy, and malevolent; if one should say to one of these fellows who speak ill of every body, What service are you of to the commonwealth? he would reply, if he spoke fairly and honestly, "To be a sailor, or a soldier, or a husbandman, or a mechanic, I think beneath me; but I can make a noise and look dirty, wash myself in cold water, go bare-foot all winter, and then, like Momus, find fault with every body else: if any rich man sups luxuriously, or keeps a mistress, I rail at, and abuse him; but if any of my friends or acquaintance fall sick, and want my assistance, I take no notice of them.

"Such, my brother gods, are the † cattle which I complain of; and of all these the Epicureans are the worst, who assert, that the gods take no care of human affairs, or look at all into them: it is high time, my brethren, that we should take this matter into consideration, for if once they can persuade the people to believe these things, you must all starve; for who will sacrifice to you, when they can get nothing by it? What the Moon accuses you of, you all heard yesterday from the stranger; consult, therefore, amongst yourselves, and determine what may best promote the happiness of mankind, and our own security." When Jupiter had thus spoken, the assembly rung with repeated cries, of thunder, and lightning! burn, consume, destroy! down with them into the pit, to Tartarus, and the giants! Jove, however, once more commanding silence, cried out, "It shall be done as you desire; they and their philosophy shall perish together: but at present, no punishments must be inflicted; for these four months to come, as you all

* *Unknown, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 238.

† *Cattle.*] Greek, *δρῦματα*, what Virgil calls ignavum pecus.

know, it is a solemn feast, and I have declared a truce: next year, in the beginning of the spring, my lightning shall destroy them.

“As to Menippus, first cutting off his wings that he may not come here again; let Mercury carry him down to the earth.”

Saying this, he broke up the assembly, and Mercury taking me up by my right ear, brought me down, and left me yesterday evening in the Ceramicus. And now, my friend, you have heard every thing I had to tell you from heaven; I must take my leave, and carry this good news to the philosophers, who are walking in the Pæcile.

T H E

THE
DOUBLE INDICTMENT,
A DIALOGUE.

This Title is taken from the latter part of the little Piece before us; where LUCIAN, in a most ingenious Manner defends his own Method of Writing, against those Critics who blamed him for leaving Oratory, Declamation, and Philosophy, to sport in the more pleasing Walk of easy Dialogue. He ridicules the Logicians, laughs at the Epicureans, and diverts himself with the Platonic and Socratic Disputants. The whole is full of excellent Satire, and sensible Reflections.

JUPITER, MERCURY, JUSTICE, PAN, &c.

J U P I T E R.

A Plague on those philosophers, who say, that the gods alone enjoy true felicity! if they knew what troubles we go through for mankind, they would not call us happy, merely because we have a little nectar and ambrosia, or place such implicit faith in that blind impostor Homer, who tells such stories of our blifs above, and talks about things in heaven, when he cannot so much as see what passes upon earth. There is the poor Sun, clothed with fire, and shining with his rays, runs about all day in his chariot, from one end of heaven to the other, and has not leisure, as they say, to scratch his ears; for, if he should stop but a moment, the horses would shake off their bridles, turn out of the way, and set every thing on fire. Then observe the Moon, how carefully she takes her round to light toppers that reel home late at night from supper. Then again, Apollo, who has taken a heavy task upon him, is almost stunned with the noise of those that are calling upon him for divinations; now he is forced to go to Delphi, a little after he posts to * Colophon, then, perhaps, crosses † Xanthus, and runs away in his

* *Colophon.*] A city near Claros in Ionia, where there was an oracle of Apollo. Potter does not, I believe, mention it; though it is taken notice of by Philostratus, Porphyry, and Jamlichus.

† *Xanthus.*]

Qualis ubi tibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
Deserit, ac delum maternam invisit Apollo.

Virg. Æn. iv. l. 143.
chariot

chariot to Claros, Delus, or the * Branchidæ; wherever, in short, his priestess, after drinking the sacred liquor, put on his laurel, or moved the tripod, bids him go, away he must march to deliver his oracles, if he has any regard to the honour and glory of his art; not to mention the tricks which they play him to try his power, mixing lamb's flesh and tortoise together; so that if he has not a sharp nose, to smell out the difference, the † Lydian will laugh him to scorn. Æsculapius too has enough to do with his patients, meets with many a disagreeable sight, taste, and smell; and, in short, is made unhappy himself, by the miseries of others. Need I speak of the Winds, who are constantly employed in nourishing plants, transporting vessels, and breathing on the fields and meadows: Somnus also, who goes about visiting every body, and carries his dreams and his oracles along with him. This, and a great deal more, are the gods obliged to do for the benefit and happiness of mankind: but their trouble is nothing to mine. I, who am the king and father of them all, what hardships do I go through, and what cares am I distracted with! I must overlook all the rest of the gods, and see that they do not neglect their business; besides doing a hundred little things, so numerous and trifling, that there is no attending to them: for, after I have finished my great matters, such as dispensing hail, rain, winds, thunder and lightnings, still I can have no quiet, but like the ‡ Nemean shepherd, must be always upon the watch, looking after thieves, false swearers, and sacrifices, observing whose altars smoke, what sailors and sick men are sending up their prayers to me: then, which is worst of all, at one and the same time I must attend the hecatombs at Olympia, and the warriors at Babylon, send hail to the Getæ, and feast with the Æthiopians; and, after all, there is no escaping murmurs and complaints.

§ Th' immortals slumber on their thrones above,
All but the ever-wakeful eye of Jove.

For, if there is the least neglect, Epicurus pronounces immediately, that we take no care of human affairs: and, let me tell you, if once men come to be-

* *Branchidæ.*] An oracle of Apollo, in the territory of Miletus: so called from the family of the priests.

† *The Lydian.*] Croesus.

‡ *Nemean.*] i. e. as the shepherds inhabiting that territory must always have been, before Hercules was so kind as to slay the famous Nemean lion.

§ *Th' immortals, &c.*] See beginning of the second book of the Iliad.

lieve

lieve this, we are in imminent danger ; our temples will have no garlands, our cups will be empty, and our altars cold ; we shall have no victims or sacrifices, and famine must ensue : in the mean time, I stand like the captain of the vessel, with the rudder in my hand, the mariners all drunk, or fast asleep, and only myself awake day and night without food or rest ;

* My heart is full of sorrow, grief, and care,

And all I have for it is, the honour of being called Lord and Master. I would fain ask these philosophers who talk so much of our happiness, what time they think we can have to enjoy our nectar and ambrosia, with so much business on our hands : for want of leisure, I have now by me, I know not how many old books of causes, covered with rust and spider's webs, particularly between the professors of arts and sciences, which I have never been able to settle ; these they are always calling upon me to decide, accusing me of sloth and indolence, not knowing that the delay is occasioned not by neglect, but by that state of felicity which I am supposed to live in ; for so they chuse to call my perpetual hurry and fatigue.

M E R C U R Y.

I have often heard them complain, but never dared to tell you of it ; but as you have mentioned the affair yourself, I may venture to inform you that they are very angry, and though they are afraid to speak out, murmur and whisper together, accusing you of delay, when they ought to be thoroughly satisfied.

J U P I T E R.

What is to be done then, Mercury ; shall we give them a hearing now, or put it off till next year ?

M E R C U R Y.

O by no means ; let us have it immediately.

J U P I T E R.

Be it so then : do you fly down, and give out, that " whoever has any cause to try, must come forth to the Areopagus, Justice shall there appoint proper judges to determine ; but if any one shall think himself aggrieved by the sentence, he may appeal to me, and I will rejudge the cause." Go you, my † daughter, as assessor to the ‡ venerable goddesses, and preside over the court.

* *My heart.*] See Iliad, b. ii. l. 3.

† *Daughter.*] Speaking to Justice.

‡ *Venerable, &c.*] The Furies.

JUSTICE.

J U S T I C E.

Must I to earth again then? to be turned out once more, or bear the insults of my rival?

J U P I T E R.

Hope better things; times are altered now, and the philosophers have persuaded men to prefer you to Injustice; especially the divine Socrates, who has crowned you with the highest praise, and demonstrated that you are the chief good.

J U S T I C E.

And of what service was his encomium on me to the poor man himself, who was condemned by the * eleven, thrown into a goal, and forced to swallow poison, even before he had sacrificed his cock to Æsculapius? so much more powerful were his accusers, who philosophised in favour of my adversary.

J U P I T E R.

Philosophy at that time was unknown amongst the vulgar, and there were very few professors of it; it was no wonder, therefore, that they should listen to † Anytus and Melitus: but now it is quite another thing; do not you observe how many cloaks, and clubs, and fatchels there are about, long beards on every side, with books under their left arms, and all talking for you; one meets troops of philosophers in every street, and not a man but is a disciple, or a teacher of virtue; hundreds leave their occupations, and get themselves scrips, and long cloaks, blacken their bodies, like Æthiops in the sun, from cobblers and blacksmiths, turn ‡ extempore philosophers, and go about praising you and your virtues: as the proverb says, it is § easier for a man on board a ship to avoid touching wood, than, as we walk along, to escape meeting a philosopher.

J U S T I C E.

These, father, are the very people I am most afraid of, for they are always disputing about, and yet know nothing of me; in a word, they pretend to have a great veneration, but in fact have no regard for me, and will

* *The eleven.*] Magistrates, or persons, who sat as judges in the Πραξικορον, or court of justice; if the majority of these were against the criminal, he was convicted.

† *Anytus and Melitus.*] The accusers of Socrates.

‡ *Extempore.*] This is exactly the case with our modern enthusiasts, the Methodists of this age, who step forth from stalls and counters, to teach religion, and abuse the clergy.

§ *Easier.*] This puts us in mind of lady H——, who at the last creation of numerous peers, complained that she could not spit out of her window into the Park, without daubing a lord.

not so much as admit me into their houses, where my enemy, Injustice, has already met with a hearty welcome.

J U P I T E R.

They are not all so wicked: you will still find some, my dear daughter, who are good and virtuous; but come, let us be gone, that we may do a little business to-day.

M E R C U R Y.

Away, good Justice, towards Sunium; go along under Hymettus, and leave Parthene on your left, where the two mountains are; you seem to have forgot the way. How is this! crying and lamenting! never be afraid, child, this is quite a different age; the * Scyrons, and Pityocampti, and Bufiris's, and Phalaris's, whom you were so afraid of, are all dead and gone; Wisdom now, and the Academy, and the Portico are all in all, they are looking for, and talking of you, waiting impatiently for your arrival.

J U S T I C E.

You, Mercury, and you only can tell the truth, for you are often with them, both in the Forum, and the Gymnasium; you are their herald and their crier, and therefore can best inform me what they are, and whether it is probable I can stay amongst them.

M E R C U R Y.

That you certainly may; unjust it would certainly be in me to deceive you; the generality of people are really much improved by philosophy; from a regard to external appearances, they at least sin with more decency; though, to say the truth, you will meet with many profligate enough, and with some that are but half-wise, and half-wicked: when Philosophy first took them in hand, as many as heartily imbibed the tincture which she gave, changed their colour, and became perfectly good; these are all fond of, and ready to receive you: those who, from the dirt and filth they had formerly contracted, could not take in enough of her salutary medicine, were better than many others, but still weak and imperfect, still spotted, like leopards, with vice and folly; and some there are, who only † touching the vessel it was prepared in, thought they had done enough. You,

* *Scyrons, &c.*] Ruffians, who robbed and plundered in Attica, and were destroyed by Theseus.

† *Touching*] Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu. For.

however, will have nothing to do but with the best of them: but see, we are already got to Attica; we must leave Sunium, therefore, on our left, and turn off towards the Acropolis; you may sit down on the hill, and see the assembly from thence, at least till we receive farther commands from Jupiter. I will get upon the Acropolis, and summon them together.

J U S T I C E.

Before you go, Mercury, tell me who it is that is coming towards us: he seems to be horned, has a pipe in his hand, and hairy legs.

M E R C U R Y.

Do not you know * Pan, one of Bacchus's most Bacchanalian ministers? he used to live at Parthenium, but on the incurfion of the Barbarians into Marathon, he came as a volunteer to the assistance of the Athenians, and from that time has been honoured with a cave under the towers, where he generally resides, and having spied us out, is coming up, I suppose, to pay his compliments to us.

P A N.

Mercury, your servant; Justice, your's.

J U S T I C E.

Your's, most noble Pan, thou prince of Satyrs for singing and dancing, at Athens the first of warriors too.

P A N.

Mercury, what brought you here?

M E R C U R Y.

She will tell you all; I must to my office of crier at the Acropolis.

J U S T I C E.

Jupiter has sent me down to determine some certain causes here: but how go you on at Athens?

P A N.

They do not treat me quite so well as they ought to do, considering my services, in defending them from so many Barbarians; two or three times a year, indeed, they sacrifice a stinking goat to me, honour me with a little empty praise, and feed themselves upon the flesh of it; their jests and merriment, however, is some diversion to me.

* Pan.] The god of shepherds, hunters, and countrymen, generally represented with horns, and a long beard, like a satyr. He was worshipped in Arcadia, where he had an oracle. He is said, but on what good authority we know not, to have fought for the Athenians at the battle of Marathon, and to have slain a great number of Barbarians.

J U S-

J U S T I C E.

But tell me, Pan, are they grown better and more virtuous, from the instruction of these philosophers?

P A N.

What philosophers? those solemn, melancholy, talking fellows, do you mean, with down-cast eyes, and beards as long as mine?

J U S T I C E.

The same.

P A N.

I know nothing of them; they are too wise to be understood by me, who am only a mountaineer, and never learned their fine polished language. who ever heard of a Sophist or philosopher in Arcadia? A crooked reed and a pipe is all my knowlege: I can feed goats, indeed, and dance, and fight a little withal upon occasion. I have heard them talking sometimes about ideas, and nature, and virtue, incorporeal substances, and such kind of strange unintelligible stuff: at first they are very calm and peaceable, but, in the course of the dispute, frequently raise their voices into the * Orthian mode, and in the heat of the battle, will exert themselves so violently that their faces shall redden, their necks swell, and their veins rise like a flute-player's when he blows in a narrow pipe: at length, the question entirely lost in the general confusion, the combatants wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and retire, abusing one another; and he is generally looked upon as conqueror, who can bawl loudest, and has the most impudence; the multitude, in the mean time, who have nothing else to do, gaze at them with astonishment and admiration: for my own part, I always considered them as a set of vain empty fellows, and was not a little angry at their having beards so like my own. Whether the public may reap any advantage from their noise, or what good their eloquence may do, I cannot say; but to speak the truth, as I live here in a little cave, hard by, I have seen them, sometimes, late in the evening —

J U S T I C E.

Stop a moment, Pan; is not Mercury haranguing them?

P A N.

He is.

* *Orthian.*] To *Ορθιον*, say the lexicographers, *sublatâ et intentâ voce*. *Carmen Verò Orthium dicitur quod voce subtilissimâ cantatur*; the Orthian mode, says the Scholiast, is that, *qui ad accendendos animos in prælio adhibebatur*, which was made use of to raise the spirits of men in battle.

H h 2

M E R.

M E R C U R Y.

“Oyez, oyez, all people, take notice, that on this day, and good luck attend it! being the seventh of February, there is to be a hearing; whoever has any causes to try, let him appear in the Areopagus; where Justice will herself attend and preside; will appoint judges from amongst the whole Athenian people; every judge to have three oboli, and the * number of the judges to be in proportion to the crime: those who, having began their process, died before it was determined, † Æacus has orders to send back; and if any one shall think himself wronged by the sentence here pronounced, he may appeal to Jupiter.”

P A N.

What a noise and clamour there is amongst them! how they crowd together, and drag one another up the hill! but here comes Mercury. You may go and do your justice business, if you please, as in duty bound; as for me, I shall beg leave to retire to my cave, play upon my pipe, and sing a love-song, as I usually do, to provoke Echo: of judicial determinations I have enough already, for I hear them every day.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, Justice, shall we call them over?

J U S T I C E.

By all means, for they stand very thick, and are buzzing about, you see, like so many wasps.

A T H E N I A N.

I have you now, rascal.

A N O T H E R A T H E N I A N.

You are a liar.

A N O T H E R.

You will pay for it at last.

A N O T H E R.

I shall prove you guilty of such facts —

* *Number.*] In some of the Grecian courts of judicature, the number of the judges, who were chosen by lot, was in proportion to the weight of the cause to be decided; sometimes there were fifty, and sometimes two or five hundred. When causes of great consequence were to be tried, it was customary to call in all the judges of other courts; and sometimes, we are told, they amounted even to fifteen hundred, or two thousand.

† *Æacus.*] One of the three judges in hell, appointed with his two assessors, Minos and Rhadamanthus, to try men after death, and to punish or reward them as they deserved.

A N-

A N O T H E R.

Bring on my cause first.

A N O T H E R.

Come along, villain.

A N O T H E R.

Do not throttle me.

J U S T I C E.

What shall we do, Mercury? we had better, I think, hear the complaints brought against men by the Arts, Sciences, and different ways of life to-day, and put off the other causes till to-morrow: come, bring on some of those.

M E R C U R Y.

Imprimis, False Imprisonment and Drunkenness sues the Academy for running away with Polemon.

J U S T I C E.

Appoint seven judges for that cause.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, a misdemeanor: the Portico against Pleasure, for stealing away their admirer, Dionysius.

J U S T I C E.

Five will be enough for that,

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Luxury against Virtue, touching * Aristippus.

J U S T I C E.

Five will do for that too.

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Gluttony against Diogenes, for discretion.

J U S T I C E.

For that only three.

* *Aristippus.*] The disciple of Socrates. After the death of his master, he retired to his own country, Cyrene, and instituted a sect, called from thence the Cyrenaic: his distinguishing characteristic was, that he could conform himself to every place, time, and person, and, like the apostle Paul, become all things to all men, as Horace says,

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res.

Ev'ry condition, habit, and event,

With Aristippus suits.

He was, consequently, much followed and admired. The Jesuits, of latter times, seem to have adopted the Aristippian maxims, and succeeded accordingly.

M E R-

M E R C U R Y.

Item, Painting against * Pyrrho, for † flying his colours.

J U S T I C E.

Nine for that.

M E R C U R Y.

Would you have the two new suits tried now against the Rhetorician?

J U S T I C E.

We had better take the old ones first, and defer them to another day.

M E R C U R Y.

The causes are nearly of the same nature with those we have marked down already, and it is a point that should be determined.

J U S T I C E.

I see, Mercury, you are for obliging every body that applies to you, so let us have them; but these must be the only ones at present; there are judges enough appointed already: come, produce them.

M E R C U R Y.

Rhetoric brings a complaint against a certain ‡ Syrian for male treatment, and Dialogue also for abuse.

J U S T I C E.

Who is it? There is no name?

M E R C U R Y.

The name does not signify, we need only say the Syrian Rhetorician.

J U S T I C E.

These Tramontanes have no business in the court of Athens, their causes should be tried on the other side of the Euphrates; however, put down judges for the two causes.

M E R C U R Y.

Very well, Justice; you are saving enough, I find, and would not put the criminals to unnecessary expence.

* *Pyrrho.*] The famous founder of the Sceptic sect, was, as Apollodorus tells us, originally a painter. In the Gymnasium of Elis was preserved a very good piece of his doing, representing torch-bearers. See Diog. Laert.

† *Flying.*] Greek, λιποταξίς, desertio ordinis. Here, by a lucky expression in our language, coinciding with the sense, the translation (I beg my readers will not pass over so extraordinary a circumstance unobserved,) is better than the original.

‡ *Syrian.*] The ingenious method which Lucian has here taken to introduce and defend himself, cannot be sufficiently admired. Academy's speaking for both sides of the question, is a fine stroke of indirect satire.

J U S.

J U S T I C E.

The first cause to come on is that between Drunkenness and the Academy: come, pour in the water: do you, Drunkenness, speak first; what! not a word to say for yourself, only nodding. Mercury, attend and listen.

M E R C U R Y.

She says, she cannot plead her cause, for the wine has tied up her tongue, and she is afraid of being laughed at: you see she can hardly stand.

J U S T I C E.

O, let her employ an advocate; one of the sharpest she can get; there are enough of them here that will crack their lungs for three half-pence.

M E R C U R Y.

But nobody chuses openly to defend the cause of Drunkenness, though she certainly has a claim to it.

J U S T I C E.

What is to be done then?

M E R C U R Y.

The Academy is always ready to plead on both sides of the question, and she has offered to do it now; she says, she will speak first for her, and then for herself.

J U S T I C E.

That is quite a new scheme; however, come, Academy, and plead on both sides, as it is so easy to you.

A C A D E M Y.

Please to observe, most noble judges, that I speak now for Drunkenness; the water flows for her.

“ I have been deeply injured by the Academy, who has robbed me of my servant Polemon, who always looked upon me as his best friend, and did every thing that I bade him. He used to be for ever wandering about with fiddlers, roaring, and drinking from morning to night, with a garland of flowers on his head; this the whole Athenian people can bear witness to, who never saw him sober; but, chancing one day, in his rambles, to stumble upon Academy, she laid violent hands upon him, dragged him away from me, forced him to drink water, and be sober, tore off his garland, and, instead of giving him something to drink in bed, taught him certain hard and unin-

unintelligible phrases, full of care and misery: instead of that rosy colour which used to shine on his countenance, he soon grew pale, languid, and dirty, forgot all his songs, and would sit without meat or drink till midnight, studying some nonsense or other, that Academy had taught him: besides this, which is worse than all, he does nothing now but abuse and traduce me."

Thus far have I spoken in favour of drunkenness; I shall now plead for myself: change the water.

J U S T I C E .

Do so; what will she say now? I wonder.

A C A D E M Y .

Thus hath the advocate for drunkenness pleaded her cause; and now, O most venerable judges, if you will listen to me with kindness and attention, I hope fully to prove, that I have done her no injury; for she herself debauched this Polemon, a noble and ingenuous youth, and naturally well affected to me, seized upon him in his earliest years, and with the assistance of her hand-maid Pleasure, corrupted his mind, and led him to taverns and brothels, till he had lost all sense of shame. What she said in her own defence, may as well suit me: for he was walking night and day through the city, always listening to some fiddler or other, and never sober, to the disgrace of his family, a laughing-stock to the whole town, and every stranger in it. When he came, I happened to be, as I often am, discoursing with some of my friends; at first he made a violent noise, and roaring, and endeavoured as much as he could to interrupt our lecture, but perceiving that we took no notice of him, by degrees, (for as yet he was scarce recovered from his drunken fit,) he grew sober; our conversation had such an effect upon him, that he tore off his garlands, bade the fiddling girl have done playing, and was ashamed of his fine purple coat; as if awakened from a dream, he began to look into himself, and abhor his former life; to the redness of a drunkard which had before covered his cheeks, succeeded the blush of shame; the rebel at length came entirely over to me: not as she tells you, either forced or even invited to it, but of his own accord, and convinced that it was better for him. Call him to me, if you please, and you will see what good friends we are. I found him, most venerable judges, behaving most ridiculously, and so drunk, that he could neither speak, nor stand: I converted him, and instead of a contemptible slave, sent him back to his friends

an

an honest, sober, and respectable man : he acknowledges himself much obliged to me for it ; and you may judge which of us it was best for him to keep company with.

M E R C U R Y.

Come, come, your votes without farther delay : rise, for we have a great many other causes to try.

J U S T I C E.

Academy has it by every voice but one.

M E R C U R Y.

It would have been a wonder, indeed, if drunkenness had not found one friend amongst you. Come, sit down, you that are chosen judges in the cause between the Portico, and Pleasure : the water is poured in ; you, * lady of the pictures, may begin.

P O R T I C O.

I am not ignorant, O judges, how artful and specious an adversary I am now contending with ; many of you, I perceive, are casting an eye of complacency towards her, despising me for my homely appearance, the rough manliness of my countenance, and the severity of my contracted brow. I doubt not, however, but that, if you will listen to me with attention, I shall appear to have more justice on my side than she can pretend to : that alluring countenance, that courtesan's dress, with all its meretricious ornaments, are proof enough against her ; with those she seduced my lover, the once wife and sober † Dionysius ; the ‡ cause you just now determined, but too nearly resembles mine : consider within yourselves which is most eligible, to wallow in the mire of luxury and intemperance, like so many swine, without a thought of any thing great or noble ; or, preferring the good and useful, to the pleasant and agreeable, to act like freemen and philosophers : never dreading pain and affliction as evils not to be surmounted, nor placing, like slaves, our happiness in figs and honey : these are the baits she throws out to allure the weak and idle, representing toil and labour, as something frightful and disgusting : and then it was that she persuaded him to shake me off,

* *Lady.*] Gr. ποικιλη, Pœcile. The portico where Zeno taught the Stoic philosophy, was called Ποικιλη, Pœcile, or various ; from the variety of curious pictures which it contained, drawn by the greatest masters in Greece.

† *Dionysius.*] A famous disciple of Zeno's. It is recorded of him, that labouring for a long time under a dreadful disorder in his eyes, he renounced the Stoic doctrine, and so far apostatized as to acknowledge, that pain was a real evil.

‡ *The cause.*] Viz. that between Drunkenness and Academy.

after she had infected his mind with this poison; for never in his sober senses would he have listened to her. But why should I be angry with her for abusing me, when she spares not even the gods, but arraigns their providence, and deserves, therefore, to be punished for her impiety! I hear she does not mean to answer for herself, but has hired Epicurus to plead for her; in such contempt does she hold the seat of judgment: but ask her, I intreat you, what she thinks Hercules, and your Theseus would have been, if they had fled from labour, and followed the camp of pleasure; the earth had then been full of nothing but injustice and oppression. This is all I shall observe to you, as I am not fond of long speeches, though, if she thought proper, to enter into a dispute with me, I could soon shew you how little she has to say for herself; but you will remember your oath, and proceed to your suffrages, without giving credit to Epicurus, who will tell you that the gods take no care of human affairs.

M E R C U R Y.

Change the water. You, Epicurus, may speak in defence of your client, Pleasure.

E P I C U R U S.

I shall not detain you, O judges, with a long speech, nor have I occasion for many arguments; if Pleasure has in reality made use of any poisons or incantations to seduce and betray this same Dionysius, let her be condemned as an enchantress, and punished accordingly: but if, on the other hand, a free man, in a free city, disgusted at the furnaces of the Portico, and finding that felicity, which it promised, only an idle pretence, should quit its crooked paths, and labyrinths of argument, and shake off its chains, should consider man, not as a stock or stone, labour as it really is, an evil, and pleasure as it always must be, sweet and agreeable; must such a man, because just escaped from a ship-wreck he would swim into the haven, be forced into incessant toil, and given up a victim to despair, when he fled for refuge to the arms of Pleasure, like a suppliant at the altar of mercy? or should he labour perpetually in search of that great and celebrated object virtue, and spend a whole life of misery and sorrow here, in hopes of happiness hereafter? could any man determine more properly than he did, who, though he was well acquainted with all the Stoic doctrines, and acknowledged, that what was honest, could alone be good; yet found that labour was a real evil, and made choice of that which experience taught him was the best.

.. He

He perceived, moreover, that those who talked so much about patience and long-suffering, were, in private, fond of pleasure; and however they might boast abroad of temperance and fortitude, would indulge themselves in luxury at home; that when they were found a little remiss, in not adhering to their tenets, they would blush at the discovery, though they could but ill support this tantalising punishment; and whenever they had an opportunity of violating the laws in secret, and without fear of punishment, took down full draughts of sensuality. If, therefore, they could procure the ring of * Gyges, or the helmet of † Orcus, to make them invisible, I make no doubt but they would all bid adieu to labour, and, one after another, follow pleasure, as Dionysius did before them, who, for a long time flattered himself, that their lectures and disputations would be of service to him; till sickness and pain came upon him, and then finding by experience, that the Portico and his weak frame did not agree well together, gave credit to one rather than the other; began to feel that he was a mortal, and had a mortal's body; he resolved, therefore, not to treat it like a statue, being well convinced, that whoever pretended to be of a different opinion, and to find fault with pleasure, only boast in word, whilst in deed their minds are fixed upon it. I have done; you may proceed to judgment.

P O R T I C O.

By no means; I beg to ask him a few questions first.

E P I C U R U S.

Ask them, and I will answer you.

P O R T I C O.

Do you imagine labour to be a real evil?

E P I C U R U S.

Certainly.

* Gyges.] A king of Lydia, who dethroned Candaules, and succeeded to his kingdom, had a ring, by turning a certain part of which upwards, he could render himself invisible. If the reader would wish to know how he came by the ring, and what use he made of it, I refer him to the third book of Tully's Offices, where he will find the whole romantic story told from Plato by the Roman orator, with his philosophical reflections upon it.

† Orcus.] Alluding to that passage in the fifth book of the Iliad, where Minerva,

to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head. See Pope's Hom. Il. b. v. l. 1036.

As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears, and is seen no more: the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expression; to put on Orcus, or Pluto's helmet, that is to say, to become invisible.

P O R T I C O.

And pleasure a certain good?

E P I C U R U S.

No doubt of it.

P O R T I C O.

But tell me, do you know what I mean by things indifferent and not indifferent, essential and non-essential?

E P I C U R U S.

I do.

M E R C U R Y.

The judges say they do not understand these hard terms, therefore have done with your dispute; they are going to vote.

P O R T I C O.

I should inevitably have conquered, if I could have gone on with my questions in the third figure of the * indemonstrables.

J U S T I C E.

Which has gained the cause?

M E R C U R Y.

Pleasure, unanimously.

P O R T I C O.

I appeal to Jupiter.

J U S T I C E.

Success attend you! call somebody else.

M E R C U R Y.

Virtue and Luxury contending for Aristippus: let him appear himself.

V I R T U E.

I must speak first: Aristippus is mine, as all his words and actions sufficiently testify.

L U X U R Y.

It is no such thing; he belongs to me; he is my man, as is evident from his † garlands, his purple, and his ointments.

J U S.

* *Indemonstrables.*] *Modi indemonstrabiles appellantur, says Apuleius, non quod demonstrari nequerunt, sed quod tam simplices tamque manifesti sunt, ut demonstratione non egeant*—They are called indemonstrable, not because they cannot be demonstrated, but because they are so plain and simple, that they do not stand in need of any demonstration. This is about as good an illustration of the word, as serjeant Kite's in the Recruiting Officer, "Demonstration from Dæmon, the father of lies."

† *Garlands.*] Aristippus held that Pleasure was the chief good, or *Summum Bonum* of life; he.

J U S T I C E.

Let us have no more dispute between you; this cause, likewise, must be put off till Jupiter has determined with regard to Dionysius, for it seems to be a similar affair; if that is given in favour of Pleasure, Luxury shall have Aristippus; but if the Portico is declared conqueror, he must belong to Virtue: so let us call another cause; but these judges must not have the * reward, for this is not finished.

M E R C U R Y.

And so the old men are to clamber up here for nothing.

J U S T I C E.

If they have a third part, it is enough; away with you, do not grumble; you shall be judges again by and by.

M E R C U R Y.

It is time for Diogenes the Sinopean to make his appearance: you, Gluttony, may speak.

D I O G E N E S.

If she is not quiet, I shall soon give her cause not to accuse me of running away, but of beating her soundly, which I will certainly do, and that immediately.

J U S T I C E.

What is all this? she is running away, and he pursues her with a large club; she will get into a bad scrape soon: call Pyrrho.

M E R C U R Y.

Painting is here, but Pyrrho will not come at all; I thought, indeed, he would serve us in this manner.

J U S T I C E.

Why so?

M E R C U R Y.

† Because he never admits of any thing decisive.

he always, therefore, indulged himself in the luxuries of it. When Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, at a feast, commanded that all should put on purple robes, Plato refused, saying,

I will not with a purple robe, disgrace
Myself, who am a man of manly race.

But Aristippus took it, and beginning to dance, said,

If it come pure, a mirthful feast,
Never corrupts a modest breast.

This note is from Stanley's History of Philosophy, see p. 135.

* *The reward.*] The three oboli, the established fee given to the judges; but which, Justice says, they were not entitled to, as the cause remained yet undetermined.

† *Because.*] This is very arch, the Pyrrhonists or Sceptics, doubted of every thing, and consequently could never admit the decisions of a court of judicature.

J U S-

J U S T I C E.

Then let him be non-suited. Now call in the Syrian author, though his name was given in last, nor did he seem anxious about the cause; however, let his and Rhetoric's come on first: what a crowd there is to hear it!

M E R C U R Y.

No wonder, for it is quite a new thing; they are in hopes of hearing Dialogue and Rhetoric accusing one another, and the Syrian pleading against them both; this has brought so many people to the trial. Come, Rhetoric, do you begin.

R H E T O R I C.

† First then, O Athenians, I humbly implore the gods, that the same kindness and good-will which I have always borne towards this city, and to all here present, may be extended to me in this cause; that they will inspire you with the resolution, which is but just, to impose silence on him, till I have finished my accusation; very different is what he hath done, from what he hath said to me; for his words, as you will soon perceive, resemble mine, whilst his actions are such as would be most pernicious, and which, I cannot sufficiently guard against: but, not to make a long exordium, whilst the water flows in vain, hear what I have to allege against him.

Know then, most venerable judges, that I found him when a boy, in a habit little better than that of an Assyrian slave, a mere Barbarian in his language, wandering about Ionia, and not knowing which way to turn himself; in this condition I took him under my care and brought him up; as he seemed tractable, and attentive to me, for at this time he held me in the highest esteem and veneration, I left all the rich and great, by whom I was courted and admired, and attached myself to this poor and ignoble youth, to whom I brought the noblest portion, of amazing eloquence; I carried him about to all the tribes, and, though a foreigner, got him enrolled as a citizen, to the no little mortification of his rivals; when he went to rich weddings, I still followed him up and down, helped him to compose and adorn his

† *First then, &c.*] This is taken almost word for word from Demosthenes's Oration de Coronâ, and his third Olynthiac, and is introduced here by Lucian, partly, perhaps, as a compliment to Demosthenes, by putting his words into the mouth of Rhetoric herself, and partly, perhaps, to ridicule the affectation and plagiarism of the orators of his time, who made free with that great speaker's works in every discourse. Lucian takes this occasion also to lavish not a few encomiums on himself.

works,

works, and made him famous wherever he came; what I did for him in Greece was not much, but when he travelled into Italy, I crossed the Ionian gulph with him, accompanied him even into Gaul, and there made his fortune. For a long time he did every thing I desired him, and never was absent even for one night from me. When at length he grew fatiated of glory and good living, he became proud, and supercilious, and from that time neglected, or rather totally deserted me, falling violently in love with that old, long-bearded fellow, whom they call the Son of Philosophy; quits, without a blush, that flow of words, and easy freedom which I had taught him, and confines himself to little frittered scraps of questions and answers; instead of haranguing with a loud and noble voice, he speaks nothing but short and pithy sentences, as if his business were only to put syllables together, which I do not find he gets any great admiration or applause by, except, perhaps, a smile, a small clap between the acts, a nod of the head, and now and then a groan; and yet, fond of this, he neglects and despises me: though he is not, I hear, on very good terms even with his new favourite, whom he sometimes, they say, abuses and quarrels with.

Is he not, then, the most ungrateful of men, and may I not sue him for ill-treatment, for leaving his lawful wife, who has heaped so many favours on, and ennobled him, to go after a new one? and that at a time too, when all the world beside is admiring me: I am surrounded by lovers on every side knocking at my door; but I will not open them to fellows who bring nothing but noise and nonsense; but all this will not restore the false one to me, he still doats on his new love; and yet what, good heaven! can he expect from such a one, who has nothing to give him but an old cloak? Judges, I have done; in his reply, you will not, I hope, suffer him to use my method of defence; that would be turning my own arms against me; when he pleads the cause of his darling, * Dialogue, let him do it with Dialogue if he can.

M E R C U R Y.

That, lady Rhetoric, we can never allow: he cannot plead by himself, and make use of Dialogue at the same time.

S Y R I A N.

Since my adversary does not chuse to indulge me in that elaborate and

* *Dialogue.*] An arch kind of puzzle, naturally arising from the whimsical personification of the two accusers.

diffusive

diffusive mode of speech which I learned from her, I shall be brief in my reply. I will satisfy you, however, with regard to every article which she has alleged against me. What she told you about me, I acknowledge was all true; she instructed, travelled with me, and introduced me to the best company in Greece; on all these accounts the connection was most agreeable to me; and now you shall hear why I left her, and fixed my affections on the lovely Dialogue; do not imagine I would be guilty of the least degree of falsehood to support my cause.

Know then, that when I perceived she no longer behaved with that temperance and sobriety, or appeared in that decent habit, which she wore when wedded to the * Pæanian orator, but tricked herself out like a harlot, plaited her hair, and painted her cheeks, I began to suspect, and watched her narrowly; but I will not mention all I saw; suffice it to say, that every night the street was filled with drunken lovers, who came to revel with her, knocking perpetually at her door, and some of them breaking in with rude force and violence, she seeming all the while to laugh at, and be pleased with them for it; frequently would she look down upon them from her window, and listen to their amorous ditties; nay even sometimes open her door, and little thinking I knew any thing of it, play the wanton with them. I did not choose openly to accuse her of adultery, but not being able to bear such treatment, betook myself to Dialogue, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who, I thought, would with open arms receive me. These are all the great injuries which I have done to Rhetoric; but even, if she had not acted in this manner, surely, Sirs, an old man, on the verge of forty, might be permitted to retire from strife and bustle, and end his days in peace; to shelter himself both from the accusations of tyrants, and the applauses of the great; and, no longer ambitious of fame or admiration, to seek the Lycæum or Academy, and converse there peaceably with my friend Dialogue. And now, having nothing more to say, I submit to your equitable determination.

J U S T I C E.

Which is the conqueror?

M E R C U R Y.

The Syrian has every vote but one.

J U S T I C E.

And that one is a Rhetorician: and now, Dialogue, you must speak, be-

* Pæanian.] Demosthenes.

fore

fore the same court. You, Judges, are to remain, and be paid double for your pains.

D I A L O G U E.

I shall not trouble the court with a long speech, but, as my custom is, be brief as possible; ignorant though I am of forms, I will proceed in my accusation, and support it in the usual manner. Thus far my exordium; and now to the injuries and affronts which I have received from this man, which are as follows: to wit, taking me, who was always, hitherto, used to talk in the sublime and lofty style, to walk over the clouds, and through the air,

* Where mighty Jove, through the wide æther drives
His rapid chariot.

And when I was just got to the pinnacle of all things, stopping me in my flight, breaking my wings, and reducing me upon a level with the multitude: taking off my modest tragic mask, and putting me on a comic and satiric one; shutting me up with bitter jests, keen iambs, and cynic licentiousness; joining me with Eupolis and Aristophanes, men who laugh at, and are severe upon every thing; and, which is worse, introducing me to the company of that snarling cur, Menippus, who fawns upon, and bites you at the same time. Is not it the worst of treatment, not to suffer me to wear my own cloaths, and force me to talk comedy, stuff, and nonsense? Then, what is most absurd of all, to make such a strange jumble of me, that I am neither prose nor verse, but a mixed unaccountable composition, which the hearers know not what to make of.

M E R C U R Y.

Well, Syrian, what have you to say to this?

S Y R I A N.

It is an attack which I little expected; I had reason, indeed, to hope for different treatment from him, whom I found with a melancholy countenance, shrivelled up with dry interrogatories, grave, indeed, and respectable; but sower, awkward, and ungracious. I taught him to walk on the ground like a man, cleansed him from his filth and nastiness, and gave him a smile of complacency, that made him agreeable to all beholders; by

* *Where mighty, &c.*] Taken from the Phædrus of Plato, where he says, *ὁ μὲν δὲ μακάριος ἠγάμων ἢ θραύει Ζεὺς πτηνὸν αἶμα ἐλαυνῶν*. Lucian, probably, by this quotation, means to ridicule Plato's expression, as favouring too much of poetical rhapsody.

joining him with comedy, which he complains of, I gained him the good will of his auditors, who before, were afraid of his bristles, which he shot forth like a porcupine, so that they could not venture to go near him. I know what hurts him most is, that I do not fit with him, and dispute about idle, subtle, and perplexing questions, whether the soul is immortal; how many measures, what portion of the divine nature, god, when he made the world, mixed up with the general mass of matter; whether Rhetoric is made up of Flattery and Politics; and such like subtleties, which he highly delights in, though it be, after all, only like scratching an old sore; nothing is so pleasant to him as to be told he can see those things which nobody else can. This is what he wants, always looking round for his wings, to fly up to heaven, and at the same time cannot see the things that lie before him upon earth. As to his complaint, that, being myself a Barbarian, I have given him a Barbarian dress, and stripped him of his Grecian robe, it is a falsehood; shamefully should I have transgressed the laws, to rob him of his native dress; I have only improved it. And now, judges, I have made the best defence I could, and hope you will, as before, fairly acquit me.

M E R C U R Y.

All the ten are for you, though he who voted against you, is still of the same opinion; but he is sure always to envy the deserving, and put in his black ball against them. To-morrow some other causes are to come on, in the mean time, † you may retire.

† You.] Speaking to the judges.

T H E

T H E
P A R A S I T E,
A D I A L O G U E.

*Under the Mask of a grave and laboured Encomium on the Art or Mystery of Parasitism, universally practised in LUCIAN'S time, and not uncommon in our own, we have here a severe Satire on the Professors of it. The Moria Encomium, or Praise of Folly, by Erasmus, was, probably, suggested to him by this very entertaining Dialogue, which is written in an easy unaffected Style, and if it doth not make the Reader smile, he must either have no risible Muscles, or knows not how, or when, to make use of them. Our Author follows the Socratic Method of Disputing, made Use of by Socrates; who, as * Addison observes, "introduced the catechetical Mode of arguing, asking his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth, that his Opinions were wrong. This way of Debating (he observes,) drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make his Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion."*

T Y C H I A D E S, S I M O.

T Y C H I A D E S.

HOW comes it to pass, Simo, that whilst all mankind, freemen or slaves, exercise some art which is profitable both to themselves and to others also, you seem to have no employment that can be of service, either to yourself, or to any body else?

S I M O.

I do not rightly understand your question, Tychiades; I beg you would be more explicit.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Is there, I mean, any art or science which you are master of; do you, for instance, understand music?

S I M O.

By Jupiter, not at all.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Physic, perhaps?

S I M O.

Nor that neither.

* See Spectator, No. 239.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Geometry?

S I M O.

No.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What then? Rhetoric mayhap? for as to philosophy, I know you are as far from it as vice itself is.

S I M O.

Yes, and farther too would I wish to be if possible; nor would I have you think I am ashamed of my ignorance in that point: I own I am bad enough, and even worse than you suppose me.

T Y C H I A D E S.

May be so; but these, perhaps, are things you never learned, on account of their superior excellency, and the difficulty of attaining them: you may, notwithstanding, be an adept in some of the common trades or professions, a smith's, or a cobbler's; for your fortune, I know, is too small, to do without something of this kind.

S I M O.

True, Tychiades; and yet I know nothing of them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What other profession are you of, then?

S I M O.

What profession? a very fine one, I think, and when you know what it is, you will think so too, and admire me for it; I assure you I am perfect master of it, though I cannot explain it to you.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What is it?

S I M O.

I cannot, as yet, properly describe it to you; suffice it, at present, to inform you, that I have a certain art, which I am a proficient in, and, therefore, am not in want: what it is, you shall hear another time.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But I cannot stay so long.

S I M O.

When you know it, you will say it is something very new and astonishing.

T Y C H I A D E S.

For that very reason, I long to be acquainted with it.

S I M O.

Some other time, my friend.

T Y.

TYCHIADES.

No no, let us have it now, unless you are ashamed.

SIMO.

It is the art of parasitism.

TYCHIADES.

And would any one but a madman call this an art?

SIMO.

Yes, I do; and if I am mad, consider that this madness excuses me from learning any other art, and then I am sure you will acquit me; for that same dæmon, madness, however dreadful it may be to those who labour under it, is never blamed for the faults it commits, any more than the scholar is for what his master has taught him.

TYCHIADES.

The parasite, therefore, practises an art?

SIMO.

Certainly; and that art I am master of.

TYCHIADES.

You own yourself a parasite then?

SIMO.

I do; and now you think you have abused me dreadfully.

TYCHIADES.

Don't you blush when you call yourself a parasite?

SIMO.

By no means: on the contrary, I should have more reason to blush if I did not.

TYCHIADES.

And if I wanted to describe you to a person who desired to know what you were, would you have me say, a parasite?

SIMO.

Were you to call a statuary Phidias, you would not please him more than you do me, by calling me a parasite; nor do I glory less in my art, than he did in his Jupiter.

TYCHIADES.

Now cannot I help smiling, when I think —

SIMO.

Of what?

TY-

THE PARASITE.

TYCHIADES.

Why, of writing to you, and directing on the outside, to Simo the Parasite.

SIMO.

Well, and I shall like it better than if it was to * Dion the Philosopher.

TYCHIADES.

As to what you would wish to be called, it signifies little or nothing; but the folly is, with regard to the profession.

SIMO.

What do you mean?

TYCHIADES.

Would you place it, I mean, amongst the arts? if I am asked what art such a one professes, am I to say, as the grammatical, and the medicinal, so the parasitical art?

SIMO.

Certainly, Tychiades; and I would rather say that than any other: and if you please, I will tell you why, though, as I said before, I am not properly prepared for it.

TYCHIADES.

Well, let us hear it, though, I am afraid, there will be but little truth in your assertions.

SIMO.

First then, we will consider art in general, and then descend to the several species of it, and consider how far they partake of the first principles of it.

TYCHIADES.

What then is art? for it seems you can tell me.

SIMO.

I can.

TYCHIADES.

If you know then, let us have it immediately.

SIMO.

An art, then, as I remember to have been told by a certain learned man, is a system of approved rules, co-operating to a certain end useful to society.

TYCHIADES.

Well recollected; you have delivered it exactly as he defined it to you.

SIMO.

If the practice of a parasite answers in every respect to this definition, what is it but an art?

* Dion] Of Alexandria, celebrated, according to Philostratus, as an eminent philosopher.

TYCHIADES.

If it does, an art it must certainly be.

S I M O.

Let us see then, whether by comparing it with the several requisites of an art, it will correspond, or whether, like cracked vessels, they will jarr against each other: and first then, this art, like every other, should be a system of approved rules, a complete perception. The first thing, therefore, necessary, is clearly to explore and discern who is the proper person to feed and maintain us, and most likely, when he has taken that resolution, not to change his mind; unless, indeed, we will advance, that he who can distinguish good money from bad, is a proper judge of corn: and yet that he is no artist who can know an honest man from a knave, whereas men are by no means so easily read as corns: for, according to the sage Euripides,

* No certain mark by which the good from ill
May be distinguish'd, doth the body wear.

So much doth the parasite excel nature in knowing and understanding things the most hidden and obscure, and better than divination itself; to say and do every thing that may recommend and ingratiate himself with his patron, is surely a mark of the strongest faculties and superior understanding.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Most indisputably.

S I M O.

To be much better treated, and counted a more agreeable companion than any of those who do not understand the art; can this, think you, be managed without sense and wisdom?

T Y C H I A D E S.

By no means.

S I M O.

Then to point out the beauties and faults of the several dishes at table, can never be done but by a proficient in the art; for, as the most noble Plato well observes, If he who treats, has no skill in cookery, he is not fit to give a supper.

But farther; not only are the rules of our art fixed and approved, but reduced also to practice; other arts may remain for days, nights, months, and years, and yet never operate, though at the same time they exist in the per-

* *No certain.*] From the Medea of Euripides.

son who possesses them ; whereas, in the parasite, if the rules are not put in practice, it makes an end both of the art and the artificer. As to the usefulness of the end required, it would be madness to call it in question : for surely nothing is more useful than eating and drinking, as without them, it is impossible to live.

T Y C H I A D E S.

True.

S I M O.

Again, it is not a gift of nature, like strength, or beauty, but acquired, and consequently an art.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Right.

S I M O.

Neither is it ignorance, for ignorance can never serve or assist you : were you to go to sea in a storm, and knew not how to guide the ship, could you expect to be saved ?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Certainly, no.

S I M O.

And wherefore ? because, doubtless, you wanted the art,

T Y C H I A D E S.

True.

S I M O.

The parasite, therefore, could not be saved if he was ignorant.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Right.

S I M O.

He is saved, therefore, by art, and not by ignorance,

T Y C H I A D E S.

No doubt of it.

S I M O.

Parasitism, then, must be an art.

T Y C H I A D E S.

So, indeed, it should seem to be,

S I M O.

Moreover, very good pilots, and very good drivers have I seen thrown from their seats, some bruised, others killed ; but never did I hear of a parasite wrecked or overturned. Upon the whole, then, since parasitism is not ignorance, nor a gift of nature, but certain fixed and approved rules reduced to practice, be it agreed, henceforth, between us, that it is an art.

T Y.

TYCHIADES.

By what I learn from you, it certainly is so; the only thing remaining to be proved, is the goodness of the end.

SIMO.

This you have doubtless a right to require: to define it, therefore; the parasitical art is the art of eating and drinking, and saying proper things on that subject; and the end of it is, pleasure.

TYCHIADES.

You have defined your art most admirably; but take care the philosophers do not quarrel with you about the end.

SIMO.

It is sufficient, surely, with regard to the end, if the parasitical art, and the summum bonum are found to be the same, as will evidently appear; for the wise Homer, who admired the life of a parasite, affirms it to be the most happy, and most enviable of all human conditions,

* How sweet (says he), the products of a peaceful reign!

The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast.

How goodly seems it ever to employ

Man's social days in union, and in joy;

The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine,

And, o'er the foaming bowl, the laughing wine!

And then, as if he had not sufficiently expressed his admiration of it, to confirm his opinion, he adds,

Dear to my heart is such delicious fare.

Concluding, if we are to take his word, that none but the parasite can be truly happy. Observe, withal, that he puts these words into the mouth of no common man, but the wisest of the Greeks: if Ulysses had preferred the ultimate end of the Stoics, he might have said so when he brought back Philoctetes from Lemnos, when he laid waste old Troy, destroyed Ilium, or when he entered it, beating himself, and in his poor Stoic tatters; and yet even then he did not call that the most delightful of all ends; nay, when he got again into the Epicurean life with Calypso, in luxury and indolence with Atlas's daughter, and all her allurements, even then he never said this

* *How sweet, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey* b. ix. l. 3.

was the sweetest of all ends; but still preferred the life of the parasite. Parasites, you will observe, at that time were called guests; and how does he speak of them! for again, it will be worth while to recur to his verses, nor can they, indeed, be properly understood, unless we often repeat them,

* The plenteous board, high-heap'd with cakes divine.

Epicurus himself stole his summum bonum from the parasite; and an impudent theft it was, for Epicurus did not † enjoy that happiness, which he declares to be his great end; whilst the parasite really doth; for pleasure, in my opinion, consists in having a ‡ body free from pain or trouble, and a mind totally divested of all care and solicitude. Now the parasite possesses both these, and the Epicurean neither; for those who are perpetually hunting after the § figure of the earth, the magnitude of the sun, infinite worlds, and their distances from each other, and the first elements of things; disputing whether there are any gods or not, and quarrelling amongst themselves about the end of every good, surely may be stiled not merely subject to human miseries, but deeply involved in worldly matters: whilst the parasite, who thinks every thing is as it should be, and that it cannot possibly be in a better situation than it is; never disturbed by such thoughts as these, eats and drinks in peace and safety, and lays all along with his hands and feet in perfect liberty; like Ulysses on his return to Ithaca. But there is another reason why I think the Epicurean a stranger to real pleasure; this wise man either has something to eat, or he has not; now, if he has not, so far from living pleasantly, he cannot live at all: if he has, either he must have it from himself, or from somebody else; but if he has it from any body else, he

* *The plenteous, &c.*] Part of the lines quoted just before from the *Odyssey*.

† *Enjoy, &c.*] Lucian here, contrary to his usual severity, does justice to the character of Epicurus, who, though he considered pleasure as the summum bonum, lived himself a distinguished example of temperance and sobriety: his followers, however, we have reason to suppose, were not ambitious of imitating him in this particular, but were truly what Horace calls them, *Epicuri de grege Porci*.

‡ *A body, &c.*] *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Hor.

§ *Figure, &c.*] The earth, according to Epicurus, (who seemed to have no fixed or determinate opinion concerning it,) may be round, oval, or lenticular; triangular, pyramidal, square, hexaedrical, or of any other plain figure, especially if it be unmoved: "Most maintain the world, (say he,) to be as immortal and blessed, so also round, because Plato denieth any figure to be more beautiful than that; but to me, that of the cylinder, or the square, or the cone, or the pyramid, seem, by reason of the variety, more beautiful." See Stanley's *Hist. of Phil.* p. 570.

must

must be a parasite, and not, what he would have you think him, a philosopher; and if he provides them himself, he can never live pleasantly.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Why so?

S I M O.

Because he must be liable to a thousand inconveniencies: he who would live pleasantly, must satisfy every desire, must he not?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Certainly.

S I M O.

This, he who has a large fortune, perhaps, may, but he who has little or nothing, never can; let not the poor man ever pretend to be wise, since he cannot attain the great end, I mean pleasure: but neither can even the rich, who ministers most abundantly to his desires, arrive at this; and why? because he who spends a great deal, must always meet with a great deal of trouble, such as quarreling with the cook for dressing his victuals so badly, or, if he does not, having nothing fit to eat, and consequently no pleasure; besides, perhaps, scolding his house-keeper for managing matters so ill: are not these things so?

T Y C H I A D E S.

By Jove, I think they are.

S I M O.

Now all this may happen to an Epicurean; ergo, he cannot arrive at the end proposed: but the parasite has no cook to be angry with, no house-keeper, no land or money to lament the loss of; he has nothing to do but to eat and drink, and is free from all the troubles and uneasiness which the other is perpetually subject to.

From the preceding arguments we have fairly proved that parasitism is an art: we shall now proceed to shew that it is the most complete one, that it is not only superior to all arts in general, but, separately considered, to every particular one: and first, it excels them all, because every art necessarily requires labour, discipline, terrors, beatings, stripes, &c. which we have all a natural aversion to, whereas our art is learned without any of them. Who ever returned in tears from a feast, as many do from their masters; or who ever that was going to a good supper looked melancholy, as they do who frequent the schools? The parasite goes cheerfully and of his own accord to a treat, and seems in love with his art, whilst those who learn others, hold

L 1 2

them

them in abhorrence, and even frequently run away to avoid them. In other arts, parents reward children according to their merit; give the boy some victuals if he has wrote well, or if he has NOT, give him none; of such consequence is this same eating, that both reward and punishment are determined by it: now the parasite eats every day. In other arts this is the fruit of all their learning, and they receive it with joy after the task is over; but the way to it is rough and difficult: the parasite alone enjoys the fruit of his art at the very time when he is learning it; and even as soon as he begins, attains the end desired. Not only some other arts, but every one of them are practised to gain a maintenance; whilst the parasite gets one the moment he enters upon it. The husbandman does not till his field for the sake of agriculture, nor the builder build houses for the sake of architecture; but the parasite has nothing else in view but the thing itself; his business, and the end for which it was undertaken, is one and the same.

Again: in other arts, men are perpetually employed, and have only two or three holidays in a month; for some places have annual, others monthly festivals, on which they are allowed to be merry; but the parasite has thirty holy-days in the month, for every day to him seems holy.

In other arts, those who would arrive at any proficiency in them, must be dieted like sick; men for he that eats and drinks abundantly, will never learn much. In other arts, the workman can do nothing without his tools; there is no singing without a flute, nor playing without a lyre, nor riding without a horse; now, our art is so commodious, and so easy to the artist, that he can exercise it without any instrument at all. For other arts, we give something to learn them, but in this we receive for it: others, moreover, require a master, but this none: for, as Socrates says of poetry; it comes by inspiration: add to this, that other arts cannot be practised when you are at sea, or upon a journey, but this may.

T Y C H I A D E S.

True.

S I M O.

Other arts, indeed, seem to stand in need of this, but this of no other.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But answer me this; do not those who take what belongs to another, act unjustly?

S I M O.

No doubt of it.

T Y.

TYCHIADES.
Is not the parasite then guilty of injustice?

S I M O.

I cannot see that; the origin and source of every other art is mean and base, but the parasite's is noble and generous; it springs from that boasted virtue of philosophers, true friendship.

TYCHIADES.
How so?

S I M O.

Because no body invites a man to dinner who is his enemy, or a stranger, or even a person slightly acquainted with him; he must be a friend before he can be admitted to the table, and be initiated into the rites and mysteries of our art: it is a common saying, what sort of a friend must he be, who neither eats nor drinks with us! by which it is plain they mean, that he alone who eats and drinks with us, can be a good and faithful friend. That this is the most princely, and, as it were, sovereign of all arts, is indisputable, because men exercise others not only with great toil and labour, but standing, or sitting, as if they were slaves; but the parasite practises his lying all along like a king. Need I mention here the peculiar felicity of him, who, as Homer says, neither * plants, turns the glebe, nor sows, but without doing either, feeds freely upon every thing? the orator, the worker in brass, or the geometrician may exercise their profession, be they ever so foolish, or ever so bad; but no man can be a parasite, who is either one or the other.

TYCHIADES.

Bless us! what a fine thing it is to be a parasite! I could almost wish to be one myself instead of what I am.

S I M O.

I have shewn already how much this excels all arts in general; I shall now proceed to prove how superior it is to every particular one. To compare it with any of the vulgar and mechanic arts, would debase and degrade it: we shall, therefore, only consider the most elegant and refined; and amongst these, it is universally agreed, that rhetoric and philosophy are the principal ones; which, on account of their superior excellency, are by many styled

* *Plants.*] See Homer's description of the land of the Cyclops in the 9th book of the *Odyssey*, where he tells us the inhabitants are

Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe, or sow,

They all their products to free nature owe. Pope's *Hom. Od. b. ix. l. 121.*

sciences:

sciences : if we can prove that parasitism is far beyond these, it must as evidently shine forth the sovereign of arts, as * *Nausicae* was the queen of chambermaids.

First then, it excels both rhetoric and philosophy, as being a real and actual substance, concerning which, all are agreed ; whilst, with regard to the others, they are not. As to rhetoric, it is not one and the same thing with every body ; for some call it an art, others no art at all, and others a bad and mischievous one, and so on : in like manner, philosophy is not always the same, it is one thing with the Stoics, another with the Epicureans, another with the Academics, and another with the Peripatetics ; to this day its professors are not agreed in their opinion of it ; from these two we may form an idea of the rest : I cannot possibly call that an art, which is not so much as a real substance. Arithmetic, indeed, is always one and the same, two and two make four with the Greeks as well as Persians ; in this point, Greeks and barbarians never differ : but many and diverse are our philosophies, and we plainly perceive, that neither their principle nor their ends are the same.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What you say is too true ; for the professors call philosophy one simple thing, and yet themselves split it into a hundred.

S I M O.

In other professions, perhaps, some inconsistencies may be pardoned, and some errors passed over ; but to philosophy, which is the teacher of truth, unity is essentially necessary ; and who can bear to see it, like so many discordant instruments, disagreeing with itself ? it cannot be a simple thing, always one and the same, because we see several different kinds of it ; now, different kinds of it there cannot be, because, if it is philosophy, it must be one and the same. We may argue in the same manner also with regard to rhetoric ; when all do not say the same on the subject proposed, but perpetually disagree in their opinions, it is plain to a demonstration, that object can have no real actual existence, the perceptions arising from which, are not universally the same ; when the thing is contested, to whom can it belong ? its never being found in any particular person, at once destroys its existence. But it is not so with parasitism, which is the same, both amongst Greeks and barbarians, in its practice, and in the manner of it ; nor can it ever be said, that one man is a parasite in one way, and another in another :

Nausicae.] See Homer's *Odyfsey*, book vi.

nor have they, like the Stoics and Epicureans, different tenets, but a general union and harmony amongst themselves, the actions ever corresponding with the ends proposed by them. Parasitism, therefore, as far as I see, stands the chance of being styled the only true wisdom.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Thus far you seem to be in the right; but how will you prove your art to be superior to philosophy in all other points?

S I M O.

First, I shall observe that no parasite ever fell in love with philosophy, whereas many philosophers are recorded to have turned parasites, and do so to this day.

T Y C H I A D E S.

What philosophers may they be?

S I M O.

Those whom Simo is very well acquainted with, though you seem to insinuate that I know no such persons; as if you thought it would be no honour to them, but rather a disgrace.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Not so, by Jupiter! but I am really in doubt whether you can produce them.

S I M O.

You can never have read their lives, my good friend, otherwise you must know well enough who I mean.

T Y C H I A D E S.

By Hercules, then, I should be glad you would tell me their names.

S I M O.

I will; and I assure you they are men of the first rank, and such, perhaps, as you little think of: and first, then, there was * Æschines, the Socratic, who wrote the long and elegant dialogues which he brought with him into Sicily, purposely to introduce himself to Dionysius; and finding that his Miltiades, which he read over to the tyrant, met with his approbation, he even sat himself down there, became the king's parasite, and from that hour had a final adieu to the disputations of Socrates.

* Æschines.] A famous philosopher, contemporary with and a disciple of the great Socrates. He ingratiated himself with Dionysius the tyrant, and was supported by him. He wrote many dialogues, amongst which was the Miltiades here mentioned, together with several orations and epistles, which are greatly admired.

Next

Next to him, what think you of * Aristippus the Cyrenian, was not he one of your most celebrated philosophers?

Most undoubtedly.

S I M O.

He also lived in Sicily at the same time, and was a parasite to Dionysius, who held him in the highest esteem; his genius, indeed, appeared, above all men, best adapted to that art, inasmuch, that the tyrant would every day send his cooks to be instructed by him: he seems, indeed, to have been one of the greatest ornaments of our profession.

The next I shall mention, is your famous Plato, who travelled into Sicily for this very purpose, who practised this art at the † tyrant's court for a few days, but failed from want of natural capacity: after which, he returned to Athens, took a great deal of pains to qualify himself, and once more set sail for Sicily, where, trying a little while, he again met with as bad success through unskilfulness; his misfortune, indeed, in this particular, resembles the fate of ‡ Nicias.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Who mentions this affair, Simo?

S I M O.

Several; particularly § Aristoxenus the musician, a man of no little note,

* *Aristippus.*] This satire on Aristippus is very fair: it is well known that philosopher lived a great part of his time in the court of Dionysius the Sicilian tyrant; and, as he acknowledged himself, for a very good reason; "when I wanted wisdom, (said he to the king,) I went to Socrates; now I want money, I come to you." He fell down at the king's feet to ask a favour of him, which was granted, and being reproved for his meanness and servility; "Blame me not, said he, but Dionysius, whose ears are in his feet."

† *Tyrant's, &c.*] Dionysius, to which he resorted, but not being altogether of so compliant a disposition as Æschines and Aristippus, did not meet with the same encouragement; he staid there, however, long enough to rank amongst Lucian's parasites, and to be handed down as such, (with what degree of truth we know not) to posterity.

‡ *Nicias.*] A famous commander mentioned by Thucydides, who perished at Syracuse, in the sea-fight between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians.

§ *Aristoxenus.*] He lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was a contemporary of Plato and Aristotle; eminent both as a philosopher and a musician, but most distinguished in the latter character: having written several learned treatises on ancient music, of which only his *Harmonics*, in three books, are come down to us; they are translated into Latin by Meursius. He is said by Suidas to have written no less than 452 different works, amongst which, those on music were most esteemed.

For a farther account of him and the merit of his *Harmonics*, I refer my readers to the ingenious Dr. Burney's *General History of Music*, one of the most instructive and entertaining works published in this century. See his *Account of the Greek Music*, p. 450.

who

who was, himself, the parasite of * Neleus. † Euripides, besides, as you very well know, was parasite to Archelaus, to the day of his death, as ‡ Anaxarchus was to Alexander: as to Aristotle, he § touched but slightly this art, as he did on all the rest. Philosophers, therefore, as I just now observed, have frequently turned parasites, but nobody ever saw a parasite who wished to turn philosopher. If never to know hunger, thirst, or cold, be real happiness, parasites alone are happy: for, as to philosophers, many are found *starving*, we never are: this is the fate of your wise men only, or such wretches and beggars as resemble them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

True; but how will you prove, after all, that your art is superior to rhetoric and philosophy?

S I M O.

There are too seasons, my good friend, when the arts, and the professors of them, have an opportunity of shewing their real merit; the time of war, and the time of peace; let us, if you please, take the former, and consider which will appear to the greatest advantage, and be of most service, both to themselves and the public.

T Y C H I A D E S.

An excellent trial of skill you have proposed, and I cannot help smiling to myself, when I think of a parasite and a philosopher thus compared together.

* *Neleus.*] Concerning this Neleus we have very little information to be depended on, though he is slightly mentioned by Athenæus. He was, probably, however, some man of fashion and consequence at that time, with whom Aristoxenus was intimately connected.

† *Euripides.*] This famous tragedian, as it is well known, and recorded by all his biographers, left his native country, probably, on account of some ill treatment from his rivals, and spent the latter part of his life at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedon, who loaded him with favours, and treated him with all the respect due to his character and abilities: this was a sufficient foundation for Lucian to call him a parasite, a name which, notwithstanding, he might probably very little deserve.

‡ *Anaxarchus.*] A philosopher of Abdera, and follower of Democritus. He lived intirely with Alexander the Great, and flourished about the hundred and tenth Olympiad.

§ *Touched, &c.*] Aristotle, says Lucian, only skimmed the surface of this art, as he did with regard to many others, by which he means, we may suppose, to insinuate that this great writer treated matters but superficially, and never went to the bottom of them. Of his abstruse philosophy we have certainly enough, because if he had said more, he would only have been more tedious: but when we turn to his rhetoric, tragedy, &c. we wish, perhaps, with Lucian, he had been more copious and explicit.

S I M O.

To stop your admiration, and convince you that it is no jesting matter, let us but for a moment suppose word was just now brought, that the enemy had invaded this country, that we could no longer suffer him to lay waste our lands, but were under the immediate necessity of taking up arms against him; that our commanders had summoned all to the field who were of age to fight, and, among the rest, the philosophers, rhetoricians, and parasites were gathered together: first, then, let us see them naked, for they must be stripped before they put down their arms; observe the men one by one, and examine their bodies; you will find some of them pale, thin, and emaciated, as if they had been left half dead on the field of battle; how ridiculous it is to imagine, that such poor wretches as these could ever be fit for a close engagement, or be able to endure the fatigue and bustle of a war! but now, on the other hand, turn your eyes towards the parasite, and mark his appearance; observe what a body he has, and what a colour, not black like a slave, nor white like a woman, but of a fine sanguine complexion, and a countenance full of fire and spirit, like mine. To go to battle with a weak and timid eye, is mean and detestable; but such a warrior as ours

* In life is beautiful, and in death admir'd.

But why need we form conjectures about what we may easily prove by example? to say the truth, never would your orators or philosophers venture on the outside of the walls, or if they were ever forced into an engagement, they were sure to quit their ranks and run away.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Very surprising and extraordinary indeed!

S I M O.

Yet so it is, and I will prove it; amongst your orators, how did Isocrates behave! so far was he from going out to battle, that he was afraid even to ascend the rostrum, but lost his voice in the fright. In the war with Philip, did not Demades, Æschines, and Philocrates give up themselves and their country through fear to the invader; did not they stay at home on purpose to manage his affairs with the commonwealth, and were not all those who took his part ranked amongst their best friends? even Hyperides, Lycurgus,

* *In life, &c.*] This is probably from some tragic writer, though I do not remember the passage in any now extant.

and

and Demosthenes, who were so much braver, who were always abusing Philip, and stirring up the people against him in their harangues, what mighty act did they perform against him when the war began? Hyperides and Lycurgus never so much as dared to put their heads out beyond the city walls, but sculked behind them, and during the siege, contented themselves with making little speeches and decrees against him; whilst their great * leader, who was always crying out "Philip, that plague of Macedon, from whom no man would even purchase a slave." After venturing as far as Bœotia, before the battle began, threw down his shield, and fled. This you must have heard, as it is universally known, not by Athenians only, but by the Thracians and Scythians, those barbarians from whom this coward sprung.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I acknowledge it; but these were only orators, people employed to teach language and not virtue; what say you to philosophers? you cannot accuse them.

S I M O.

These, Tychiades, though they are perpetually talking about fortitude, and hackneying the name of virtue, are more timid and cowardly even than our orators: who ever heard of a philosopher dying in battle? they either never fought at all, or if they did, took the first opportunity to run away. Antisthenes, Diogenes, Crates, Zeno, Plato, Æschines, Aristotle, and the whole tribe of them, never so much as saw an engagement. The wife Socrates alone ventured to a battle, but was glad to retreat from * Parnethe to the palæstra of Taurea; he thought it much pleasanter and more polite to divert himself with the young men, and throw out his jests and sarcasms, than to fight with the Spartans.

* *Leader.*] Demosthenes.

† *Parnethe.*] Socrates, in spite of what is here roundly asserted by Lucian's Parasite, was no coward; but, according to Plutarch's testimony, always behaved well in battle, so well, indeed, that an honourable reward was assigned to him by the general, which he declined in favour of his friend Alcibiades. With regard to the affair here alluded to, Lucian has misrepresented it; for, as Plutarch tells us, in his tract concerning the dæmon of Socrates, as the army came to a way that was divided into two, Socrates made a stand, and advised those that were with him not to take the path they were going into, along the mountain Parne, but the other, by the way called Retiste, for such, said he to them, was the dæmon's advice; most of them, however, persisted in their own opinion, were met by a party of horsemen, and all cut off. Socrates, and those who followed him, got safe home.

This, surely, was prudence, and not cowardice. We must not always depend on my friend Lucian's veracity.

TYCHIADES.

In truth, my good friend, I have heard as much from others, and those too, who did not say it merely for the sake of laughing at, or abusing them, nor do I therefore imagine you have belied them, in compliment to your own art; but now, if you please, let us know how your friends behave in battle, and whether any of the ancient heroes were parasites.

SIMO.

Every body, my friend, be he ever so ignorant, is acquainted with Homer; and those that know him, know that his greatest heroes were parasites: the famous Nestor, whose * lips flowed with honey, was the king's parasite; nor was Achilles, who not only seemed, but was the most beautiful and most courageous of men, nor Diomed, nor Ajax, so much praised and admired by him as Nestor; he does not wish for ten Ajax's, or ten Achilles's, but tells us he should † soon take Troy, if he had but ten such soldiers as this old parasite. Idomeneus too, the offspring of Jove, was another parasite, as he informs us, of Agamemnon's.

TYCHIADES.

I remember very well what you mention, but I do not rightly comprehend why they must be styled parasites.

SIMO.

Recollect, I beseech you, the verses where Agamemnon speaks to Idomeneus.

TYCHIADES.

Which do you mean?

SIMO.

‡ — in banquets when the gen'rous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warrior's souls,
Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.

And this, he said, not because the goblet of Idomeneus was always filled for

* *Lips.*] Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book i. l. 332.

† *Soon take, &c.*]

— Wou'd the gods decree

But ten such fages as they grant in thee,

Such wisdom soon shou'd Priam's force destroy,

And soon shou'd fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy.

See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book ii. l. 442.

‡ *In banquets, &c.*] See Pope's *Homer's Iliad*, book iv. l. 296.

him,

him, either fighting or sleeping, but because he alone had the privilege of supping every night with the king, whilst other soldiers were only invited on particular occasions.

Again, after Ajax had fought in single combat with Hector, they * led him, he tells us, to the divine Agamemnon, where he was rewarded by supping with the king; but Nestor and Idomeneus, as he informs us, had that honour every day. Nestor, indeed, was the first of royal parasites, and understood the art better than any of them, having practised it before with † Cæneus and Hexadius, nor did he quit it, till after the death of Agamemnon.

T Y C H I A D E S.

He was certainly a most excellent one; if you know of any others, let us have them.

S I M O.

What think you of Patroclus, the famous parasite of Achilles, a man not inferior to any of the Greeks, though but a youth, either in body or mind? nay, if Homer is to be credited, equal to Achilles himself: he who burst through the gates, and attacked Hector in the trenches, and drove him to the ships, he who saved the burning vessel of Proteus, which was more than Ajax and Teucer, the sons of Telamon, could do, though one was a heavy-armed leader, and the other a famous archer: this noble parasite slew a number of the barbarians, and amongst the rest Sarpedon, the son of Jove: nor did he die like other men; Achilles we know alone, killed Hector, and Paris alone slew Achilles; but no less than two men and one god went to the slaying of our parasite, who, when he died, did not supplicate like the brave Hector, who fell down at Achilles's feet, and intreated that his body might be given to his friends, but behaved as became the dignity of his calling, and cried out

T Y C H I A D E S.

What?

* *Led him.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vii. l. 312.

† *Cæneus.*] This alludes to Nestor's speech in the first book of the Iliad, where he talks of his old acquaintance,

Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Cæneus' deathless name.

Thefeus and Polyphron are likewise recorded, but no mention is there made of Hexadius.

S I M O.

S I M O.

* Had twenty mortals, each thy match in fight,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had funk in night.

T Y C H I A D E S.

That's enough; but you must first fairly prove that Patroclus was not a friend, but a parasite.

S I M O.

I will produce you his own words to prove him the latter.

T Y C H I A D E S.

Wonderful indeed!

S I M O.

Mark what he says:

† — As in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine;
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed.

Again, when he went away,

Me Peleus cherish'd long, and bade me be,
What I have prov'd, a ‡ minister to thee.

That is, his parasite; if he had meant that Patroclus was his friend, he would not have called him minister, for Patroclus, we know, was a free man; whom then could he call ministers, but those who were neither slaves nor friends, and consequently must be parasites? You will observe too, that he does not honour Idomeneus, though he was the son of Jupiter, with the epithet of Mars-like, but his parasite Meriones. Again, what think you of Aristogiton, the poor plebeian, who, as Thucydides tells us, was the parasite of Hermodius, and his lover also, for parasites must love those who maintain them; this man, we know, defended Athens when groaning under tyranny and oppression, and restored her freedom and independency: the brazen statues of him and his dearly beloved remain to this day in the market-place: please to observe, that all these brave men were parasites.

How does our parasite behave in the battle! does he not always, before

* *Had twenty, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xvi. l. 1002.

† *As in fate.*] Part of the speech of Patroclus's shade to Achilles. See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiii. l. 103.

‡ *Minister.*] Greek, *δρακονορ*.

he

he goes out to fight, as * Ulysses prescribes, take his breakfast? for, whomsoever he commanded to fight, him he first invited to feast, let him begin ever so early: whilst other soldiers spend their time in a cowardly manner, some in sitting on their helmets, others preparing their breast-plates, others in trembling for the event of the battle; he with a chearful countenance employs it in making a good meal, and the moment he goes out, steps forward, and is foremost in the engagement: behind him, in another rank, stands his feeder, whom he covers with his shield, as Ajax did Teucer, and as the darts are flying round, exposing his own body, shelters him, anxious to protect and save his patron, rather than himself: if he perishes in battle, neither general nor soldier need blush to see his beautiful body falling gracefully as at a banquet. It is worth while, at the same time, to observe the carcase of the philosopher that lies by him, dry and dirty, with his long beard, a poor little creature who was half dead before the fight began: how must we despise the unfortunate city that has such defenders, who that beheld these pale puny wretches thus stretched out on the ground, but must suppose them to be so many malefactors let out of prison for lack of better soldiers to fight for their country! Such, my friend, are parasites in time of war, compared to your orators and philosophers; in peace they are as preferable to them as peace itself is to war; and to prove this, we will first, if you please, consider the situations of peace.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I do not rightly understand what you mean by that.

S I M O.

The forum, the courts of justice, the palæstra, the gymnasium, hunting parties, and banquets, these I call peaceful situations; are they not so?

T Y C H I A D E S.

Most undoubtedly.

S I M O.

To the forum, or court of justice then, our parasite never comes, because they are fitter for informers and petty-foggers, seldom any thing just or honest is carried on there; the palæstra indeed, the gymnasium, and the ban-

* *Ulysses prescribes.*] Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xix. l. 169.

quet,

quet, he always frequents, and is the great ornament and conductor of them. In the palæstra, what orator or philosopher can be compared with him for shape and beauty, which of them is not rather a disgrace to the gymnasium whenever he appears in it? If one of them meets a wild beast in the desert, he is frightened out of his wits at him; whilst our parasite sustains his attack with the greatest ease and indifference: by the frequent view of his adversary on a * table, he has learned to despise him; no stag nor horrid boar affrights our hero; for if the boar whets his teeth against him, he, in return, whets his teeth against the boar: as to hares, he is fonder of running after them than the dogs themselves: at a feast, whether eating or jesting, who is able to contend with him? who can so well entertain the company, he who is for ever singing and cutting jokes, or the poor creature who lies down in his short cloak, never smiles, but looks upon the ground, with a melancholy countenance, as if he came to a funeral instead of a banquet; a philosopher at a feast, I think, is like a † dog in a bath.

But, to pass over these matters, let us come at once to the life of the parasite, and compare it with theirs. In the first place then, he has an utter contempt of all fame and glory, and never cares what people think of him; now your orators and philosophers, one and all of them, are fond of both, and what is worse, of money too; whilst the parasite values it no more than the sand upon the sea-shore, and thinks it as bad as fire. Our rhetoricians, and what is more shameful, those who call themselves philosophers, are so attached to their interest, that amongst them, (for as to the orators, I shall take no notice of them,) some in the courts of judicature have taken bribes, others exact money from their pupils, others without a blush, will ask a stipend of a king for living with him. You may see many an old fellow rambling about, and letting himself out, like Indian and Scythian slaves, nor is he ashamed to own that he receives wages: besides all this, you will find them subject to melancholy, to anger, envy, to passions, appetites, and desires of every kind; but the parasite is free from all: he is never angry, first, because he can bear misfortunes, and secondly, because there is nobody whom he can be angry with; if at any time he is a little ruffled, his resent-

* *A table.*] The wild-boar was a favourite dish at the tables of the great: the parasite, therefore, is not afraid of meeting with his old acquaintance.

† *A dog.*] Frightened at the hot water, splashing, sweating, and, in short, as we say, quite out of his element.

ment

ment produces nothing harsh nor gloomy, but rather excites mirth and laughter; he puts those in a good humour with whom he converses, and is, himself, never melancholy, as it is the peculiar advantage of his profession, that nothing can make him uneasy; for he has neither estate, nor house, nor servant, nor wife, nor children, the loss of which, and they are all perishable, must deeply affect the possessor of them; but he is not fond of glory, or riches, or any of those things that are so univesally admired.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But, perhaps, Simo, want of victuals may now and then affect him a little.

S I M O.

You have forgot, my friend, that he who wants victuals is no parasite; he is not a brave man whose bravery is departed from him, nor is he a wise man who is deprived of wisdom; our inquiry is about him who is a parasite, and not about him who is none; now if the brave man is only brave whilst he is exercising his bravery, and the prudent man whilst he is practising prudence, in like manner, he only is a parasite who is * actually feeding, and if he is not so, we are talking not about him, but about somebody else.

T Y C H I A D E S.

The parasite then, you think, must always have plenty.

S I M O.

Certainly; neither on this account, therefore, nor any other, can he be unhappy. Moreover, you will please to observe, that orators and philosophers are all cowards; you never see them go out without a club, which they would not be armed with, if they were not afraid; making their doors as fast as possible for fear of thieves: whilst our parasite just shuts his, and that carelessly, to keep the wind out; be there ever so much noise in the night, he is no more moved than if there was no noise at all; and if he walks through a desert, he goes without a sword, for he is afraid of nothing: but many a philosopher have I seen, armed with spears and arrows, where there is nothing to fear; they carry clubs with them even when they go into the bath, or to dinner: you never knew a parasite accused of an assault, rape, adultery, or any crime of that kind; he never hurts any body but himself: but as to orators and philosophers, we not only know of a thousand crimes

* *Actually feeding.*] Gr. παρασιτος, parasitus, from σιτος, food. A pun upon the Greek word.

committed by them in our own age, but have them recorded in books; there is still extant the apology of Socrates, Æschines, Hyperides, Demofthenes, and many others amongst your wise men; but who ever saw the defence of a parasite? nor can we call to mind a suit commenced against one of them.

T Y C H I A D E S.

But, supposing the life of a parasite superior to that of an orator or philosopher, his death, after all, perhaps, may be much more wretched.

S I M O.

So far from it, that it is infinitely more happy. All your philosophers, we know, at least three parts of them, have died miserably; some condemned to suffer for the most atrocious of crimes, have been forced to drink * poison, others were burned to ashes, others died of the strangury, and others were banished; whereas parasites never go off in either of these ways, but come to a happy end, eating and drinking; or if, perhaps, any of them ever did die a violent death, it must have been from indigestion.

T Y C H I A D E S.

You have fought your parasite's battle with the philosophers most nobly; all I want you now to shew, is, what honour and profit redounds to the patron who supports him, and whether it is not a shame he should be so liberally supported.

S I M O.

How ignorant, Tychiades, must you be, not to know that the rich man, who eats by himself, though he had all the wealth of Gyges, must be really poor, and if he appears in public without a parasite, looks like a beggar! for, as a soldier is contemptible without arms, a garment without purple, or a horse without his trappings, even so does a great man without a parasite seem of no rank or estimation. The parasite sets off the rich man, but the rich man never sets off the parasite: it is no disgrace, as you acknowledge, for the latter to live upon the former, as the poor should depend upon the rich; and to the former the dependent is highly useful, not only because he shews him off, but because from the attendance of the one, is derived the happiness of the other: woe be to those who attack the patron, when his parasite stands by him; and who will attempt to poison the man who has always a friend to taste his meat and drink for him? the rich man is not only digni-

* *Poison.*] Alluding to the deaths of Socrates and Empedocles.

fed

fied by the parasite, but is, at the same time, saved from the greatest dangers by him; the parasite, from his zeal and attachment, runs every hazard for his patron, not only takes care he shall never eat by himself, but even chuses to eat with him at the peril of his life.

T Y C H I A D E S.

In good truth, my friend, you have done every thing in your power, have not neglected the defence of your art in any particular, but appeared to be what you promised, well prepared, and an adept in the profession; I would only ask you now, whether there is not something in the appellation of parasite, that is mean and base.

S I M O.

No such thing: it means no more than eating together; and is not failing together, running together, riding and shooting together, and consequently eating together, better than failing, and running, and riding, and shooting, and eating alone?

T Y C H I A D E S.

You are quite right, and I entirely agree with you: for the future I shall come, as the children do, night and morning, to learn of you; you should teach me your art, I think, freely, because I am your first scholar, as mother's, they say, are always fondest of their first-born.

A N A C H A R S I S.

A DIALOGUE ON GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

The Advantages arising from the public gymnastic Exercises practised in Greece, and the Inconveniences sometimes attendant on them, are here set forth in a lively and entertaining Dialogue. LUCIAN, in the Person of ANACHARSIS, the Scythian, laughs, but with great good Humour, at the obvious Absurdities, and ridiculous Circumstances which sometimes accompanied them: whilst the Lawgiver defends his own Statutes and Customs, with a Warmth and Seriousness suitable to the Occasion. The contrasted Characters of the Grecian, and Scythian, are well supported throughout, and the whole sprinkled with that Portion of true Attic Salt which distinguishes the Productions of this amusing Author.

A N A C H A R S I S A N D S O L O N.

A N A C H A R S I S.

PRAY, Solon, what is the meaning of these young gentlemen's diverting themselves in this manner? Some of them are locked close together, and tripping up one another's heels, some writhing and twisting, rolling in the mud, and begriming themselves like so many hogs: when they first undressed, I saw them stroking and anointing one another, as peaceably as could be; then, all on a sudden, heaven knows why or wherefore, butting, and lifting their heads together, like rams. Look there, one of them has thrown his antagonist on the ground, he will not suffer him to rise, but gets upon, and keeps him down with his knees, and, with his hands at his throat, is going to suffocate him, whilst the other lays hold on his shoulder, as if beseeching that he would not throttle him. The oil does not keep them a bit cleaner, for it is soon wiped off, and they are covered with sweat and dirt. I cannot help laughing to see them slip out of one another's hands like eels. Yonder are others in the open air, with a deep sand under them, which they are raking up like so many chicken, and sprinkling each other with, I suppose that they may lay the faster hold, as the sand takes off the slipperiness of the ointment, and makes them stand firmer on the ground: and now they go to it hand and foot; one poor creature seems as if he was spitting out all his teeth, his mouth is so full of sand
and

and blood, from the blow he has received on his face; that officer who presides over the sport, for by the purple I take him to be a magistrate, never offers to part them, or put an end to the fray, but seems to encourage and promote it, as you see by the applauses he bestows on that bruiser. But look yonder, some of them are skipping about with great agility, as if they were running a race, though they never stir from the spot; observe how they raise their bodies up into the air, and shake their legs: I should be glad to know what good end or purpose this can possibly answer, for, to me, it appears like madness, nor shall I easily be persuaded that they are not all out of their senses.

S O L O N.

No wonder, Anacharsis, they should seem so to you, as these customs must appear strange and foreign to your Scythian manners; and so would many of your's to us, if we were eye-witnesses of them, as you are now of our's: but believe me, my good friend, there is no madness in the case, nor do they, when they roll about in the dirt, kick up the sand, and strike one another, mean to do any injury, or act from anger and resentment: many good and useful consequences result from it, and the body acquires no little strength and improvement; if you stay any time in Greece, as I hope you will, I make no doubt but I shall see you as deep in dirt and dust as the best of them, so useful and so agreeable will the custom soon appear to you.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Keep your useful and agreeable to yourselves, I beseech you, Solon; for if any one of you attempts to treat me in that manner, he shall find I do not wear a * scymitar for nothing: but pray inform me, what do you call this, and what is it they are about?

S O L O N.

This place is called the † Gymnasium, and is sacred to Apollo the Lycian. Observe his statue, the head reclining on his right hand, with a bow in his left, represents the deity as rising from long labour: with regard to the exercises, what you observe in the mud there, and likewise on the sand, we call wrestling: when they stand upright, and attack one another, we

* *A scymitar.*] The acinaces, or scymitar of the Scythians, was their favourite weapon, which they always wore, both in peace and war; it was even treated with some degree of adoration, and worshipped by them. See Lucian's *Toxaris*, and the note upon it.

† *Gymnasium.*] The gymnasium, or palæstra, was the place where all the public exercises were performed, divided into several parts, which are all accurately and minutely described by Pausanias, Vitruvius, Potter, and other writers.

term

term it the pancratium : we have likewise other sports, such as * boxing, quoits, and leaping, for every one of which we lay down certain rewards, which the conqueror is entitled to.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And what are they ?

S O L O N.

At the Olympic games, an † olive crown, or garland ; at the Isthmian, one of pine ; at the Nemean, one of parsley ; at the Pythian, apples from the trees sacred to Apollo ; and with us, at the Panathenaica, olives from the tree of Minerva. What do you smile at ? you think our prizes very small, I suppose.

A N A C H A R S I S.

O no ; your rewards are certainly most magnificent, and such as must stir up a contest amongst the donors which shall be most liberal, worthy, no doubt, to be contended for by the candidates, even beyond their strength : they must take a great deal of pains, to be sure, and willingly run the hazard of being throttled for apples and parsley, as if they could not have plenty of them when they pleased, without having their faces smeared with mud, and their breaths trod out of their bodies for it.

S O L O N.

But remember, my friend, it is not the reward alone which we look towards : these are only the marks and tokens of victory : the glory which results from it, is the conqueror's great reward : those who look for glory, and thirst after that alone, must suffer many things, and wait for it as the noble and worthy end of all their labours.

A N A C H A R S I S.

The great and noble end, you talk of then, is, that those, who before pitied them for their wounds and dangers, shall applaud their victories, and see them crowned : whilst they shall themselves be supremely happy in the possession of their apples and parsley.

* *Boxing, &c*] The curious reader will meet with a particular account of all the ancient gymnastic sports, in three pieces written by Monf. Burette, and printed in the second volume of *Memoires de Literature de l'Academie Royale des Inscriptions, &c.*

† *Olive.*] The first reward bestowed upon the conquerors in the Olympic games was a chaplet, or crown, composed of the branches of wild olive, to enhance the value of which, it was pretended, that the tree from whence they were taken was brought to Olympia by Hercules, from the country of the Hyperboreans, and withal, that it was indicated to the Eleans by the Delphic oracle. See West's *Dissertation on the Olympic Games.*

S O.

S O L O N.

You know little at present, I tell you, of our manners; by and by you will think better of them: when you come to the assembly, and see such numbers of people gathered together, and the amphitheatre filled with so many thousand spectators, the combatants crowned with shouts of applause, and the conqueror equalled in honour and glory to the gods.

A N A C H A R S I S.

That, now, to me appears the most unfortunate circumstance of all; to suffer so many hardships, not before a few judges only, but in the sight of so many people, who are eye-witnesses of their misery, and compliment them so highly when they are bleeding at every vein, and half-choaked by their adversaries; for this it seems is the happiness of victory. Now, amongst us Scythians, if any one beats a citizen, throws him down, or tears his cloaths off his back, he is severely punished by our elders, even when there are ever so few witnesses, and not in large and spacious theatres, such as you talk of at your Isthmians and Olympics. I pity the combatants most sincerely on account of their sufferings, and as to your spectators, composed, as you say, of the first people in the state, who frequent these assemblies, I wonder not a little how they can neglect their own affairs to throw away their time on such things as these, nor do I understand what pleasure they can find in seeing men beating, squeezing, and tearing one another.

S O L O N.

If this was the season of our public games, you would then see how useful and agreeable they are; you cannot by description form any idea of the pleasure which it would give you to sit amidst a number of spectators, and observe the courage of the men, the beauty of their forms, their strength and agility, their skill and bravery, their unconquerable spirit, and never-ceasing desire of fame and victory; I am sure, if you were to be an eye-witness of it, there would be no end of your acclamations and applause.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Rather say, my friend, of ridicule and censure; for to tell you the truth, I think all those mighty virtues, you talk of, that strength, skill, and spirit, is only thrown away for nothing, when neither your country is in danger, your lands laid waste, nor your friends injured nor affronted; if the combatants, therefore, are, as you say, persons of the first rank, more fools are they, to suffer so much for nothing, to contend with misfortune, and roll
beautiful

beautiful bodies in the dirt, to get a few apples, or a branch of olive: for I cannot forget the immense rewards which you bestow on your conquerors. But, pray inform me, does every candidate receive a prize?

S O L O N.

By no means, * only he who overcomes all the rest.

A N A C H A R S I S.

It is only, therefore, in pursuit of a doubtful and uncertain victory that all these men contend, though they know at the same time only one can be conqueror, and all the others, not only vanquished, but perhaps miserably mauled and wounded into the bargain.

S O L O N.

You seem, Anacharsis, to be an utter stranger to every thing that concerns the proper regulation and management of a commonwealth; you would not otherwise find fault with such excellent institutions; but when you come to know how a city may be best established, and its members become most useful and praise-worthy, you will then approve of these our exercises, and the warmth with which we pursue them, and will acknowledge that such employments are of use, though they now appear to you so fruitless and unprofitable.

A N A C H A R S I S.

For no other reason, Solon, did I travel thus far, and cross the stormy Euxine, but that I might learn the laws of the Greeks, acquaint myself with your manners, and acquire the most perfect idea of true policy: for this purpose did I fix on Solon to be my friend and companion, as a man who, I was told, had framed the most excellent laws, introduced the most useful institutions, and formed the most noble republic: receive therefore your disciple, and instruct him; for I would stay here with pleasure, without meat or drink, as long as you please, to hear your talk on these subjects.

S O L O N.

It would require, my friend, much time and pains to explain every thing to you; but if you have a mind to go through the several parts, I will give you my opinion concerning the gods, parents, marriage, and the rest. But first, with regard to the treatment of our youth, and the methods which we

† *Only he, &c.*] "Know ye not (says St. Paul), that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize; so run that ye may obtain." See Epist. to the Corinthians, ch. ix. v. 24.

take,

take, as soon as they are capable of knowing what is good, to strengthen their bodies, and render them fit for labour, I shall acquaint you with the reasons why we exercise them in this manner, not, as you will see, merely for the sake of the reward, for that a few only can obtain, but with the view to a much greater advantage arising to the whole city, and to every individual in it; another more noble contention springs from hence, amongst all the members of the community, and a crown is bestowed, not of pine, of olive, or of parsley, but one, with which is wreathed public happiness and private liberty, the ancient rites and ceremonies, the wealth, honour, and glory of our country, the safety of every man's property, with every good and noble gift we wish for from the gods: these are all inwoven with that crown, and result from that contest, and to this all our toils and labours lead.

A N A C H A R S I S.

When you had such rewards as these, my worthy friend, why did you talk of wild olives, pines, apples, and parsley?

S O L O N.

Even these you will not think so trifling and inconsiderable, when you come rightly to understand what I just now mentioned; for these are in consequence of the same plan, and should be considered as so many small parts of that great contention, and that noble crown which I spoke of. I have wandered I know not how from the main subject, and got into our Isthmian, Olympic, and Nemean games; but as we are now at leisure, and you are desirous of hearing me, we will go back, if you please, to the great principle, that common and universal trial of skill, which, as I observed to you, all this is intended to raise and promote.

A N A C H A R S I S.

It would be better, I think, to do so; I shall then, perhaps, learn to laugh no longer at those who are so happy in their crowns of olive and parsley; but, if you please, we will retire into that arbour, and seat ourselves on the bench, where we shall be removed a little from the noise of the combatants, and the shouts of the spectators; besides, to tell you the truth, I cannot well bear the heat of the sun, which strikes full upon my head, and I have left my * hat at home, on purpose that I might not appear as a foreigner

* *Hat,*] The Scythian, we see, leaves his hat at home in complaisance to the Grecian, who, we may suppose by this, thought it effeminate to wear any thing upon his head, even in the
VOL. II. dog-

reigner amongst you; at this time of the year, what you call the dog-star burns up every thing, and makes the air hot and dry, and the meridian sun just over our heads renders the heat intolerable; I am surpris'd, therefore, that you, who are an old man, seem neither to sweat as I do, nor feel any inconvenience from it, never looking about for shade, but exposing yourself thus to the sun.

S O L O N.

Those ridiculous labours, as you call them, Anacharsis, our constant rolling about in the mud, and the hardships we suffer, by being perpetually on the sand and in the open air, are the very things which make us proof against the darts of the sun: we want no hats to keep the rays from our heads; but, come, I will accompany you.

And now, observe, I do not expect you implicitly to obey and submit to my laws, but whenever I appear to be wrong, that you will scrutinise and oppose my tenets, whence this advantage will inevitably accrue, either that you, when every thing is carefully examined, will embrace and firmly adhere to my opinion, or, on the other hand, I shall be convinced of my error, and learn better of you, for which the whole city of Athens will be infinitely obliged to you: in this case I shall conceal nothing, but standing up in the great assembly, "I have given you, O Athenians, will I say to them, a body of laws, which I deemed good and salutary, but this stranger (pointing to you), who, though a Scythian, is a man of the highest sense and abilities, hath convinced me of my mistake, and taught me better precepts with regard to life and manners; look upon him, therefore, as your friend and benefactor, and erect a statue to him next to your Minerva." Athens, I assure you, will never be ashamed of learning what is good, even from a stranger and Barbarian.

A N A C H A R S I S.

* You Athenians, I see, as I have often heard, are fond of irony; for how should a poor wandering shepherd like me, who have lived in a waggon all my life, and strolled about from place to place, one who had never learned any thing before he came here, pretend to dispute about your affairs,

dog-days. Lucian, in the character of Anacharsis, laughs at him, as well he might, for the absurdity; but when a custom is once established, especially when founded on national vanity, as this was, be it ever so ridiculous, it is not easily shaken off.

* *You Athenians, &c.*] It is observable that, whilst Anacharsis is blaming the Athenians for their irony, he is here himself praising it.

or

or to instruct men, like you, * sprung from the soil which they inhabit, who have preserved this noble and most ancient city, by your salutary laws, for so many ages; or you above all, great Solon, who knows so well what will best establish and promote its happiness and prosperity! but, as a legislator, I will obey you even in this; and if any thing you advance appears wrong, venture to contradict, only that I may be better instructed by you. We are now got into the shade, where the sun can no longer annoy us, and this cool stone will afford us a pleasant seat. Begin, therefore, and inform me, why you so early inure your young men to labour, how it happens that rolling in the mud makes men good, and why dust and dirt should increase honour and virtue; this is what I would first wish to know, and instruct me in other points afterwards, each in its proper place; only remember, I beseech you, that you are conversing with an ignorant Barbarian. I mention this, that you may be plain and intelligible in your discourse, and, above all, not too long, lest whilst you are delivering one part, I should forget the other.

S O L O N.

When I am obscure or tedious, therefore, you must interrupt and cut me off; though if what I say is not foreign to the purpose, you may indulge me a little in point of time, for thus it is our custom to act in the Areopagus; when a cause comes on there of murder or fire, the parties have a right to speak, the plaintiff and defendant, each in their turn, either themselves, or by their orator who pleads for them. As long as they confine themselves to the matter in hand, the judges listen with silence and attention; but if any of them usher in their defence with a long proemium in favour of their clients, or attempt to excite compassion, or stir up the resentment of the audience, as the sons of rhetoric are apt to do, the † crier immediately steps forth into the

* *Sprung, &c.*] Anacharsis laughs at the vanity of the Athenians, which, after all, was a vanity not peculiar to themselves, for the Ægyptians, Phrygians, Scythians, and many other nations fancied themselves to be the first race of mankind, as the Arcadians boasted that they were *προσεληνοί*, or, before the moon; in like manner the Athenians gave out that they were produced at the same time with the sun, and assumed the pompous name of *αυτοχθόνες*, persons produced out of the same soil that they inhabit, as it was a vulgar opinion, that in the beginning of the world men sprang up like plants from their mother earth; the Athenians called themselves also, alluding to this opinion, *τρυγες*, or grasshoppers, and wore grasshoppers of gold in their hair, to signify the antiquity of their race, because those insects were believed to be generated out of the ground.

† *Τρυγερ.*] This check upon the prating counsel must have been of infinite service, and contributed greatly towards shortening a tedious law-suit. How extremely useful would an office of this kind be in our courts of judicature!

middle of the assembly, and commands silence, never suffering them to play the fool before the judges, to obscure or puzzle the cause by a multiplicity of words, but obliging them to explain the naked fact, and that only. And here, Anacharsis, in like manner, I constitute and appoint you an Areopagite : hear me as counsel in this cause, and impose silence on me when you think I play the orator, and endeavour to deceive you ; but give me leave to go on, whilst I adhere to the point in question. We are not now in the heat of the sun, so that a little longer conversation will never hurt us, the shade is thick round us, and we have nothing else to do.

A N A C H A R S I S.

True, Solon, I am greatly obliged to you, for thus acquainting me with your manner of determining causes in the Areopagus, where the judges decide so equitably : but proceed ; I accept the honourable office you have conferred on me, and shall act accordingly.

S O L O N.

I will first, then, acquaint you with the methods we take in regard to the city and its inhabitants : the former is considered by us, not merely as consisting of walls, temples, wharfs, and buildings, but the whole as a firm and immovable body, framed for the reception and security of the citizens, in whom alone we place all our strength, and who are to preside over, govern and direct every thing, as the soul presides over the body ; we take care, therefore, of the city, adorning it with noble edifices within, and securing it by strong bulwarks from without : but our chief concern is the citizens themselves, to preserve them in strength both of mind and body, that they may be able to guard the commonwealth, and keep it free and happy, in war and in peace. For this purpose, we commit our children first to the care of mothers, nurses, and school-masters, to instruct them properly in their early years ; but as soon as they begin to understand what is right and good, when fear, shame, and emulation spring up in their minds, we then employ them in studies of a different kind, and inure their bodies to labour by exercises that will increase their strength and vigour : we do not rest content with that power of mind or body which nature has endowed them with, but endeavour to improve it by education, which renders the good qualities that are born with us more conspicuous, and changes the bad into better ; following the example of the husbandman, who shelters and hedges round the plant, whilst it is low and tender ; but when it has gained strength and thickness,

ness, takes away the unnecessary support, and by leaving it open to the wind and weather, increases its growth and fertility.

We teach them, therefore, first music, and arithmetic, to write letters, and to read aloud clearly and distinctly; as they grow older, we give them the maxims, sayings, and opinions of the wise men, and the works of the ancients, generally in verse, as easier for the memory: when they read of the great and noble actions thus recorded, they are struck with admiration, and a desire of imitating them, ambitious of being themselves distinguished, admired, and celebrated by the poets of future ages, as their predecessors were by Homer and Hesiod. When they become able to guard the commonwealth, and enter on public affairs — but I am wandering beyond my subject; as my intention was first to explain to you, why we inured them so much to bodily exercises: I shall stop, therefore, of my own accord, without waiting for a crier to admonish me, or your censure, my good Areopagite, though you are so modest, as not to reprove me for prating thus.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Pray, Solon, inform me, is there no punishment in your court for those who leave unsaid what they ought to have said?

S O L O N.

Why do you ask me that question?

A N A C H A R S I S.

Because you are for passing over what it is most necessary for me, as well as most agreeable to hear, and would dwell upon the least useful, your sports and exercises.

S O L O N.

I only do that, my friend, in pursuance of the subject we * first entered upon, and that I might not load your memory with too many things at once; I will speak, however, of what you desire to know, but briefly at present, as the full consideration of this, will require another interview.

We form then, the minds of our youth, by making them thoroughly acquainted with the laws of the community, which are written in great letters, and put up in a public place, and which contain every thing which should be done, and every thing which should not. We commit them, moreover, to the care of certain good and approved masters, who are called sophists, or philosophers, by whom they are taught both to say and do what is right and

* *First, &c.*] The gymnastic exercises.

just,

just, to attend to, and assist the common-weal, to live honestly, never to seek after what is base or unworthy, or to commit violence on any man: we carry them to comedies and tragedies at our theatre, that whilst they behold the virtues and vices of past times, they may, themselves, be attached to the one, and avoid the other; permitting our comic writers to expose and ridicule the citizens; and this we do, as well for their sakes, who may grow better by seeing themselves laughed at, as for that of the spectators in general, who may thus escape being ridiculed for the like absurdities.

A N A C H A R S I S.

I have seen, I believe, what you call your tragedians and comedians; the former, I think, have high heavy shoes, gold fringes on their garments, with great * helmets on their heads, gaping immensely wide, and truly ridiculous; they made a prodigious noise, and contrived, heaven knows how, to walk in their † chopines: it was, if I remember right, at the feast of Bacchus, where the comedians wore shoes not quite so high, could stand upon their feet, and were more like human creatures, but their head-pieces were even more ridiculous than the others, and the whole audience laughed at them, though they looked very grave and melancholy at the high-heeled tragedians, as if they were concerned at the load which they dragged after them.

S O L O N.

It was not their compassion, my good friend, which made them so melancholy, but, probably, the story which the poet told of some ancient calamity, which, repeated in a mournful tragic strain, drew tears from them; at the same time, I suppose, you heard some playing on the flute, and others fingering to it, standing in a ‡ circle; these, I assure you, have their use, for by such allurements, the mind is sharpened, and the heart improved.

* *Helmets.*] The ancient masque was a kind of casque or helmet, which covered the whole head, generally copied from the busts or statues of the personages represented: in so extensive an area as the Greek theatre, it might be necessary to exaggerate the features, and enlarge the form of the actor. This, however, makes the mask a proper subject of ridicule, and Lucian has frequently taken the liberty to laugh at it as such.

† *Chopines.*] The cothurnus or buskin was a kind of large and high shoe, the sole of which, being made of very thick wood, raised the actors to an extraordinary height, and made them appear extremely tall. It was, probably, of the same form as the high shoe, or piece of cork, worn by the Spanish women, called a chopini, and which it should seem by a passage in Shakespeare, was used on our own stage — “Your ladyship (says Hamlet to the player,) is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine.” Hamlet, act II. scene 7.

‡ *In a circle.*] The chorus. For a full account of which, see the Dissertation on Ancient Tragedy, prefixed to my translation of Sophocles. Octavo edition, vol. i. p. 22.

And

And now, with regard to their bodies, which you seemed particularly inquisitive about, I will shew you how we exercise them. First, as soon as they are able to bear it, we strip them naked, to accustom them to the open air, to inure them to all kinds of weather, that they may be able to bear heat and cold; we then anoint them with oil, to fit them for more laborious exertion. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose, that leather could be rendered by oil more supple, to last longer, and be less liable to crack, and that a living body like our own, should not be the better for it: we, therefore, invented various methods of exercise, and appointed masters in every one of them; some wrestle, others box, by which they are enabled to bear fatigue, and not to faint under wounds and blows; it gives them spirit to encounter difficulties and danger, and at the same time, makes them hardy and robust: by frequent throws, they learn to fall without danger, and to rise with ease; by the various inflexions, and squeezings of their bodies, and lifting up their adversary, and pressing him in their arms, their limbs are rendered more pliant, and less susceptible of injury; but the greatest advantage arising from hence is, their practice of the same discipline in the field of battle; as it is manifest, that the man who is thus instructed, if he lays hold on his enemy, knows better how to throw him down, or, if he falls himself, can rise with more ease. To this great purpose, we endeavour to make every thing subservient, and imagine that those who are thus kept in constant exercise, will prove the best soldiers, their bodies being thus rendered stronger, as well as more supple and fit for engagement. You see what a figure it is probable those will make in arms, who, even when naked, strike their enemies with terror; who do not carry about with them a lifeless load of flesh, nor lean and pale bodies, like women's, that wither in the shade, or dissolve in perpetual sweats, especially if the meridian sun scorches as it does now. What service can such be of, always thirsting, unable to bear the heat and dust, who faint at the sight of blood, and die with fear before they come within reach of a weapon? but our young warriors are robust and rosy, borrow their colour from the sun that burns them, of a manly aspect, full of warmth, spirit, and courage; not rough and dry, or bending beneath their own weight, but with bodies of due symmetry and proportion, who have carried off their superfluous flesh by constant labour, and kept only that which is firm and substantial. Exercise is to the body, what a fan is to the corn, which blows away the chaff, and dust, and separates it from
the

the useful grain. Such, therefore, must be healthful and fit for labour, not subject to colliquation, nor, till the latter part of life, to infirmities or decay; for to return to my allusion of the corn, if you set it on fire, the flames will first destroy the stubble, and afterwards the grain, which will smoke and take fire by degrees: and in like manner, such bodies as I have been describing to you, will not soon or easily be subdued either by toil or distemperature; their interior parts being well prepared, and the external so defended as not to be hurt by heat or cold: if at any time they yield to extraordinary fatigue, the vital spirits within, supplies them with fresh vigour, and alacrity; insomuch, that increase of labour, only increases strength, and renders them indefatigable.

We teach them likewise to run races, which makes them swift of foot, and prevents their being out of breath; the course, moreover, is not on solid ground, but in a deep sand, where the foot can never be firm, but slips away from beneath them: we exercise them likewise in leaping over ditches, with leaden weights in their hands, and teach them to throw darts at a great distance: you must have seen also in the gymnasium, a brass thing like a small shield, round, and without a handle or strings; you took one up, I remember, and thought it very heavy, and so smooth that you could not hold it; this they throw up into the air, or * strait forwards, contending who shall cast it farthest; this strengthens the shoulders, and gives the limbs their full power and agility. As to the dust and dirt, which seemed to you so ridiculous, I will tell you why we have so much of it; in the first place, we do it that the combatants may not hurt themselves on the ground, but fall soft, and without danger; and secondly, because, when they grow wet in the mud, and look like so many eels, as you called them, it lubricates the limbs; it is therefore neither useless nor ridiculous, but promotes strength and agility, by obliging them to hold one another with all their might, to prevent their slipping away; add to this, that to lift up a man

* *Strait, &c.*] Lucian has here given us a pretty exact description of the quoit, or discus, and the manner of playing with it, a proof, at the same time, as the learned Mr. West observes, that all the competitors made use of one and the same disc, which is confirmed by the testimonies of Homer, Ovid, and Statius. The disc was probably composed of different materials, as iron, brass, stone, or wood, and thrown underhand, much in the same manner as the quoit is amongst us, though not as we do at any particular mark, their whole endeavour being to throw beyond one another, and he who threw farthest obtained the victory. With the Greeks it was only a trial of strength, with us it is a game of skill also.

who

who is anointed with oil, and rolled in the mud besides, is no easy task: all this, as I before observed to you, may be useful in time of war, if you want to carry off a wounded friend, or to lift up an enemy whom you have taken: for this reason we use them to the most violent exercises, teaching them first the most difficult things, that those which are less so may be performed by them with the greater facility; the sand, moreover, prevents their slipping away from each other; besides that, when spread over the body, it keeps in the sweat, makes them stronger, and hinders the cold air from entering into their open pores; it likewise wipes off the filth, and makes the man appear more neat and clean. I am sure you would prefer one of these to our delicate youth that are brought up in the shade, even without putting their abilities to the proof, as you would find the body of the one firm, solid, and compact, of the other soft, pale, and bloodless.

Thus, my friend, do we exercise our youth, hoping by these means to render them the guardians of our city, and supporters of the common-weal, that they will defend our liberties, conquer our enemies, and make us fear'd and respected by all around us: in peace they become better subjects, are above any thing that is base, and do not run into vice and debauchery from idleness, but spend their leisure in these useful employments. I call this, therefore, a common good, and the greatest happiness which we enjoy, that our young men are thus prepared for peace and war, and are always thus engaged in what is both innocent and praise-worthy.

A N A C H A R S I S.

If then, Solon, you are at any time invaded by your enemies, you have nothing to do but to anoint yourselves with oil, sprinkle the dust over your bodies, and fall upon them; they, to be sure, will run away immediately, being afraid, as well they may, that you will throw the sand in their faces, or, getting behind them with agility, twist your legs round, and press them to death: then your archers will cast their darts at them, you, in the mean time, will stand like so many impenetrable statues; you who take your colour from the sun, and have such a quantity of blood in you; you are no chaff and stubble, to be destroyed immediately, though, perhaps, at last, and by very deep wounds, they may draw a little blood from you; for so, if I understand you right, it must happen; it is odds, moreover, but you will borrow arms from your players, and when you rush out upon the enemy, put on their gaping vizards to appear formidable, and strike terror into

them, or, perhaps, strut in their high shoes; they would be light to fly in if you are beat, or if you pursue the foe, you will make such long strides in them, that he can never escape you. Upon the whole, I am afraid these diversions, which seem so excellent to you, are only trifling and ridiculous, a mere sport for boys, that can only make cowards of them: if you wish to be free and happy, you must use yourselves to other exercises, and such as may be of service to you in battle; leave your oil and your sand, and teach your young men not to throw light darts, that are carried away by the wind, but heavy lances, that hiss in the air, large stones that will fill their hands, a hatchet in one, and a shield in the other, with helmets and breast-plates. As you furnish them at present, a few light-armed soldiers would soon rout them, and they must owe their safety, I think, to the mercy of heaven. If I were to draw this little sword out of my girdle, I could put your whole gymnasium to flight; they would not dare to look at it, but hide themselves behind the statues and pillars, whilst I should laugh at their fright, and divert myself with their misery; you would soon see them, not fresh and rosy as they are at present, but pale with fear: you have had such a long peace that your men dare not so much as look at the crest of an enemy's shield.

S O L O N.

The * Thracians who came with Eumolpus to attack us, were not of that opinion, nor those women of your's, whom † Hippolyta led to invade us, nor any, indeed, who ever tried our courage in the field: though we strip the bodies of our youth in their exercise, we do not, therefore, my good friend, send them naked and unarmed to battle, but when they have gained strength, put weapons in their hands, which by these means they know better how to make use of.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And pray, Solon, whereabouts is your armory? I have looked all about the city, and could never find one.

* *The Thracians.*] Eumolpus, by some supposed to be the son of Orpheus, by others of Musæus, disputed the kingdom of Athens with Erechtheus. Both leaders were slain in the contest. The Athenians, after their death, gave the throne to the family of Erechtheus, and bestowed on that of Eumolpus the dignity of hierophantes, or chief priest in the Eleusinian mysteries, wherein it is said to have continued for twelve hundred years.

† *Hippolyta.*] Queen of the Amazons. Hercules, by command of Eurystheus, invaded her kingdom, killed her brothers Mygdon and Amycus, took her prisoner, and gave her in marriage to his friend Theseus.

S O L O N.

If you stay a little longer with us, you will soon see it; we have crests, horses, trappings, and arms of every kind to use, whenever there is occasion for them: a fourth part of our citizens are horsemen; but we think it very unnecessary to wear arms in time of peace; it is even forbidden by our laws to carry them about the city: but it is pardonable, indeed, in you, who are always at war; as you live without any walls and bulwarks, you are perpetually exposed to treachery, and for ever in danger, a man may drag you by night out of your cart, and kill you in your sleep; you live in fear of each other, every man acts as he pleases, and there are no laws to restrain you: the sword, therefore, must always be drawn, and ready to defend you against violence and rapine.

A N A C H A R S I S.

You think it then unnecessary to carry arms constantly about you, but lay them by you for service when there may be occasion for them, subduing the bodies of your young men by perpetual labour, and exhausting all their strength by rolling in dirt and filth for nothing.

S O L O N.

You seem to consider the strength of man as if it was like water, wine, or any other liquor, that by dint of labour it would evaporate out of the vessel, and leave the body dry and empty, having no resource to supply it with more; but this is not the case, for the more strength is exhausted by exercise, the more is added; like the hydra, which when one head was cut off, produced two in the room of it; but if they are not inured to labour from their infancy, and by that gain supplies of strength, then are they quickly consumed and worn away by the least toil or exertion; it is like fire and a candle, the same breath which adds force to the one, extinguishes the other, if you do not supply it with fresh matter.

A N A C H A R S I S.

I really do not understand you; your allusions are too refined, and above my comprehension: but I should be glad to know why at the Olympic, Isthmian, and Pythian games, when so many people, as you tell me, come together to see your exercises, you do not arm your young men, but send them forth naked, to be kicked and beat about, and when they conquer give them nothing but apples and olive garlands.

S O L O N.

Because it makes them more inclined to labour and affiduity, when they see the victors thus crowned with honour and glory by the applause of all Greece; besides, that being obliged to appear naked, makes them keep their bodies neat and fit to be seen. As to the rewards, they, as I before observed to you, are by no means inconsiderable; to be praised by the spectators, and pointed out as superior to their rivals, is a prize sufficient for them; add to this, that numbers of the spectators, whose age demands the like exercise, feel the same ambition of excelling, and prepare themselves for labour. Take away the love of fame from mankind, and what virtue would remain amongst us, or who would strive to perform great and splendid actions; you may judge from hence how they will fight for their wives and children, their religion and their country, who, naked and unarmed, shew such an ardent thirst after victory, when they contend only for apples and wreaths of olive.

But what would you say if you were to see the battles of our * quails, and † fighting cocks! you would smile, no doubt, especially when I tell you, that they are by public appointment; and that we enjoin our youth, when they arrive at years of maturity to attend them, and be eye-witnesses of the courage of these birds who fight till they die: nor is there any thing ridiculous in this custom; for, hence they learn to despise danger, and are ashamed to appear less bold and courageous than our cocks, to sink under any wounds, or be intimidated at any difficulty or misfortune; as to putting arms in their hands, and permitting them to cut and hack one another, we think it idle, savage, and unnecessary, to run the hazard of destroying our best men, who might be of so much service against our enemies.

* *Quails, &c.*] The fighting of quails is mentioned by several authors, as a favourite diversion amongst the ancients; "Circulos faciunt (says Belingerus,) in illisque Coturnices statuunt, quas ad pugnam inter se stimulant; Coturnix quæ victa circulo ejicitur cedit domino Coturnicis victricis." See Jul. Cæsar Belingerus de Ludis Veterum.

By this account it appears that they fought in a pit, like our game-cocks. The ancients had, probably, a great plenty of these martial birds: in England they are rather scarce; we, therefore, when we can get, make a better use of them.

† *Fighting cocks.*] Our favourite diversion of cock-fighting has, we see, at least, the plea of antiquity, and, perhaps, it is the only plea it can boast, in favour of it. It does not, however, appear that the ancients furnished them as we do, with any artificial arms to destroy one another. For a circumstantial account of the places and manner in which these bloody battles were fought, I refer the curious reader to a Tract on this subject in the Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, and Belles Lettres.

As

As you propose, before your return home, to visit the other parts of Greece, you will not, I hope, when you come to Lacedæmon, laugh at, or condemn the Spartans, for frequently killing one another about a ball, or for assembling together in a little island, surrounded with water, where the Lycurgeans and Herculeans attack furiously, and throw each other into the river: after which, a peace succeeds, and they are all good friends again; nor, above all, must you be offended when you see their * young men whipped at the altar, and streaming with blood; whilst their fathers and mothers stand by, intreating them to suffer it courageously, and even proceed to threats, if they do not bear it with patience and resolution: many have died under this discipline, rather than acknowledge themselves unequal to it before their friends and relations. Statues of these have frequently been erected at the public expence. Think not, therefore, that they are out of their senses, because, neither forced by their enemies, nor at the command of a tyrant, they submit to such punishments. Their law-giver, Lycurgus, would give you very good reasons for it; would tell you, that he does not thus chastise them from hatred or cruelty, but with intent, that those who are to defend their country, may be endowed with extraordinary patience, and be superior to all pain and affliction. But, without Lycurgus's apology, you must, yourself, naturally conclude, that one of these young men would never reveal a secret prejudicial to his country, though the enemy should torture him ever so severely, but rather provoke a repetition of the strokes, and try who should be tired first.

A N A C H A R S I S.

Was Lycurgus himself whipped thus when he was a youth, or, being passed the whipping, did he safely and securely enjoin this discipline to be practised by others?

S O L O N.

When he made these laws he was an old man, and just returned from Crete, whither he had travelled, on account of the excellent statutes which he had heard were established there by Minos the son of Jupiter.

A N A C H A R S I S.

And why do not you imitate Lycurgus, and flog your young men? it is a noble custom, and worthy of you.

* *Young men.*] The Spartan custom of whipping their boys at the altar of Diana, is taken notice of by Pausanias, and by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus.

S O L O N.

S O L O N.

Because our own exercises are of themselves sufficient; besides that we think it beneath us to imitate foreigners.

A N A C H A R S I S.

That is not your reason; you are convinced, I am sure, that to tie up young men naked in this manner, by both their hands, and whip them, can answer no good end whatsoever, either to the individual, or the whole community; and if ever I go to Sparta, and find them at this sport, I shall certainly be stoned for laughing at them, when I see them whipping their young men like so many thieves and robbers. That city, in my opinion, stands in need of a good quantity of hellebore, which gives its public sanction to any thing so absurd and ridiculous.

S O L O N.

Think not, my good friend, to gain the victory by thus arguing without an antagonist; you will find at Sparta enough who will be able to answer and confute you. But, as I have told you all our customs, which you seem not much to approve of, I have a right to beg in return that you will acquaint me with your's, that I may know how you exercise and bring up your Scythian youth, and by what means you make them good and honest men.

A N A C H A R S I S.

To this, Solon, you have, no doubt, a fair claim, and I will give you an exact account of our laws and customs, though they are not so grand and respectable as your's, nor indeed any ways resembling them, as we never so much as venture to give one another a slap on the face; we are rather afraid, indeed, of the consequence: however, such as they are, you shall have them; but I must defer it till * to-morrow, that I may have time to reflect a little on what you have told me, and recollect what I am to inform you of; in the mean time, we must part for the present, for it is almost dark.

* *To-morrow.*] An account of the Scythian customs, with Lucian's remarks upon them, would have been a valuable tract; but Anacharsis, which we have reason to lament, probably, did not keep his word, as no such piece is come down to us.

O N

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

In this little Tract LUCIAN laughs at the whole Story of the Pagan Hell, as related by the Poets, and believed by the Multitude; together with many of the ridiculous Customs and Ceremonies used at Funerals, by People of all Nations. There are some good strokes of Humour in several Parts of it.

IT is well worthy of our observation to remark what strange things the generality of mankind do and say with regard to mourning, both those who suffer, and those who condole; how dreadful and lamentable every thing appears, though, by Pluto and Proserpine, I believe none of them really know whether what happens is the better or the worse, for those whom they thus pity and lament: but they grieve according to stated modes and forms, and when a man dies, thus they always act. I would first examine, therefore, what their opinion concerning death is, so will all the superfluous pomp and parade attending it be best accounted for.

The great multitude, whom the wise and learned call the mobility, who have an implicit faith in Homer, Hesiod, and other fabulous writers, believe that there is beneath the earth, a place called Hades, or Hell, deep, dark, and spacious, where the sun never enters, and yet, we know not how, so * enlightened, as that all things in it may be fairly seen. In this cavern reigns the brother of Jupiter, surnamed Pluto, (for so I was informed by one skilled in those matters), and so called, because he is † rich in dead men; here he lives, and gives laws to his own kingdom, for to him, it seems, was allotted the empire of the dead, whom he holds in indissoluble chains, never permitting them to return to earth, but on some particular occasions, and which have very seldom happened from the earliest period of time to this day: the whole region is surrounded by rivers, which excite terror by their very names, such as ‡ Cocytus, Periphlegethon, and the rest of them; then

* *Enlightened.*] What Milton in his description of hell poetically calls "Darkness visible."

† *Rich.*] A play upon the word Πλούτος, or Pluto, in Greek signifying rich.

‡ *Cocytus.*] From Κωκυτος, lamentation.

there

there is the lake * Acheron, that receives the new inhabitants, and which cannot be passed without a ferry-man, too deep to go through on foot, and too wide to swim over; even the dead birds cannot fly so far. At the gate, which is of adamant, sits † Æacus, the king's brother's son, who guards it; and near him stands the ‡ three-headed dog, a most fierce beast, who welcomes the guests with a mild and placid countenance, but if they endeavour to escape, makes a most dreadful howling. After passing this lake, they are received into a large meadow, planted with asphodelus, and drink the liquor of oblivion, which destroys the memory, and is therefore called || Lethe: so we are told by those who returned from thence, Alcestes, Protefilaus, Theffalus, Theseus the son of Ægeus, and Homer's Ulyffes, most grave and creditable witnesses, and who, I suppose, never drank of that same water, or they could not so well have remembered it. There, they tell us, Pluto and Proserpine reign, and govern all things; with them exercise dominion also, a large multitude of Furies, Terrors, and Punishments, with § Mercury at their head, though he is not always amongst them. As magistrates, satraps, or judges, sit Minos and Rhadmanthus, two Cretans, and sons of Jupiter; these, when they get together a few good and honest men, who have lived virtuously, send them off to establish a colony in the Elysian fields, where they live a life of joy and happiness. On the other hand, when they lay hold on the wicked, they deliver them over to the Furies to be punished for their iniquities, in the regions of sorrow; there they suffer most grievously; some are tortured, others burned, torn by vulturs, fixed on wheels, or rolling stones up hill; Tantalus standing at the lake, and dying with thirst;

* *Acheron.*] From the Greek, which signifies sine gaudio, or joyless. See Virg. Georg. ii. and the sixth book of the Æneid.

† *Æacus.*] Son of Jupiter and Ægina, he was king of Oenopia, which he called Ægina, in honour of his mother; he was so renowned for equity that the poets thought proper to reward him, by reserving a place for him between Minos and Rhadamanthus, the two chief justices of hell.

‡ *Three-headed dog.*] Cerberus.

§ *Lethe.*] Which in Greek signifies oblivion. The properties attributed to this water, furnished a late ingenious writer, whom we cannot sufficiently lament, with the subject of his excellent dramatic satire.

|| *Mercury.*] Whose business it was to conduct the departed mortals to the shades, leave them there, and immediately return to earth for another cargo. His stay, therefore, as Lucian observes, could be but short amongst them.

great

great numbers in a kind of * middle state, wander along the mead without bodies, shades, that on the least touch, vanish like smoke: these receive a sort of nourishment from our libations, and the offerings which we leave on their graves, so that if the poor spirit has no friends or relations left above ground, he stands a chance of starving in the regions below. The vulgar are firmly persuaded, that if any of their kindred die, it is their duty to put a piece of money into their mouth to pay the ferry-man for his passage, not determining, at the same time, what coin will best pass there, whether a farthing of Attica, or Ægina, or Macedonia will be most current; nor reflecting, that it would be better for them not to pay at all, as the ferry-man then would not admit them, and so they might return to life again.

After this, when they have washed them well (as if the infernal lake was not sufficient for the purpose), they anoint with the finest ointment the almost stinking carcase, crown it with flowers, and dress it up fine, that it may not catch cold upon the road, or appear naked before Cerberus. To this succeeds the weeping of the women, tears and lamentations on every side, beatings of the breast, tearings of the hair, and bloody cheeks; sometimes the garments are rent in pieces, dust sprinkled on the head, and the living, in short, in a worse condition than the dead; for they roll themselves on the earth, and beat their heads against the ground, whilst the deceased is finely adorned, and carried about as to some pompous celebrity: then, perhaps, steps forth from the middle of the croud the father or mother (for we will suppose, the better to carry on the farce, that the deceased is some beautiful youth,) and embracing him, utters some strange and absurd speech, which the dead man, if he had a voice, would give a proper † answer to; for now the father, in a melancholy tone, cries out, “ ‡ My sweetest boy, why would you die, and leave me thus, cut off in the flower of your age; never

* *Middle state.*] This is probably the

Inhumata infletaque turba,

mentioned by Virgil; a set of poor souls, who for want of the ceremony of being buried were forced after death to wander about, and could gain admittance neither into the regions of bliss, nor the seats of punishment. The account of this in ancient authors is very imperfect and obscure; it seems, however, to have laid the foundation of a doctrine equally absurd with the Pagan, a Popish purgatory.

† *Answer.*] This answer Lucian gives a little farther on. Wherefore, good old man, &c.

‡ *My sweetest boy, &c.*] This custom, I am told, is even now to be found in several parts of Ireland, where the relations of the deceased, croud about the grave, and cry out, “ Arrah! why would you die, my dear honey, and leave your wife and sweet babes, &c.”

didst thou marry or have children; never didst thou fight for thy country, or till the earth, or arrive at old age; never again, my child, shalt thou keep company, never shalt thou fall in love, never shalt thou get drunk with thy companions." This, or something like this, will the foolish father say, as if he thought he could stand in need of these things after death, and would not be able to get them. But this is nothing; some I have known ridiculous enough on the death of their relations, to kill their horses, their women, and their slaves, to burn along with them their apparel, and bury their furniture, as thinking they may have occasion for them below. But the old man I mentioned, whatever he might say with a tragical voice, did not do it for his son's sake, who, he very well knew, could not hear him, though he roared like Stentor; nor was it for his own, as the sentiment would have done just as well without being expressed, and nobody need talk to themselves; it must be therefore only to please others, and because it is the fashion, as he could not possibly tell where his son was going, or whether his death was really a misfortune or not.

Might not the son, therefore, having begged leave of Æacus and Pluto to peep from the door of his prison, thus have reproved the father for his idle complaints, "Wherefore, good old man, art thou so unhappy and disquieted? Why dost thou trouble me with thy lamentations; leave off tearing thy hair, and cutting thy flesh; why dost thou call me wretched, when I am much happier than thyself? dost thou think it a misfortune to me that I am not like thee, old, haggard, and withered, and rusty, with a bald pate, and wrinkled face, bent down with age, and weak hams, after such a number of Olympiads, that are but so many witnesses of thy folly; what is there in life so valuable that I should here regret the loss of it? Eating and drinking, you will say, fine cloaths, and fine women; and fearest thou that I shall be wretched for want of these? Knowest thou not that never to be thirsty is better than to drink, never to be hungry than to eat, never to want cloaths than to have the greatest plenty of them?"

"But I will tell you, for you seem not to know, why you should lament; once more begin your complaints, and cry out, "Wretched son, no longer shalt thou be hungry or dry, no longer shalt thou mourn, no longer dread disorders, fevers, enemies, or tyrants, no longer shall love or passion torment thee, no longer shalt thou stuff thyself two or three times a day, nor shalt thou grow old and despised, or thy presence be detested by the young and gay."

gay." Would not this, my good father, be a fitter subject of complaint? but you cannot bear the darkness, it seems which is to surround me, and are afraid I shall be choaked in my grave; but please to remember, when my eyes are putrified, or burned, if you mean to burn me, I shall not be able to distinguish light from darkness: but, moreover, of what service to me will be all your grief, the beatings of the breast, and women's lamentations, the sepulchre crowned with flowers, or the wine poured upon it, do you think it will distill to me, or penetrate into the infernal regions? And as for your sacrifices and libations, the smoke of them can only rise to heaven, and be of little use to the dead; what is left will be nothing but dust, and do you think we are to be fed with ashes? that the empire of Pluto is so barren and unfruitful, that we have no Asphodelus left, and must be obliged to you for our subsistence? By Tisiphone, I could laugh at every thing you have said and done, but that you have tied up my jaws with your linen bandage."

* He ceas'd, the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath.

And now, by Jupiter, I beseech you, might not the dead youth most justly have argued in this manner? And yet foolish men make a noise and bustle, and call in every day some lamentable sophist or other to murmur for them, and join their own ridiculous complaints to his melancholy song: with regard to this all are fools alike; but as to sepulture, people have different customs; the Grecian burns his dead, the Persian inters, the Indian makes an earthen crust for them, the Scythian eats, the Ægyptian pickles them, he makes the dried carcase, I speak from ocular proof, his guest and pot companion; a poor Ægyptian frequently gets money to maintain himself by pawning his dead relations; then come pyramids, tombs, monuments, and inscriptions, which last, heaven knows, but a very little time, and are truly idle and ridiculous: some have instituted sports and funeral orations at the tombs of the deceased, as if they meant to plead his cause, and give a favourable character of him to the judges below; after all these comes the relations feast; the kindred meet to comfort the parents, and force them to take some refreshment, which they need not do, for they who have fasted three days are glad enough to eat again; then they cry out to them, how long, my friends, will you mourn, suffer the manes of your happy child to rest in peace; but if you are resolved still to weep and lament, for that very

* *He ceas'd, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, II. 502.

reason you should not abstain from food, but eat away, that you may have strength to go on with it; then in the mouths of all you hear those verses of Homer,

* — Do not, thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego;
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equalled thine.

And,

† Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead.

They then, perhaps, begin to feed a little, though with fear and trembling, as if they were ashamed, after the death of their dear relations, to be subject to human infirmities.

These, and a great many other things, still more ridiculous, one may observe with regard to mourning, arising, perhaps, all from the vulgar opinion, that death is the greatest of evils.

* *Do not thus, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiv. l. 755.

† *Eternal, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 227.

T H E
C O M P L E T E O R A T O R .

In the Time of LUCIAN, and it is not impossible but such a Thing may happen in our own, a Species of false and tinsel Eloquence had crept in, and, probably gained many Admirers amongst the idle and unthinking Multitude, which our Satirist has here attacked with his usual Arms of Raillery and Ridicule. A rich Vein of pleasant Irony runs through the whole, which must render it highly entertaining to every Reader of Taste and Sensibility; nothing, indeed, is wanting to recommend it to us, but a perfect Knowledge of the Facts and Speeches, visibly alluded to in many Parts of it, which at this Distance of Time we cannot possibly acquire. Some Critics assert that the Satire was principally aimed at JULIUS POLLUX, Author of the Onomasticum; but this seems to be a mere Conjecture.

YOU have often asked me, my young friend, how you may become an orator, and acquire the most noble and respectable title of a sophist: you have even gone so far as to say, you cannot properly enjoy life till you have gained such a proficiency in the art of speaking as to be irresistible, one whom none should dare to oppose, but all Greece unite to admire: you are resolved, therefore, to pursue the means, whatever they may be, that are conducive to this end: nor shall I refuse my instructions to a youth, who, like you, ambitious of excelling in the noblest accomplishments, and ignorant how to acquire them, solicits advice and direction. Listen then to what I am going to say, and make not the least doubt but that in a very short time you will know every thing that is requisite, and be able to practise it, provided that you continue to observe what I shall teach you, reflect seriously upon it, and carefully tread in that path, till you reach the goal. The game you are in chase of is, indeed, by no means poor or contemptible, but such as will require toil and vigilance, and in pursuit of which there is nothing which ought not to be borne; for how many, you must remark, who before were men of no esteem, have, by their skill in oratory, become rich, great, and noble!

In the mean time, be not dismayed or terrified by the multiplicity of labours which you are to undergo; for I shall not carry you such a rough and bad

bad road as will tire you before you get half way, and make you turn back again: that would be acting like most other guides, who generally lead people through round-about, stony, and dangerous paths; but the advantage of following me is, that I shall shew you the pleafantest and the neareft way, a fine smooth * horfe-road, which you will travel with delight, through flowery meadows and thick shade, go on at your ease, and get soon, without sweating and toil, to the end of your journey, where you may lay and feast yourself, and look down upon the poor wretches who went the other way, puffing and blowing at the bottom of the hill, scarce able to crawl through the rough and dangerous precipices, some tumbling on their heads, and others wounded by the rocks; whilst you sit at the top, crowned with honour and glory, and reaping, in a short time, all the fruits of eloquence, and are scarce waked out of your sleep for it.

A most magnificent promise this! but by hospitable Jove I intreat you not to doubt or mistrust me, when I say, I will conduct you with the greatest ease, pleasure, and safety; and if † Hefiod, only by cropping a few leaves from Helicon, from a simple shepherd, immediately became a poet, and favoured by the Muses, sung the birth of gods and men: shall we think it impossible, in a very short time, to make an orator, who is so much beneath the grandeur and dignity of a poet, if we can but discover the quickeft way for it?

I will tell you the proposal of a certain Sidonian merchant, which failed only by not being attended to, and, therefore, was of no service to the person to whom it was addressed. Alexander, after the victory over Darius at Arbela, was master of Persia, and had occasion to send messengers through all parts of the empire; now, it was a long way from Persia to Ægypt, for they were to go all round the mountains, and then from Babylonia into Ara-

* *Horfe-road.*] Gr. *ιππηλατον.*

† *Hefiod.*] Alluding to the following passage in the beginning of his Theogony:

— The maids of Jove, the sacred nine,
Had pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine,
To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
The laurel ensign, never-fading green;
I took the gift, with holy raptures fir'd,
My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd.

Ovid, in the beginning of his Art of Love, alludes to this enthusiastic flight of Hefiod's, where he says,

Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
As Hefiod saw them in the shady green.

bia,

bia, and after passing through a long desert, on to Ægypt: this gave Alexander no little uneasiness, as he had heard the Ægyptians were planning something against him, and wanted much to give orders to his satraps concerning them. At this time it was, that a Sidonian merchant said to him, "I can promise, O king, to shew you a very short way from Persia to Ægypt; let a man but get over those mountains, which he may do in three days, and he will be there immediately." And such was really the case, but Alexander would not believe the merchant, and called him an impostor: the improbability of the promise ever being fulfilled rendered it absolutely incredible to the multitude.

But do not you imitate them, for you will soon know by experience, that nothing can hinder you from being a complete orator in less than a day's time, by flying with me over the mountain from Persia into Ægypt: but, before we set off, let me shew you, by an allegory, in the manner of * Cebes, both the roads, for there are two which leads to that oratory which you seem so ambitious to obtain. Observe then, sitting on an eminence, a beautiful figure, bearing in her right hand the horn of Amalthæa, filled with fruit of every kind; imagine that on the other side, you behold the amiable Plutus all over gold, by their side are glory and power, with a number of praises and compliments, like so many little Cupids, embracing each other, and fluttering about you; just as you have seen the Nile represented leaning on a crocodile, or Hippopotamos, with boys playing round him, which they call the † cubits of Ægypt; such are the praises that hover round an orator. Approach then, fond lover, ascend the eminence, and there receive thy bride, with riches, glory, and applause, for these are all the lawful right of him who shall espouse her. When you come near to the mountain, at first you will, perhaps, despair of ever getting to the top of it; it will appear as Aornos did to the Macedonians, so inaccessible, that even the birds can scarce fly up to it, and requires the strength of a Bacchus, or Hercules, to take possession of it. But you will soon perceive two paths that lead up to

* *Cebes.*] The Theban Philosopher, and disciple of Socrates, author of the famous allegory of the Tabula Cebetis.

† *Cubits.*] There is now at the Tuilleries near Paris, a marble groupe of figures, copied from the antique statue here alluded to, representing the river Nile, under the figure of an old man crowned with laurel, and leaning on his elbow with a cornucopia in his hand, on his arms, shoulders, and thighs, are sixteen naked boys, signifying so many cubits, the height of the river, when it overflows, and enriches the whole territory of Ægypt.

it,

it, one narrow, rough, and overgrown with thorns and briars, scarce passable, without much toil and labour; Hesiod has already engaged to show it, and therefore you will not want my assistance: the other is broad, pleasant, flowery, well-watered, such, in short, not to detain you from the desired object, as I before described to you. Here, however, I must not forget to observe, that in the hard and rough way, you will find very few footsteps, and what there are, of a long standing: I myself went that road like a fool as I was, and took a great deal of unnecessary pains. The other plain and even path, I saw, indeed, at a distance, just as it now is, but would not step into it, for when I was young, I did not know what was best for me, but thought the poet must be right who tells us, that * labour is the source of happiness; but it is not so, for I see numbers every day, who acquire the good things of life, without toil or care, only by a happy choice of the right road to them.

You will be in doubt, I know, at the beginning of the journey, which path you shall turn to; but I will instruct you how to reach with ease the summit, to enjoy your beloved mistress, to be happy, and to be admired. It is enough, that I was myself deceived and tired, for you every thing shall spring up without ploughing or sowing, as in the days of Saturn.

And now, observe, there comes towards you a stout and hardy figure, robust and active, with a manly gait and gesture; he comes to be your guide in that rough and thorny way, and commands you to follow him; he will tell you many an idle tale, shew you the steps of Demosthenes, Plato, and others, steps much † larger than those of our days, but such as are now buried in obscurity and oblivion; these, he will say, if you tread in, you will soon gain the lovely bride, and be happy: but it is like walking on a rope, for if you go but ever so little beyond the line, or turn your foot to the right, or

* *Labour.*] 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, l. 290,

† *Larger.*] A happy allusion to what Homer tells us of Hector's extraordinary strength, when, as Garth, in his Epilogue to the Distress'd Mother, has humorously described it,

He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of those,
Who in that race of thundering mortals rose;
It would have strain'd a dozen—modern beaux,

left,

left, down you tumble. He will then order you to imitate the ancients, which is not very easy to do, and produce you some obsolete examples out of the old shop, such as * Crates, † Hegesias, and the famous ‡ islander, stiff and laboured things, mighty accurate and exact. He will inform you, perhaps, that industry, watchfulness, water-drinking, frugality, and so forth, are indispensable, as without them you can never travel that road. But what is the most disagreeable of all, is, that it will cost you so much time, not days or months, but years, nay, whole Olympiads, so that before half your task is over, you will sink under the toil, and in despair, bid a long adieu to all your hoped-for happiness: add to this, that he will himself expect no little reward, nor will he condescend to be your guide, unless you bribe him handsomely before-hand. This insolent old Saturnian, who proposes his ancient models, and wants you to rake up things long since buried in oblivion; will advise you, as a great and mighty matter, to rival the § sword-maker's son, or || Atrometes the scribe, and that too, in time of peace, not when Philip invades, or Alexander commands, for then it might have been of some service. But he knows nothing, all the time, of our new, short, easy, and direct road to rhetoric: never do you listen or attend to him, lest he should entirely ruin you, or at least make you grow old before your time, by the toil and labour he will impose on you; if you are really fond of eloquence, and wish as soon as possible to possess her, whilst you are in full vigour, take an eternal farewell of that sturdy rugged old fellow, let him go up himself, and carry with him as many as he can seduce, whilst you leave them all sweating and panting behind you.

For, as soon as you strike into the other road, you will meet a number of

* *Crates*.] Is mentioned by Diogenes Laertius as a celebrated orator. The critics, however, seem to think, that Lucian meant in this place, to speak of Critias, the famous orator, mentioned by Cicero, in his Treatise de Claris Oratoribus, who lived in the time of Thucydides; and who is likewise taken notice of by Philostratus, in his book de Vitis Sophistarum.

† *Hegesias*.] Cicero speaks likewise, but seems to have entertained no very high opinion of him, observing in the above mentioned treatise, de Clar. Orat. that Charisii voluit similis esse, atque se ita putavit Atticum, ut viros illos præ se penè agrestes putaret.

‡ *Islander*.] Gorgias Leontinus, called the Islander, from his being a native of Sicily, which was termed the island Κατ' ἰσόλην; he was a disciple of Empedocles, and held the first rank amongst the sophists of his time; he is mentioned likewise by Philostratus and Plutarch.

§ *Sword-maker's son*.] Demosthenes.

|| *Atrometes*.] Æschines, the famous orator. See Demosthenes's Oratio de Coronâ.

figures, and amongst the rest an * all-knowing and beautiful man, with an undulating motion in his gait, and his head bent on one side, a soft voice, and an effeminate countenance, touching his head gently with the tip of his finger, and adjusting his curled hyacinthine locks, like Sardanapalus, Cyniras, or † Agatho himself, the famous handsome tragic poet: you will know him by these marks; let not, I beseech you, so divine a figure, one so dear to Venus and the Graces, escape your observation; but how can I suppose it should! for when he shall approach you, even though you were blind, and open, which suits admirably with a white hat, that ‡ Hymettian mouth of his, with its accustomed sweetness, you will soon perceive that he is not one of us common people, who live upon the fruits of the earth, but some foreign and miraculous creature, fed with dew and ambrosia: to him, if you compare yourself, you will immediately become a famous orator, or, as he calls himself, a § king of words, and ride in the chariot of eloquence; for he will soon teach you every thing.

But let him speak for himself; ridiculous, indeed, would it be in me, to harangue for such an orator; I should but spoil the part of so great a hero, were I to attempt to perform it: let him, therefore, address you, as soon as he has stroked down his little foretop, and given you one of his soft beautiful smiles, with a voice like Glycera, Malthace, or the great comic ¶ Thais herself; in this modest manner then, will he, perhaps, speak of himself:

“ Did the Pythian oracle send you here? and did it inform you that I was the prince of orators, as it told ¶ Chærephon of old, who was the wisest of men? if it be not so, and urged by the love of glory, you come of your own

* *An all-knowing, &c.*] It is supposed, as I observed in the first note, that Lucian here meant to satirise Julius Pollux; but this is by no means clear.

† *Agatho.*] This famous tragic poet is mentioned by Aristotle in his Poetics, and by the scholiasts on Aristophanes. But for the fullest account of him, I refer the curious reader to the learned Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Euripides.

‡ *Hymettian.*] Alluding to the mountain of Hymettus, so famous for its honey.

§ *King of words, &c.*] Ridiculous expressions, probably quoted from the works of the unfortunate author, now (happily for himself,) consigned to oblivion, whom Lucian meant to expose.

¶ *Thais herself.*] Lucian calls her *Αυροθαίς*, the great Thais, or Thais herself. In the same manner in his Timon, he calls Boreas *Αυτο Βορπίας*, ipsemet Boreas; an uncommon expression, I believe, and peculiar to this author.

¶ *Chærephon.*] Who, we are told, enquired of the Pythian oracle, who was the wisest of men? the oracle returned for answer, Socrates.

accord,

accord, because you have heard all mankind unite in praise of my perfections, and, astonished at my superiority, yield the palm to me, soon shall you know how divine a person you are applying to. You will not compare me to common men, but think what I shall shew you, beyond all that a * *Tityus*, an *Otus*, or *Ophialtes* could produce: my voice shall excel every other, as much as the trumpet doth the pipe, the bee a grasshopper, or the full chorus, every little chanter.

“ If you wish to be an orator, nobody can teach you better than myself; follow me, therefore, thou favourite of Apollo, mind what I say, and look forward to every thing thou canst desire, but mark the laws which I lay down, and observe them well; go on boldly, and without delay; be not afraid because thou art not first initiated by vain pretenders, who would shew thee another path; we shall not want their assistance; step in, as the proverb says, with unwashed feet, thou wilt be never the worse for it; nay, not even shouldst thou not be able to write thy name; a true orator is above all these things.

“ But, first, I must tell you what provision you are to bring along with you, and what necessaries for the journey; and then, by my advice and direction, before sun-set, I will make you as good an orator as myself, who know the beginning, and the middle, and the end of every thing that can, or ought to be said. Bring with you, therefore, a great deal of ignorance, with much confidence, and, above all, a large quantity of boldness and assurance: as to modesty, blushing, truth, and equity, you may leave them at home, as totally useless, and contrary to our design: forget not, however, the loudest bawling you can produce, an impudent tone, with gait and gesture exactly like mine. These are absolutely necessary, and these alone are sufficient. Let your dress be white, with flowers upon it, and of the † *Tarentine* make, that the body may be seen through it; your slippers *Attic*, such as the women wear, and finely wrought; or a ‡ *Sicyonian* shoe, which suits admirably with a white hat; bring a good many servants with you, and always carry

* *Tityus*.] The famous giants mentioned by Homer. See *Odyssæy* A. l. 307.

† *Tarentine*.] The linen of *Tarentum* was, probably, a kind of gauze, so remarkably fine as to be almost pellucid, and consequently shewed the ladies or gentlemen's limbs who wore it to the greatest advantage.

‡ *Sicyonian shoe*] This kind of shoe, so called from the place where it was made, and generally worn by the ladies; though the macaronies of that age, as we find by this passage, sometimes made use of them. *Si mihi calceos* (says *Tully*.) *Sicyonias attulisses, non uterer, quamvis essent habiles, & apti ad pedem; sed non viriles.* See *Cic. de Orat.* b. i.

a book in your hand. All this you must provide yourself with ; and as for the rest, as we go along, I will explain every thing to you, and lay down some rules, which, if you carefully observe, oratory shall not reject you as one who hath never been initiated into her mysteries, but with open arms receive and embrace you. And first, remember that your dress and appearance are decent and handsome ; then get you fifteen or twenty good Attic words, well selected, and maturely considered of, which you must have always ready, and at your tongue's end, such as * *atta*, and *kata*, and *mone*, and *ameegete*, and *lowste*, and so forth ; these you must sprinkle over every discourse, like so many sweetmeats, and never mind, if the rest of your words are ever so unlike them, harsh, and dissonant, and of quite another class. Let your garb be as coarse as you please, so that the purple be fine, and full of flowers. In the other parts of your speech, your words may be strange, obsolete, and such as are seldom met with amongst the ancients ; these you must have ready to throw at every body who converses with you : the vulgar will admire you, and think you a wonderful man, whose learning is above their † comprehension.

“ If, after all, you blunder upon solecisms and barbarisms, there is one infallible remedy for you, which is impudence ; you have nothing to do but immediately to quote some poet or prose-writer, no matter whether there ever was such a person, who approves that mode of speech, and who was a most learned man, and an excellent judge of language. As to study, you must never read the ancients, the trifler † Isocrates, the awkward ungraceful Demosthenes, or the frigid Plato ; but consult the books lately published, what we call our declamations ; from these you may gather instructions, use them whenever you have occasion, and take, as from a store-house, whatever you want out of them.

“ If you are to speak on any point, and the persons present are for suggesting arguments to you, and furnishing you with matter, treat them with con-

* *Atta*, &c.] Greek words frequently used by some of the best Attic writers, and which, therefore, the ridiculous imitators of them were perpetually making use of, and applying, right or wrong, in their own works.

† *Comprehension*.] Here Lucian quotes two or three quaint words and phrases, used at that time by the literary coxcombs of the age, which, as the learned reader who well knows them, will easily perceive, are untranslatable.

‡ *Isocrates*.] See Bayle.

tempt ;

tempt; tell them, what they call difficult is extremely easy, and that they are afraid of doing any thing great or noble: then without delay rush on, and say any thing that comes into your head, never going from first to second, and from second to third, but let whatever comes first, be first advanced; and if it so happens, put the boot upon your head, and the helmet on your foot; go on talking, whatever you do, and never be silent. If you are speaking about an adultery at Athens, be sure you let them know what is done in such cases at Persia, and the Indies: above all, do not forget Marathon and Cynagirus, for without them you do nothing: fail to mount Athos, and go on foot to the Hellespont, cover the Sun with Persian arrows, make Xerxes fly, hold up Leonidas to admiration, read the bloody letters of * Othryades, and talk for ever about Salamis, Artemisium, and Plataea; dwell perpetually on these, let them float upon the surface, keep these flowers always in bloom, and continually repeating your *atta* and *depothen*, though there is no occasion for them; for they are always beautiful, even when they are nothing to the purpose.

“ If at any time you have an opportunity of singing, let every thing be sung; but if you can find nothing fit to be sung, modulate your voice to the proper tone, address yourself in sing-song to the judges, and depend upon it, the harmony is complete. Be sure to repeat frequently, alas! alas! then strike your thigh, stretch your throat, and roar out your words in a loud scream, and strut about manfully, and shake your posteriors: if they do not applaud you, be angry with, and abuse them; if they seem ashamed, and want to go off, stop them, make them sit down, and, in short, exercise your full dominion over them. That the vulgar may admire your speeches, bring your arguments from the siege of Troy, or rather, if you will, from the marriage of Deucalion and Pyrrha, quite down to the present times. Understanding hearers are few in number, and out of good nature will say nothing, or if they should, it will only look like envy; but the multitude will admire your dress, voice, walk, gesture, singing, nay even your fine shoes, and your *atta*; and when they see you sweat, and toil, and puff, and blow, will never be persuaded but that you are a most accomplished orator: besides, that the rapidity of your extempore eloquence carries with it no little excuse for every thing, and always gains admiration with the vulgar. Take care, therefore, that you never write down any thing, or seem to

* *Othryades*.] See latter part of Charon, vol. i. and the note upon it.

think

think before you speak; for that would be a strong argument against you. Let your friends be always ready to applaud you with their * feet; it is what they owe you for their suppers; and if at any time they perceive you tripping, or hesitating, let them lay hold of your hand and pay you compliments, in the mean time you may find something to say and go on. Be sure you take care to have a chorus of your own to sing with you.

“ This you are to observe with regard to your speeches: after they are over, let your guard of friends lead you off, conversing with them about your oration; and if you meet any body, be full of your own praises, that you may appear of some consequence to him, crying out, what is the † Pæanian to me, which of the ancients will contend with me? and so forth.

“ But there is one principal thing, and which will raise your reputation above all, which I had forgot to mention; whoever speaks besides yourself, always laugh at them; if they speak well, say they stole it, and it is none of their own; if it only tolerable, say it is good for nothing: always come late into the assembly, and you will be the more taken notice of, and when they are all silent, begin some strange panegyric, that may call off the attention of the audience from him who was speaking before, and make them shut their ears against him. Do not move your hand too often by way of applauding any body, for that is low and vulgar; nor rise up to speak above once or twice at most, but often smile to yourself, as if to shew your contempt of all that is said; for to those who are inclined to censure, some occasion may always be found; you must be confident and bold, have a lie always ready, and an oath at your tongue's end, envy, hatred, calumny, and malice, these will soon make you celebrated and conspicuous.

“ So much for your outward appearance: in private you may game, whore, commit adultery, at least tell every body you do, glory in it, and shew the love-letters written to you; endeavour to make yourself as handsome as you can, that the women may seem to have some reason for admiring you; this will be of use to you as an orator, as it will give you more assurance; women are more loquacious than men, and have better talents for abuse:

* *Feet.*] This method of applause, by striking the feet on the ground, was, we have reason to suppose, generally adopted by the ancients: a modern audience makes use of the hands, for the same purpose, which is easier, and at the same time, perhaps, more exhilarating.

† *Paonian.*] Demosthenes.

the

the more you are like them, therefore, the more you will † excel. * * *

—These things, young man, if you diligently observe (and they are very easily done), I will answer for it, in a short time, you will be the best orator in the world, and as great as myself; the consequence I need not point out to you, nor the many advantages which eloquence has to bestow; for only look on me, born of no very noble race, for my father was a * slave, and my mother a mender of old cloaths: at first, for you see my person is not contemptible, I served an old miser only for my board, for that was all I could get, though, as I told you before, I was well accomplished, having a good share of ignorance and impudence. After this, I lived with an old woman of seventy, who fed me well for some time, for I pretended to be fond of her, though she had but four teeth left, and those ‡ fastened in by a bit of gold: I was compelled by poverty to go through this laborious employment; hunger made the cold kisses from this sepulchre most delicious to me; and I should certainly have been left heir to all she had, if a rascally servant had not told her that I bought some poison on purpose to make an end of her; upon which she thrust me headlong out of doors. I was not, however, left to starve, for I soon after turned orator, and gained universal applause, betrayed my clients, and promised those that knew no better, that I would bribe the judges for them. Many a time have I lost my cause, but still I § hung up the green branches and crowns before my door; for I always lay this as a bait for the ignorant, and it is no little advantage to me to be known and fear'd, to be pointed at as a skilful advo-

† *Excel.*] Here follow in the original two or three lines, which, for decency's sake, are omitted in the translation.

* *A slave*] The original adds, which served on the other side of Xoïs and Thmuis, cities of Lower Ægypt, or Abyssinia.

‡ *Fastened.*] The art, we see, of fastening in false teeth with gold wire, though generally considered as a modern invention, was known by the Spence's and Vanbutchell's of antiquity.

§ *Hung up.*] It was customary amongst the ancients, as we learn from Casaubon and other writers, for those advocates, who had gained their cause, to hang up green branches and crowns before their doors, in token of their success, which Juvenal alludes to,

ut tibi lasso.

Figantur virides, scalarum gloria palmæ.

And Martial also, in the following lines,

Sic fora mirentur, sic te palatia laudent,

Excolat et geminas plurima palma fores.

Book vii. Epig. 27.

If this custom took place amongst us, what groves of triumphant green would have crowned the doors of a *Thurlow*, a *Norton*, and a *Dunning*!

cate,

cate, versed in every fraud, and the prince of mischief. Such are the precepts which I deliver to you, and which I practised long ago myself, with no little emolument."

Thus will your noble guide finish his discourse: and now, my young friend, if you will follow his advice, you may suppose yourself arrived at the desired haven; nor need you fear but that you will soon be a great-orator, and universally admired; that you will be wedded, not to an old woman like your preceptor, but to the beautiful fair one, Eloquence herself, and ride in the swift chariot of Plato. As for myself (slothful and timid as I am), I must get out of your way, and since I cannot follow such advice, give up all thoughts of being an orator. I have, indeed, long since declined it. Go you, therefore, my good friend, talk away, and be admired; only remember, that you did not get before me by running faster, but by taking the easiest and the nearest way.

THE

T H E
L Y A R S,
A D I A L O G U E
O N S U P E R S T I T I O U S C R E D U L I T Y.

In the Decline of the Roman Empire, when LUCIAN wrote, the Minds of Men were, in general, strongly tinged with that Superstition and Enthusiasm, which are the natural Consequences of universal Vice and Depravity. Ignorance and Credulity had even infected the Seats of Learning and Science; Philosophy and good Sense had given way to Astrology, Magic, Incantations, and a Belief in Ghosts and Wizards, with many other Fooleries of the like Nature: this roused the Indignation of our sensible Satirist, who, in the Person of TYCHIADES, in the following Dialogue, by the bare Recital of some strange and improbable Stories, though related by men of the first Characters, sufficiently exposes the Absurdity of those who were weak enough to believe them. LUCIAN is here, in the strictest Sense, splendide mendax, and all his Lies are agreeable and entertaining.

T Y C H I A D E S A N D P H I L O C L E S.

T Y C H I A D E S.

CAN you inform me, Philocles, what it is that excites in men the universal passion for lying, which makes them so happy in spreading falsehoods themselves, and listening so eagerly to others who do the same?

P H I L O C L E S.

There are many things, Tychiades, which induce men to tell lies for their own interest and advantage.

T Y C H I A D E S.

That is not what I mean; I did not ask with regard to those who have a reason for it, they deserve pardon, nay even praise, who practise it to deceive an enemy, or save themselves from any misfortune, as * Ulysses did to preserve his own life, and secure the safe return of his companions; but I am speaking of those who, without any necessity, prefer lying to truth, and delight in it for no reason whatsoever.

* *Ulysses.*] Alluding to the artifice made use of by Ulysses to escape the Cyclop, as related by Homer, in the ninth book of the *Odyssy*.

THE LIARS.

PHILOCLEES.

Know you any in whom this love of falsehood is so strongly implanted?

TYCHIADES.

Many.

PHILOCLEES.

What can we say for such, but that they are fools and madmen, who thus prefer the worst and meanest, to the noblest and best of things!

TYCHIADES.

And yet it is not always so; for many have I known in other respects men of admirable sense and wisdom, who yet have, I know not how, been so infatuated with this vice, as to be ever deceiving others, and themselves also; you know as well as I do, how egregiously those ancient writers * Herodotus and † Ctesias, and before them the famous poets, with Homer himself amongst them, by their lies, imposed upon not only the readers of their times, but delivered them down in their beautiful verses even to our own. I blush for them when they talk about the ‡ division of heaven, the chains of Prometheus, the rebellion of the giants, and the whole tragic tale of the infernal regions, and how Jupiter was turned into a bull, or a swan, and women changed to bears and birds; add to these, their Pegasus, Chimæras, Gorgons, Cyclops, and all such sort of fables, fit only to amuse children who are afraid of ghosts and spectres. The fictions of poets, however, might be passed over; but how absurd and ridiculous is it, in whole cities and kingdoms, to tell public and palpable falsehoods! the Cretans are not ashamed to shew you the tomb of Jupiter, and the Athenians tell you, that Erichthonius grew out of the earth, and that the first men sprung up like so many cabbages from Attic soil; and yet these were more specious liars than the § Thebans, who talk of men rising up from dragon's teeth. If, on examination, you find all these things to be so far from true, that they could

* *Herodotus.*] In this writer, who is certainly one of the most agreeable liars of antiquity; we meet, as Lucian here intimates, with some very strange stories. Herodotus, however, it may be said in defence of him, does not himself, vouch for the truth of every thing he relates, but gives us the lie just as he found it, leaving his readers to allow it what degree of credit they think proper.

† *Ctesias.*] Who wrote the history of the Persian war; and, according to all account, told as many lies as Herodotus, though not half so entertaining.

‡ *Division.*] After the death of Saturn; between Jupiter, &c.

§ *Thebans.*] Alluding to the story of Cadmus. See Ovid's *Metamorphosis*.

only

only be credited by a * *Coræbus* or *Margites*, yet if you will not believe this, nor that † *Triptolemus* was carried through the air on the wings of dragons, that ‡ *Pan* came out of *Arcadia*, to assist at the battle of *Marathon*, and that § *Orythia* was ravished by the north-wind; he who will not give credit to things so plain and true as these, would be thought an impious madman: to such a degree hath lying, and the love of it, gained a footing amongst men.

P H I L O C L E S.

Still poets, *Tychiades*, and nations too, may stand excused; for with the one, it gives a relish to their fictions, and charms the reader, and with the other, gains a respect and veneration for their country. || Rob Greece of all her fables, and you will starve the people who shew it; and strangers would not thank you for telling them the bare truth, even though they pay nothing for it. Those, however, who love lying only for lying sake, are, indeed, truly ridiculous.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I assure you I think so; for I have this moment left *Eucrates*, from whom I heard the most strange and incredible stories; I was obliged, to say the truth, to get away from him as fast as I could, and even in the midst of his discourse: his absurd and abominable tales, like so many furies, drove me out of his house.

P H I L O C L E S.

Eucrates is a man of sixty, a philosopher, with a long beard, of credit and reputation, and was always considered as a person who would never tell a lie himself, nor suffer any body else to do it in his presence.

T Y C H I A D E S.

And yet you cannot imagine, *Tychiades*, what things he advanced, how anxious he seemed to have them believed, swore to, and pledged his own

* *Coræbus* or *Margites*] Probably the original names of two celebrated fools of antiquity, and afterwards used in general to signify, any idiot. Homer is said to have written a satirical poem called the *Margites*, or the idiot; but it was, most probably, like the battle of the frogs and mice, the work of some one of his numerous imitators.

† *Triptolemus*.] See *Lucian's Dream*, and the note upon it.

‡ *Pan*.] In *Jupiter the Tragedian*. See note on *Pan*.

§ *Orythia*.] See *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, b. vi.

|| *Rob Greece, &c.*] For a full confutation of

— Quicquid Græcia mendax,
Audet in Historiâ.

I refer my reader's to the learned and ingenious Mr. *Bryant's Analysis*.

children for the truth of them, infomuch, that I fixed my eyes on him with astonishment: sometimes I thought the man was not in his right mind, and at others, that he was an impostor who had deceived me, or an afs in a lion's skin, so very absurd and ridiculous were the stories which he told.

P H I L O C L E S.

Pray, let us have them, for I should be glad to know what kind of folly could lay hid under that great beard.

T Y C H I A D E S.

I used frequently to visit him, and this morning wanting to meet Leontichus, who, you know, is my old friend, and hearing by his-boy that he was gone to see Eucrates, who was sick, and which I had not heard of, I went to his house on purpose to meet them both there: when I came, Leontichus, they told me, was just gone, but there was a good deal of company left, amongst whom I found Cleodemus the Peripatetic, Dinomachus the Stoic, and Ion, who, you know, is famous for his Platonic disputations, and esteemed as the best expositor of his master's tenets; you see what venerable company I had got into, men of the first rank for wisdom and virtue in their several sects, and whose very countenances were awful and tremendous; besides these, there was Antigonus the physician, who, I suppose, had been called in to give his advice in the disorder which Eucrates laboured under, and which was growing better, as it was now getting down again into his * feet: he spoke to me in a low voice, as if distempered, and desired me to sit down by him on the bed, though, as I came in, I thought I heard him talking very loud: I took great care not to touch his feet, and after making the usual excuse, that I did not know of his illness, but came as soon as ever I did, sat down by him; the company were all talking about his distemper, and every one prescribing his own remedy for it: if, said Cleodemus, you take up a weasel from the ground in your left hand, killed in the manner I mentioned, and wrap it up in the skin of a lion just dead, and clap it to the leg, the pain will cease immediately; not a lion's, said Dinomachus, but, as I have heard, a young virgin hind: this, indeed, is the most probable, because the hind is swift, and her strength lies in her feet: a lion is strong indeed, his fat, therefore, and his right paw, with some

* *Feet.*] Probably the gout, which, by all accounts, was as fashionable amongst the Greeks and Romans as ourselves. The dispute between the two learned doctors, whether it was to be cured by the lion's or the hind's skin, and the reasons in favour of each are full of true humour.

strait

strait hairs out of his beard, properly administered, and with some certain words suited to the occasion, may do much, but not in disorders of the feet. I thought formerly, replied Cleodemus, as you do, that it should be a hind's skin, because the hind is swift-footed; but a certain African, well skilled in things of this nature, lately informed me that lions were swifter than hinds, for they frequently pursue and kill them. Every body present agreed in commendation of the African, who, they said, was certainly in the right. And do you really think, cried I, that a man can be cured by charms and incantations; that external applications can remove the disorder that is within? At this speech of mine they all laughed immoderately, plainly despising my folly and ignorance, in not knowing things which were so clear and evident, that no man in his senses would ever dare to contradict them. The physician alone seemed pleased at my question, who, I suppose, had himself been laughed at for advising his patient to abstain from wine, live upon vegetables, and not talk so loud. Cleodemus simpered, and said, "Does it appear, Tychiades, so incredible that these remedies should be of any service in certain distempers?" "To me, replied I, it undoubtedly must, unless you think me such an idiot as to believe that an application from without can possibly be communicated to the parts within, or that certain charms and hard words can produce a cure, which it certainly cannot, though you were to wrap up a hundred weasels in the skin of the Nemean lion, for many a one of those noble beasts have I seen with his whole skin on, and yet lame himself." "You seem, said Dinomachus, totally ignorant, and never to have learned the wonderful effects of these medicines; you do not believe, I suppose, what is clear to every body, that intermitting fevers may be cured, and the bites of serpents charmed away by old women; and yet if these things are done every day, why may not the other?" "Dinomachus, replied I, you draw false conclusions, and as they say, only drive out one nail with another, for what you mention can never be performed by the means which you assign; nor will I ever believe it, till you can convince me that a fever or a swelling can be frightened away by a spell, or an incantation. I look upon all you have advanced, therefore, as so many old women's fables."

"By your talk, said Dinomachus, you seem not to believe that there are any gods, or you would not surely deny that disorders may be removed by divine invocations." "That, said I, my friend, does by no means follow: there may be gods, and yet all this be a lie. I am a devout worshipper of the
the

the gods, and bear witness to the cures which they work on men by the help of medicine: but Æsculapius and his sons healed the sick by administering good and proper remedies, not by lions and weasels."

"No more of this, interrupted Ion, but let me tell you a most miraculous thing. When I was a boy about fourteen, a man came one day to my father and told him that Midas, his vine-dresser, a strong lusty fellow, had been just bitten by a serpent, and laid with his leg all putrified: it seems, as he was tying up the branches, a viper had crept up, bit his thumb, and returned to his hole. The poor man was weeping, and almost dead with the pain; for we saw him carried by his fellow-servants on a bed, livid, swelled, and almost expiring. My father seemed much concerned, when a friend of his, who happened to be present said, I will send you a man of Babylon, one of the Chaldæans, who can cure him. To cut my story short, the Babylonian came, and by an incantation drew the poison out of his body, at the same time tying a stone to his foot, which he had broke off from the tomb of a virgin lately dead. This, perhaps, may seem nothing extraordinary to you, though the man, which I was an eye-witness of, took up the bed which he had been brought upon, and walked back to his work: such effect had the incantation, and the stone from the sepulchre.

"But after this he shewed still greater marks of divine power; for early one morning in the country, he walked thrice round a certain place, and after purifying it with torches and sulphur, pronounced seven holy words out of an ancient book, which immediately drove out all the serpents that were within that circle: drawn by his incantation, there came about him innumerable asps, vipers, * ruddocks, and snakes of every kind; one old dragon, indeed, staid behind, who was too old to crawl, and therefore did not obey the mandate; the magician, however, who knew by his art that he had not got them complete, sent the youngest serpent to the dragon, who came a little after, and when he had gathered them all together, the Babylonian † blowed upon them, and, to our great astonishment, they were immediately consumed." "And pray, said I, this young serpent that went on the embassy, did he bring the old dragon you talked of in his hand, or leaning on a crutch?" "You are laughing at me I see, said Cleodemus, I was formerly, I own, as incredulous about these things as you are (for I really

* *Ruddocks.*] Greek, *νεφασα*, the physalus of the Red Sea, mentioned by Ælian.

† *Blowed.*] This is quite in the style of a modern conjurer.

could

could not bring myself to believe them), but since I saw the flying stranger from the North, I have been convinced, and though for a long time very loth, am at length satisfied: how, indeed, should it be otherwise, when I saw him, in the middle of the day, fly in the air, walk upon the water, and pass slowly and deliberately through the fire." "And have you really, said I, seen this northern hero fly thus, and walk upon the water?" "I have, says he, and with leathern shoes, like other people's; not to mention many little things which he does, such as creating affections, driving out spirits, calling up the dead to life, stopping Hecate, and drawing down the Moon. I will tell you what I saw him do for Glaucias, the son of Alexicles; this young man, as soon as he came to his estate, after the death of his father, fell in love with Chrysis, the daughter of Demenetus; he was at that time my pupil in philosophy, and if it had not been for this passion, would soon have learned all the doctrines of the Peripatetic school, for though but a youth of eighteen, he had mastered analysis, and gone through the nature of things: this love affair, however, had stopped him in his progress, and he made me his confidant in it; upon which, as * became his master, I carried him immediately to this northern magician; gave him four minæ down (for he wanted some money for the sacrifices), and promised him sixteen more on the possession of Chrysis: whereupon, as soon as he had got a full moon, and performed certain holy ceremonies, he dug a deep trench in a particular part of the house, and, at midnight, first called up Anaxicles, the father of Glaucias, who had been dead near seven months: the old man did not approve of the affair, and seemed for a time extremely angry with his son about it, but at length gave his consent. The next who appeared was Hecate, accompanied by Cerberus, and, after her, the Moon, putting on various shapes, first taking the form of a woman, then of an ox, and lastly of a dog; then our cunning man fashioned out of clay a little Cupid, and bade him go and fetch Chrysis; away he flew, and in a short time after she knocked at the door, came in, and embraced Glaucias, with all the marks of the strongest love and affection. After this, the Moon flew away to heaven, Hecate descended to the earth, the spectres vanished, and about day-break we let the fair Chrysis out again.

* *Became.*] The grave tutor carrying his young pupil to a conjuror, and giving him money to procure a girl for him, is a fine stroke on the pious philosophers of that time, who, in the true spirit of a modern Chesterfield, thought it cruel, no doubt, to balk the young man's inclinations, in so virtuous a design as that of keeping a mistress.

“ If

“ If you had seen all this, Tychiades, you would not, I think, have called in question the power of incantations.” “ You are right, said I, if I had seen I should certainly have believed ; but you will pardon me, I hope, if I am not altogether so quick-sighted as you are. I know the lady whom you speak of extremely well, a very loving one she is, and with no great difficulty to be acquired, nor can I see any necessity of sending your little clay ambassador to her, or the Moon, or the Northern Magician ; as for twenty drachmas she would go to the Hyperboreans themselves ; this is an incantation which she always listens to : though her nature is a little different from that of apparitions, for they, as you tell us, fly away at the sound of brass or iron, whereas, if she hears the least tinkling of silver, she will run to you immediately. But I am most surprised, that this great magician himself, who might, no doubt, be loved by the wealthiest of the sex, and be paid with many a good talent, should be so ridiculous as to employ his art only in making Glaucias beloved.”

“ It is ridiculous in you, said Ion, thus to disbelieve every thing ; but what think you of those, who set the dæmoniacs free from all their pains and terrors, and charm the evil spirits ? they want not my testimony, for thousands will tell you of the Syrian from Palæstine, so famous for his cures of this kind ; who took so many poor wretches laying on the ground by moon-light, rolling their eyes about, and foaming at the mouth, and for a certain small reward, raised them up, and sent them home quite recovered. He would stand over the evil spirits, and ask them whence they came ; the patient, all the time, says nothing, and the spirit answers in Greek, or some other language, and tells him how, and from whence he came into the man ; then, by conjurations, or, if that will not do, by threats, he drives the evil spirit out of him : I have seen it myself, and it looked black and smoaky.”

“ I am not at all surprised, replied I, at your seeing such things, for even your father Plato's * ideas are visibly seen by you, though so much thinner substances, and to us, common mortals, absolutely invisible.”

“ Ion,

* *Ideas.*] The description of ideas, according to the doctrine of Plato, delivered by Alcinous, is as follows :

“ Ideas are the eternal notions of God, perfect in themselves, whether God be intellect, or something intelligent ; he must have his intelligibles, and those eternal and immoveable : if so, there are ideas ; for, if matter itself, be in itself void of measure, it is necessary that it receive measure from some superior, that is wholly remote from matter : but the antecedent is true, therefore the consequent ; and if so, there are ideas. If the world were not made by chance,
it

“ Ion, interrupted Eucrates, is not the only one who has seen spirits, both by day and by night ; I have myself, indeed, a thousand times : at first I was frightened, but at length, by being used to them, find nothing extraordinary in their appearance ; especially since an Arabian made me a present of a ring of iron, formed out of several * crosses, and taught me a certain incantation, with a number of words in it ; but, perhaps, you will not believe me.” “ How is it possible, replied I, that I should doubt the veracity of so wise a man as Eucrates, speaking with freedom and authority, and in his own house too ?”

“ As to the statue, resumed he, who appears to every body, young and old, I need not tell you myself, for it is known to all the family.” “ What statue, said I, do you mean ?” “ That beautiful one, replied he, which you see as you come into the hall, made by Demetrius.” “ The † Discobolus, I suppose, you mean, bending down as if going to throw the discus, and looking back at the person that brought it him, with one knee bent, as if prepared to rise after the cast.” “ No, no, that is Myro’s ; I do not mean that, nor the next to it, which is Polycletus’s, that has the head bound with a fillet ; pass over those on the right hand which represent the Tyrant-Killers, done by Critias, and observe that which stands by the fountain, with a large belly, bald-pated, half-naked, with the hairs of his beard fluttering in the wind, the muscles strong and bold, in short, the very ‡ man him-

it must not only be made *of* something, but *by* something, and not only so, but after the likeness of something ; but, that after whose likeness it was made, what is it but an idea ? whence it followeth, that there are ideas.”

Lucian frequently laughs at Plato and his followers, as obscure, mysterious, and unintelligible : from a view of the above explication of ideas, my readers will, probably, be of the same opinion.

* *Crosses.*] The iron, wood, and probably every part of the materials of which the cross, or gallows, was made, for the execution of criminals, was, we may suppose, reckoned peculiarly efficacious in the exorcising of evil spirits by the superstitious heathens of that time. But superstitions full as idle and ridiculous as any here recounted, have, we know, to our shame be it spoken, many ages after, disgraced the enlightened æra of Christianity.

† *Discobolus.*] From *δισκος* *βαλλειν*, the thrower of the discus ; a sort of heavy round quoit launched from a thong, put through a hole made in the middle of it ; it was thrown with a circular motion, one of the thrower’s hands being near the breast, the other balancing the disk ; the limbs being all, as it were, in motion, the attitude fine, and the muscles properly extended, must have formed, altogether, a good figure for the statuary. The discobolus of Myro, probably the same as is here taken notice of, is mentioned by Quintilian.

‡ *Man himself.*] Gr. *αυτοανδρωπι ομοιοι*. See the note on *αυτοθαις*.

self; it is the image of § Pelichus, the Corinthian general." "Now, by Jove, said I, I have him, it is he next to Saturn, with the withered garlands hanging about him, and plates of gold on his breast." "Aye, replied Eucrates, I gave him them for curing me of a tertian ague." "My good friend Pelichus too, it seems." "May be so, replied Eucrates, but do not scoff, for he may be revenged on you by and by: I know what this statue, which you laugh at so, has power to do; do you think, if he can cure an ague, that he cannot bring one also?" "Kind then, said I, and propitious may he be to me! but what did he do, pray, to you who were in the house?" "I will tell you, said Eucrates; as soon as night comes on, he quits the pedestal which he stands on, and takes his walk round the house; they frequently meet him singing: he never hurts any body if they give way to him, but passes on without doing mischief: he will often divert himself with washing, and the plashing of the water is heard till the morning." "I have a notion, said I, that this same statue is not Pelichus, but Talus the Cretan, son of Minos, who went all about the country. If he had been of brass instead of wood, I should have thought him, not the work of Demetrius, but one of Dædalus's productions; for he ran away, it seems, from his pedestal." "Take care, said Eucrates, interrupting me, you do not repent of this hereafter; I know what happened to somebody that stole the oboli which we offered to him at the new-moon." "Whatever he suffered, said Ion, the villain well deserved it; but tell me, Eucrates, how was he revenged on him? I should be glad to know, though this Tychiades here will give no credit to it." "A number of oboli, resumed Eucrates, lay at his feet, some pieces of silver money were also glued on with wax about his thighs, and some plates of the same, which he had received as offerings from some of his votaries, or in return, for curing them of their fevers. We had at that time a Libyan slave to take care of our horses: this rascal had the impudence to come in the night, and steal all these things away, whilst the statue was got off his pedestal: but, as soon as Pelichus returned, and perceived that he had been robbed, mark the vengeance which fell upon the African, and how he was taken: he walked all night round about the hall, and could not get out of it, but was caught, as it were, in a labyrinth, and at break of day, seized with the things which he had stolen upon him. After which, he suffered grievously, for every night he was terribly flogged, so that the wales

* *Pelichus*.] See Thucydides, b. i. 29,

appeared

appeared on his body the next day : he lived a little while and then died in the greatest misery. And now, Tychiades, you may laugh at Pelichus, think me mad, and compare me to * Minos's friend and contemporary, if you please." " Eucrates, said I, whilst the brass remains, brass he will be, and the work of Demetrius, who did not make gods but men ; and as for the statue of Pelichus, I should be no more afraid of it, that I should of Pelichus himself, or his threats, were he now alive, and before me."

" Eucrates, said Antigonus the physician, I have, myself, got a little brass Hippocrates, about a cubit long, who, every night, as soon as the lamp is out, walks all over the house, makes a violent noise, opens and shuts the doors, mixes my phials one with another, and turns my boxes topsy-turvy, especially if we happen to defer our annual sacrifice to him." " And does Hippocrates, said I, at this time of day, look for sacrifices, and expect rich offerings to be made to him ? I think he might be satisfied with a † funeral cake, a garland for his head, or a little milk and honey."

" And now, said Eucrates, I will tell you something that can be well attested, which I saw above five years ago : it was about the time of vintage, when, chancing in the middle of the day, to leave the workmen, I rambled by myself into a wood, wrapped up in deep thought and meditation ; I was got into a dark place, when on a sudden, methought I heard the barking of dogs, and imagined it must have been my son Mnafo sporting there, and who, according to his usual custom, was hunting in the thickest part of the grove : but it was not so ; for, a little after, I heard a shaking of the earth, and a noise like thunder, when a woman of most dreadful appearance came towards me ; she seemed half a stadium in height, carrying a torch in her left hand, and in her right, a sword, about twenty cubits long ; her lower parts seemed formed of snakes, and from the waist upwards she was like a Gorgon, with a most horrible and frightful countenance ; instead of hair, she had serpents which hung round her neck, and twined like spires about her shoulders. Only observe, says he, my friends, how my hairs, even

* *Minos's friend.*] Talus, mentioned above ; he was employed as the prime minister of Minos, king of Crete, to enforce his laws throughout the kingdom, and which were engraved by him, as is before remarked, on tables of brass.

† *Funeral cake.*] It was the custom of the Greeks, to put into the mouths of their deceased friends a small cake composed of flour, honey, and other ingredients. Virgil calls it, *Melle sopocatam & medicatis frugibus offam*. This was designed to appease the fury of Cerberus, the famous dog of hell, and to procure of him a safe and quiet entrance.

now, stand an end at the recital of it." And saying this, he shewed them all the hairs on his arm, which stood up in bristles with the fright.

All this time, the old fellows, Ion, Dinomachus, and Cleodemus, listened to him with open mouths; permitted him patiently to lead them by the nose, and greedily swallowed his incredible story of the Coloffus, and his giant spectre half a stadium high. In the mean while, I could not help reflecting how these men are respected and admired by our youth for their wisdom, though their grey beards alone distinguish them from children, who are not so easily deceived as they are, by such abominable falsehoods.

"And how big, said Dinomachus, were the dogs?" "Taller, replied he, than Indian elephants, black, rough, and with dirty hides; when I saw them, I stood still, and turned my ring on the inside, which the Arabian gave me; upon which, Hecate, striking the ground with her snaky foot, the earth opened, wide as the mouth of Tartarus; she leaped in, and vanished immediately. I took courage then, and leaning forward, looked down, laying hold of a tree that grew close to it, to prevent my falling in headlong: then had I a view of the shades below, of * Pyriphlegethon, the burning lake, and Cerberus; and saw the dead so plainly, that I could distinguish several of them, and, among the rest, my own father, whom I knew very well, and in the same cloaths which he had on when we buried him." "And pray, Eucrates, said Ion, what were the souls about?" "What would you have them do, replied Eucrates, but walk about in companies with their friends and relations, and lay on beds of asphodel." "What will your Epicureans say now, rejoined Ion, to the divine Plato, and his book on immortality? but now, I think on it, did you see him or Socrates amongst them?" "Socrates, replied he, I believe I did, though not plainly: I guessed, however, that it was he, by his bald pate and large belly; as to Plato, for amongst friends one should always speak the truth, I cannot say I saw him there; as I was looking at all these things, the gulph began to shut in, and just as it closed, my servants came in search of me, just before it was covered in. Pyrrhia here, was one of them: is not it all true, girl?" "Yes, by Jupiter, said Pyrrhia, I heard the barking out of the gulph, and saw the light of the torch." This supernumerary witness of noise and flame, made me laugh excessively.

* *Pyriphlegethon.*] A burning lake, or river, whose waves of liquid fire are perpetually flowing for the amusement of the damned, in the poetical hell.

"There

“ There is nothing so very extraordinary in all this, says Cleodemus, for I saw as much in my last illness; Antigonus here, attended and cured me, it was the seventh day, I remember, of a violent fever. You had ordered them to shut the doors and leave me alone, that I might get some rest; when, behold, as I lay broad awake, a most beautiful youth appeared to me, cloathed in white; he commanded me to rise, and leading me through a great cavern down to the infernal regions, he shewed me Tantalus and Tytius, and Sisyphus, and every thing else. When I was got to the tribunal, (for I thought Æacus, and Charon, and the Fates, and the Furies were there,) some monarch, Pluto I suppose, sat on his judgment-seat, and pronounced the names of some who had lived beyond the term assigned them, and were to die soon. A young man, I thought, led me towards him, but the king seemed angry, and said, “ Let him go, his thread is not yet spun; bring me Demylus the smith, for he has lived beyond his time.” I ran back with joy, for my fever had left me, and told every body that Demylus would die soon; he lived, you must know, in our neighbourhood, and was at that time, as they told me, very ill; and a little while after this we heard the groans of those who were lamenting the loss of him.” “ And what is there so wonderful in that, said Antigonus? I knew a man who came to life again, twenty days after he was buried; one whom I cured several times, before his death and after it.” “ But how happened it, said I, that his body never putrefied, or that, if alive, he did not die with hunger in twenty days time? but, I suppose, your patient was another * Epimenides.”

Whilst we were conversing thus, the sons of Eucrates came in from the palæstra, one of which was just of age, and the other about fifteen; after saluting us, they sat down by their father on the bed, and a chair was brought for me; when Eucrates, as if the sight of his sons had put him in mind of it, cried out, now Tychiades, may I be deprived of these, and he put his arms round them, if I tell you any thing but truth: how much I loved their mother, who now, I trust, is happy, all here can bear witness, for they well know what I did for her both living and dead, and very well

* *Epimenides.*] A famous prophet of Crete, and one of the best sleepers upon record; for being sent by his father, when a boy, to take care of some sheep, he wandered, as Diogenes Laertius very gravely assures us, into a dark cavern, where he was seized with a deep sleep, in which he continued for seven and fifty years; he then awoke, went home, was with much difficulty acknowledged by his younger brother, told the story of his long nap to every body, and, in consequence of it, gained the reputation of a great prophet, and was consulted as an oracle by all Greece.

remember,

remember, that after her decease, I * burned every thing belonging to her, and even so much as the apparel she was most fond of whilst she lived. It was exactly that day seven months after she died, when, as I was laying on this bed, as I do now, and consoling myself with reading Plato's treatise on the soul, Damentia herself came, and sat herself down by me, in the place where Eucratides now is (pointing it out to his youngest son, who, as children generally do, stood aghast, and grew pale at the narration); as soon as I saw, continued he, I embraced her, and crying out, burst into tears: she stopped my cries, but gently complained, that though I had done every thing else to shew my respect for her, I had omitted to burn one of her golden slippers; it had fallen down, it seems, behind the chest, as she informed me, and not finding it, we could not consume it with the other: as we were talking together on this, a cursed † Melitan dog barked from under the bed, at which she immediately vanished. Next day we found the slipper under the chest, and burned it."

"Can you, Tychiades, disbelieve things so manifest as these, and which happen every day?" "No, by Jupiter, said I: they deserve to be well beat with a ‡ gold slipper, as children are, who could refuse to believe them, or impudently oppose truths so plain and irrefragable."

In the midst of this discourse came in Arignotus, the Pythagorean, with his long hair, and venerable aspect, a man celebrated, as you well know, for his wisdom, and even honoured with the title of divine; at sight of him I revived, considering him as the scourge of deceit and falsehood: he, thought I to myself, will soon stop the mouths of these miracle-mongers: I looked upon him, according to the common phrase, as the § god from the
machine

* *Burned, &c.*] This custom does honour to Grecian sensibility, and conveys, perhaps, at the same time some reproach on our opposite conduct. The ancients burned every thing that belonged to those they loved, the moderns put them up to public auction.

† *Melitan dog.*] Melita, an island on the coast of Illyrium, in the Adriatic, was famous for dogs. See Pliny.

‡ *Gold slipper.*] The ancients, probably, for the custom is mentioned by many authors, made the same use of the gold slipper as modern school-masters do of the ferula. Lucian's application of it to the story is obvious and happy.

§ *As the god, &c.*] On the Grecian stage the gods and goddesses were frequently called in to aid the poet in his distress, and to bring on, sometimes rather absurdly, the denouement of the piece. On these occasions, the Athenians, who spared no expence in their theatres, took care to accommodate their deities with proper vehicles, probably superb triumphal cars, in which they descended with proper solemnity: though, concerning the form of these structures, and in what
what

machine come down for my assistance. Cleodemus rose up to meet him, and as soon as he was seated, he made some enquiries concerning the health of Eucrates, who informed him that he was now much better; after which, addressing himself to the company, "On what point, said he, were you philosophising? for you seemed, as I came in, to be in high dispute." "We were only, says Eucrates, endeavouring to persuade this piece of adamant here, pointing to me, that there were such things as ghosts and spectres; and that after death men frequently came upon earth, and appeared to whom they pleased." I blushed, and looked down, for fear of Arignotus. "Perhaps, said he, Tychiades thinks that none wander about in this manner, but the souls of those who have died violent deaths, been hanged, beheaded, or such like, and not those who quit this life in the natural and common way; and if this be his opinion, it is not altogether to be rejected." "No such thing, replied Dinomachus, he absolutely denies that any ever can, or did appear." "What say you, cried Arignotus, looking sternly at me, can you really deny this, when every body, as I may say, has seen them?" "You have apologized for me, replied I, because I am the only one who did not: if I had seen them, I should then have believed, as you do." "When you come next to Corinth, said Arignotus, ask for the house of Eubatidas, at the * Cranæum, and when they shew it you, tell Tibius, the porter, that you want to see the spot from whence Arignotus drove out the spirit, by digging up the earth, and made the house habitable from that day forward." "How was that, interrupted Eucrates? let us know, I beseech you." "Thus, replied he, it was: this house had been for a long time deserted on account of spectres; and if any body went into it, he was soon driven out again by a terrible and noisy apparition, till at length the whole tenement began to decay, and moulder into ruins, and no body would venture to go near it. I heard of this, and taking with me some certain books (for I had several Ægyptian tracts by me on the subject), I entered the house early in the evening, though my landlord endeavoured to dissuade me from it, and even by main violence would have held me back, as satisfied that I was rushing on inevitable destruction. I took a candle, however, went in alone, and seating myself on the ground, in the largest chamber,

what manner the ancient scenery was conducted, we have no particular account, at least none to be depended on. The curious reader, however, may find some inaccurate descriptions of this kind in Julius Pollux.

* *Cranæum*.] See Lucian's Instructions for Writing History.

began

began reading with great composure; the spirit appeared, taking me, no doubt, for one of the multitude, and supposing that he should terrify me as he did the rest; he had long hair, seemed filthy, and was * blacker than darkness itself: he endeavoured to lay hold on me, shifted sides, and tried every method to get the better of me, sometimes appearing as a dog, at others as a bull, and at others as a lion. I took out the most dreadful incantation I could find, talked to him in the Ægyptian tongue, and forced him at length, by the power of my charm, into a little corner of a dark room: and knowing where he had retired to, went gently to sleep for the remainder of the night. In the morning, when every body had given me over, and expected to find me dead, beyond their hopes I came out, and went immediately to Eubatidas, and carried him the glad tidings, that his house was cleared, and he might safely live in it for the future. He took several along with him (and many followed us from the strangeness of the event), and after I had conducted them to the place where I knew he had taken refuge, I ordered the ground to be dug up with rakes and spades, and at some little depth found a carcase, with scarce any thing but the bones remaining, this we buried carefully, and from that day forward the house was never haunted."

When the sage and venerable Arignotus had thus spoken, not a man of them was there who did not think it the highest madness in me to doubt the veracity of it; I, notwithstanding, in spite both of his grey locks, and the great opinion which they all entertained of him, without fear or trembling, thus addressed him; "Arignotus, said I, is it possible that you, who are the hope and support of truth, can yet be full of these idle tales of spirits and goblins? Our treasure, as the proverb says, is all turned to coal." "If, replied Arignotus, you will believe neither me, nor Dinomachus, nor Cleodemus, nor Eucrates himself, what authority do you confide in on the other side of the question, whom do you pin your faith on?" "By heaven, said I, on that great and excellent man, Democritus of Abdera, who was so thoroughly convinced, nothing of this kind ever existed, that he shut himself up in a monument without the gates of the city, and staid there night and day, writing and reading; and when the boys used to dance about, dress themselves in black, and paint their heads like skulls, on purpose to frighten

* *Blacker, &c.*] A strong expression, and approaching nearly to Milton's — "darkness visible."

him,

him, he was not in the least terrified at their tricks, but, without so much as looking at them, would cry out as he was writing, do not play the fool; so firmly did he believe that souls were nothing when parted from their bodies." "If such was his opinion, said Eucrates, he must have been out of his senses: but I will tell you another thing, not a hearsay matter, but which really happened to myself; and when you hear, Tychiades, you will be forced to acknowledge the truth of it. I was sent by my father very young into Ægypt for education, where once upon a time I took a particular fancy to go against the stream up to * Coptus, to hear Memnon, and the miraculous sounds which issued from him at the rising of the sun: there did I hear, not as the common people did, an unintelligible noise, but from the mouth of Memnon himself an oracle, which he delivered to me in seven verses, and which, but that it would here be unnecessary, I could repeat to you; as we returned, there chanced to be in the same ship with me a certain Memphian, one of the holy scribes, a man of admirable wisdom, and skilled in all the learning of the Ægyptians; it was reported that he had lived twenty years in a temple under ground, and was instructed by Isis in the magic arts." "You mean, interrupted Arignotus, the famous Pancrates, who was my preceptor; a most divine man, of a thoughtful countenance, bald, with a flat nose, and thick lips, and long legs, cloathed in a linen garment, and talked the purest Greek." "The very same, said Eucrates: though when I first saw him, I did not know who he was: but as we sailed along, I observed him do some wonderful things, saw him ride upon the crocodiles, and swim amongst the sea monsters, who seeming submissive, would wag their tails and fawn upon him. I began to look upon him as something more than human, and by soothing him with kind offices, by degrees crept into favour, and became at length his most intimate and familiar friend, inso-much that he trusted me with all his secrets, and persuaded me to leave my servants at Memphis, and proceed with him alone, assuring me that we should not want attendants, and after this we lived together. When we came to an inn he would † take the bar of the door, or a broom, or a wooden

* *Coptus.*] A city of Ægypt, from whence the Ægyptian language is called the Coptic.

† *He would take, &c.*] These were certainly the most convenient kind of domestics that were ever invented, and infinitely preferable to our modern dumb-waiters. Such useful substitutes would save the young travelling nobility all the expence of footmen, hair-dressers, valets de

wooden pestle, put cloaths upon it, and repeating certain magic words, order it to walk about, and appear to every body as a man; it would then go about its business, draw water, get the dinner ready, and, in short, wait on us in every respect as dexterously as possible; and when it had performed its offices, he would pronounce another magic verse, and immediately it became a broom, or a pestle again: but this secret, with all I could do, I was never able to get from him, he did not chuse to impart it, though in every thing else he was always ready to oblige me. One day, however, I stood by him in a dark place, and privately overheard the charm, which was only of three syllables, after which he went out, giving the necessary orders to his pestle; and the day after, he having some business in the market-place, I took my little pestle also, dressed it up, and repeating the three syllables, commanded it to fetch me some water; when it had filled the cask, leave off, said I, bring me no more, but be a pestle again; it did not, however, obey me, but went again and fetched water till the whole house was full of it. Not knowing what to do (for I was afraid of Pancrates's returning, and being angry with me for what I had done), I took an axe and split the pestle in two, but both the parts thus severed took the pitchers and drew water, so that instead of one servant I had now two; at this time in came Pancrates, and understanding how the affair was, immediately reduced them to wood again, as they were before the charm: but Pancrates withdrew himself privately from me, I know not how, and I never set eyes on him afterwards." "And pray, said Dinomachus, could you now make a man out of a pestle?" "Yes, replied he, I could do it by halves; but when I had once made a water-carrier of him, I could not reduce him to his original form, for he would continue drawing water till the house swam with it."

"Will you never have done, interrupted I, old as you are, telling such abominable lies? At least defer your incredible stories to another time, for the sake of these young men, that you may not fill their minds with absurd fables, and unreasonable fears; spare them, I beseech you, and do not use them to listen to such things as will dwell upon and disturb them for their whole lives, fill them with dreadful superstitions, and make them afraid of every noise they hear."

place, &c. It is a thousand pities that Pancrates did not leave this valuable secret of extempore servant-making to posterity: the blunder of Arignotus, and his splitting the pestle is extremely laughable.

"Well

“ Well hinted, said Eucrates ; now you talk of superstition, what think you, Tychiades, of oracles, divine intelligence, and what those who are actuated by the deity impart to us, what we hear from the temples, and what the virgin crowned with laurels frequently foretells, do you doubt the truth of these also ? I shall not mention my ring, with a seal on it, representing the Pythian Apollo, nor that he converses with me, lest I should appear to you as a vain boaster, talking of incredible things ; but I will tell you what I heard in the temple of Amphiloehus, and Mallus, and particularly of ancient heroes who have talked with me concerning my affairs : and what I have seen at Pergamus and Patari ; for hearing, when I returned from Ægypt, that Mallus was celebrated for the truth and clearness of its oracles, and answered word for word to the writings of the prophet, I resolved to try it, and to consult the god with regard to futurity.”

As Eucrates was running on in this manner, I perceived how matters would go, and as he was entering on a long story about oracles, I thought it was to no purpose for me to stand alone against them all, and so leaving him in the midst of his voyage from Ægypt to Mallus (for as I disputed the truth of their fables, my company, I found, was not very agreeable), “ I must go, said I, in search of Leontichus, whom I have some particular business with ; as to you, my friends, as things merely human seem not sufficient for you, I would advise you to call in the gods themselves to bear a part in your fabulous disputations” and so saying I went out and left them. They seized the opportunity, enjoyed the liberty I gave them, fell to greedily, and swallowed one another’s lies with a most voracious appetite.

Thus have I told you, Philocles, every thing I heard at Eucrates’s : like those who have just swelled themselves with new wine, I wanted an emetic, and have given it you all up again. I would give a good deal for an oblivious antidote, that would make me forget every thing that passed, for I am afraid the retaining it in my memory will do me no good. I have nothing but miracles, * witches and spectres still before me.

• *Witches.*] Greek, Ἐκράτης.

THE LIARS.

PHILOCLEES.

In good truth, Tychiades, I think I have caught the infection from you; not only those, they say, who have been bit by a mad dog are seized with madness themselves, and dipped in the water, but if the man who is bitten bites another, it has the same effect: you were bitten at Eucrates's house by these liars, and have imparted the poison to me also, for my head as well as your's is full of nothing but spirits.

TYCHIADES.

Be of good cheer, my friend, we have a remedy at hand for all disorders of this kind, truth and sound reason, which if we apply, no such idle dreams and fancies will ever disturb us.

HIP-

H I P P I A S.

The Reader must not expect Wit or Humour in this little Tract, which is nothing more than a Panegyric on an ingenious Architect, who had made an excellent and well-constructed Bath; it is not improbable, though this is a mere Conjecture of my own, that HIPPIAS, the Builder, might have complimented LUCIAN with the free Use of the Bath; and the Writer, in return, has immortalized him for it. For a more particular Account of HIPPIAS, see Philostratus de Vit. Sophist.

I HAVE always esteemed those philosophers most worthy of praise and admiration, who not only laid down proper rules and precepts in any art or science, but who were, likewise, capable of exemplifying them in their own works. The sick man who has any understanding, will call in not that physician who can talk best of things that concern his profession, but him whose experience has taught him the best practice of it: he is, in my opinion, a better musician who can himself play and sing, than he who is only a good judge of melody and song. Need I mention, that those are always esteemed the ablest generals, who not only know how to dispose and direct an army, but who will themselves also stand foremost in the ranks and fight bravely: such as, we know, in ancient times, Agamemnon and Achilles were, and in later ages, Alexander and Pyrrhus? I do not mention this, to display my knowledge of history, but to shew, that those who are only able to dispute, deserve the name of sophists rather than philosophers; and that, in all the arts, they are most worthy of admiration, who join practice to theory, and leave monuments of their skill and knowledge to posterity. Such, we are told, were Archimedes and * Sostratus the Cnidian, one of whom subdued Memphis for Ptolemy, not by siege, but by turning aside the course of the river; and the other, by an invention of his own, burned the enemies fleet: and, before their time, † Thales the Milesian, promised Cræsus,

* *Sostratus.*] The famous architect; who, according to Strabo and Pliny, built the celebrated tower in the island of Pharos. What Lucian here tells us concerning Memphis, alludes to some obscure piece of history, not mentioned by any other author, and which the commentators know not how to explain.

† *Thales.*] The celebrated Grecian philosopher, astronomer, and geometrician. His carrying Cræsus's army over the Halys, had nothing very miraculous in it; he cut a new channel for the river, divided the water into two currents, and consequently made it fordable. See Herodotus and Diog. Laertius.

that

that he would lead his whole army over the river dry-shod, and by his ingenuity performed it, not that he professed any peculiar skill in mechanism, but was a man of excellent genius and invention. It would be going too far back, to speak of Epeus, who not only made the famous Grecian horse, but was, himself, one of those who got into it. And here it is but justice in me to mention Hippias, a man of our own times, though equal to any of the ancients in learning, genius, and eloquence; superior, not in words, but in works also, to all those who went before him: most men are proud enough if they excel in any one thing which they undertake, but he is an excellent mechanic, and, at the same time, a good geometrician, and a master of music, as perfectly skilled in every one of them as if he had professed that, and that alone. Add to this, his knowledge in the doctrine of specula, the refraction of the rays of light, and astronomy. But I cannot pass over a work of his, which I lately beheld with astonishment: the building of baths is a very common thing amongst us, and yet his ingenuity in the structure of one is truly wonderful; the situation of it was not a plain, but sloping, which he contrived, however, to bring quite on a level, making a strong foundation under it, and securing it with firm supports: the whole structure was well proportioned, and the windows of proper size and distance. You come into it by a noble vestibule, to which you ascend by broad and easy steps, which leads you to a spacious hall for servants to wait in; on the left hand, are bed-chambers to retreat to, a convenience which baths should never be without; with another apartment, which, though not absolutely necessary in a bath, may contribute to the happiness of the rich and luxurious. On each side are rooms to undress in, near a spacious chamber, cheerful and well lighted, with three baths of cold water, of Lacedæmonian stone, in which are two white marble statues, one of * Hygeia, and the other of Æsculapius: a little farther on, you come to a large round room of a moderate and gentle heat, so as not to hurt you by the intenseness of it; and, beyond this, is a most delightful chamber, with two doors of polished Phrygian marble, for those to anoint themselves in who come from the palæstra: beyond this is the most beautiful room of all, convenient to sit, stand, or roll about in, of Phrygian stone from top to bottom; then a warm passage of Numidian

* *Hygeia.*] The goddess of health, daughter of Æsculapius and Lampetia. Representations of this deity were innumerable, as all those who invoked her aid, if they recovered and could afford it, made statues of and worshipped her; as we all do yet, though in another manner,

marble,

marble, which leads you to an elegant apartment full of light, with three warm baths in it: after bathing here, you need not go back through the same rooms, but are conducted through a passage made tolerably warm, and very light, to the cold baths again: add to this, that the height, length, and width, are all in the most exact proportion to each other, and grace and beauty preside through every part of the edifice. When you begin any work, as Pindar says, you should make the front splendid, and such as will catch the eye at a distance, and in buildings particularly, regard should be paid to the windows, and a fine external appearance. Hippias, therefore, hath opened his cold baths to the north, for the benefit of the cool air, and exposed those that want heat to the west and south. Need I mention the rooms fit for exercise, the rooms to keep the cloaths in, not winding through tiresome passages, but close to the baths, and equally calculated for health and conveniency.

Some may, perhaps, think I bestow too magnificent encomiums on a work of little consequence; but, in my opinion, to invent and execute new beauties in common and ordinary matters, is no small mark of uncommon and extraordinary merit; and such, I think, this work of Hippias, which has all the good qualities of a bath, with regard to use, convenience, light, symmetry, and proportion, well adapted to the soil and situation of the place, and secure on every side, with double doors to each room, and proper recesses, a water dial, and a sun dial. Whoever could behold such a work, and withhold the praises due to it, must, in my opinion, not only be insensible, but envious and ungrateful also. For my own part, I have endeavoured, and I thought it my duty so to do, to celebrate and record by this little remembrance of him, so excellent an artificer. If it should ever happen, that I bathe again there, I doubt not but I shall meet with many who will join with me in praise and admiration of it.

B A C.

B A C C H U S.

The Critics of LUCIAN's Time, who had, perhaps, as little Taste for true Humour, as the Critics of our own, were perpetually finding fault with his Dialogues, which they considered as wild, romantic, and licentious; his Attacks, they said, were furious, and his Manner contemptible. In Answer to some of these Cavils, it is probable, LUCIAN sent out this little Tract, in which, with an Ease and Pleasantry peculiar to him, he compares himself to BACCHUS attacking and defeating the Indians, who had despised and laughed at him and his Army. It is observable, that whilst he makes use of this Method to vindicate himself, he exposes the Absurdity of the many ridiculous Stories which the Poets had heaped together, concerning one of the favourite Gods of Antiquity.

WHEN Bacchus led forth his army against the Indians (for I see no reason why I should not tell you a Bacchanalian story), the people of that nation held him at first in the utmost contempt, laughed at his attempt, and seemed, indeed, rather to pity his rashness, concluding that the moment he began his attack, he would be immediately trod in pieces by their elephants. They had heard, we may suppose, strange things concerning his army, that his troops were composed of mad women, crowned with ivy, and covered with goat-skins, carrying little wooden spears without iron, and light shields, that sounded hollow when you touched them, like so many drums: mixed with these, there were a few rustics, with horns and tails like young kids, dancing the cordax; at the head of them their leader, in a car drawn by leopards, a beardless boy, with scarce any down upon his chin, a bunch of grapes round his head, his hair tied up with a ribbon, a pair of horns, cloathed in purple, and in golden sandals. Under him, two captains, * one of them a little short old fellow, with a great belly, and long prick'd-up ears, flat-nosed, leaning on a staff, shaking, and clad in an old yellow coat, a proper assistant to such a general: the other, a large man †, with lower parts like a goat, shaggy thighs, horns, and a long beard,

* *One of them, &c.*] Silenus, the son of Pan, or as some tell us, of Mercury; this extraordinary grotesque figure was, it seems, a kind of tutor, or guardian to Bacchus, and afterwards one of his generals. Virgil tells an agreeable story of him in his sixth eclogue, and Ovid another in the eleventh book of his *Metamorphoses*.

† *Large man.*] Pan.

looking

looking fierce and angry, a pipe in one hand, and a crook in the other, frisking, and playing about through the army, and frightening the women, who, as he approached towards them, let their hair hang loose and dishevelled, and cried out *Evoe!* by which the Indians supposed they meant to call their master: the flocks, however, of the natives were seized by the women, torn in pieces, and eat by them, for they devoured raw flesh. When the king and people of that country heard all this, they laughed at them, and, as we may naturally suppose, did not think it worth their while to prepare an army, or make head against such an enemy; women they thought would be the most proper to repel their attacks, as it would be unbecoming men to fall upon and kill a parcel of mad females, and an effeminate leader with his hair tied up, or a little drunken old fellow, or the other half-soldier, with a croud of naked dancers, all objects of contempt and ridicule: but when at length the news was brought that the god had laid their country waste, burned their cities, set fire to their woods, and laid almost all India in flames (for * fire you must know is Bacchus's weapon, and part of his father's lightning), they immediately took up arms, bridled and furnished their elephants, put towers upon them, and prepared for the attack, still holding them in contempt; but resolved with all possible speed to make an end of this beardless leader and his army. When they came in sight of them, the Indians placed their elephants in the front, and began the onset. Bacchus, on his part, took his post in the middle, Silenus commanded the right wing, and Pan the left, and the Satyrs were appointed leaders of the inferior ranks, and the word was *Evoe!* The drums beat, and the cymbals gave the signal of attack, a Satyr sounded the alarm, Silenus's ass brayed most martially, the Mænades affrighted them with their howlings, and shewed the spears at the end of their thyrsusses, which were wreathed with serpents: the Indians and their elephants immediately gave way, and in the utmost confusion turned their backs and fled, not venturing to come within reach of a dart, till at length they were all totally routed and taken prisoners, by those whom they had thus despised, and learned by experience, that foreign armies are not to be held in derision, merely from the first report that is made of them.

* *Fire, &c.*] Bacchus, we are to remember, was the son of Jupiter and the unfortunate Semele, who fell a sacrifice (as many other ladies have done), to her ambition; and Bacchus, as Lucian humorously hints, inherits part of the fire that killed his mother.

But here, perhaps, some of my readers will cry out, * what is all this to Bacchus? To which I must reply, that many of them (do not, by the Graces I beseech you, conclude me mad or drunk, because I compare myself to the gods), are surpris'd, as the Indians were at Bacchus, with my strange and new manner of writing; when they hear my laughing, jesting, and comic satire, they know not what to think of me; some think it beneath them to descend from their elephants to listen to gossip's tales, and skipping Satyrs, and will not come nigh me; whilst others, finding the † spear under the ivy, are surpris'd, and afraid to return to me: but I can boldly venture to assure them, that if they will come and partake of my feast, as my old guests used to do, they will soon learn not to despise my Satyrs and Silenus's, but drink freely, grow fond of my Bacchus, and sing Evoc! along with me.

These, however, (for hearers may do what they like) are to act as they please; as to myself, now I am got amongst the Indians, I will tell you another tale about them, not without some reference to Bacchus, nor foreign to my present purpose.

Amongst the Machlæans, on the left of the river Indus, there is a grove, not very large, but dark, and covered with vines and ivy, wherein are three beautiful clear fountains, one dedicated to the Satyrs, the other to Pan, and the other to Silenus. The Indians come once every year to this grove, to offer sacrifices, and drink water from the fountains; not all from each of them, but according to their age; the youths from the Satyr's, the full grown men from Pan's, and the old men, like me, from that of Silenus. What the young men did after drinking, or what feats the middle age performed, when inspir'd by Pan, it would be tedious and unnecessary to men-

* *What is, &c.*] Tragedy, or, the song of the goat, as the original name imports, was at first nothing but a sacred hymn to Bacchus, sung by a chorus of men or women; dialogue was afterwards introduced, and the actor, or reader, consequently, more attended to than the chorus, whose songs were now of a different nature, insomuch that the original subject of them, the praise of Bacchus, was totally pass'd over and forgotten: the priests, who for a long time, we may suppose, presid'd over the whole, were alarmed at so open a contempt of the deity, and exclaimed that, "all this was nothing to Bacchus," the complaint grew afterwards into a kind of proverbial saying, to signify any thing departing from its original intention. Lucian applies it here with archness and propriety. See the Dissertation prefixed to my Translation of Sophocles.

† *Spear.*] Alluding to the spears at the end of the thyrsusses carried by the Mænades, as mentioned above, in the account of the battle.

tion;

tion ; but what the old man does, when he gets drunk with this liquor, it may be not improper to inform you ; when he quaffs it, and Silenus gets holds of him, at first he is mute for a little while, and like a man that is drunk ; then, on a sudden, his voice becomes clear, strong, and spirited ; from a dumb man he grows extremely talkative, he goes on for ever, and you must stop his mouth to keep him from prating. You cannot so properly call them swans, with regard to age, as grasshoppers, that are perpetually humming from morning to night ; at length, when the drunken fit is over, they are silent, and return to their reason. But I forget to mention the most wonderful thing of all, which is, that if the old man begins a speech, which at the going down of the sun he is obliged to leave unfinished, when he comes the next year, he drinks, takes up again the tale, which he had left imperfect, and goes on with it. I need not stretch the comparison, as you see plainly enough that, like Momus, I am laughing at myself. So, if I play the fool, you must attribute it to my drunkenness ; and if I happen to appear sensible, you will say, Silenus was propitious to me.

G A L L I C H E R C U L E S .

*This seems to be a kind of Proœmium or Preface to some Declamation, which LUCIAN, as a Rhetorician had been appointed to deliver, on what Subject we know not; the Idea suggested to him by the Picture of a Gallic Hercules, was well adapted to his Purpose, though there is not any Wit or Humour in the Composition, nor did the Subject, indeed, admit of it. HERCULES, of whom there are so many Fables, as we learn from a renowned Critic, was esteemed amongst the Gauls as the Patron of Science and God of Eloquence: in some Places he was called MUSAGETES; and FULVIUS the Roman General dedicated a Temple, we are told, HERCULI MUSARUM. HERCULES was, indeed, according to the Learned BRYANT, a title given to the chief Deity of the Gentiles, who has been multiplied into almost as many Personages as there were Countries where he was worshipped, and what was attributed to this God singly, was the Work of HERCULEANS, and wherever there were HERACLIDÆ or HERCULEANS, an HERCULES has been supposed. Hence his * Character has been variously represented.*

THE Gauls call Hercules, in their tongue, Ogmios, and make a strange figure of him: he is represented by them as an extreme old man, almost bald, with a few white hairs, wrinkled, and of a black swarthy colour, like men who have been all their lives at sea. One would rather take him for a Charon or Japetus from the infernal shades; for any thing, in short, but Hercules; and yet, unlike as he is, they give him all the usual attributes: he has a lion's skin about him, and a quiver, with a club in his right hand, and a bow bent in his left, and is, in all other respects, a perfect Hercules. I could not help suspecting that the Gauls, meant to cast a reflection on the Grecian deities, by such a picture, as if they intended to revenge themselves on him for invading their kingdom, and ravaging it, when he rambled about in search of † Geryon's cattle. But I
for-

* See Analysis of Ancient Mythology, vol. ii. p. 75.

† Geryon.] Amongst many other curious exploits of Hercules in the course of his peregrinations, please to remember, gentle reader, if thou hast forgot, that after killing Geryon, a giant with three bodies, and his dog with three heads, and his dragon with seven, he seized on his cattle,

forgot to mention one most extraordinary circumstance; this old Hercules is represented as drawing a large number of people after him, whom he seems to have bound by the ears with very slender chains made of amber and gold, like beautiful necklaces: held, notwithstanding, as they are by these weak little links, they none of them endeavour to get away, as they might easily do, strive with their feet, or pull against him, but press on with pleasure and alacrity, as if fond of their leader, and seem to wish, be the chain ever so loose, not to be set free; and what is most wonderful of all is, that the * painter, not knowing what to fix the chain to, (for he has the club in his right hand, and the bow in his left,) bored a hole at the extremity of the tongue, tied it to that, and drew them along, Hercules looking back, and smiling at them. I stood and admired this figure, not without some degree of indignation; nor could I comprehend the meaning of it, when a Gaul standing by, a man well skilled in Grecian literature, who spoke our language correctly, and seemed to be, as many of his nation are, a philosopher, thus addressed me: “ You seem, said he, stranger, to be puzzled about this picture, I will explain it to you; we do not, like you, express eloquence by the figure of Mercury, but by that of Hercules, as stronger and more powerful: do not be surpris’d, therefore, at our representing him as an old man, for, in old age alone, eloquence arrives at its full strength and maturity, according to your own poets;

† Youth is still an empty wav’ring state,
Cool age advances, venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes;
Sees what befalls, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

And again,

‡ Better far than youth,
Doth age direct us——

cattle, made them travel over the Alps and Pyrenees into Italy, from thence cross the sea into Sicily, swam with them again into Rhegium, to Illyria, from thence to Epirus, and so descended into Greece; a pretty long journey for him, and, as we see, in very good company.

* *The painter.*] It appears from this passage, that Lucian’s idea of the Gallic Hercules was taken, not from any statue or representation of him, but from a picture; nor does he seem to know that Hercules was worshipped by the Celts as the god of eloquence; but only supposes, that they thought fit to consider this deity as a more proper symbol of it than Mercury.

† *Youth, &c.*] See Pope’s Homer’s Iliad, b. iii. l. 148.

‡ *Better far, &c.*] See the Phœnissæ of Euripides, l. 533.

Your

Your Nestor dropped honey from his tongue, and the old Trojan orators were celebrated for their tender * voice, that is, flowery, for so, if I remember right, it is interpreted: nor can you wonder at Hercules, that is, eloquence, drawing them in the manner he does, when you reflect on the natural relation between the ears and the tongue, which it is no disgrace to him to have thus perforated: for one of your comic poets, I remember, says, there is ever a slit in the tongue of a prattler: add to this, that we always consider Hercules as a wise man, who performed every thing by his eloquence, and his speeches were the sharp and swift arrows, which always hit the mark, and wounded his enemy; you talk frequently of winged words, to which we allude." Thus spoke the Gaul.

Of this extraordinary picture, the memory just now luckily occurred to me, whilst I was considering, whether at my time of life, I ought to have entered on this task, and run the hazard of appearing before so many excellent judges, after I had so long left off declaiming; I was really afraid you would think I acted too young a part, and that some boy would reproach me in the words of † Homer, and throw this in my teeth,

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy servant, and thy couriers flow.

But when I think on the old Gallic Hercules, it encourages me to go on, and I am not ashamed, having so good an example of a brother antique before me. Henceforth, therefore, beauty, strength, swiftness, and every bodily perfection, I bid you farewell: farewell, good Anacreon, to thy fluttering Cupid, ‡ swifter than eagles, with his golden wings, looking down on my whitening chin: Hippoclydes heeds thee not. But now is the time for me to grow young, and flourish in eloquence, to draw as many by the ears as I can get together, and to send forth my arrows, when there is no fear that my quiver should be empty.

You see how I comfort myself in my old age; I launch my § little bark
once

* *Voice.*] Gr. λιλιρεαμα, liliaream, says the Latin translation, id est, floridam. Pope, in his translation of the passage alluded to, calls old men,

A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

See Iliad, b. iii. l. 202.

† *Homer.*] See Iliad, b. viii. l. 131.

‡ *Swifter, &c.*] Lucian quotes this from Anacreon, but I do not remember to have met with it in any part of that author now extant.

§ *Little bark, &c.*] Alluding to the declamation above mentioned, which he was going to enter upon. Pope has made use of this image, and drawn from it some of the most beautiful lines he ever wrote, in his address to Lord Bolingbroke, where he says,

O, while

once more, which had been long laid by, repair, rig, and furnish it, and boldly venture it into the middle of the ocean: fan it, ye gods, with a propitious breeze, for now, if ever I want a favourable wind to swell my sails, that if I merit it, you may cry out with * Homer;

Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!

O, while along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame:
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale, &c.

See the Epistle.

* *Homer.*] See *Odyssey*, b. xviii. l. 84.

S W A N S

S W A N S A N D A M B E R.

This little Piece is of the same Nature with that which goes before it, but rather more pleasant, though only a kind of jocular Preface to some serious rhetorical Declamation; wherein LUCIAN, always inclined to laugh at poetical Fables, ridicules the Story, as told by OVID and others, of PHAETON's Sisters turned into Poplars, and passes on to the old absurd Relation of singing Swans: the latter Opinion, indeed, so universally received in the Heathen World, with regard to a Fact so contradictory to Truth and Experience, is certainly a most amazing Instance of the Power of poetical Fiction, and which has, never yet, I think, been properly accounted for. This, by the Style and Manner, it may be observed, is certainly LUCIAN's; the preceding, might, perhaps, have been written by any body else.

I WAS told, I remember, when a boy, that amber was distilled from poplar trees, that grew by the river Eridanus; that these poplars were formerly the sisters of Phaeton, who, whilst they lamented the loss of their brother, were turned into trees, and that they, to this day, continue to shed these amber tears. Hearing the poets sing this story, I resolved, whenever I had an opportunity of visiting Eridanus, to get under one of these poplars, spread my lap, and catch a few drops of it: and not long since, for a different purpose, having occasion to go that way, I sailed up the river Eridanus; but though I looked round as carefully as possible, not a poplar, nor a bit of amber could I find there; neither did the inhabitants so much as know the name of Phaeton. When I asked the sailors how far it was to the poplars that distilled amber, they laughed, and desired me to explain myself; upon which, I told them the story of Phaeton; that he was the son of Apollo; that when he was grown up to be a young man, he begged to drive his father's chariot for a day; that he was thrown out, and perished in the attempt; and that his sisters were turned into poplars by the side of that river, where he fell, and shed tears of amber.

“What lying impostor, replied they, could tell you this? We have never seen this coachman of your's fall into the river, neither have we any of those poplars which you talk of: if there was such a thing, do you think we would work here for people, and row boats up against the stream, when we might so soon get rich, by catching the tears of poplars?” This speech mortified me not a little; I held my tongue, and was ashamed, to think, that, like a boy, I should give any credit to poets, who deal in nothing but lies. I could

could not help being angry withal, at the disappointment of my hopes, and was vexed that the amber should thus slip out of my hands, having already revolved in my mind, to how many uses I could have put it, and how serviceable it would have been to me.

One thing, however, I still thought myself sure of, that I should hear a number of swans singing on the banks of the river; and, accordingly, I again enquired of the sailors, (for we continued rowing up the stream :) "When, said I, will these swans give us their sweet song? they were once, we are told, men who sung admirably, and * companions of Apollo, and afterwards turned into birds on this very spot, where, not forgetful of their music, they continue still to sing."

"And will you never, cried they, laughing, cease telling fables about our river and country? We have worked here upon the river ever since we were boys; now and then, indeed, we have met with swans in the marshes, who make a croaking noise, but so weak and inharmonious, that our crows and jack-daws are fiers to them: but as to the sweet songs you talk of, we never so much as dreamed of them, and cannot help wondering where you could pick up such stories about us."

Thus may people be deceived in things in this kind who trust to such as exaggerate all they hear or speak of: I am, therefore, not a little solicitous with regard to myself, lest you who come now to hear me, and never heard me before, expecting a great quantity of swans and amber from me, should go away disappointed, and laugh at those who promised you so many fine things in my orations; but I assure you, no one ever heard me, or ever shall, boasting in this manner. You will find many in our Eridanus, whose eloquence distills, not amber, but gold itself, and who are more harmonious than all the swans of the poets; but as for me, you see what I am, plain, simple, and illiterate, nor can I sing at all. Take heed, therefore, lest, if you expect too much, you resemble those who look at things under the water, supposing them to be as big as by the refraction of the rays they appear from above, when they find them, on taking them out, much less, they are violently angry. I give you warning, therefore, when the water is poured off, and I am taken out, not to expect any great matters, lest, by your own fault, you should be disappointed.

* *Companions, &c.*] The transformation of the swans is related by some authors in a different manner. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. ii. and Virgil's *Æneid*, b. x.

ENCOMIUM ON A FLY.

There is scarce any Subject, however trifling and insignificant, which in the Hands of Genius may not afford some Entertainment; even an ENCOMIUM ON A FLY by LUCIAN, is not without Merit. One of our own great Wits, has, in like Manner, taken the Pains to be very facetious upon NOTHING; and another has given us a Dissertation on A BROOMSTICK. Of the same Nature is the sportive Play of Fancy which we meet with in this little Piece, where our Satyrift appears in the new Character of a Naturalist, which he supports with a tolerable Degree of accurate Observation, with regard to the Form and Qualities of the diminutive Hero, whom he has thought proper to immortalize. His Application to the Doctrine of PLATO has much Humour in it.

THE fly, compared to gnats and other small insects, is, by no means, the least of * birds, but as much bigger than them, as it is, itself, less than the bee; it is, withal, fledged in a different manner, having a kind of hair all over its body, though the feathers are thicker on its wings: like locusts, grasshoppers, and bees, its pinions are as much softer than all others, as the Indian habit is lighter and more delicate than the Grecian. If you look close to it, you will observe that it has as many beautiful colours as the peacock, when he expands his wings to the sun, and begins his flight; when he flies, he does not flap the air about with his wings like a bat, nor leap like the locust, or make a humming like the wasp, but skims softly and gently through the air; he sings a kind of song, not disagreeable, like the gnat, with the heavy noise of a bee, or the threatening sound of the wasp, but as much sweeter and more harmonious than them, as the pipe is, in comparison with the cymbal or the trumpet. Its head is not joined close to the body as the locust's is, but separated by a small neck, and turns round with ease: the eyes stand out, and are transparent like horn; the body is round and compact, and the legs coming out of it, not short, as the wasp's are, but long and free; and the belly guarded, as it were, with plates, like a coat of mail. It defends and revenges itself, not by a sting at the extremity of the body, but with a proboscis, which it makes use of, like the elephant, to feed itself with, and to lay hold of any thing; with this it pricks, and draws the blood, which it

* *Birds.*] Gr. *σμηνατάων των ορνιθων.* Lucian, we see, at one stroke has raised his fly into a bird; our modern naturalists will not, I fear, allow him to rank in so honourable a class, but degrade him into an insect.

extracts

extracts without much pain, and seems to delight in most, though it drinks milk also: it has six feet, four of which it walks on, and uses the other two as hands, which it employs to carry the food to its mouth, in the same manner as we do.

It is at first a worm, bred in the carcases of men or other animals; by degrees it puts forth its feet, then gets wings, and becomes a bird, and breeds another worm, which, like itself, is soon changed into a fly: it frequents the habitations of men, and partakes of their food; tasting every thing but * oil, which is death to it. Its life is † short, and confined within very narrow limits; it rejoices in the day-light, and flies about perpetually; but at night is motionless, neither flies nor sings, but contracts itself in silence and obscurity.

It shews no little skill and prudence in avoiding its insidious enemy the spider, whose motions it carefully watches, that it may not fall into his net: of its strength and courage I need not speak, as they are celebrated by the ‡ most sublime of poets, who, praising his favourite hero, compares his valour, not to the lion, the leopard, or the boar, but to the boldness and intrepidity of the fly: not only attributes strength to it, but courage also; for when repulsed, it resists, and pursues its blow: he is, indeed, so fond of it, that he makes mention of it, not once only, but several times, and frequently adorns his work with encomiums on it. At one time, he gives us § a description of their falling forth in clusters in pursuit of milk; and at another, when he is talking of || Minerva's turning aside the dart from Menelaus,

* *Oil.*] This is strictly true: the least drop of oil poured on wasps, bees, or other insects, immediately destroys them, probably by stopping up the pores, and preventing respiration.

† *Short, &c.*] See Vincent Bourne's little song on the subject, beginning with
 Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, &c.

‡ *Most sublime.*] Gr. μεγαλοφρονω τατος. Homer calls it, μνησθαρρος. Pope has changed the fly into a hornet,

So burns the vengeful HORNET, foul all o'er,
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore. See Iliad, b. xvii. l. 642.

§ *A description.*] The wand'ring nations of a summer's day,
 That drawn by milky steams at evening hours,
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs;
 From pail to pail, with busy murmur run,
 The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun. Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 553.

|| *Minerva's.*] So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
 The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
 See Homer's Iliad, b. iv. l. 162.

like a mother preserving her sleeping infant, he has recourse to the fly for a comparison, bestows on them the most beautiful epithets of frequent and full, and calls their species † nations.

A fly is so strong, that with its bite it will pierce the skin, not only of a man, but of an ox or a horse; it will even creep between the wrinkles of the elephants, and wound him as deep as a creature of that size can.

In love it seems to enjoy peculiar happiness, flying with its mate in close conjunction, as we often see them, for many miles, and never separating from each other. When the head of a fly is cut off, the body will live a long time and spin about.

But there is one extraordinary circumstance which I must take notice of, and which Plato seems to have forgot in his treatise on the Immortality of the Soul; if you ‡ sprinkle ashes over a dead fly, it comes to life again; it gains a new existence, so that it is plain, the soul of a fly must be immortal, as after it has left the body, it returns, and reanimates, and causes it to fly about again; which may reconcile us to the story of § Hermotimus, whose soul, they say, wandered about for a long time after it had quitted him, and at last returned to his body, and restored him to life.

The fly alone, exempt from labour, seems to enjoy the fruits of other's industry, and to have a table always full; goats are milked for her, for her the bee toils, as well as for mankind, for her cooks dress their meat; she tastes it before kings themselves, walks from plate to plate, feasts on, and enjoys every thing.

She doth not make her nest, or fix her habitation in any particular place, but, like the Scythian, leads a wandering life, and wherever night overtakes her, sets up her household gods, and makes her bed. In darkness, as I before observed, she does nothing, nor wishes she to do any thing in private, any thing but what done in open day-light, she cannot be ashamed of.

† *Nations.*] Alluding to the former description of Homer's *ἔθνη πολλὰ*, which Pope calls the WANDERING NATIONS.

‡ *If you sprinkle, &c.*] This, in reason and philosophy, is saying no more than that heat will revive creatures apparently dead, and we very well know, that birds, insects, and animals, will continue motionless, and in a state of insensibility for a whole winter, till sun and summer restore them to life and motion. But when Lucian said this, he did not expect us to believe him, and only meant a little laugh at old Plato.

§ *Hermotimus.*] See Pliny and Plutarch, who tells us many surprising stories of this man and several others, wonderfully restored to life.

Musca,

* *Mufca*, as the fable tells us, was once a most beautiful woman, lively, talkative, and an excellent finger, who rivalled the Moon in her love to *Endymion*; she teized the youth, as he slept, with her songs and tales, till he was offended, when *Luna* changed her into a fly. Still mindful of *Endymion*, she disturbs the rest of young men, and will not let them sleep; her biting, and thirst of blood, is a mark not of anger, but of love; she feeds on beauty, and enjoys as much of it as she can.

There was amongst the ancients a † poetess of this name, beautiful, and learned; and, likewise, a noble courtesan of Athens, of whom the comic poet says, “this *Mufca* has bit him to the heart.” Thus, we see, the comic Muse has adopted her; nor are parents ashamed of calling their daughters by that name: ‡ tragedy also mentions her with honour.

With wondrous ardour springs the daring fly,
Fixes on man, and thirsts for human blood;
Whilst the arm'd warrior dreads his pow'ful dart.

I could say a great deal about § *Pythagoras's* fly, but the story is too well known.

There is a kind of large flies, which some call the fighting or dog-flies, who make a dreadful noise, and fly with surprising swiftness; these are very long-lived, and remain all the winter without food, hiding themselves in the roofs of houses; it is remarkable, that these are all a kind of hermaphrodites, both male and female.

I had a great deal more to say on this subject, but I will leave off, lest, as the proverb says, || *Out of a fly, I should make an elephant.*

* This pretty fable of *Mufca* is much in the Ovidian style. A version of it into Latin hexameters would be no bad exercise for a school-boy of taste and genius. I would recommend it to some of my brother Westminsters as a proper subject to try their skill upon.

† *A poetess.*] See *Olearius's* Dissertation on the Female Poets of Greece.

‡ *Tragedy.*] What tragedian these lines are quoted from we know not. The commentator says, *Euripidem hæc sapere videntur*; but gives no reason for it.

§ *Pythagoras's fly.*] *Mufca*, or *Myra*, the daughter of *Pythagoras*, by *Theano*; was married to *Milo* the *Crotonian*. On this passage of *Lucian*, *Menage*, in his *History or Female Philosophers*, has this note, “*Lucianus, (says he,) in Mufcæ encomio addit multa de Mufcæ Pythagorica hodie hæc historia ignoratur.*”

|| *Out of a fly, &c.*] To make an elephant of a fly, was a kind of proverb, probably of the same import, and correspondent with our own of “*Making mountains of molehills.*”

I L L I-

ILLITERATE BOOK-HUNTER.

In LUCIAN'S Time, as well as in our own, there were more pretenders to Learning and Science, than real possessors of them. One of these Coxcombs, whose Name, luckily for him, is not transmitted to us, is here treated with great Severity; the Ridicule is strong and pointed, the Allusions and Comparisons are in general apposite to the Subject, and the Stories introduced to illustrate it, well told and entertaining.

BELIEVE me, my friend, what you are about will never answer the purpose intended; you imagine that by purchasing a few good books, you will get the reputation of a man of learning, but, depend on it, that will never happen; for it will only be a stronger proof of your ignorance: because, in the first place, you do not always buy the best, but trust to those who cry them up to you, though they know nothing of the matter. You are only a bubble to those book-brokers, who tell you a parcel of lies about them. How, indeed, can you distinguish which are old and valuable, and which are paltry and good for nothing? unless you call in the moths for your counsellors, and judge of their merit by their being mouldy, and worm-eaten; for as to real knowledge and judgment of their value, how should you come by it? But supposing you have got all that the excellent * Callinus, or the famous † Athenian, that laborious author, ever wrote, of what service would the possession of them be to you, who know no more of their use and merit than a blind man does of his mistress's beauty? You read them, indeed, with your eyes open, dwell on some a long time, and skim over others; but that is nothing, unless you know the faults and perfections of every one, unless you understand what they mean to inculcate, in what style they are written, which are faithfully copied, which are genuine, and which are spurious.

All this, you will say, I may know without being taught it: but how, I beseech you? unless, perhaps, like the ‡ old shepherd, you have been pre-

* *Callinus.*] A person of whom we have no particular account in any ancient author, but who was, probably, distinguished in that age, as our Johnson and Bryant are in this, for extraordinary learning and knowledge.

† *Athenian.*] Solon.

‡ *Old shepherd.*] Hesiod. See his Theogony, v. 29.

sented by the Muses with a branch of laurel : though, as for Helicon, where these goddesses reside, I believe you never so much as heard of it, nor, when a boy, did you ever dwell there ; in such a one as you, even to mention their names would be impiety ; they would not deign to appear before so dirty, so uncouth a shepherd as thou art, with so much * fun upon thee. By † Libanitis, (for I must swear a vulgar oath when I am talking with you,) I am sure the Muses would never come near you, but instead of giving you laurel, would rather whip you with myrtle twigs, or leaves of mallow, lest their ‡ Holmeus and Hippocrene, should be polluted by such unhallowed lips as thine.

But, bold and impudent as you are, you can never dare to assert that you are a scholar, that you ever cultivated an intimacy with books, that such a one was your master, or such a man your school-fellow : all that you can say is, that you must be learned, because you have got so many books : but, suppose you have all the works of Demosthenes, with his Thucydides, eight times transcribed in his own hand, suppose you have all that § Sylla sent from Athens into Italy, what additional learning can you acquire from thence ? Suppose you lay them under you, and sleep upon them, or tye them to your gown, and carry them about with you, what will you be the better for it ? A monkey, as the proverb says, is still a monkey, with all his golden ornaments about him. You have, for ever, indeed, a book in your hand, and are perpetually poring over it, but, at the same time, you know not what you read, and are like the ass shaking his ears at the lyre : if books could make their master learned, how valuable would be the possession of them, the happy lot of you rich men only ! who thus might purchase wisdom, and so far excel us who are poor and needy ! who in this case could contend in erudition with the booksellers, who possess and sell so many volumes ? and yet, on examination, they will be found not much more learned

* *Sun, &c.*] Gr. πολλοὺν τὸν ἥλιον ἐπὶ τῷ σωματί μὴ φαινόντι ; a mere rustic labourer, working naked in the sun, like a common slave.

† *Libanitis.*] Venus. So called from a temple dedicated to her on mount Libanus. See a further explanation of this in Lucian's treatise on the Syrian Goddesses.

‡ *Holmeus and Hippocrene.*] Fountains near mount Parnassus. See the beginning of Hesiod's Theogony.

§ *Sylla.*] The famous Roman general, who carried to Rome the large library of Apellico, wherein were the works of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and many other eminent writers. See Plutarch's life of Sylla.

than yourself, but mere barbarians in literature, and equally deficient in knowledge and understanding, as it is most probable those will always be, who know not good from evil: and yet you, perhaps, have only bought two or three books from them, which they are handling day and night, and, consequently, must be much more learned than you.

For what reason, then, can you possibly buy them, unless you think that the very cases that contain the writings of so many celebrated ancients must inspire learning? But answer me, I beg, or, if you cannot do that, give me a nod, or shake of the head, to signify your assent or dissent to what I shall ask you: Do you really think, if a man who knew nothing of the flute, was to purchase that which * Ismenias, or † Timotheus had, and which he gave seven talents for at Corinth, that he would immediately be able to play well upon, and sing to it, or that, rather, on the other hand, the possession of it would be of no service to him who was not skilled in the art beforehand? that shake of the head acknowledges the latter: neither, if he had never learned, would he sing, though he had got the pipe of Marsyas or Olympus. Had a man the bow and arrows of Hercules, and was not a ‡ Philoctetes, could he make use of them, or, if he did, could he ever hit the mark, would he perform the office of a skilful archer? what say you? you shake your head at this also. In like manner, were he who knows nothing of piloting to purchase the most beautiful vessel, and fit it out, with every thing, both useful and ornamental; or, were he, who is equally unskilled in riding, to buy § a Kappaphorian, a Median, or a || Thessalian steed, would either of these, not knowing how to make use of what they had, be ever the better

* *Ismenias.*] A famous player on the flute, mentioned by Plutarch, Xenophon, and other ancient writers.

† *Timotheus.*] For an account of this famous musician, I refer the reader to the ingenious Dr. Burney's most excellent and entertaining History of Music; where he will likewise meet with some amusing particulars, with regard to Marsyas and Olympus.

‡ *A Philoctetes.*] Hercules, we are told, at his death on mount Hyllus, bequeathed to Philoctetes, as a testimony of his esteem, his bow and arrows: without the possession of these, the Greeks were informed by an oracle, that Troy could never be conquered. On this subject was formed the Philoctetes of Sophocles. See my translation of Sophocles, and the notes on Philoctetes.

§ *A Kappaphorian.*] Gr. *Καππαφορον*, i. e. a horse marked with a kappa or K, burned in on the thigh: horses thus marked were counted the most valuable: the Median mares were likewise in high esteem.

|| *Thessalian.*] Gr. *Κενταυρίδης*, de stirpe Centauri. The Centaurs inhabited the mountains in the neighbourhood of Thessaly. The story of the Centaurs is well known; their supposed descendants must, doubtless, have been creatures of extraordinary merit.

for

for it? certainly no; your nod affents to it: grant me then this also, when a man, illiterate like you, buys a number of books, is it not only laughing at himself, and publishing his own ignorance and incapacity? why won't you nod at this? the thing is equally clear, and every stander-by will cry out in the usual style, * what has a dog to do with a bath!

Not long ago, there was a rich man in Asia, who had the misfortune to lose both his feet, which, in a journey through the snow, were eat off by excessive cold weather. Such was his miserable condition, which he endeavoured to relieve, by getting a pair of wooden ones, which were fastened on to his legs, though he was, at the same time, obliged to be carried about by his servants; and yet he was always ridiculous enough to be purchasing new and costly shoes, and took a great deal of pains to have the finest wooden feet he could procure. And are not you doing the very same thing, who have a lame and wooden mind, and yet are constantly putting it into golden sandals, which scarce any one, whose feet are ever so well, can make shift to walk in?

As, I doubt not, but amongst your numerous volumes, you have bought a Homer, let somebody, I desire, take the second book and read it to you, (for, as to the rest, they are nothing to you, and you need not look into them,) there you will find the description of a † ridiculous, poor, distorted fellow, haranguing the people. Now, would this same Therfites, think you, if he were to put on the armour of Achilles, become immediately valiant and beautiful; would he tinge the Trojan rivers with blood, slay Lycaon and ‡ Asteropæus, who was not able to wield Achilles's spear, and afterwards destroy Hector himself? you never can suppose it. Would he not rather be laughed at, when he was seen limping under the shield, sinking down beneath the weight of the helmet, rolling about his goggle eyes, raising up the breast-plate with his crooked shoulders, and dragging his heavy boots

* *What has a dog, &c.*] Gr. Τι κεινον κυνη κη βαλανιου.

† *A ridiculous, &c.*] Alluding to the character of Therfites, as drawn by Homer in the second book of the Iliad.

Loquacious, bold, and turbulent of tongue,
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandals busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. ii. l. 256.

‡ *Asteropæus.*] See Homer's Iliad, φ. i. 34 and 119.

along, to the utter disgrace, both of the owner of the arms, and the maker of them ?

And do not you think you must look full as ridiculous with a fine book in your hand, bound in purple, with golden bosses, reading it in such a manner as, by your barbarous pronunciation, utterly to spoil and disguise it, whilst every scholar laughs at you, and only the flatterers who are with you commend, and even they turn to one another, and make game of you behind your back ?

And here, I will tell you what happened once at the Pythian games : a certain Tarentine, whose name was Evangelus, a man of no mean birth, had set his heart on gaining a victory there : as he was not by nature formed either for strength or swiftness. he soon perceived that a contest in the Palæstra, was what his abilities were by no means equal to, but thought he could excel in singing and playing on the harp ; a belief which he had been persuaded into, by some * rascally friends, who, whenever he but touched the strings, were most lavish in their encomiums on him. He made his appearance at Delphos, therefore, in great splendour, with a crown of laurel, all covered with gold, and emeralds sprouting from it, representing the berries, and almost as large ; his harp truly admirable, both for its richness and beauty, was all of solid gold, adorned with gems, and precious stones, with the figures of Apollo, Orpheus, and the Muses wrought upon it : the spectators gazed and wondered.

At length, when the day of trial came on, three candidates appeared, of which, Evangelus (for so the lots had determined,) was second to perform : after Thespis the Theban, who had acquitted himself with some reputation, he entered the lists, covered with gold, emeralds, beryls, and other jewels, which set off the beauty of his purple garment : this struck the whole assembly with astonishment, and raised their expectations of his performance ; when lo, as soon as he began to play and sing, his first stroke was dissonant and inharmonious, and he broke three chords at once, by his violent blows on the harp, and then sung something so harsh and † unmuse-like, that the spectators immediately fell a-laughing, and the judges resenting the man's ignorance and audacity, commanded him to be whipped out of the theatre.

* *Rascally.*] Gr. *καλαπυροι*.

† *Unmuse-like.*] Gr. *απομουσικον*. The English word I have adopted, is, I believe, used by Lord Shaftesbury.

Thus

Thus did the golden Evangelus make a most ridiculous figure, dragged through the crowd, with wounded legs, and picking up the scattered remnants of his fine harp, that was disciplined as well as himself. A little after him, appeared one Eumelus, an Elian, who brought an old harp, with wooden pegs to it; his garments and crown together, were scarce worth ten drachmas: as he played, notwithstanding, and sung admirably, he gained the victory with universal applause. He laughed at Evangelus, who was so happy in his fine harp and jewels, and thus, they say, attacked him, "You, Evangelus, were crowned with a golden laurel, because you were rich; I, with a common Delphic one, because I was poor; and yet all you have got by your finery is, that no body pities your ill success, but you are left to go off with the contempt and hatred of all, for your ridiculous pomp and luxury."

This Evangelus, my good friend, resembles you exactly, for you never mind being laughed at by the spectators.

And now, a-propos, I will tell you an old Lesbian story. When the Thracian women tore Orpheus in pieces, his head, they tell us, floated on his lyre down the Hebrus into the bay of Mela, singing a melancholy dirge, which the lyre, as the wind swelled its chords, accompanied, and in this manner drove to Lesbos, where the natives buried the head, in the place where the temple of Bacchus now stands. The lyre was hung up in the temple of Apollo, and it remained there for a long time: some while after, Neanthus, the son of king Pittacus, having heard that this same lyre could, though Orpheus was dead, move, like him, plants, stones, and animals, and even, when nobody touched it, send forth most delightful sounds, resolved to get possession of it, and accordingly bribed the priests with a large sum of money to steal it out of the temple for him. When he had got this invaluable treasure, not thinking it safe to make use of it in the public city, he put it in his bosom, went out by night into a private place at some distance, and there the young man, who was totally ignorant of music, began to strike the chords, hoping, no doubt, that his lyre would yield such divine sounds as must charm every ear, and that he should be the heir of Orpheus; when behold! a multitude of dogs, for there were many of them in that neighbourhood, attracted by the noise, got together, and * tore him in pieces:

* *Tore him, &c.*] Lucian's story of Neanthus being torn to pieces for his bad music, puts

pieces: thus, and thus only did he resemble Orpheus; a melancholy proof that it was not the lyre which was so persuasive, but the art and skill of the master who played on it, and which he inherited from his * mother; the instrument itself was no better than those of others.

But why need I talk to you of Orpheus and Neanthus, when in our own times there lived (and perhaps still lives), a man who gave three thousand drachmas for the earthen lamp that belonged to Epictetus the Stoic, satisfied, no doubt, that if he read every night by that lamp, he should inherit his wisdom, and soon become a rival of that admirable old philosopher.

Another, but a few days ago, bought, for a talent, the staff of † Peregrinus, which he left behind him when he leaped into the fire: this he keeps by him, and shews about, as the ‡ Tegæans the skin of the Caledonian boar, the Thebans the bones of § Geryon, or the Ægyptians the hairs of || Isis. The master, in the mean time, of this wonderful treasure is superior even to you in impudence and ignorance: you both deserve the staff upon your shoulders.

Dionysius the tyrant is said to have wrote several tragedies, all poor and miserable stuff, which poor † Philoxenus was severely punished for laughing at, and hearing that he had been ridiculed on account of them, he purchased the tablets which Æschylus used to write in, not doubting but that from that time forth he should be inspired with the true poetical fury; but unfortunately, after the possession of them, he wrote still worse than ever; witness his Doric ode that begins, "Then came the wife of Dionysius," and

us in mind of a similar passage in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, where the mob in pursuit of Cinna the conspirator, light by mistake on the other Cinna, who, to save himself, cries out, "I am Cinna the poet," and one of them humorously replies, "O tear him to pieces for his bad verses"

* *His mother.*] Orpheus is said to have been the son of the muse Calliope.

† *Peregrinus.*] See Lucian's Death of Peregrinus.

‡ *The Tegæans.*] Tegæa, a town of Arcadia, celebrated for the exploits of the Caledonian boar, killed by Meleager, whose story is so finely told by Ovid. Pausanias, in his Arcad. confirms the assertion of Lucian, and tells us very gravely, that the skin of the Caledonian boar is still there, though the hair is off, and the skin dried up by time.

§ *Geryon*] The famous giant with three bodies, slain by Hercules.

|| *Isis.*] The great Ægyptian divinity, daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and wife of Osiris. I would give my readers the whole history of this goddess, her worship, &c. but as it would take up two or three hundred pages, which is more than I have to spare, I hope they will excuse me the quotation.

† *Philoxenus.*] The story of Philoxenus is told at large by Diodorus Sicul. book xv.

his

his ditty of "Alas how charming a partner have I lost!" (for these were written in the tablets), and that piece of his, where he says, "Foolish mortals deceive themselves," which, indeed, he seems to have levelled at you, and for this alone his tablets deserve gilding.

What you can hope to get from books I cannot conceive, and yet you are always poring over them for ever, tying, binding, oiling, and casing and preserving them with cedar and saffron, as if you could reap any advantage from them; or as if books could teach you to be eloquent, though you are still as mute as a fish: as to your life, it is to the last degree impious and abominable, and if books make you what you are, they are surely of all things what you should never come near.

There are but two things which a man can learn from the study of the ancients, to speak and to do what is right, to be ambitious of good and fly from evil; and if we gain neither of these, what use can books be of, but to find employment for mice, afford a habitation for moths, or get poor servants beat for not taking care of them?

How ashamed must you be if any one, seeing a book in your hand, (for you always have one), should ask you what orator, poet, or historian it is! this, as you know the title, you are able, perhaps, to answer, but when the discourse goes on, as it generally does in these cases, and he begins to praise or find fault with any passage, then, as you know nothing about it, you have nothing to say; on such an occasion do not you wish the earth would open and swallow you up, rather than thus be caught carrying a book about like Bellerophon?

When Demetrius the Cynic, seeing an illiterate fellow with a book in his hand, and reading that beautiful passage of the † *Bacchæ* of Euripides, where the messenger recounts the story of Pentheus and Agave, he snatched it out of his hand, and tore it pieces, saying, "It is better for Pentheus to be destroyed at once by me, than to be perpetually torn in pieces by you." ‡ Often have I cast about in my mind for a reason, but never could yet find

† *Bacchæ*.] See the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, l. 1041.

‡ *Often have I, &c.*] The reader cannot but observe that in this little tract there is too much redundancy and repetition of the same sentiments, a fault which Lucian is sometimes guilty of; but if an author will repeat, the translator is bound in honour to repeat after him: the great lord Chesterfield, however, has done the same; if the repetitions were taken out, his four volumes of letters to his son might be reduced to two.

one, why you should be perpetually buying books; for, as to the use or service it could be of, nobody, who had the least knowledge of you, could ever perceive or imagine it, more than a comb would be to a bald man, a looking-glass to a blind, a flute to a deaf one, a plough to a pilot, an oar to a husbandman, or a mistress to an eunuch; it is merely the ostentation of affluence, and to shew that you have enough to throw away even upon what is unnecessary; though even I, who am an illiterate * Syrian, very well know, that if you had not crept fraudulently into the old man's will, you must have starved by this time, or sold your library by auction.

But, after all, perhaps you were persuaded into it by your flatterers, who made you believe that you were not only handsome and agreeable, but a most learned man, an orator, and historian: you buy books therefore to keep up the character they have given you: you recite before them, they say, at table, whilst they, like so many thirsty frogs, croak out your praises, and cannot drink till they burst with acclamations; it is no wonder you are † led by the nose, and believe every thing they say, when, not long ago, they persuaded you that you were like the ‡ emperor; and before you, we know, there was a false § Alexander, a sham || Philip, and, in the memory of our fathers, a pretended † Nero, and many other impostors of the same kind: nor should I be surprised if such a foolish illiterate fellow as you should bend his neck on one side, and mimic the walk and habit of him whom, as you flatter yourself, you so nearly resemble; when even Pyrrhus the Epirot, a man

* *Syrian.*] Lucian, we may observe, is always reminding us of his being a Syrian: as the Greeks looked on all but themselves as Barbarians, his birth, he knew, would frequently be thrown in his teeth, as a reproach upon him, he was resolved, therefore, to be beforehand with them; this species of self-abuse is generally a mark of vanity, a weakness which men of wit and genius are seldom free from. In Swift's verses on his own death, we meet with a great deal of this, as well as in several other parts of his works.

† *Led by the nose.*] Greek ἄνωγος ἰλκισθαι, it is remarkable that our English idiom in this phrase answers exactly to the Greek.

‡ *The emperor.*] Marcus Aurelius, who was a man of erudition, and the patron of polite literature.

§ *A false Alexander.*] The young man, whom Justin calls fortis extremæ juvenis, who under pretence of being the son of Antiochus Epiphanes, demanded of Demetrius Soter the kingdom of Syria as his inheritance, and went to war with him for it. See Justin, c. xxxv.

|| *Sham Philip.*] Adramyttenus Andricus, quem in fullonio natum, as Ammianus Marcel. tells us, fortuna mutabilis ad Pseudo-Philippi nomen evexit. See Ammian, book xiv. c. 19. Velleius Paterculus says, regium nomen animo quoque regio implevit.

† *Nero.*] Casaubon, in his notes on the life of Nero by Suetonius, speaks of three impostors who had assumed that name.

in

in all other respects truly admirable, was so corrupted by flatterers as to imagine himself the very picture of Alexander, though they were in reality as far from one another as the most distant * notes in music can possibly be: for I have seen a drawing of Pyrrhus: and yet he imagined himself the exact copy of Alexander; thus far I have injured him by comparing him to you: but with regard to the following circumstance, the likeness will hold good. When Pyrrhus had once brought himself to believe this, there was not a creature about him but readily acceded to his opinion, and enflamed the distemper, till an old woman of Larissa cured him of it; for, as he was one day shewing her the pictures of Philip, Perdiccas, Alexander, Cassander, and several other great men, he asked her who he was most like, not doubting but that she would answer Alexander; when, after considering a good while, she replied, he was extremely like Batrachion, the cook: and the truth was, such a man did actually live in the city at that time, whom Pyrrhus greatly resembled. I will not say which of your parasites you are most like, but this I know, that every body thinks you mad for pretending to be the image of a † certain person: you must be a bad judge of likenesses, indeed, to give credit to flatterers in this point; but to be serious, I know your true reason well enough, though I was too lazy to mention it before; it is this; you wisely reflected, and from thence have formed no little expectations, that the emperor is a man of sense, and holds learning in the greatest esteem; you thought, therefore, no doubt, that if he heard you had bought a great number of books, you might soon hope to get every thing you pleased of him.

And can you suppose him so intoxicated with ‡ mandragora, as when he hears this of you, that he is not at the same time acquainted with your manner of living, your daily revels, and your nightly debauches? Do not you know that kings have many eyes and many ears, and that your actions are so very open that even the deaf and blind are no strangers to them;

* *Notes.*] Greek, *δισδιανασων το τραγυμα*. See Burney's History of Music.

† *Certain person.*] The emperor M. Aurelius, as before alluded to.

‡ *Mandragora.*] Or mandrake, a plant of a strong narcotic quality, probably in frequent use amongst the ancients, who, perhaps, took it as the modern Turks do opium, the effects of which are similar, as it produces a kind of drunkenness and stupidity. Our great dramatist mentions it as a soporific,

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

See Shakspeare's Othello.

if

if you but open your mouth, or go into the bath, nay even if your servants do it, are not all your nocturnal sports quickly discovered? If any of your fools, your fiddlers, or your parasites, should put on the lion's skin, and walk about with a club, do you think he would be taken for Hercules, when there are hundreds that can detect him, that know his voice, gesture, and habit, and have seen the washes and paints you disguise yourselves with? It is easier, as the proverb says, to hide five elephants under your arm, than to conceal one * parasite: when it is so difficult a task to hide the ass under the lion's skin, why will you attempt to sculk behind your books? it is indeed to no purpose; there are marks enough to betray you; you seem not to know what above all it is necessary for you to be acquainted with, that your reputation must depend on yourself and your own life and manners, and not on your booksellers; and yet you call in the evidence of Atticus and Callinus, who, in due time, will not fail to ruin you: and even now, if you were in your senses, you would sell all your books to some man of learning, together with your new-built house, and pay your † brokers some part at least of what you owe them.

You have two leading passions, one for buying dear books, and the other for purchasing young slaves and parasites; it is impossible with your small fortune to indulge them both; a little good advice in this case may be of the utmost service to you: let me persuade you to quit that folly, which does not at all become you, and apply yourself entirely to the other; instead of slaves and sycophants purchase, if ever so dear, freemen, who will not, like common servants, tell every thing that happens after your debauches, as the harlot did the other day, who discovered certain iniquitous practices, and brought proofs and witnesses of it. Keep your money, my good friend, for this purpose, that you may henceforth play the fool in safety; never trust those now about you; for the dog that is used § to gnaw carrion will never leave it off.

* *Parasite.*] Greek, *κισαιδον*, cingulum.—The translation is not strictly just, but the reason is obvious.

† *Brokers.*] Greek, *ανδραποδοκαπηλοις*, a word which it is not at present very easy to ascertain the true and exact use of; the Latin interpreter translates it *mangonibus*. The most natural sense, and most agreeable to the context is that which I have adopted, of a broker, or factor, a person appointed to buy and sell, and do business for his principal.

§ *To gnaw.*] Greek, *συντοτραγειν*, corium rodere.

Ut canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.

Hor. lib. ii. Sat. 5. l. 83.

As

As to ceasing to buy books, nothing can be more easy; you are learned enough already, and have wisdom sufficient; have all the ancients at your tongue's end; are a complete master of history; know every Attic word, with all the arts of speech, its beauties, and its faults; by the multitude of books you have purchased, you must, no doubt, have attained to perfection in every science: but may I ask you (for as you are so fond of being laughed at, I see no reason why I should not laugh at you as well as other people), tell me then, amongst all your books, which are you fondest of, Plato or Antisthenes, Hipponax or Antilochus? Or, perhaps, you despise these, and read none but orators; have you studied * Æschines's oration against Timarchus? But you know, I suppose, all these by heart; Have you read also † Eupolis and Aristophanes? Are you master of the ‡ *Bapta*, did nothing in them affect you particularly, or make you blush when you applied it to yourself? When do you study them most? in the day time, when nobody, I believe, ever saw you, or in the night before your other employments? Leave your books then, and mind your business, not forgetting the Phædra of Euripides, where she says,

§ Nor fear the horrors of the conscious night,
Or the dread voice, that from the speaking walls,
Awaking guilt —

But if, after all, you are resolved to persist in this folly, away with you; go, purchase books, lock them up, and glory in the possession of them; this is sufficient for you: but never touch or read them, never quote any of the ancient orators or poets who have done you no harm. I know my jests are all thrown away upon you, and that I am endeavouring, as the proverb says, To || wash a black-moor white. You will still buy books, still make

* *Æschines's.*] In this oration, which is still extant, the reader will find Lucian's reason for pointing out that particular part of Æschines's works, to his Illiterate Book-Hunter.

† *Eupolis.*] A famous comic poet, mentioned by Horace and others, whose works are not come down to us.

‡ *Bapta.*] The name of one of Eupolis's comedies, probably the priests mentioned by Juvenal,
Cecropiam soliti *Bapta* lassare Cotytto. Sat. ii. v. 92.

If the reader is desirous of being farther acquainted with them, I would refer him to the passage, and the notes upon it.

§ *Nor fear, &c.*] See the Hippolytus of Euripides, l. 417.

|| *Wash, &c.*] Gr. *Αιθιοπα σμυκνιν*. It is observable, that the English expression answers exactly and literally to that of the Greek.

no use of them, and still be laughed at by men of letters, who value them not for their external beauty, or for what they cost, but for the merit and genius of the writer. And yet, you think, that your ignorance must be concealed, and that men will have a high opinion of you, from the multiplicity of your books; not perceiving, that in this you resemble those unskilful physicians, who have fine ivory chests for their medicines, * cupping instruments made of silver, and lancets tipped with gold, though they do not know how to make use of them; whilst an understanding man, with a rusty case of instruments, shall take out a sharp lancet, and cure the patient immediately. Or rather, to suit you better with a more ridiculous comparison, observe the barbers, and you will perceive that the best artists among them have a common razor, and a moderate sized looking-glass; whilst the bunglers, and those who know but little of their trade, produce a multitude of instruments, and immense specula, though these are generally ignorant of their business; and yet it is the custom, which is foolish enough, for people to go to the one to be shaved, and to the other with the large glasses, to have their hair done. In like manner, you might lend your books to others, though you do not know how to make use of them yourself: but even this you will never do, for you are like the dog in the manger, neither eat yourself, nor let the horse do it.

Thus far I have given you my opinion with regard to your books only; your life and conversation shall be reserved for another opportunity.

* *Cupping, &c.*] Gr. *Σικυρίας αργυράς*. The cucurbita, or cupping instrument, made use of by the ancients, was generally of brass or horn; the moderns make much better of glass.

C A L U M N Y.

The following Tract is a serious Declamation against Calumny, Inveſtive, and Evil-speaking, Vices that were almoſt as fashionable in the Days of LUCIAN as at this preſent writing, and ſo ſuitable to all Times and Seasons, that a Modern Divine might ſafely paſs it off in the Pulpit, perhaps, without being ſuſpected of Plagiarism; there are, indeed, many worſe Sermons on the Subject. The Reader, who may be diſappointed at not meeting with a large Fund of Wit and Humour, will be made amends by the many judicious Reflections, lively Images, and ſenſible Illuſtrations, that are interſperſed through every Part of it.

IGNORANCE is undoubtedly one of the greateſt evils incident to mankind, and the ſource of innumerable miſfortunes; it ſpreads a kind of perpetual darkneſs round us, obſcures the luſtre of truth, and caſts a ſhade over the lives of men; it forces us to wander about, like the blind, ſtill falling ſhort of the mark, or going beyond it, not ſeeing what lies at our feet; and, at the ſame time, ſtanding in fear of that, as full of danger, which is at the greateſt diſtance from us: it is this which makes us ſtumble in every thing we do; this has furniſhed arguments for the ſtage-writers, at every period of time, for * Labdacus, the houſe of Pelops and the reſt. Ignorance is the dæmon that fills the tragic ſcene; its effects, with regard to every thing, are dreadful: but, above all, when we conſider it as the cauſe of calumny and falſe-witneſs againſt our friends and acquaintance, by which whole families have been ruined, cities laid waſte, fathers driven to madneſs againſt their children, and children againſt their parents, brother againſt brother, and huſband againſt wife: houſes have been thrown into confuſion, and friendſhips torn aſunder, by the ſpecious teſtimony of evil-speaking.

The better, therefore, to prevent thoſe fatal conſequences, I propoſe, in the following tract, to ſhew what calumny is, whence it ariſeth, and how it

* *Labdacus, the houſe, &c.*] Alluding to the ſtories of Oedipus, and his ſons, Atreus Thyestes, &c. ſo frequently and variously treated by the Greek tragedians.

acts. Apelles the * Ephesian hath drawn this picture before me; he was unjustly accused of bearing a part in the conspiracy which Theodotus had formed against † Ptolemy at Tyre, though he had never been at Tyre, or knew any thing of ‡ Theodotus, any more than that he was a commander under Ptolemy, and had the care of Phœnicia entrusted to him. One Antiphilus, a rival artist, who envied him, both for the excellency of his painting, and the esteem in which he was held by the king, had, it seems, informed Ptolemy, that he was privy to the transaction, that a person had seen him at supper with Theodotus and Phœnice, and in close conference with him during the whole entertainment, and that, in short, the defection of Tyre, and the taking of Pelusium, were both owing to the counsel and assistance of Apelles. Ptolemy, a man in other respects not over-wise, and nursed up from his infancy by that adulation which is generally bestowed on tyrants, was so worked upon by this improbable and absurd calumny, that, never considering within himself, that the accuser was one of his rivals, or how impossible it was for a poor painter to support such a conspiracy; especially one whom he had so highly favoured and preferred to all of his profession; without even so much as enquiring whether Apelles had ever been at Tyre, grew so exasperated, as to fill the whole palace with complaints of his ingratitude, calling him a traitor and conspirator; insomuch, that if one of those who were taken up at the same time, struck with compassion for Apelles, and detesting the impudent falsehood of Antiphilus, had not declared that he had no concern in it, he would, probably, have lost his head, and paid himself, the price of Tyrian perjury and falsehood. Ptolemy is said so severely to have repented of his credulity, as to make Apelles a present of a hundred talents, and to have given Antiphilus to him as a slave. Apelles, who long bore in mind the danger he had been in, revenged the calumny against him by a § picture which I shall here describe to you.

* *The Ephesian.*] Not that Apelles who lived in the time of Alexander, but a native of Colophon, an Ephesian by adoption, and disciple of Pamphilus.

† *Ptolemy*] Philopater, the son of Euergetes, and the fourth of that name who was king of Ægypt.

‡ *Theodotus.*] The Ætolian, who betrayed Ptolemy, and delivered up the city of Tyre to Antigonus. The story is told at large by Polybius, b. v.

§ *Picture.*] This allegorical picture, as described by Lucian, seems to have great merit with regard to the design and composition; as such I would recommend it to the consideration of our modern Apelles, my ingenious friend Mr. Benjamin West, who is capable of doing justice to such a subject, and would execute it finely.

On

On the right hand side sits a man with ears almost as large as Midas's, stretching forth his hand towards the figure of Calumny, who appears at a distance coming up to him; he is attended by two women, who, I imagine, represent Ignorance and Suspicion. From the other side approaches Calumny, in the form of a woman, to the last degree beautiful, but seeming warm and inflamed, as full of anger and resentment; bearing a lighted torch in her left hand, and with her right dragging by the hair of his head a young man, who lifts up his eyes to heaven, as calling the gods to witness his innocence. Before her stands a pale ugly figure, with sharp eyes, and emaciated, like a man worn down by disease, which we easily perceive is meant for Envy; and behind are two women, who seem to be employed in dressing, adorning, and assisting her; one of whom, as my interpreter informed me, was Treachery, and the other Deceit: at some distance, in the back part of the picture, stood a woman, in a mourning habit, all torn and ragged, which, we were told, represented Penitence; as she turned her eyes back, she blushed and wept at the sight of Truth, who was approaching towards her.

In this manner did Apelles express the danger he had escaped from. And now, if you please, we will endeavour to imitate the Ephesian painter, and describe Calumny, with every thing that belongs to her: Calumny then, is an accusation made without knowledge of the person accused, brought against one party who is absent, and believed by the other, having no one to contradict it.

Such is the subject-matter of this discourse. But here, as in our comedies, there are three principal parts; he who brings the accusation, he against whom it is made, and he to whom it is brought; let us consider them all by turns, and enquire into the business of each: to begin then, with him who plays the first part, the author of the calumny; that such a one can never be a good man, is indisputable, for no good man ever injures another; he rather strives to prevent the effects of envy and jealousy, by reconciling men one to another, and shews his benevolence by his good opinion of his friends and neighbours: it were easy to shew, that the calumniator must be the most unjust, wicked, and pernicious of men; nobody will deny that impartiality is the essence of justice, and partiality of injustice; does not he, then, who slanders the absent, take more upon himself than he ought, doth he not entirely seize upon, and possess the hearer, whose ears already filled with calumny, are entirely shut against the other side? The greatest, this,

this, no doubt, of all human injuries; as the best lawgivers, Solon and Draco, long since acknowledged it, who bound the judges by a solemn oath, to hear both parties with equal patience, till the cause was fully determined, and it plainly appeared, which was the worse, and which the better part: they ever held that a profane and impious judgment, which was made before the defence had been fairly opposed to, and compared with the accusation. If we permit the accuser to say what he pleases without fear, and shut our ears against the defendant, or, over-persuaded by what hath been alleged against, silently condemn him, the gods, themselves, will resent your injustice and inhumanity; it is, therefore, neither just nor lawful to calumniate.

But, if the legislators who thus prescribe justice and impartiality, are not of sufficient weight and authority, let us call in to our aid one of our best * poets, who hath determined, or rather decreed concerning this point: where he says,

Give not thy judgment e'er thou hear'st what both
May plead in their defence.

He, no doubt, was well convinced, that of all wicked actions in life, nothing could be more unjust or more impious than to condemn any man unheard and untried; which the calumniator is constantly guilty of, by subjecting him whom he slanders to unmerited resentment, and by a clandestine accusation, taking away from him the means of defending himself: for these kind of people, who are always deceitful and cowardly, do nothing openly; but, like those who lye in ambush, shoot at you at a distance, from some secret place, where you have no power to resist them, but must inevitably perish for want of knowing their art and manner of fighting. This is to me a certain sign, that calumniators accuse, for the most part, without a cause; for, if a man knows that what he asserts against any one is true, he will prove it publicly, provoke him to a defence, and reply to it. He who has reason to hope for victory in the open field, never makes use of treachery or fraud to subdue his enemy.

Calumniators are observed to flourish and abound most in the courts of princes, and in the houses of the rich and great, where there is always a great deal of envy, ten thousand suspicions, and perpetual food for calumny and adulation; where hopes are multiplied, desires must be more eager, hatred more dangerous, and detraction more malevolent; in such places

* *Poets.*] The commentators tell us that the verse quoted in the original is taken from Phocylides: no such verse, however, is now extant.

.men

men look upon each other with prying eyes, and endeavour, like gladiators, to find out some naked part of the body : every one strives to be first, and therefore elbows and jostles his neighbour, always trying to supplant and trip up the heels of the man who goes before him : in this struggle the good and worthy is soon thrown out with ignominy, whilst he who is skilled in flattery, and such like evil arts, will always flourish. The assailant generally succeeds : so true is * Homer's observation.

Mars is our common lord, alike to all,
And oft the victor triumphs but to fall.

When the contest is for things of consequence and value, many arts are put in practice against each other, amongst which the most expeditious, as well as the most dangerous and destructive, is calumny, which ariseth from the envy of another's happiness, and is itself attended with the most tragic and fatal calamities ; to raise suspicions, however, is no small or easy task, but requires great care, art, and ingenuity ; the calumny would not wound so deep if it was not well supported, nor could it prevail against truth, which is stronger than all things, unless many an alluring, probable and persuasive argument was made use of to betray the hearer.

The man who is in the highest honour, and therefore most exposed to envy, is generally the object aimed at ; against him all point their arrows, looking upon him as the greatest obstacle and impediment ; if he who is the principal could be got the better of, and removed from the royal favour, every one might then hope to succeed to it.

Just so doth it happen in the public course ; for there the good racer, as soon as he starts from the bar, pushes forward with all speed to the goal, and, relying on the swiftness of his feet alone for the victory, he hurts no one, plans no destructive schemes against his rivals ; whilst the slow of foot, who has no hopes of success, turns his mind to evil arts, and only thinks how he may stop and detain the swift courser, well knowing, that if he cannot do this, it is impossible he should himself ever gain the victory ; and thus it is with regard to the friendship of the great ; he who has the first place is always exposed to the treachery of others, and if he falls amongst powerful enemies, is inevitably destroyed ; those are often caressed and looked upon as the best friends who can do the most hurt ; those who would have their calumny firmly believed never act carelessly, but take their utmost

* *Homer's observation.*] See Il. Σ. l. 309.

pains that nothing improbable, or foreign to the purpose, shall appear in their accusations; for which reason they generally produce, against him whom they calumniate, such crimes as he might most probably be guilty of; accuse the physician, for instance, as a poisoner, the minister as a traitor, the rich man as a tyrant; add to this, that the passions of the hearer generally furnish matter for, and point out the subject of accusation to the calumniator. If the great man is jealous, such a one, they tell him, winked at, or made signs to his wife; or when he looked at her, he sighed, she in return looked kindly at him, with a smile of love and complacency, with other marks of loose and adulterous designs. If he values himself on his talents for poetry, by heaven, says somebody, Philoxenus laughed at your verses, abused them, and swore they were rough and inharmonious. If he is * pious and religious, his friend shall be represented to him as a profane fellow, or an atheist, one who disbelieves a divine providence, and denies the being of a god. In all these cases, the man can hear but one side; he grows angry and enraged at his friend, and at once hates and abhors him, without waiting for reasons or proofs against him; as they always produce such things as they are sure will most incense and provoke the person to whom they are told: when they know which part is most easily wounded, to that they direct the blow, and in such a manner, that enflamed with immediate resentment, no room is left for an enquiry after truth; so that if a man is willing to defend himself, he shall not be permitted, the judgment being already predetermined by an appearance of truth.

But the most successful species of calumny is that which accuses a man of doing what is most opposite to the taste and inclination of the hearer. Thus Demetrius, the Platonist, was accused before Ptolemy † Dionysus, for drinking water, and appearing without a female garment at the feast of Bacchus; and if he had not, the very next day, before a number of people, drank wine, put on a Tarentine habit, and danced to the cymbals, he would probably have been put to death, as a man who would not conform to the luxurious manner of living practised and prescribed by the emperor.

* *Pious, &c.*]

— illi

Tardo cognomen pinguis damus, & bene sano
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.

Hor. lib. i. sat. 3.

† *Dionysus.*] The eleventh of the Ptolemies; the emperor Antoninus mentions him. Book viii. c. 22.

With

With Alexander the Great, the most heinous of all crimes was, not to adore and worship Hephæstion : so fond was he of his friend after death, that to other instances of magnificence he would add that of making with his own hand a deity of a * deceased mortal. Several cities did accordingly, therefore, erect temples and altars, consecrate groves, offer sacrifices, and appoint festivals in honour of the new god : the most solemn oath which a man could swear by, was the name of Hephæstion ; if any one had so little religion in him as to sneer at all this, his punishment was death ; the flatterers, laying hold of this childish whim of Alexander's, blew up and increased the flame, told of dreams that were sent by him, talked of his appearing to them, and healing their distempers, produced oracles delivered by him, and at length sacrificed to him as to the ever-present god, the deliverer from every evil. Alexander was so delighted with this as to believe every thing that was said, and to congratulate himself that he was not only the son of a god, but that he could make gods of others. How many friends of Alexander must we suppose there were at that time who suffered for the divinity of Hephæstion, when they were calumniated for not worshipping this universal deity, and for that reason only were deprived of the royal favour !

Agathocles, the Samian, a general of Alexander's, and in high esteem with him, was notwithstanding very near being shut up with a lion, having been accused of † shedding tears as he passed the tomb of Hephæstion ; but Perdicas, we are told, came seasonably to his relief, and swore by all the gods, not forgetting Hephæstion himself, that the new deity appeared to him one day as he was hunting, and commanded him to tell Alexander that he must pardon Agathocles, who had wept, not because he wanted faith, or considered him as a dead mortal, but merely from the remembrance of their past friendship. Thus calumny and adulation, we see, worked more powerfully on Alexander when they fell in with his ruling passions ; for as in a siege the enemy never attack the strong, guarded, and inaccessible places, but if they find any part that is weak, low, and ill-defended, by which they may easily get into and take the city, exert all their force against that, and that only ; in like manner does the calumniator, when he discovers the weak

* *Deceased mortal.*] Concerning this deification of Hephæstion, see Arrian, Quintus Curtius, and Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

† *Shedding tears.*] As lamenting his death, which certainly was nothing less than disputing his divinity.

and corrupt part of the soul, which may be easily conquered, direct all his engines against that, and soon takes it, before the prisoner can resist, or even know of the attack upon him: when he is once within the walls, he burns, destroys, and lays waste every thing, as must naturally happen when the mind is totally subdued and reduced to slavery.

The instruments which he generally makes use of against the absent are fraud, lying, perjury, impudence, importunity, and a thousand others; but the most necessary of all is flattery, the relation, or rather sister of Calumny; for scarce lives there a man so noble-minded, or whose breast is so fortified with adamant as to resist the powers of adulation, which work under ground, and prepare for every species of evil-speaking.

Such are the external means; within, the enemy is assisted by treacheries of various kinds, that open the gates, and take in the deceived and betrayed hearer; and, above all, that * love of novelty, which is natural to all mankind, joined to the disgust arising from satiety, and a passion for the marvellous and incredible: add to this, that we are all fond, I know not why, of listening to private suspicions that are whispered to us. I know many whose ears itched with Calumny as if they were tickled with a feather. No wonder that with such assistance she conquers all, especially where there is none to oppose or resist her; when he who hears the slander voluntarily resigns himself up to it, and he who is slandered knows not of the snares that are laid against him. The † calumniated, like a city taken by night, are slain in their sleep.

But what is still more distressful is, that the poor man knowing nothing of the matter, and conscious of his own innocence, goes to his friend with a cheerful countenance, talks with, and behaves as usual to him, little aware that he is, all the while, miserably circumvented and betrayed. If the friend has a real esteem for him, and is, withal, liberal-minded, and of a generous disposition, he immediately pours forth his anger and resentment, but at length admits his defence, and discovers that he was unjustly incensed against him. But if, on the other hand, he has a mean and narrow soul, he will

* *Love of novelty.*] A weakness for which the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, were always distinguished.

“ All the Athenians (says the Scripture), spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.” Acts, ch. xvii. ver. 21.

† *Calumniated.*] Nothing can be more just or elegant than this comparison.

hear

hear him, perhaps, and smile, as if he approved; but, at the same time, gnash with his teeth, and inwardly hate and detest him; burying his anger, as the * poet says, deep in his breast. Nothing, at the same time, can be more base or unjust than to bite the lip, nourish secret resentment, and keep our hatred thus shut up within, to † think one thing and say another, to play the hypocrite, and under a comic mask to act a tragic part full of death and horror.

And this generally happens when the calumniator has been formerly the friend of him whom he accuses; then they will not suffer the man even to speak or defend himself, because, they imagine, from the accuser's long familiarity with him, that the accusation must be founded on truth; not considering, that amongst the greatest friends, causes of quarrel and separation may arise unknown to others. Sometimes a man will accuse another of that crime which he is, himself, guilty of, the better to avoid all suspicion of it. Nobody, for the most part, ventures to slander an avowed enemy; so that Calumny seldom meets with credit, which has so visible and manifest a cause: it is always the seeming friend who attacks, who thus shews his extraordinary regard for the hearer, as to his interest and advantage, he sacrifices his best and dearest friend. I have even known some, who, on discovering that their friends had been unjustly accused, have been so ashamed of their own credulity, that they would never look upon, or admit them again, entirely breaking off with them, as if they had done them an injury, by proving their innocence.

Thus, by giving ear to Calumny without trial or examination, is human life subject to innumerable calamities. Antæa, we know, cried out to Prætus,

Or die thyself, or take thy rival's life,
Bellerophon, who tempts thy faithful wife.

After she had, herself, put his virtue to the trial, and been repulsed: whilst the young man was very near being destroyed by the Chimæra, and the reward of his honour and chastity was, to be calumniated by a loose and aban-

* *As the poet:]* Homer. See *Odyssey*, Δ. l. 646.

† *Think one thing, &c.]* Alluding to those lines in Homer in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, thus (badly enough,) translated by Pope.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My soul detests him as the gates of hell. See Pope's *Hom.* II. b. ix. l. 412.

‡ See Homer's *Iliad*, Ζ. l. 164. Pope has entirely omitted these two lines in his translation.

doned woman. In like manner did Phædra also accuse the innocent Hippolytus, and make him odious in the sight of his father, though he had done nothing wicked or reprehensible.

But sometimes it will be said, the calumniator is worthy of credit and should be attended to, when he is, in other respects, a man of character, justice, and wisdom; we ought to listen to those, who are, themselves, incapable of doing evil. But, who was more just than Aristides? and yet even he conspired against Themistocles, and stirred up the people against him, urged by the same popular ambition as his rival whom he persecuted. Aristides, compared with others, might deserve the name of * Just, but Aristides was still a man, harboured anger and resentment, and loved and hated like other men. Palamedes, if we give credit to what is reported of him, though one of the wisest of the Greeks, and in other respects the best of men, was detected of a base and malicious design against a near † relation and friend, who had accompanied him in his dangerous voyage. So natural is it to all mankind to err in this particular.

What shall we say of Socrates, who was unjustly accused to the Athenians of impiety and designs against the state? or of Themistocles and Miltiades, who, after so many glorious victories, were calumniated as betrayers of their country? with innumerable other examples, most of them too well known to be disputed, or called in question.

How then is a wise man to act, when doubts arise concerning truth and virtue? that, no doubt, which Homer intimates to us in his fable of the Sirens, when he commands them to pass by those dangerous pleasing deceivers, and shut their ears against them; to appoint reason as our watchful door-keeper, to mark every thing that is said, to admit what is worthy to be admitted, to keep out and expel that which is bad and unworthy: for how absurd is it, to set door-keepers at our houses, and, at the same time, leave our ears and our hearts open to every intruder!

When such things, therefore, are said, we ought, ourselves, carefully to examine into the fact, without regard to the age, the character, or the en-

* *Aristides.*] Surnamed the Just. See Plutarch's life of him, where this assertion of Lucian's is flatly contradicted; and yet, if it were not so, my author must be guilty himself of the very vice he is declaiming against.

† *Relation.*] He must mean Ulysses, though, how they were related, does not appear. According to Homer, who mentions nothing of this malicious design, Ulysses was much more to blame than Palamedes.

ticing

ticing eloquence, for such we often meet with, of the informer : the more specious he appears, the more strict should be our inquiry. We must not, therefore, always give credit to the judgment, or rather the prejudice of the accuser, but reserve to ourselves an examination into the truth, giving back to the calumniator all his envy and hatred, bringing into open day-light the real merit of every one, and at length bestowing our love or hatred according to it. To do otherwise is mean, childish, and dishonest.

But the cause of all, as I said in the beginning, is our ignorance, and because the true characters of men lay hid in darkness. Would to heaven some god would open all our hearts ! then would the light of truth irradiate every object, and calumny, driven to the deep abyfs, no longer find an habitation amongst the sons of men.

A P O-

A P O P H R A S.

The Title in the Original, which for Reasons sufficiently obvious, I have changed to Apophras, is Pseudologista, five De Die nefasto, or the Unlucky Day, to which is added, against TIMARCHUS.

TIMARCHUS was, it seems, a low scurrilous Writer, who, having himself no Character to lose, abused and reviled all the Men of Genius and Learning in his Time; but having unfortunately attacked LUCIAN, and found fault with him for using the word Apophras, is here treated by our Author with that Severity which Ignorance and Impudence so well deserve. LUCIAN, who like other eminent Greek Writers, valued himself on speaking and writing with Accuracy and Precision, defends the Propriety and Application of his Word with great Warmth and Seriousness; and then takes the Opportunity of laying open the Character of his Adversary, with a Degree of Acrimony, which he seldom makes use of on any other Occasion.

THAT you did not know the meaning of the word APOPHRAS is but too plain; otherwise you would never have accused me of Barbarism, for comparing you to it, if you had understood the term properly; I will tell you by and by what it signifies; at present let it suffice to say, you have taken a * cricket by the wing, to speak in the words of † Archilochus, a certain iambic poet, whom you may have heard of, a Parian by birth, and a man of noble spirit, who lashed severely all those that fell within the reach of his keen satire. He told a certain person who had abused him, that he had taken a cricket by the wing, comparing himself to that shrill creature, who, if you touch his wing, cries out most vehemently. And how could you, said Archilochus to him, be such a fool as in like manner to provoke a prating poet, and furnish matter for his cutting iambics? Just the same may I say to you; not that I mean to put myself on a level with Archilochus, whom I am infinitely beneath, but only to acquaint you, that I know a thousand vile

* *A cricket, &c.*] Greek, Τίττιγξ τῆ ἀλεμ σπιληφας. The crickets, or grasshoppers of those days used, we may suppose, not only to cry out, but to bite hard on these occasions. The proverb answers to ours of "Taking a bear by the tooth."

† *Archilochus.*] A satiric poet, famous for the keenness of his iambics.

things

things of you, that well deserve the severest iambics: even such, as but to paint one of them, would be too hard a task for Archilochus, with Simonides and * Hipponax to assist him: as a subject for satire, † Orodæcides, Lycambes, and Bupalus, are but boys to you. Surely some malicious dæmon must have taught you thus to laugh at my ignorance, and expose your own, by proving yourself a stranger even to the most common things which every body is acquainted with, and subjecting yourself to the ridicule of a free-speaker, as I am; one who knows you so intimately, and is not afraid of divulging it, but rather would wish to proclaim publicly every thing you have done, and every thing you are still doing, from morning to night. Vain, however, and superfluous will be the task, to school you as one would do a man of an ingenuous and liberal mind, since you will never be the better for reproof; but, like the ‡ beetle, still continue to wallow in the filth you are used to: every body knows what you are, and how long you have been so. You have not sinned so secretly, nor so securely, but that all may easily discover the ass, without taking off the lion's skin; and he must come far § north, indeed, or be a perfect || Cumæan, who does not find you out before you bray. The public, as well as myself, is too well acquainted with your life and manners: your character is worse than that of † Aripbrades, ¶ Mifstbon the Sybarite, or even ** Bastas the Chian, so famous for vices of the same kind. Trite, however, and obsolete as the subject is, I cannot pass it

* *Hipponax.*] This dreadful satirist, who it seems was the Churchill of his age, wrote something so severe against a painter that, we are told, he took it to heart, and hanged himself.

† *Orodæcides, &c.*]

Qualis Lycambæ spretis infido gener
Aut acer hostis Bupalo.

Hor. Epod. vi.

‡ *Beetle.*] Greek, *καθαρος*, scarabæus, which the ancients looked upon as impurum animal.
Non taurus non mulus erit, non hippocamelus,
Non caper aut aries, sed scarabæus erit.

Auson. Enig. lxx.

§ *Far north.*] Greek, *Εἰ μὴ τις ἀπὸ τῆς ὑπερβορείου*, nisi quis forte ex Hyperboreis.

|| *Cumæan.*] The natives of Cumæ were reckoned, like the ancient Bœotians, and the modern Dutch, rather inclined to stupidity.—Hence the proverb, “Serò sapiunt Cumani.” See Erasmi. Prov.

† *Aripbrades.*] An infamous fellow, mentioned by Aristophanes in his comedy of the Knights.

¶ *Mifstbon.*] See Ovid. Trist. ii. 417.

** *Bastas.*] Another rascal of the same stamp, but not made honourable mention of, as I remember, by any other ancient author.

over,

over, left I alone should be blamed for being ignorant of what is known to all the world beside.

But, suppose I call in to my aid, * Elenchus, one of Menander's Prologisers, that friend to truth and liberty, one of the best that comes upon the stage, an avowed enemy to such as you and you alone, who are afraid of him, because he knows every thing about you, and can tell it with eloquence and grace: if he would come and explain the whole story to the spectators, nothing could be more delightful. Approach then, Elenchus, thou best of prologues and of deities; observe, you are talking to those who come not with minds prejudiced by hatred and animosity, who come not, as they say, with unwashed feet, to such as mean to resent their own injuries, and, at the same time, revenge the public cause, by prosecuting a rascal. When you have done this properly, you may depart, and leave the rest to me, for I mean to follow your example. There are some things, indeed, my dear Elenchus, which it will better become me to say, than yourself, as it is not fitting for a god to be busied in such dirty matters.

The Prologue, then, begins thus:

A certain sophist came one day to the Olympic games, to repeat an † oration written long ago; the subject was Pythagoras, whom the Athenians had excluded from the Eleusinian rites, as a Barbarian, for saying he had formerly been Euphorbus. The speech was an old one, and made up like Æsop's jack-daw, with many feathers of other birds; and yet he would have us believe it was an extempore one: and he had before desired one of his friends, (a cunning fellow, and versed in these things,) to chuse Pythagoras for the subject; the man did so, and begged the audience would listen to the oration. The pains which he took in connecting the several parts,

* *Elenchus.*] Greek, *ελεγχος*, Conviction. See Lucian's Fisherman. In the fragments of Menander we have,

———— *ελεγχος γαρ θεος*

τη παρεξήσια τη τ' αληθεια φιλος,

“ The god Elenchus, friend to truth and freedom.”

† *Oration.*] These extempore orations were, it should seem, a kind of public exercise, not unlike our college declamations, supposed to be spoken extempore, immediately after the subject was given out, of which, notwithstanding, as here intimated, the speakers had private notice, and consequently were prepared accordingly, some with new speeches made by themselves, and others, like Timarchus, with old ones ready cut and dried, which served for the occasion. The certain Sophist, mentioned by Lucian, is undoubtedly Timarchus, against whom this whole piece is levelled.

plainly

plainly shewed that it had been long since planned and written; though his impudence helped him out greatly, and gave force to his action, and favoured the deceit: mean time, the audience laughed heartily, some looked towards his friend, as much as to say, they knew he was privy to the imposture; others, who perceived what he was about, were employed in recollecting, one for the other, the passages from the several sophists who had declaimed in former times. Amongst the laughers was the * person who writes this, and who smiled, as well he might, at such amazing impudence; and, as the other, in a soft voice, was chaunting what he called a Threnodium of Pythagoras, burst into a loud laugh, at seeing an ass thus attempting to thum the lyre; the singer turning round, observed him, and this brought on a quarrel between them.

It was now the beginning of the year, or, to speak more properly, the † third day from the great calends, when the Romans, according to ancient custom, as prescribed by Numa, offer sacrifice and prayers for the whole year, and believe, that the gods on that day, will be always propitious to them. At this time it was, that our friend, who had laughed so heartily at this false Pythagoras, and who well knew how infamous a fellow he was, turning to an acquaintance, cried out, “ Let us get out of the company of this vile actor, who prophanes our meeting, and turns our best of days into an apophras, or unlucky one.” Upon which, our sophist hearing the word Apophras, began to ridicule it as a foreign phrase, and unknown to the Greeks; “ What, says he, can this Apophras be? is it a fruit, or an herb, or a vessel, or something to eat or drink? for I have never heard of it before, nor do I understand what he can mean by it.” Thus did he continue to ridicule and abuse our Apophras, not aware, that, in so doing, he only exposed himself. My poet has, for that purpose, wrote this book and sent me to you, to prove this noble sophist knows nothing even of what every illiterate tradesman in Greece is thoroughly acquainted with.

Thus far Elenchus; the rest of the fable belongs to me, and I can, myself, proclaim with no less truth than the Delphic tripod, all your actions:

* *Person.*] Lucian.—The cause of the quarrel, and the manner of it, are here fully related. The word objected to by Timarchus was, we see, well introduced by Lucian, and happily applied.

† *Third day.*] Of the *νεμυνια*, or sacred Corinthian month, the same with the Athenian Boedromion; on the twelfth of this month the Nemæan games were celebrated.

I can speak from my own knowlege, of what you have done in your own country, in Palæstine and in Ægypt, in Syria and Phœnicia, in Greece and in Italy, and, above all, what you are now doing at Ephesus, which crowns all your follies.

But, first, let us have a word or two about this same Apophras; by Venus*, Vulgivaga, Genetricula, and Cybebe, let me intreat thee to inform us what there is in the term so worthy of ridicule or censure: he is no Grecian, you are sure, but a foreigner, strayed hither out of Gaul, Scythia, or Thrace; You, therefore, like a true Athenian, have entirely banished and extirpated him; and I must be laughed at, and sent out of the country, for talking like a barbarian: but those who know these things much better than you, say he, is a true Athenian; and that you could as soon convince us that Cecrops and Erectheus were foreigners and barbarians, as prove that Apophras is not a native and inhabitant of Attica. There are many things, indeed, which the Athenians call by the same name as other people do; but the term Apophras, to express a black or unfortunate day, a day resembling you, is peculiar to themselves. Thus have you at last, learned, as it were, by chance, what they meant by Apophras, which always signified with them, a day when the magistrates would not act, when no court business was transacted, no religious ceremonies performed, when nothing, in short, could be done with any hopes of success; such a day was always called Apophras; perhaps, because, on such a day, they had been overcome in battle, and, for that reason, it was ever after considered as unfortunate, or ill-omen'd, on which nothing should be attempted: but this alone, you will say, I was ignorant of, though I know every thing else: but the truth is, my friend, to be ignorant of any thing else that was out of the common way, might be excusable, but this you could not possibly call by another name, as it is the only one it ever went by: some things we call by their ancient and proper names, and some we do not, that we may not wound the ears of the vulgar, and speak a language they do not understand. When I talked to you, for instance, I should have made use of the Paphlagonian, Cappadocian, or Bactrian language, to make myself either intelligible or agreeable; though to Grecians I would speak Greek. The Athenians have, at different times, made several altera-

* Venus, &c.] Gr. Παιδημ, και γενετικη, και κυβηβης. Deæ præfides generationis. Memoratur Cybebe propter ejus amorem erga Attin, & quia lascivissima fertur fuisse. To the unlearned reader, it is sufficient to say, that Lucian, in compliment to Timarchus, supplicates him in the name of a Drury-lane Venus.

tions

tions in their language, but this phrase has always remained amongst them, and has been used in that sense, and in that only, by every body. I could quote a number of those who made use of it in former times, but that I would not trouble you with a list of poets, orators, and historians, whom you know nothing of: I need not mention who they are, for every body else is well acquainted with them: if you can shew me one of them, who has not, I will put up a statue of you at * Olympia. He indeed, who knows not this, cannot tell, I suppose, whether Athens is a city in Attica, Corinth in the Isthmus, or Sparta in Peloponnesus.

But you will say, perhaps, you know the name well enough, but only found fault with the wrong application of it; we will take it up then on this ground, and observe, unless, perhaps, you think it no disgrace to be convicted of universal ignorance, how I will confute you. If our ancestors practised the same method as I did, (for in every age there were impious and abominable fellows like yourself,) if one man is called Cothurnus because he is like a buskin, another † Lupæ because he makes a noise and disturbs the assembly, another Hebdomas because he laughs and plays at a public meeting, like boys on the ‡ seventh day of the month, why may not I, also, if I please, compare a wretch stained with every vice, to an inauspicious and unfortunate day?

If we meet a man, especially when we first go out in the morning, who is lame in his right foot, or if we come across an eunuch, or a monkey, we turn home again as fast as we can, foreseeing that we can never be prosperous on that day after such bad omens: and in like manner, at our first going out in the morning as it were of the year, if we meet a pathetic, doing and suffering every thing that is base and infamous, one whom even his own depen-

* *Olympia.*] The greatest honour which mere mortals could ever arrive at. To say a man should have this, became by degrees a kind of proverbial expression.—Like, do this,

— et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

† *Lupæ.*] Concerning the exact signification of the Greek word *Λυπηρῶν*, here made use of, the learned commentators are much divided: some are of opinion it was originally written *Λυσσηρῶν*, quasi, *Λυσσης ἀνεμος*, a stormy wind, to which a turbulent orator may properly be compared. Others tell us that *Λυπηρῶν* is a corruption by the transcribers of *Λυσσαν*, furoris genus, a kind of madness, (which is rather the more probable conjecture); the Latin translator, therefore interprets it *rabiem*. It may suffice, however, for the English reader to know, that *lyssa* signifies something noisy and violent.

‡ *Seventh day.*] Greek, *ἑβδόμη*. The seventh day of every month was observed as a festival, or kind of holiday, sacred, we are told, to Apollo, who was born on the seventh of the month Thurgalion.

dents know to be, though they do not call him so, an impostor, a cheat, and a false-swearer, should we not fly from him as a pest, a pit-hole, or a dungeon? Might we not very properly compare him to an unlucky day?

And are not you that very man? You will not, I suppose, deny, for you glory in it: you are infamous, and every body considers you as such; if you were to deny it who would believe you? Would your own fellow-citizens? (for those we should ask first,) they have known you from your youth upwards, they remember your connection with that vile soldier, who did what he pleased with you, and then threw you off, like an old tattered garment, to shift for yourself. They remember, too, your shewing yourself a brave youth at the head of a company of comedians, and playing the part of the prologue, when dressed in a fine habit, with golden slippers, and a garland in your hand, you were sent on the stage to intreat the favour of the audience, and met with prodigious applause; though now it seems you are an orator and a sophist; when they hear this they will fancy, as they do in the * tragedy, and well indeed they may, that they see two suns, and a double Thebes, and cry out immediately, is this he? what will he be hereafter? but you very prudently withdrew yourself from your friends, and from your country also, though undoubtedly the finest spot in all Phœnicia. You do not chuse any connection with people who can remember and put you in mind of past times; and yet what should you be afraid of? I am told you have very large possessions amongst them, and a little tower of your own, so capacious, that Diogens's tub is the throne of Jove in comparison with it; in short, you will never persuade your fellow-citizens to look upon you in any other light than as one of the vilest of men, and a disgrace to your country. I could bring, perhaps, more testimony from Syria against you; Antioch was a witness of your behaviour to the young woman you ran away with from Tarsus: but these are things which I blush to enter into, there were too many there who saw you: these are circumstances which I suppose you have totally forgot. The Ægyptians, whom after all your exploits in Syria you fled for shelter to, when you were pursued by the taylors, that had lent you fine cloaths, which you sold by the way to pay your charges, they

* *Tragedy.*] See Eurip. Bacch. v. 915.

Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas.

Virg. Æn. iv. v. 470.

See also Dryden's Oedipus.

also

also are no strangers to your character: but know you full as well: nor see I any reason why Alexandria should yield to Antioch in this respect; your debauchery, indeed, was there still more open, your behaviour more infamous, and bare-faced. One person, and one only, believed you innocent, took your word for it, and supported you, a Roman of the first distinction, I need not mention his name, as every body knows whom I mean, nor what he suffered from his connection with you; when he found you in a certain situation with a certain person, what think you was his opinion; did he believe you to be innocent when he caught you in the very fact? he could not, unless he had been blind; but he shewed what he thought of you, by turning you out of doors, and when you were gone out of his house, they say, took care to have it purified after such pollution.

Achaia and all Italy is full of your noble deeds, and the renown you have acquired by them: may you reap the fruits of it! I can only say, which is most indisputable, that those who now wonder at what you do in Ephesus, will wonder no longer, when they hear what you have done before: with regard to women, I find you have learned something new.

And does not such a man deserve the name of Apophras? But what can you mean, after all your iniquities, by offering to salute us, especially those who know you, and who have had enough from your mouth already, your rough voice, barbarous phrases, every thing, in short, that is dissonant, uncouth, and inharmonious; but from a kiss, above all, heaven defend us! rather would I have one from a viper or a scorpion; from them we might expect a bite or pain, which, perhaps, a physician could remove; but from the poison of thy kisses, what altar, or what temple should ever save us? After such infection, what god would listen to our prayers? How many sprinklings, and ablutions, how many rivers would be necessary to wash away the stain?

How can such a fellow as you pretend to laugh at the language of others? For my own part, so far from denying that I made use of the word Apophras, I should be ashamed of not being intimately acquainted with it; but when you talk of * syllable-measurers, and word-crackers, of people that are trifling-manner'd, when, instead of saying you want to go to Athens, you tell us that you Athenize, that such a man is flower-crowned, and the

* *Syllable-measurers, &c.*] The epithets and expressions here alluded to, are probably those which Timarchus made use of in the speech above hinted at, as mentioned by Elenchus.

like,

like, nobody is to find fault with you. Mercury make an end of thee and thy words together! say I, for where, in the name of Fortune, couldest thou pick them up? From the works of some † Ialemus, I suppose, in some dirty corner, full of rust and spiders; or, perhaps, from the tablets of Philænis, which you always have by you, and which may come very properly from such a mouth as your's. And, now I talk of that, what if your tongue should call you to account, and thus reproach you for the injuries you have done to it! "I took thee up (it might say), thou ungrateful wretch, poor and miserable, without bread to eat, and taught thee to flourish upon the stage, made thee a Ninus, a Metiochus, and, moreover, an Achilles also; did I not afterwards nourish and support thee as a syllable-monger, to teach school-boys? have not I lately enabled thee to repeat other people's speeches, and become a sophist, acquiring honour and reputation which thou hadst no right to? and dost thou now, after all, reward me thus, by employing me in the meanest offices, in low and filthy conversation? Was it not enough to make me every day tell lies for thee, vent false oaths, talk nonsense, and repeat so many ridiculous speeches? and now thou wilt not suffer me to lie quiet even of nights, but force me to play the fool: forgetting I am a tongue, and making use of me as a hand, to do all thy dirty work for thee, treat me after all, like a stranger, and put a thousand affronts upon me. My business is only to talk, and not to perform offices which other members were designed for by nature; would to heaven I were cut out, as Philomela's was! for happier are even the tongues of those who have devoured their own children than I am."

Now, by the gods, if that same tongue of thine should speak for itself, and, calling in thy beard to its aid, should thus address thee, what answer couldest thou make? The same, I suppose, as you did to Glaucus, when he reproached you for a certain crime, that by this means you would soon become conspicuous, and universally admired. You are, indeed, conspicuous enough, and to be talked of, be it in any manner whatsoever, is, no doubt, at least in your opinion, most desirable. You might then tell him all the names you have gone by in your travels; I marvel much, whilst you are not offended at them, you should be so angry with the appellation of poor Apophras.

† *Ialemus.*] A famous, or rather infamous poet, distinguished by the badness of his verses; whence, *ialemo frigidior*, more frigid than Ialemus, passed into a proverbial expression; and the word *ιαλεμος*, turned into an adjective, according to Hesychius, signifies stupid, dull, unhappy, or good for nothing.

In

In Syria you were called Rhodo-Daphne, or the Laurel-Rose; for what reason, (so Pallas help me!) I blush to mention; in silence, therefore, for me, let it ever remain: in Palæstine you went by the name of the Briar, on account, I suppose, of the bristles in your beard; for then you used to shave: in Ægypt they called you Quinsy, and properly enough, for you were very near being choaked by the sailer who set upon you. The Athenians, indeed, went no round about way to describe you, but only added one letter to your name, and called you * A-Timarchus; you deserved, indeed, some little addition to that title. In Italy you acquired the heroic appellation of a Cyclops, when you acted over again Homer's fabulous history, and lay, like another lustful Polypheme, with the cup in your hand; whilst a youth, hired for the occasion, carrying a pointed spear, played Ulysses, and struck at your eye,

† The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,

Soon it

‡ Crash'd all his jaws, and left the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.

You, Cyclops like, suffered him to wound your cheek; or, like another Charybdis, looked as if you could have swallowed him up, vessel, sails, mariners, and all together (when one is talking of you, one must rant a little): numbers of people saw you in this condition; and after all, in excuse for your frolic, you said next day you were drunk, and made the wine your apology for it.

With so many, and such great names as these belonging to you, why should you be ashamed of Apophras only? How feel you, when even the common people say you have got the § Lesbian and Phœnician disorder? But, perhaps, you are ignorant of this too, or imagine that they mean to pay you a compliment by it, or are these well known and familiar to you, and Apophras alone blotted out of your catalogue? I am sufficiently reveng-

* *A-Timarchus*] His name was Timarchus, and they called him A-Timarchus, quasi, *Ατιμων Αγχος*, the Prince of Rascals, a kind of pun in the original. The addition, which Lucian says he wanted, was the *ων*. As puns are untranslatable, the mere English reader cannot well see the humour of this title.

† *The jav'lin, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, A. 233.

‡ *Crash'd, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, book v. l. 354.

§ *Lesbian.*] The Lesbians and Phœnicians were remarkably guilty of a certain horrid and unnatural crime, which the Greeks very properly styled *αἰσχρὸν μίσγν*, a connection not fit to be mentioned, and yet it was universally practised.

ed

ed of you, even the women, it seems, know your character; for, but the other day, when you wanted to get you a wife at Cyzicus, the woman, who was well acquainted with all your pranks, said, "I shall hardly take one for a husband, who seems to want a husband himself."

And after all this, do you pretend to criticise, and find fault with others? but you certainly have a right, for we can, none of us, talk like you: who would venture as you did, to ask for a trident instead of a sword, to kill three adulterers? or, when talking of Theopompus's judgment of Tricaranus, would say, he destroyed the principal cities with a three-pointed oration, or that he had tridented Greece, and was a Cerberus in language; with a hundred other absurdities of this kind, which are not worth † repeating. * *

What poverty might, perhaps, have driven you to, I shall pass over, nor would I reproach any body for it: if a man receives a certain deposit from a friend, and should afterwards, being half-starved, swear that he never received it; if he begs of one, borrows of another, steals cloaths and sells them, I say nothing, it would be cruel to rob a poor man of his bread; but, for this same poor man to squander away the fruits of his dishonest dealing in riot and debauchery, is intolerable. For one thing, indeed, you merit some praise, nor can I help admiring your ingenuity, when practising the same art as * Tifias, you passed for him, and † rooked old Corvus out of § thirty aurei, who paid his five hundred and fifty drachmas with pleasure, for a book recommended to him by so renowned a sophist.

I had a great deal more to say, but shall spare you for the present, and only give you this advice: in your drunken frolics, do what you please to yourself, but trouble me no more; there is no being under the same roof, or eating and drinking with such fellows as you; and, above all, let us have none of your kisses, which are rather what one may call Apophras, ill-omened, and unlucky: let me advise you withal, never more to perfume your bald pate; if you are ill, you must take care of your old body, but if not, what signifies tampering with it for the vilest purposes; grey hairs are a bad

† *Repeating.*] Two or three lines are here omitted, containing verbal criticisms on some absurd phrases and expressions made use of by Timarchus in his speech, which, as confined to the Greek language, and the pronunciation of it, could not be translated.

* *Tifias.*] One of the first sophists, as mentioned by Aristotle, *περι ελεγχων σοφισικων.*

‡ *Rooked.*] Tifias, who wrote a book on rhetoric, was a disciple of Corax, on which name a pun will be found in the original by the learned reader, which is not quite lost in the translation.

§ *Thirty aurei.*] Which is the same as five hundred and fifty drachmas.

cover for wickedness and impurity, spare them, I beg, and particularly your beard; and when you practise your debaucheries, let it be by night, for in the day time it is savage, shocking, and abominable.

You see, my friend, how much better it had been for you not to have * moved Camarina, roused a sleeping lion, or laugh'd at my Apophras, which may chance to render your whole life ill-omen'd and detestable. But, perhaps, you still think I might have said more, and I have more at your service; as long as it is in my power, you shall never want your reward; so infamous a prostitute as you, should not dare to look up at a man: but you will say I talk in riddles to you, for you know not half the titles which your vile character has loaded you with: I would mention a few of them, but Apophras is already doubly and trebly revenged of you; you have deserved it all. And, as the celebrated † Euripides says,

Vice, folly, ign'rance, and a fland'rous tongue,
Still meet at last with bitterness and woe.

* *Camarina.*] A lake near the city of Camarina, in Sicily; in the time of drouth the stench of this lake produced a pestilence; the inhabitants on this consulted the oracle whether they should drain it: the oracle advised them *μη κινωι Καμαρινωι*, not to remove Camarina, the people notwithstanding drained the lake, and by that means opened a way for their enemies to come and plunder their city. Hence the proverb here alluded to, *ne moveas Camarinam*, do not touch or move Camarina, that is, do not remove one evil to bring on a greater. It has, pretty nearly at least as here applied, the same sense as the motto to the Thistle, *of, Noli me tangere.*

† *Euripides.*] See Bacch. v. 385.

ENCOMIUM ON A HOUSE.

It was customary, in LUCIAN's Time, for the Rhetoricians, or Orators by Profession, to declaim on any given Subject at the Command of their Superiors, either in public or private; and to this we may attribute the following Declamation, in Praise of some House (whose it was we know not), probably by Desire of the Master and his Friends, before whom the Orator was to shew his Skill, by an extempore Speech on the Occasion. It is written, more especially the first Part of it, in a Kind of flowing measured Prose, approaching to Blank Verse, and much resembling the Style of Lord SHAFTESBURY. The whimsical change of Persons, and LUCIAN's answering himself in the latter Part of this little Piece, one cannot so easily account for. The whole, however, is singular and entertaining, particularly the Description of the Pictures in the Conclusion. LUCIAN (for this Piece is undoubtedly his), had a warm and poetical Imagination, and seems here more peculiarly to indulge it; I have therefore adopted his Style, and endeavour'd to give the Translation that Glow of poetical Colouring which the Reader of Taste cannot fail to observe and admire in the Original.

SO delightful did the charming Cydnus appear to Alexander, its stream so bright and pleasant, so refreshing in a hot summer, though swift not rapid, and though deep not dangerous, that he could not refrain from bathing in it, nor would he deny himself the pleasure, though he contracted a disorder by indulging himself in it: and shall not the sight of a noble palace, beautiful to the eye, light, chearful, and magnificent, shining with gold, and adorned with the finest pictures, inspire a man (especially an orator by profession,) to distinguish himself by some description of it, some encomium on it, to make himself known, and, like his subject, to become conspicuous? away with all such as only look over and admire without praising; to be silent is injurious; it looks like envy and ill-nature; it ill becomes the man of taste, who is smitten with the love of all that is great and beautiful. It shews a stupid rusticity, a disregard for merit, and a contempt of the Muses themselves, not to know that the learned and the unlearned consider spectacles of this kind in very different lights: one is contented to look round, and lift up the hand with admiration, to gaze in silence at every thing, as if afraid, that all they could say in praise of it, would be less than
it

it deserved : whilst the other, who understands that beauty which he admires, is not satisfied with feasting his eyes alone, cannot bear to be a dumb spectator, but will endeavour, with all his powers, to describe and point out the beauties of a sight so noble and delightful.

Nor is general praise alone sufficient ; like that of the * young man, who so admired the palace of Menelaus, and compared its ivory and gold to the beauties of heaven, as he had seen nothing on earth that was equal to it. The best way of praising it, is to exert our eloquence in its favour on the very spot, and before the most approved judges ; and surely a beautiful house, filled with admirers of the building, is the fittest place for such an encomium ; where the voice, as in caverns, is driven back, dwells on, as it were, with pleasure, and repeats what is said in an elegant and muse-like reiteration : as it often happens amongst the high and craggy rocks, where the sound of the shepherd's pipe is reverberated. The vulgar tell us, that Echo is a nymph who inhabits there, and answers the singer from her cave. The subject, doubtless, must animate and inspire the speaker ; its beauty passes through the eye into the soul, elevating and adorning the discourse. The sight of the armour, we know, stirred up Achilles against the Trojans, and when he tried them on, they gave wings to his courage, and roused him to the combat. And shall not, in like manner, the beauty of this place, inspire an orator with eloquence to sing its praises ? The shade of beauteous plane-trees, the green turf, and clear fountains of Ilyffus, were propitious to the great Socrates ; there sported he with his Phædrus, there confuted Lyfias, there invited the Muses to follow him to his retreat, and teach him to talk of love ; nor did the old man blush to call in virgins to assist him : surely then, to a spot so charming as this, they will come uninvited.

We boast not here of shades and plane-trees only ; Ilyffus we leave far behind us, and even the palace of the Persian monarch, which was admirable only for its riches, without art, beauty, or proportion ; though shining with gold and treasures, which the spectator beheld with envy, and the master was deemed happy to possess ; but it had no real merit : the Arfacidæ never studied the beautiful, nor cared whether the beholder was pleased and satisfied, they only wished to see him struck with astonishment ; for the Barbarians consult finery and shew, much more than elegance and beauty. But this charming mansion is ill-suited to Barbarian eyes, to Persian pomp, or kingly

* *Young man.*] See Homer's *Odyfsey*, Δ. 1. 71.

pride; it calls for the admiration of no vulgar spectator, but of the tasteful and ingenious, who relies not on his sight, but on his judgment; it looks towards the early, which is, doubtless, the most beautiful part of the day, and fronts the rising sun, receiving at its open doors an abundance of light. Thus the ancients always built their temples. The length, breadth, and height of the apartments, are constructed in due and regular proportion; the windows large, and disposed according to the various seasons of the year, all admirably contrived, both for pleasure and convenience; in the ceiling are no superfluous ornaments, nothing can be found fault with; the gold and decorations, not heaped on, but used with judgment and discretion. Like a beautiful but modest woman, who sets off her charms with a small necklace, a pretty ring on her finger, or ear-rings in her ears, a fillet to bind her flowing hair, or a buckle to fasten her zone; these add grace to the form, as purple to a garment: whilst harlots, especially if they are not over handsome, will have their garments all purple, and necklace all gold to heighten their charms, endeavouring to supply their want of beauty by something external, that may attract and delight; they think that arm must be thought white, that is covered with gold; and that the foot, which is not so well made, may be well concealed by a golden slipper; and that the face itself will appear more agreeable, if their whole dress is splendid and magnificent. They always, therefore, adorn themselves in this manner; but the modest and delicate fair one, makes use only of so much gold and jewels as is necessary and sufficient, nor will she blush to shew her beauty naked and unadorned. In like manner, this house, which is beautiful in itself, has only so much ornament as is necessary and becoming, interspersed here and there: as the stars appear in the heavens at proper distances, for if the whole was one blaze of light, it would not be pleasing, but terrible to us; even so the gold here is not superfluous, or put on merely for shew and finery, but shines with a soft and pleasing splendour, diffusing a redness over the whole; for when the light strikes in upon the gold, the colours blend together, and form a kind of double day. The upper parts of this palace, are such, indeed, as call for the pen of Homer to describe them; he, perhaps, would say, * it was lofty — like the bed of Helen, or † like Olympus splendid.— The pictures on the walls, and the other ornaments, the beauty of the

* *It was, &c.*] See Homer's *Odysssey*, Δ. l. 121.

† *Like Olympus, &c.*] See *Iliad*, A. l. 532.

colours,

colours, with the truth, accuracy, and judgment conspicuous throughout, might, perhaps, be properly compared to the first appearance of the spring, or a mead diversified with flowers, were it not that these soon fade and decay, whilst this house is a perpetual spring, an everlasting flower that never fades or decays; the sight alone rests on its sweets, but cannot defile or destroy them.

Who can help dwelling on such beauties with rapture, and endeavouring to celebrate them as they deserve? for, that which we see, it is a disgrace not to imitate; the sight of what is truly excellent, brings with it a thousand incitements to the practice of equal perfection, not in man alone, but in every creature. The horse bounds with more pleasure over the soft plain, that yields to his foot, nor resists his pressing hoof; then does he put forth all his strength, runs swiftly on, and vies, as it were, with the earth he treads on, in beauty and perfection. In the early part of spring, when the meadows are green, and the flowers appear in their brightest colours; the peacock spreads his wings to the sun, bristles up his tail, displays his flowers also, and seems to rival the field in beauty; he struts round and round, admiring his own splendour, whilst the light changes the colours, and breaks them into various tints that blend with, and succeed each other; above all, in those beautiful circles which rise at the extremity of his body, and represent the rainbow in every one of them: the least change of situation turns the brass into gold, or gives the purple, when shaded from the sun, a greenish hue; as the light varies, the feathers are varied also. How doth the sea, when it is smooth and calm, attract and invite us! he who has never been from land, and knows nothing of sailing, wishes to get on board, to quit the shore, and launch into the ocean; especially if he sees the sails filled by propitious gales, and the vessel, with a soft and easy motion, gliding through the waves.

Thus, also, must the beauty of this house animate and inspire every orator who would wish to celebrate and describe it: for that purpose came I hither, attracted, as it were, by a Syren's voice, and flattering myself, that, however rude my speech hath hitherto been on such a subject, it will appear excellent; thus cloathed, it must be handsome.

But I am interrupted and contradicted, it seems, by another orator, a powerful one too, who says, I am wrong in asserting that the beauty of the house, adorned like this, with gold and pictures, must inspire the speaker with

with superior eloquence, for that the contrary to this might often happen : but let him speak for himself, and prove, if he can, that the worse and more contemptible the place is, the better it would be for the orator. As to myself, you have heard what I said, and I need not repeat it ; I shall be silent, therefore, and give place to him for a while, let him come forth and give you his opinion.

* Thus, then, he begins :

The orator, noble judges, who lately addressed you, has expatiated largely on the beauties of this house ; so far am I from condemning him, that I only mean to speak of those things which he had omitted ; and to shew, that the more agreeable he hath been, the more astonishing it is, and contrary to what might have been expected. And first, as he has mentioned the ornaments which women make use of, their gold and jewels, permit me to make the same comparison : I assert, that they not only never appear the handsomer for them, but that, on the other hand, men are so struck with the finery, that, instead of admiring their fine eyes, complexion, necks, arms, or fingers, they neglect them, and only look at the necklace, the emerald, or the cornelian ; insomuch, that the fair one has reason to be angry with her dress, for preventing the spectators from praising and admiring her. And the same, I think, must always happen to him, who would shew his eloquence amongst great and magnificent objects ; whatever he says, is lost, swallowed up, and obscured : it is like throwing a candle into the fire, or shewing a pismire before a camel or an elephant : an orator, therefore, should avoid it. Add to this, that the voice is buried in a large and sonorous building, which reverberates the sound, beats it back on the speaker, or, rather, is entirely lost and confounded, as the flute would be by the trumpet, if they were played on at the same time ; or the pilot's song by the waves of the sea. That the speaker would be animated and inspired by the beauty of the house, as my opponent maintained, is, in my opinion, false and absurd ; the direct contrary is true : for it would only alarm, and intimidate him, when he came to consider what a disgrace it must be to him, if, in such a place, the

* *Thus then, &c.*] There is no way of accounting for this sudden and unexpected change of persons, but by supposing that the orator, on these occasions, to shew his dexterity, after arguing on one side, took up the other, to convince his audience that, as Hudibras says, he

Could still change sides, and still confute.

Lucian, however, soon quitted the foolish occupation of a rhetorician, and turned his genius towards that manly satire for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished.

merit

merit of his oration did not answer to the dignity of the subject; his faults would then be but the more conspicuous: like a man in beautiful armour flying before the enemy, whose cowardice, on that very account, would be more taken notice of. This * Homer's great orator seemed convinced of, who attended not in the least to external beauty, but even assumed the character of the most ignorant and unskilful of men, that what he said might appear more worthy of admiration. The speaker, moreover, cannot himself refrain from admiring the spectacle, which must prevent his attention to the discourse; and when thus employed, how can it otherwise happen, but that he must speak the worse for it! I need not add, that in a house like this, the company is more generally inclined to see than to hear: not a Demodocus, a Phemius, or a Thamyris, no, nor even an Orpheus or Amphion, would have eloquence enough to draw aside their attention to the spectacle, nor surrounded by such beauty, would one of them listen to the speech, but continue gazing at the sight; unless he chanced to be blind, or the assembly met at night, like the council of † Arcopagus. How much superior fine objects are to fine words, the fable of the Syrens and Gorgons sufficiently points out to us; the Syrens, we know, by their sweet songs, detained many, and stopped their journey, some, however, failed by, and never listened to them; but the beauty of the Gorgons was so exquisite, that it took possession of the soul, struck the beholders dumb, and bereaved them of their senses; the fable even tells us they were turned into stone. What your first orator said about the peacock, certainly favours my argument, and not his, for it is his appearance, and not his voice, that delights us; and if you were to get a swan or a nightingale to sing whilst he was present, the attention would be fixed on him, and nobody would mind the music: so superior is that pleasure which ariseth from the sight to every other.

But I will bring a witness, and a most respectable one, who shall bear

• *Homer's, &c.*] Ulysses.

† *Areopagus.*] It is remarkable that in the Areopagus, or grand Athenian court of justice, the judges heard and determined all causes at night, and in the dark, to the end, says Potter, that having neither seen the plaintiff nor defendant, they might lay under no temptation of being biassed or influenced by them. Though the custom is whimsical, there is something right in the cause here assigned for it. By the same method of reasoning, a modern justice of peace should be blind. Those, however, amongst us, who are acquainted with the true character of the present Sir John Fielding, have a much better reason than this for admiring him, as they will not perhaps, find in any other magistrate, ancient or modern, an equal degree of penetration and sagacity, joined to so much honour and integrity.

testi-

testimony for me, that things seen are much more powerful than things heard. Crier, call in Herodotus; and here he is, let him stand forth and give his evidence; he will talk to you, as his custom is, in his own Ionic dialect. Thus it runs, “ * What he has said, O judges, is true, and you may believe him when he asserts that the sight is preferable to the hearing, for the eye is always less faithful than the ear.” You hear what the witness says, and it is certainly true, for words have † wings, they fly off as soon as they come forth, and are no more; but the pleasure arising from what we see is solid and permanent: must not then a palace like this, so beautiful, and so alluring, dazzle and confound the speaker? and of this you are yourselves the strongest proof: for whilst I have been speaking, you were all employed in admiring the structure, gazing at the roof, and turning your eyes towards every picture: nor need you be ashamed of it: we must excuse you; amidst such a variety of beauties, if you have any feeling, it is unavoidable, for the workmanship is excellent, History and Antiquity unite their charms to allure you, and demand attention from every spectator of taste and judgment.

“ But that you may not quite forsake me, I will endeavour to describe them; what it gives you so much pleasure to see, cannot be disagreeable in the recital; I doubt not but you will even commend and prefer me to my rival, for thus pointing out the beauties, and doubling your delight. I have undertaken, you must own, an arduous task, thus, without pencil or colours, to display and illustrate such a variety of charming images; this painting by words is weak and inadequate.

“ ‡ Observe then, as you enter on the right hand, a piece of Greek and Ethiopian history; Perseus slaying the monster, and freeing Andromache, whom he afterwards marries; in another part is represented his flight to the Gorgons; the artist hath contrived in a small picture to exhibit a variety of objects. The fear and modesty of the virgin, who overlooks the contest from a high rock, the bold enterprize of the lover, and the terrible appearance of

* *What he has said, &c.*] See Herodot. lib. viii. p. 3.

† *Words, &c.*] Homer frequently calls them *πτερωτα λεγοντα*, winged words.

‡ *Observe then, &c.*] Most of the pictures here described seem to shew no inconsiderable share of taste and genius in the composition of them; how they were executed we cannot possibly tell, but by the grouping of the figures, and the manner of telling the fable, we may be assured that the art of painting had, in Lucian's time, attained to great perfection. Some of the subjects are, perhaps, worthy the consideration of our ingenious modern artists.

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the dragon, with dreadful scales, and jaws gaping wide, and rushing upon him. Perseus holds the Gorgon shield in his left hand, and in his right a sword, with which he pierces one side of the monster, whilst the other, which is opposite to Medusa, is turned into stone.

Beyond this you see another picture expressive of the divine justice: the subject of it seems to have been borrowed by the painter from Sophocles or Euripides, who describe the circumstance in a manner very similar to it. Two youths, Pylades the Phocian, and Orestes his friend, supposed to have been dead some time, hide themselves in the palace, and are represented in the act of killing Ægythus. Clytemnestra, already slain, lies on the bed half-naked, the servants are standing round in the utmost confusion, some as crying out, others looking round to see which way they can escape: the painter has, with great judgment, shewn only what ought to be shewn, and passed over the representation of what had been before committed; describing and dwelling on the murder of the adulterer.

Next to these you may observe a † beautiful god, and a handsome young man: the picture is a kind of love tale. Branchus sits upon a rock, with a hare in his hand, which he holds out to a dog, who is leaping up at it. Apollo stands by, and seems delighted to see the boy playing with the hare, and the dog trying to catch it from him.

In another picture is Perseus again, with the dragon, Medusa's head cut off, and Minerva defending the hero: he does not look, whilst he performs the deed, on Medusa, except by the reflection from his shield, as well knowing how dear it would cost him to fix his eyes directly upon her.

In the middle of the wall, opposite to the door, is the temple of Minerva, with a statue of the goddess in white marble, not in a warlike habit, but in a garb suitable to a martial deity making peace.

Next to this is another Minerva, not a statue, but a picture; Vulcan is described as a lover in pursuit of her; she flies: from this we are to attribute the birth of ‡ Erichthonius.

† *Beautiful god.*] Apollo.

‡ *Erichthonius.*] In illâ colluctatione, (says the pious Lactantius) Vulcanum profudisse aiunt semen, unde natus fit Erichthonius.

Beyond this is a very ancient piece, of * Orion blind, carrying Cedalion, who shews him the way to the light; the Sun rising cures him of his blindness. Vulcan sees the whole from Lemnos.

And now comes † Ulysses feigning madness, to excuse himself from going on the expedition with the Atridæ: the ambassadors are inviting him, his excuse is plausible, his chariot, his horses of different colours, his pretended ignorance of every thing to be done; but the boy discovers him. Palamedes, understanding how the affair was, snatches away Telemachus, feigns himself in a violent rage, draws his sword, and threatens to kill him. Ulysses is alarmed and terrified, drops his dissembled character, puts on the father, and is restored to his senses immediately.

The last picture is Medea, enflamed with jealousy, looking fiercely at her children, as if meditating something dreadful, and with a sword in her hand; the little ones, ignorant of their future fate, sit with smiling countenances, and whilst they see her holding the sword over them, seem pleased and happy.

And now, judges, do ye not perceive that all this must draw aside the attention of the audience, and leave the orator unnoticed and alone? What I have now said was not with any design to prejudice my opponent in your opinion, but only that I might convince you how difficult a task we had both undertaken, and to persuade you, if possible, to listen to us: even now you must be our friends rather than our judges, before you can think us equal to such a subject: wonder not that I thus plead for my adversary as well as for myself; so great is my regard for this house, I cannot but wish well to all, whoever they be, that speak in praise of it.

* *Orion.*] The son of Neptune; he is represented as a giant, and is said to have fallen in love with Merope, of the island of Chios, whose father, Oenopion, disliking the match, contrived, when he was drunk, to put out his eyes, and leave him on the sea shore, where meeting with a farmer's boy, he took him on his shoulders, by way of guide, to conduct him to the place where the sun rises; which, the story adds, perfectly recovered his sight, and gave him the opportunity of revenging himself on Oenopion. This accounts for the additional tale of his intrigue with Aurora, and the jealousy of Diana, as mentioned by Homer.

† *Ulysses.*] This story is too well known to want any illustration; it is a very good subject for a picture, and I would recommend it to that ingenious classical painter Signora Angelica Kauffman.

L O N G E V I T Y.

This little Piece of LUCIAN's is (to speak in the Language of Painters), in his worst Manner; being nothing more than an Enumeration of Persons who were remarkable for the Length of their Lives. It was customary, it seems, at that Time, on the Birth-days of great Men, for Poets, Orators, and all the Herd of Flatterers to send them Compliments on the Occasion. This is one which our Orator sent to QUINTILLUS, who, with his Brother, was Præfekt of Greece, under the Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS, whom he likewise takes the Opportunity of paying his court to. Though there is not much Wit or Humour in this Treatise on Longevity, I would recommend it to those amongst my Readers who use Spectacles, to whom it may probably afford some Consolation.

ACCCEPT, most excellent Quintillus, as a small tribute, my list of long-livers, which I was admonished to present to you by a dream, that I had on that night when you gave a name to your second son, when I prayed to the gods that both you and your children might live a long and happy life, well knowing that length of days to you would prove a blessing to all mankind, and particularly to me and mine: for to me also the dream seemed to presage something good; as it appeared, therefore, to be the will of the gods that I should offer to you something in my own way, and suitable to my profession, on this auspicious day, the day of your birth, I here send you an account of all those who were remarkable for having lived long, and enjoyed health of body and mind; whence you may reap the double advantage, first, that of a chearful and well-founded hope that you may yourself arrive at a good old age, and secondly, the conviction you will receive from the examples which I will produce, that those only can enjoy perfect health and long life, who take the greatest care both of mind and body.

The life of Nestor, the wisest of the Greeks, was, according to Homer, extended to three times the natural age of man, and he is described as the model of industry and application. Tiresias also, as the tragedians inform us, lived more than six ages; and most probable it must be, that a man dedicated, as he was, to the service of the gods, and inured to temperance and

fobriety, should attain to length of days. Whole nations of men are celebrated for their longevity, on account of their manner of living, as the Ægyptians, who were called * sacred scribes; the Assyrians and Arabians, interpreters of mysteries; the Indian Brachmans, deeply skilled in philosophy; those who are called the Magi, prophets and holy men amongst the Persians, Parthians, Bactrians, Chorasmians, Sacians, Medes, with many other Barbarians; these were all remarkably long-lived and healthy, owing most probably to that temperance and abstinence which their studies obliged them to. Even at this time there are whole nations that live much longer than others; the Seres in particular, who are said to extend life even to three hundred years: some attribute this longevity to the air, others to the soil, and others to their manner of living, for they drink, it is said, nothing but water. History tells us that the † Athotes also, frequently live to an hundred and thirty, and the Chaldæans to above a hundred, feeding on barley bread, which strengthens the sight, and makes their senses quicker and more powerful than those of other men.

But I have spoken hitherto only of those people who, we are told, lived longer than others, either from the temperature of the air, their manner of living, or both together; it is necessary I should also add, for your future hope and comfort, that in every climate, and in every air, men have frequently enjoyed long life, by the means of proper exercise, and using that diet which conduced most to health and strength.

I shall divide my narrative into several parts, according to the several ranks of men, beginning with kings and leaders; happy to number amongst them our own august and pious emperor, whose life is the glory and happiness of his people: these illustrious examples you may yourself hope to imitate, and by practising their temperance, inherit their longevity. Numa Pompilius, the most prosperous and happy of Roman kings, and who made the worship of the gods his peculiar care, is said to have lived to fourscore and upwards; and Servius Tullius, another king of the Romans, to the same age; and Tarquin, their last sovereign, after his banishment to Cumæ, enjoyed life in perfect health for more than ninety years. I could mention many other kings, as well as the Roman, together with several persons of inferior rank, both at Rome and in other parts of Italy, who lived to a great age. We

* *Sacred scribes.*] See Diodor. Sic. cap. xvi. n. 26.

† *Athotes.*] The inhabitants of mount Athos.

must

must call in history to refute the opinion of those who find fault with our air as unwholesome, and which flatters us with the pleasing hope that our prayers will be crowned with success, and that the * lord of earth and seas, who is already far advanced, will long rule over this land, and attain to a great and happy old age. Arganthonius, king of the Tartessians, lived a hundred and fifty years, as we learn from Herodotus the historian, and the poet Anacreon; though by some the account is deemed fabulous. Demochares and Timæus tell us, that Agathocles, king of Sicily, died at ninety-five; we are informed likewise by Demetrius and others, that Hiero lived to ninety-two, after a reign of seventy years. Anteus, king of Scythia, died at ninety, fighting against Philip, on the banks of the Isthmus. And Bardylis, sovereign of the Illyrians, is said to have fought on horseback at the same age; and Teres, king of the Odrysians, as † Theopompus tells us, died at ninety-two. Antigonus Cocles, king of Macedonia, and son of Philip, fell in the battle with Seleucus and Lyfimachus, covered with wounds, when he was eighty-one years old, as we are informed by Hieronymus, who accompanied him in that expedition, and who tells us also, that Lyfimachus, king of the Macedonians, fell in the war against Seleucus, when he was just fourscore. Antigonus, son of Demetrius, and nephew of the one-eyed Antigonus, ruled over Macedon four-and-forty years, and lived to eighty, according to Medius and other writers; and Antipater, the son of Iolaus, a man of great power and authority, who was governor to many of the kings of Macedon, died upwards of eighty. Ptolemy of Lagus, the most prosperous prince of his time, possessed the kingdom of Egypt to the eighty-fourth year of his age, and two years before he died, resigned it to his son Ptolemy Philadelphus, the only child who survived him. Philotaurus, the eunuch, the first who acquired the kingdom of Pergamus, held it for a long time, and died at fourscore; and Attalus, surnamed Philadelphus, another king of the same place, who was visited by Scipio the Roman general, lived to the age of eighty-two. Mithridates, king of Pontus, surnamed the Builder, died, after his flight from Antigonus, at eighty-four, as Hieronymus and other writers inform us. The same historian says that Ariarathes, king of the Cappadocians, lived eighty-two years, and might probably have sur-

* *Lord of the earth, &c.*] A pretty high strained compliment; but we must remember it was paid to an emperor.

† *Theopompus.*] The celebrated historian.

vived

vived many more, if he had not been taken prisoner in the battle against Perdiccas, and condemned to the cross. The Elder Cyrus, king of Persia, according to the monumental inscriptions, (and this is confirmed by Onesicritus, who wrote the life of Alexander,) when he was a hundred years old, meeting with one of his friends, whom he had been long in search of, and hearing from him that many persons had been put to death by his son Cambyses, who reported that it was done by order of his father, partly on account of his son's cruelty, and partly because he had been himself accused of conniving with him, died of grief. Artaxerxes, surnamed Mnemon, on account of his extraordinary memory, whom the Younger Cyrus waged war with, died at eighty-six, Dinon says ninety-four. Another king of Persia of the same name, who, as Isidorus the historian reports, reigned in his time, was cut off by treason at the age of ninety-three, his brother Gosthres conspiring against him. Sinarthocles, king of the Parthians, on his return from Scythia, took possession of his kingdom at fourscore, and reigned seven years: and Tigranes, king of Armenia, who went to war with Lucullus, was eighty-five when he died. Hyspasines, who ruled over the Characians and other people bordering on the Red Sea, lived to the same age; and Tiræus, the third king from him, was carried off by a disease at ninety-two. Artabazus, the seventh sovereign from Teræus, was brought into the kingdom by the Parthians at eighty-six, when he began his reign. Mnafires, likewise, another king of that nation, lived to ninety-six. Mafiniffa, king of Numidia, arrived at his ninetieth year. That Asander, whom Augustus made governor of the Bosphorus, fought both on foot and horseback at the age of ninety, and was inferior to none; three years after he starved himself to death, being piqued at the citizens for deserting him, and going over to Scribonius. Isidorus, the Caracanian, tells us, that Goesius, who was his cotemporary, and king of the Omanians in Arabia Felix, lived to a hundred and fifteen: these are all the princes whom history has celebrated for their longevity.

But as many philosophers, and men of letters, who take more care of themselves, have also lived to a great age, I shall endeavour, as far as any records will supply us with information, to enumerate them. And first, for the philosophers: Democritus of Abdera, was turned of a hundred and four, when he voluntarily abstained from all food, and died. Xenophilus, the musician, and remarkable for his perfect knowledge of the Pythagorean system,

tem, lived at Athens to the age of a hundred and five and upwards, as we are told by Aristoxenus. Solon, Thales, and Pittacus, three of the seven wise men, were each of them at least a hundred years old. Zeno, the prince of Stoic philosophers, at the age of ninety-eight, as he was coming into the school, stumbled, we are told, and immediately cried out, * dost thou call me? he then returned home, refused all manner of sustenance, and died. Cleanthes, his disciple and successor, had an impostume in his lip when he was ninety-nine, and resolved to die in the same manner; but receiving letters from his friends, requesting him to do something for them, he took a little sustenance, performed what they required, then starved himself, and died. Xenophanes, the son of Dexinus, a disciple of Archelaus, the naturalist, lived to the age of ninety-one. Xenocrates, a scholar of Plato's, to eighty-four. Carneades, principal of the New Academy, to eighty-five; Chrysippus, fourscore; and Diogenes, the Seleucian, a Stoic philosopher, eighty-eight. Posidonius, the philosopher and historian, a native of Apamea in Syria, but afterwards made a citizen of Rhodes, died at eighty-four; and Critolaus, the Peripatetic, at eighty-two and upwards. The divine Plato lived to eighty-one. Athenodorus, of Tharsus, who was tutor to Augustus, and prevailed on him to exempt that city from all taxes, for which the Tharsians paid him annual worship as one of their heroes, died in his native country at eighty-two; and Nestor, the Stoic of the same place, preceptor to Tiberius, at ninety-two. Xenophon also, the son of Gryllus, lived to upwards of ninety. These were the famous philosophers, who were remarkable for their longevity.

Amongst the historians, the most extraordinary in this respect was Etefbius, who is said to have dropped down dead as he was walking, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four, according to Apollodorus. Hieronymus, a famous warrior, after receiving innumerable wounds, and a life of labour, lived to upwards of a hundred and four, as Agatharchides informs us in his ninth book of the History of Asia, where he expresses his admiration of a man who was able to perform all the offices of it, and had the use of his senses, and was in perfect health, to the very last moment. Hellanicus, the Lesbian, lived to eighty-five; and Pherecydes Syrus to exactly the same age. Timæus, the Tauromenian, to ninety-six. Aristobulus, of Cassandra, is said to have lived till ninety, having begun to write his History when he

* *Dost thou, &c.*] Speaking to the earth.

was eighty-four, as he tells us himself in the preface to it. Polybius, son of Lycontas, the Megalopolitan, as he was coming out of the country, fell from his horse, and contracted a disorder which carried him off just on the day that completed his eighty-second year; and Hypsicrates, the Amycenian, a writer, and a man of the deepest erudition, lived to the age of ninety-two.

Amongst the orators, Gorgias, by some called the Sophist, died, by a voluntary abstinence from all food, at a hundred and eight: when he was asked what could be the cause of his living so long, and retaining his health and senses to such an extraordinary old age, he used to say, it was owing to his staying at home, and not indulging at other men's tables. Isocrates wrote his famous Panegyric at ninety-six; and in his ninety-ninth year, when he was told that Philip had beaten the Athenians at Chæronæa, he repeated, in a mournful tone, this verse of Euripides, applying it to himself:

“ * When Cadmus erst his much-lov'd Sidon left,”

and then adding, that Greece henceforth would be reduced to slavery, he expired. Apollodorus, of Pergamus, the rhetorician and preceptor to Augustus Cæsar, together with Athenodorus, the philosopher, of Tarsus, lived to the same age of eighty-two; and Potamon, an orator of some note, to ninety.

Amongst the poets, Sophocles, the famous tragic writer, died at ninety-five, being choaked with a grape-stone: towards the close of his life, † his son Iophon accused him publicly of being out of his senses, when he produced before the judges his *Oedipus Coloneus*; a sufficient proof of the soundness of his mind, insomuch that the court bestowed the highest encomiums on him, and condemned the son as a madman, in supposing his father to be so. Cratinus, the comic poet, lived to upwards of ninety, having just before gained the prize by his *Pytine*. Philemon also, another comic writer, laid himself down quietly on his bed, at the age of ninety-seven, and perceiving an ass devouring the figs which had been brought for his own dinner, he called his servant, and ordered him to bring the ass some wine, then burst into a loud laugh which choaked him, and he died.

* *When Cadmus, &c.*] From the *Phryxus* of Euripides. The line is still extant in the fragments, as published by Barnes; it is quoted also by Aristophanes.

† *His son*] See Cicero de Senectute. The story is likewise told by Val. Maximus.

Epi-

Epicharmus likewise, another comic writer, is said to have lived to the same age. Anacreon, the writer of songs, was eighty-five when he died; and Stesichorus, the ode-maker, of the same age. Simonides, the Cæan, was above ninety.

Amongst the grammarians, Eratosthenes, the Cyrenæan, son of Aglaus, who is mentioned by some not only as a grammarian but a poet, a geometrician, and a philosopher, also lived to eighty-two. Lycurgus, the legislator of Sparta, is said to have been eighty-five.

These are all the princes and learned men whom I have been able to collect. I promised to give you an account of some Romans and Italians likewise, who were remarkably long-lived; but these, by *divine permission, I propose, most venerable Quintillus, to mention in another treatise on this subject.

* *By divine permission.*] Gr. *Θεῶν βουλομένων*, Diis volentibus, or, as the carriers say, God willing.

T H E

L O V E O F O U R C O U N T R Y .

This is a Kind of public Exercise or Declamation, probably spoken by LUCIAN himself, or written by him for one of his Pupils, when he appeared in the Character of an Orator or Rhetorician. There is nothing very new or entertaining in this short Piece : on a Subject so trite and hackneyed, one can no more expect Wit or Humour, than in a Birth Day Ode. HUETIUS will not allow it to be LUCIAN'S.

IT is an old adage, that nothing is more pleasing and delightful to every man than his own country ; may we not add, that nothing is more venerable or more divine ? for, surely, of whatever is noble, whatever is divine, our country is the first cause, the great mistress, who taught, who encouraged, and who brought it to perfection. Many admire the extent, the splendour, and magnificence of other cities, but all love their own : no man, be he ever so fond of fine sights abroad, is so led away or enchanted by them, as to forget his own home. He who boasts of being born in a most noble and illustrious country, seems not to know the duty of a citizen ; as, were it less illustrious, he would esteem it less ; but our own country, be it what it will, should be honoured and esteemed by us. When we compare cities one with another, we consider the size, beauty, and commercial advantages of each : but, at the same time, no man would leave his own for the most splendid of them, but prefer it to all, though he might wish it were near to the most convenient and delightful. For thus it is with regard to good parents and dutiful children ; no honest or virtuous young man prefers another to his father, nor will the good father embrace another child and neglect his own. On the other hand, so attached are parents to those who spring from them, that their own children always appear the best, the most beautiful, and the most accomplished ; and he who judges not thus of his son, seems not, to me, to have the eyes of a father.

One of the nearest and dearest of all names, is that of father, and so, doubtless, is that of our country : if we pay all honour and respect to a father, as nature and the laws require of us ; to our country we owe still greater,

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as the father of the father's father, and every thing flowing from them, are a part of, and sprung from our country: the relation ascends even to the gods themselves, who love and revere their country: the earth and seas, every thing human, we know, and believe, is under their care and inspection; but they prefer that city which gave them birth, to every other. The countries of the gods are, doubtless, the most venerable; and those islands most divine, in which are celebrated the birth-days of the deities, and the vows and sacrifices offered there, are most acceptable to them. If the name of country, therefore, is dear even to the gods, how much more so should it be to men?

In his own country every man first beheld the light of the sun, and though that god shines equally on all, yet doth he seem to every one to belong to that peculiar place where he has the first view of him: there too he first began to lispen his native tongue; there first learned to worship the gods; even if a man was born in a place which he should be obliged to quit for another where more knowledge might be acquired, yet is he not to despise it, but acknowledge himself indebted to his own country for the improvement, as to that he owed the knowledge that there was another city which he might repair to. For what purpose, indeed, do men search after every kind of learning and knowledge, but that they may be servicable to their country, or acquire riches; but that they may supply the wants of the community? Doubtless, with the greatest reason, those who reap considerable benefits should be grateful for them; if we return thanks to individuals for the favours which we receive from them, much more should we repay what is due to our country. Ingratitude to parents, is punishable by the laws, and our country is our common parent whom we should pay for our support, by obedience to those laws which she hath framed for us. No man, I believe, was ever so totally unmindful of his own country, as, though settled in another, not to have a regard for it. Those who meet with adverse fortune, are perpetually calling to mind the blessings of their own country, and even those with whom every thing prospers, how happy soever they may be in other respects, still lament that they are not at home; migration is a grief, as well as a reproach to all: and we constantly see, that even those, who, in a foreign country have been distinguished by rank and fortune, who have been celebrated for their learning or their valour, all hasten back to their own; they wish to shew their happiness to none so much as to their fellow-citizens, and the

greater honours they receive, the more willing are they to return with them to their native country. The young are naturally fond of, and when they arrive at riper years, and have more sense and wisdom, they become still more attached to it: every old man wishes to finish his life where it began, to commend his body to the fostering earth from whence it came, and to sleep in the sepulchre of his fathers; such dread hath every man of being condemned to remain in a foreign land. How much a good citizen loves his country, the natives, and they alone can convince us; for strangers are considered but as bastards who wander about, satisfied with the necessaries or conveniencies of life, wherever they can meet with them, indulging, like brutes, in sensual gratifications, without either love for their country, or knowledge of it: whilst those who consider it as their mother, love the place of their nativity, be it ever so small, barren, or desolate; and though they cannot commend its fertility, still praise and value it as their country: when they see others boasting their extensive plains, and fertile meadows, yet will they not forget their own. * They despise the horse-breeding land, and praise that alone which bred and nourished themselves. He who is situated in the finest island, where they lead the happiest lives, still wishes to return home: nor will he accept of proffer'd immortality, chusing rather to be buried in his own country: the † smoke of his paternal roof is preferable to every foreign fire.

So dear to every man is his country, that legislators at all times, and in all places, have punished the most atrocious crimes with banishment, as the greatest evil which they could inflict on the offender: and generals, before a battle, always animate their soldiers by exhorting them to fight for their country; that name gives courage to the most fearful: who, indeed, can hear it and be a coward?

* *Despise.*] Gr. τον δε ιπποτροφον υπεροραντες, κροτροφον επαινωσι; despectâ equorum altrice terra, laudant suæ nutriculam pueritiæ. There is a quaint antithesis, we may observe here, both between the verb and the participle, and the two epithets, ιπποδροφεις, or horse-breeding, is opposed to κροτροφεις. See *Odyssey*, Δ. 106.

† *The smoke.*] Alluding to these lines concerning *Ulysses*,

To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment could he close his eyes!

See Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, b. i. l. 75.

D I P S A D E S.

This is a familiar Letter of LUCIAN's to a particular Friend (but who the Friend was we know not), giving him a curious Description of a little Serpent called the Dipfas, which is found in the Desarts of Libya. The Description is lively and picturesque, and the complimentary Turn at the End in the true Spirit of LUCIAN, and much the prettier for being quite unexpected.

THE southern parts of Libya are nothing but one immense plain or desert, where the earth is burned up, and quite barren, without grass, plant, or water upon it; in the hollows of rocks, indeed, you may sometimes meet with the remnants of a shower, but it is thick, and of so fetid a smell, that no man can drink of it be he ever so thirsty, it is therefore uninhabited; who, indeed, can live in a place which is for ever dry, barren, and stinking, where there are perpetual vapours, and where the air is as hot as fire, and the burning sands render the whole country impassable? the Garamantes alone, a savage people, who go thinly clad, and live in tents, are found there in winter time; when the sand is hardened by the rains, and the heat a little abated, they watch the season, and come to hunt wild asses, and ostriches, that fly close to the ground, apes, and sometimes elephants; for these of all creatures can best endure thirst, and the tortures of a burning sun: but even these people get back as fast as they can, as they are always in fear lest the hot sand should, as it often does, put a stop to their journey, catch them as it were in a net, and totally destroy them; nor is there, to say the truth, any possibility of escaping, when the sun drawing up the moisture, and drying up every thing in a moment, flames out in all his fierceness, and seems to shoot forth stronger rays, and to gather strength from the moisture he has exhaled, which adds fuel to his fire. Dreadful as this drought and solitude, this want of every thing useful and necessary, and these pestilential vapours, are, they are still less so than what I am going to mention, and which alone might sufficiently deter us from entering into this inhospitable region; and that is, the quantity of serpents with which it abounds; many of them of an immense size, strange forms, and armed with a most deadly and destructive poison, some creeping on the surface of the earth, and others

others half buried in the sand; toads, asps, vipers, * ramshorns, darters, † cantharides, amphisbenæ, and dragons; two species of scorpions, one very large, with feet, that walk on the ground, with a number of vertebræ in the tail, the other flying in the air, with a membranous kind of wing like bats or grafshoppers; this kind of birds renders that part of Libya which they frequent almost impassable.

But of all the noisome creatures impregnated by the hot sands the most dreadful is the Dipfas, a small serpent like the viper, which bites with the greatest violence, and leaves a thick poison, which no medicine can extirpate; it brings on immediate putrefaction, and burns in such a manner that the person bit cries out as if he was in a fire: but its most terrible effect is that sensation from whence the creature takes its ‡ name; the man grows thirsty beyond all conception, and, which is most astonishing, the more he drinks, becomes the more desirous of liquor, nor would the whole Nile or Danube, if he could swallow them, quench his thirst: the water, like pouring oil on fire, only increases the disorder. The sons of physick account for this by saying, that the thick poison being diluted by the liquor, becomes liquid, moves with greater velocity, and spreads itself more widely over the body. I have never seen myself, nor I hope ever shall, any one under this dreadful calamity, as I never, thank heaven, ventured to set foot in Libya; but I have heard of an inscription, which a friend of mine told me he had read, on the tomb of a man who perished in this manner: he met with it in his way to Egypt, on a journey to the Greater Syrtis, on the sea shore, where a pillar was erected, with figures alluding to the manner of his death. Engraved on it was a man standing, as they represent Tantalus on the shore, endeavouring to drink; a dipfas wreathed round his leg, and near him several women bringing water and pouring it upon him: not far off were a number of eggs, supposed to be left by the ostriches, which, as I before mentioned, the Garamantes are so fond of hunting: beneath was the following inscription,

Thus Tantalus, of old, cou'd ne'er assuage
Of dreadful thirst th' unconquerable rage;

* *Ramshorns.*] Gr. *μεγαστας*. Here I advise my readers to turn to the ninth book of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, where they will meet with some beautiful lines on a similar subject.

† *Cantharides.*] Gr. *βεντηστας*. According to Pliny, est animalculum ex cantharidum genere, called *βεντηστας*, quod in herbâ a bobus devoratum eos ita inflammet ut rumpat.

‡ *Name.*] *Διψα*, in Greek, signifies thirst.

And

And thus the Danaids try'd, but try'd in vain,
To fill the vessel and relieve his pain.

There were likewise four more verses concerning the eggs, and relating how he was bit by the serpent whilst looking after them; but these I cannot recollect. The people who take these eggs not only use them for food, but scoop them into cups, having no clay for that purpose, the earth there being nothing but sand; they are likewise made into a kind of hat, two out of every egg, each half forming one covering for the head; near these eggs the Dipfas lies hid, and creeping out of the sand, seizes upon the unfortunate man; then follow all the dreadful consequences which I have related, he grows thirsty, and drinks; his thirst increases, and is unquenchable.

What I have here related was not, I swear by Jupiter, with any design of rivalling the poet Nicander, nor to shew you how intimately I was acquainted with the nature of Libyan serpents, a knowledge more proper for physicians, whose business it is to enquire into these things, that they may be enabled to find out a remedy for the disorder: I only meant (and I intreat you, by Jove the Friendly, not to be offended at the comparison), to signify that I am affected in the same manner with regard to you, as those who are bitten by the dipfas; I have a perpetual thirst upon me, and the oftener I come into your company, the more desirous I am of it, and my drought is unquenchable: nor is it to be wondered at; for where shall I meet with such a pure and translucent flood? you will pardon me, therefore, if, after so sweet and wholesome a bite, I join my lips close to the spring-head, and take a copious draught. Never may that fountain be dried up, or leave me thirsting for more wisdom and knowledge from you; of that water may I for ever drink! for, as the great Plato long since observed, * of that which is truly beautiful and good there is no satiety.

* *Of that, &c.]* Gr. πορος ὕδρις τῶν καλῶν.

A
DISPUTE WITH HESIOD.
A DIALOGUE.

One very seldom wishes that Disputes should continue long : the only Fault, however, of this, my Readers, I believe, will acknowledge, is, that it is too short ; being apparently only a Fragment of a sprightly Dialogue between LUCIAN and HESIOD, which, like HUDIBRAS's

*Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle,
Begins, and breaks off in the Middle.*

From what remains of this little imperfect Statue, we may judge, indeed, of the Sculptor's Merit—ex Pede HERCULEM.

LUCIAN AND HESIOD.

LUCIAN.

THAT you are undoubtedly the best of all poets, and that you received this gift, together with the * laurel, from the Muses, you have yourself fairly proved to us in your verses, where every thing is truly noble and divine ; and we give you credit for it : but there is one thing we are surpris'd at, that, whereas you have inform'd us that the gods bestow'd this wonderful gift upon you, that you might sing of what was † past, and foretell what was to come, of these you have as yet performed only one : the first, indeed, you have done to perfection, by reciting the genealogy of the gods, quite back to old Chaos, the Earth, Heaven, and Love ; you have, moreover, enumerated the virtues of women, given us precepts of agriculture, an account of the Pleiades, of the times for sowing, harvest, navigation, and many other things ; but the latter, which, doubtless, would have been much more serviceable to mankind, and a noble gift of

* *Laurel.*] Alluding to the following lines in Hesiod's Theogony, where the poet says,

To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
The laurel ensign, never-fading green :
I took the gift, with holy rapture fir'd,
My words flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd.

See Cooke's Tr. of the Theogony, l. 49.

† *Past.*] Before my eyes appears the various scene
Of all that is to come, and what has been.

Th. l. 53.
the

the gods, the prediction, I mean, of future events, you seem totally to have forgotten; nor do I remember, that, in any part of your works, you have followed the steps of * Calchas, Telephus, Polyidus, or Phineus, who, you know, were no poets, and yet were able to divine, and always ready to give an answer to those who consulted them about futurity.

You are liable, therefore, to one of the three following accusations: either, first, you have been guilty of a falsehood, which, to be sure, is a bitter suspicion, in telling us that the Muses had bestowed this faculty upon you, which they have never done; or, secondly, they have given it you according to their promise, and you, from mere grudging and selfishness, withhold the gift, and will not impart it to those who stand in need of it; or, thirdly, and lastly, you have already written a great many things of this kind, but have never yet published them, reserving all their profit and instruction for I know not what distant time in the annals of futurity. One of these must be the case; for I should never dare to suppose that the Muses, after a promise of two things, would perform one, and revoke the other, especially as that of prophecy stands first in the verse.

Whom, then, can we apply to for a solution of these doubts but yourself? and as the gods are the † authors of every good, so is it the peculiar duty of their friends and servants, such as you are, to tell all you know with the strictest regard to truth, and, if we have any doubts or scruples, to resolve them for us.

H E S I O D.

I could very easily answer all your questions at once, by observing that every thing which is said in my verses was not dictated by me, but by the Muses; from them alone, therefore, you are to ask the reason, both for what is done, and for what is not done: what I wrote from my own knowledge, with regard to the feeding, guarding, milking, and driving of flocks, and other pastoral affairs, I am answerable for, myself; but the goddesses have a right to bestow their own favours on whom, and in what proportion, they think proper.

But, to make a poetical defence, it may suffice to say, that nobody enquires, with scrupulous nicety and exactness, into the assertions of poets, nor expects that every thing they say should be literally true; nor is it fair, if, in the warmth

* *Calchas, Telephus, &c.*] Some of the most famous prophets or seers of antiquity.

† *Authors, &c.*] See Hesiod's Theog. l. 46, and 633.

of fancy, any thing unguarded should escape them, too rigidly to examine into it, well knowing that we say many things merely for the sake of harmony and cadence. Verse, I know not how, will sometimes deal in light and trivial matter; and if you take away our liberty of * fiction, you deprive us of our greatest privilege, you pass over all our beauties, and pick out our thorns and briars, dwell upon our † quirks and quibbles, only as a handle for censure: but it is not you only who act thus, nor against me alone; there are many others, professors of the same art, who find fault with the verses of Homer, disputing with him about matters the most trifling and inconsiderable.

But to come to close quarters with regard to this accusation, and make my truest and best defence: read, I beg you, my Works and Days; there you will see how many things I have most divinely, and like a real prophet, foretold; what would happen when the proper care was taken, as well as the evil which would come to pass, when there was not; ‡ for instance,

whom thirst of gain betrays,

The gods, all-seeing, shall o'ercloud his days.

And again, where I mention the great advantages which will arise from good tillage, surely this is a kind of divination that must be very useful to mankind.

L U C I A N.

But all this, most admirable Hesiod, is only speaking as a shepherd; it may, indeed, confirm what you call the inspiration of the Muses, as there can be no reason why you should write the verses at all: but this is not the divination which we expect from you and the Muses; for every rustic can divine better in these matters: he can foretell, as well as you, that if it rains there will be a plenteous harvest, and that if it is a hot summer, and the fields are burned up, a famine must ensue: he can tell us that we should not plough in the middle of the summer, or, if we do, that we shall sow our seed to no purpose; that we are not to cut the corn when it is green, if we expect any grain from it. Without divination he can tell you, that you

* *Fiction.*] “Your verses in praise of Cromwell (said king Charles to Waller) are much more elegant than those you made on me.”—Waller’s answer was an excellent one: “We poets, Sir, (said he) always succeed better in fiction than in truth.” See Waller’s Life.

† *Quirks, &c.*] Gr. *συνδαλαμως*, subtiles angas. Aristophanes uses the word in this sense.

‡ *For instance.*] See the Works and Days, l. 426.

must

must turn up the earth with a spade, and cover the seed, or the birds will fly upon it, and devour all the hopes of your rising harvest: he who gives you such precepts, will certainly be in the right; but this is a very different thing from divination, which pries into obscurity, and can foretel what is by no means plain or easy to be discovered: as when it was predicted to Minos that his son should be suffocated in a tub of honey; when the cause of * Apollo's anger was foretold to the Grecians, and that Troy would be taken in ten years: this, I grant you, is divination; but if what I mentioned before is to be called by that name, I can be a prophet myself; for I will divine and foretel, and without Castalian water, laurel, or Delphic tripod, that if a man walks naked in the cold, whilst it rains and hails, he shall be seized with a violent shivering, and, which is more wonderful, shall grow very hot afterwards: this I could assert, with a thousand other such things, too ridiculous to mention.

Let us, therefore, I beseech you, have no more of this defence, or this divination: what you said, indeed, at first, we may possibly admit, and allow that you knew nothing yourself about what you talked of, the verses being dictated to you by a divine inspiration; but this is a poor argument, as it will never account for half the Muses' promise being fulfilled, and the † other half never performed.

* *Apollo's anger.*] See Homer's Iliad, ix. 63.

† *The other, &c.*] The dialogue, which was just growing warm and lively, here ends most abruptly, and is a convincing proof that this piece is nothing but a fragment: time or accident have stolen away the rest of it.

T H E
* W I S H E S,
A D I A L O G U E.

The Absurdity of human Wishes has been the Object of much deserved Satire, both in ancient and modern Times: amongst those which place them in the most ridiculous Light, may be reckoned the following Dialogue, a Kind of Counterpoint to the Tenth Satire of JUVENAL.

LYCINUS, TIMOLAUS, SAMIPPUS, AND ADIMANTUS.

L Y C I N U S.

DID not I say it would be easier for a vultur to abstain from a rotten carcase, than for Timolaus to keep away from a new fight, though he were to run for it without drawing breath from hence to Corinth? so fond, my dear friend, are you of spectacles, and so industrious in the search after them.

T I M O L A U S.

What, my good Lycinus, would you have an idle man do, who had just heard that an immense ship was just now anchor'd in the † Piræus, one of those that bring corn into Italy out of Egypt: I will be hanged if you and Samippus did not come on the same errand.

L Y C I N U S.

That we certainly did, and Adimantus followed us; but where he is now I know not, for we lost him in the croud: we came to the ship together, and when we got on board, Samippus, I think, was first, and behind you was Adimantus, I followed him with my hand in his, I had my shoes on,

* A little dramatic piece, which bore the same title, appeared some years ago on our stage, wherein the subject was handled with much wit and humour, written, if I am not mistaken, by the very ingenious editor of the best edition of Gray's Poems, Mr. R. Bentley.

† *Piræus*] One of the famous havens at Athens, near the lower city, it had three docks, five large porticos adjoining to it, and a forum, or mart, to which merchants resorted from every port of Greece. This harbour was burnt by Sylla in the Mithridatic war.

and

and he was without, and led me all about ; but since that time I have never set eyes on him, either on board, or since we came on shore.

S A M I P P U S.

Do you recollect, Lycinus, when we first missed him? I believe it was when that pretty girl came out of the cabin, dressed in white linen, with her hair tied behind, and quite back from her forehead: if I know any thing of Adimantus, at such a sight as this he would soon leave the man who was shewing him the *Ægyptian ship*, and fall a-crying, as he used to do; for he is mighty apt to shed tears, you know, whenever he falls in love.

L Y C I N U S.

The girl did not seem to me so very handsome as that she must needs strike a man like Adimantus, who is used to so many fine women at Athens of good understanding, and liberal education, such as a man need not blush to cry after; but this girl, besides being of a dark complexion, had thick lips, thick legs, disagreeable voice, and spoke too fast; she seemed of Greece, had a hissing in her speech, and * her hair curled in such a manner as shewed she was a person of no rank.

T I M O L A U S.

That might be a mark, for aught you know, of *Ægyptian nobility*; amongst them, I believe, the hair is always dressed so, whilst they are young, though our ancestors thought it handsomer to wear it in a knot, and bind it with a golden † grasshopper.

S A M I P P U S.

You put me in mind of what ‡ Thucydides says in his preface about our ancient luxury, which we borrowed from the Ionians.

L Y C I N U S.

I remember now where we left Adimantus, it was certainly in the ship,

* *Her hair.*] A lady of quality in Greece, we see, might be known by her head-dress: the women of fashion amongst us have been at no little pains and expence to preserve this subordination, but in vain, for the lower order ape their betters so well, and wear their heads so high, that it is very difficult, at present, to distinguish a woman of the first rank from her chambermaid.

† *Grass-hoppers.*] The grasshopper, was worn in the hair by the Athenians as emblems that they were *Αυτοχθονες*, sprung from the earth, or descendants from the first inhabitants of Athens.

‡ *Thucydides.*] See book i.

when

when we stood by the main-mast admiring the number of ropes, and the sailer climbing up the rigging, and mounting to the sail-yard.

S A M I P P U S.

I believe you are right: what are we to do? must we wait here? or shall we go back to the ship?

T I M O L A U S.

By no means; let us go on; it is most likely in the hurry and bustle he is got into the city before us, not being able to find us out; be that as it will, Adimantus knows his way, there is no danger of his being lost.

L Y C I N U S.

It may not be quite right to leave our friend and go home without him, however, if Samippus chuses it, come along.

S A M I P P U S.

Certainly; perhaps the palæstra may be open; in the mean time, what think you of this ship? is not it an immense thing? the master told us it was a hundred and twenty cubits long, and above a fourth part as broad, and from the highest part of the deck to the bottom of the sink, which is the lowest part, twenty-nine deep: what a prodigious mast it has, what a sail-yard it supports, and what to draw it up and down! how the prow swells gradually into a circular form, and carries a golden eagle at the top; at the other end rises the stern, and on each side, in just proportion, is a figure of the goddess Isis, from whom the ship takes her name: the ornaments, paintings, red streamers, and, above all, the anchors, the various cords and instruments, the rooms in the stern, are all worthy of the highest admiration; the number of sailers in her may be compared to an army, and she is said to have brought corn enough to supply the inhabitants of Attica for a whole year; and yet one little old man governs all this with a small pole, which he guides the helm by, a bald-pate fellow; they shewed him to me, his name, I think, is Heron.

T I M O L A U S.

He understands his business well, the sailors told me, and, in the knowledge of maritime affairs, is superior to Proteus himself; you have heard, I suppose, how he brought the ship in, what happened to them in their voyage, and how they were saved by a star.

L Y C I N U S.

Never: I should be glad if you would let me know how it was.

T

T I M O L A U S.

The master told it me ; he seemed a good sort of a man, and very civil : after setting sail, he said, with a pretty fair wind, on the seventh day they came in sight of * Acamas, from whence, by a contrary wind, they were driven back to Phœnicia ; and on the tenth, a great storm coming on, they were blown to the Chelidonian island, where they were very near being all drowned. I have sailed that way myself, and remember that there used to be a prodigious surge there, especially when the wind blew south-west, when it generally happens that the Lycian sea is divided from the Pamphylian, and the waves break in such a manner upon the sharp rocks, with a most dreadful noise, and rise to such a height that they seem as large as the rocks themselves, and upon a level with them ; hither, he told me, they were driven in the midst of a night totally dark ; when, by the mercy of the gods, compassionating their unhappy condition, a fire appeared from Lycia, which shewed them where they were, and at the same time a bright star, † Castor or Pollux, shone at the top of the main-mast, and directed them to put off to sea, as they were on the point of dashing against the rock. From thence getting out of their right way, they crossed the Ægean, seventy days after leaving Egypt, the north-east blowing full against them ; they arrived yesterday at the Piræus, instead of leaving Crete on their right and passing Malea, which, before this time, would have brought them into Italy.

L Y C I N U S.

This Heron, who was carried so much out of his way, must, however, be an excellent pilot, another ‡ Nereus, indeed : but stop, is not that Adimantus yonder ?

T I M O L A U S.

It is certainly he : let us call him. What ho ! Adimantus ! come here : you I mean, Adimantus the Myrrhinusian, son of Strobichus.

L Y C I N U S.

Either he is affronted at us, or he has lost his hearing ; for it is most certainly he, and can be nobody else : I see him plainly now ; it is his coat, his

* *Acamas.*] The west promontory of the island of Cyprus, now Capø Epiphania.

† *Castor, &c.*] See de Mercede Conducl. lib. i.

‡ *Nereus.*] A famous sea-god, more ancient than Neptune himself. Apollodorus tells us that his residence was in the Ægean sea, for which reason, I suppose (and I can see no other), he is here introduced by Lucian, the scene lying in that quarter.

walk,

walk, and his hair close shaved; let us get on and overtake him. Adimantus, if we do not lay hold on you, you will not take notice of us: you seem in deep meditation, wrapped up in some great and important business.

A D I M A N T U S.

O nothing melancholy, I assure you, but I was so deep in thought that I never heard you.

L Y C I N U S.

What upon? I beg you will tell us, unless it is something that must not be revealed: though we are of the initiated, you know, and have learned to keep a secret.

A D I M A N T U S.

In truth what I was thinking about is such a childish thing, I am ashamed to tell it you.

L Y C I N U S.

Is it a love affair? If it be, you may trust us, we are none of the profane, I assure you, but are initiated into those mysteries, and * carry the torch ourselves.

A D I M A N T U S.

It is nothing of that kind, my friend; but I had just got possession of a great treasure, what people call the imaginary Island of the Blessed, and just as I had reached the pinnacle of riches and pleasure, you broke in upon me.

L Y C I N U S.

Well: † Mercury, as they say, is common to all: bring your riches and lay them down before us; Adimantus's friends have a right to partake of his pleasures.

A D I M A N T U S.

You may remember, Lycinus, I had placed you safely in the ship, when you all left me, and whilst I was taking the dimensions of the anchor, you escaped me; after seeing every thing, I asked one of the sailors what might be the annual profit of that ship to the master; he told me, at the lowest computation, it could not be less than ‡ twelve Attic talents. Reflecting on this when I came away, I said to myself, if some god now should on a sudden put me in possession of this ship, what a happy life should I lead, and how well could I serve my friends, sometimes going to sea myself, and

* *Carry, &c.*] Alluding to the priests carrying the torches in the rites of Ceres.

† *Mercury, &c.*] See Casaub. ad Theoph. Char. p. 250.

‡ *Twelve.*] Upwards of 2000l.

sometimes

fometimes fending my fervants. * I then, with my twelve talents, began immediately to build a houfe in a good fituation, a little above the Pæcile, and leaving my paternal eftate at Iliffus, bought flaves, fine cloaths, horfes, and chariots; I then fet fail, and was confidered as the happieft of men by the paffengers, dreaded by the failors, and, refpected like a little king, by every one of them; when, behold! juft as I was fettling my naval affairs, and looking out at a diftance for the haven, whilft my fhip moved on with a propitious gale, you came in, and funk all my treafures to the bottom.

L Y C I N U S.

Indeed, moft noble Adimantus, you fhould take me up and carry me before the emperor, as a pirate, for robbing you in this manner, and in the very harbour too. But I will make you amends; you fhall have, if you please, five veffels, larger and handsomer than this Ægyptian, and what is more, they fhall be fo contrived as never to fink; thefe fhall every one of them bring corn five times in every year: then, I fear, my moft excellent pilot, there will be no bearing you indeed. You, who with only one fhip, could not hear us when we called after you, when you have got five befides, all with three fails, and veffels that can never fink, will never deign to look upon us again: however, away with you, my friend, fet fail immediately: As for us we fhall fit in the Piræus, and afk all thofe who come out of Egypt or Italy, whether any of them have feen the Ifis, the great fhip that belongs to Adimantus.

A D I M A N T U S.

† Look here, now: was not I right to ftop? I knew you would laugh at my ridiculous wifh; but I will ftay till you are gone on, and then fet fail again. I had better keep company with failors than be made a jeft of by you.

L Y C I N U S.

No, no: we will ftay and go on board with you.

A D I M A N T U S.

That you fhall not: for I will get in firft, and draw up the ladder.

L Y C I N U S.

Then we will fwim after you: do you think you fhall get fo many fine

* *I then, &c.*] This is like the ftory told in the Arabian Night's Entertainments, and Gay's fable of the Old Woman and her Eggs.

† *Look here.*] Gr. ὀραῖς; our phrafe, it is obfervable, answers exactly to the original.

ships, which you have neither bought nor built, with all this ease, and that we cannot persuade the gods to let us have the privilege of swimming a few leagues without being tired? You may remember, when we went the other day to Ægina, to Diana's feast, what a little boat we crossed over in, for four farthings, all of us together: you were not ashamed then to keep company with us; but now you are angry, and want to draw up the ladder after you. Indeed, friend Adimantus, you grow too proud: you are so great a commander, that you do not know who you are; so elated with this fine house you have got in the finest part of the city, and the slaves you have bought: but, by Isis, I beseech you, my dear friend, bring us out of Ægypt some of their Nilotic * pickle, a few of their rags, a little ointment from Canopus, an † ibis from Memphis, or, if your ship is able to carry it, one of the pyramids.

T I M O L A U S.

Lycinus, we have carried the jest far enough: you see how poor Adimantus blushes; his ship is drowned with laughter; it can never resist the force of the waves: but as we have still a good way home, let us divide it into four parts, and every one employ his share in wishing for something from the gods; it will make the time seem shorter, and, by indulging these pleasant dreams, we shall divert ourselves. Every one shall wish for what he likes; and we will suppose the gods ready to grant it us, be it ever so strange or improbable. We shall have one advantage, at least, from it, that we shall know what use every man will make of his riches, and how he would behave if he could get possession of them.

S A M I P P U S.

Timolaus, I heartily approve of your scheme, and, when it comes to my turn, shall be ready to make my wishes known. I need not ask Adimantus whether he will join us in it, as he has already one foot on board his vessel. Lycinus, I doubt not, will be of the party.

L Y C I N U S.

If we must all be rich, be it so: I consent, that I may not be thought capable of opposing the common felicity.

* *Nilotic pickle.*] Probably what the Ægyptians preserve their mummies in.

† *Ibis.*] A kind of stork, peculiar to Ægypt, and, as we are told, worshipped by the inhabitants, probably, because it destroyed the pernicious serpents which infested that country.

Illa pavet Saturam serpentibus Ibin.

Juv. Sat.

A D I M A N T U S.

Well: who shall begin?

L Y C I N U S.

You shall speak first; after you, Samippus; and after him, Timolaus: when we have got to the double gate, within half a stadium, I will begin, and wish away as fast as I can.

A D I M A N T U S.

Well, I will even stick to my ship; but, as I have now full power, I may as well extend my wish a little. May the bountiful Mercury be propitious to us all; may my ship, and every thing in it, passengers, women, sailors, and the whole freight, be in my possession!

S A M I P P U S.

You forget who is on board with you.

A D I M A N T U S.

O, you mean the little girl with her hair tied up: may she be mine also; and may every grain of wheat be turned into gold, and become so many Darius's!

L Y C I N U S.

Why, Adimantus, you will sink the ship: you forget how much heavier gold is than wheat.

A D I M A N T U S.

Prythee, Lycinus, do not envy me my treasures: when it comes to your turn to wish, you may change what you please into gold, I shall never say a word against it.

L Y C I N U S.

I only meant it for your security, lest we should all go to the bottom along with it; though, as for us, indeed, it would be no great matter; but your pretty girl cannot swim.

T I M O L A U S.

Never trouble yourself about that, Lycinus; the dolphins will carry her safe to land, I warrant you. Do not you remember how a certain * fidler was paid for his piping, and saved by them? did they not carry † another young man, when he was dead, to the Isthmus? and do you think some
good.

* *Fidler.*] Alluding to the well-known story of Arion and the Dolphins. See Lucian's Dial. Marin. where it is told at large. Plutarch very gravely assures us, that it is literally true, and produces it as an instance of the great friendship and regard which dolphins have for men.

† *Young man.*] Melicertus, son of Athamas, king of Thebes, whom he fled from, to avoid his persecution, and threw himself into the sea: a dolphin, it seems, received him on his

H h h z

back.

good dolphin or other would not fall in love with this new purchase of Adimantus's?

A D I M A N T U S.

Timolaus, you are just like Lycinus, turning things into ridicule, and laughing at our scheme, though you were yourself the first promoter of it.

T I M O L A U S.

Methinks it would be more convenient if you could find all this treasure under your bed, that you might not have so much trouble in removing out of the ship into the city.

A D I M A N T U S.

You are right; it shall be dug out from under the stone Mercury in our hall; a thousand measures of stamped gold: but now, for the house first, as * Hesiod advises, it shall be most splendid: I will buy up every thing round the city, except what belongs to the Isthmian, Pythian, and Eleusinian rites; near the Isthmus, perhaps, I may purchase a little tract, for the sake of seeing the games; I must have, besides, a field near Sicyon; wherever, in short, in all Greece, there is a spot shady, fruitful, or well-watered, it shall quickly be in the possession of Adimantus. I will have gold to eat off, and heavy cups, like those of Echechrates, that shall weigh, at least, two talents each.

L Y C I N U S.

But how will your cup-bearer be able to lift it? or, how will you yourself, without a great deal of trouble, take up such an immense thing, that must be more like † Sisyphus's stone than a drinking mug!

A D I M A N T U S.

Pr'ythee, do not interrupt me in my wish. I will have tables of solid gold, and golden beds; aye, and if you will not let me alone, my servants shall be gold too.

L Y C I N U S.

Take care that your meat and drink is not turned into gold also, and, like ‡ Midas, in the midst of all your riches, you perish with hunger.

A D I.

back, and carried him to the Isthmus of Corinth, where Sisyphus buried him, changed his name into that of Palemon, and instituted, in honour of him, the Isthmian games.

* *Hesiod.*] Οἶκός μιν πρῶτα, &c. See the Works and Days, l. 405.

† *Sisyphus's stone.*] The punishment of Sisyphus in hell, was to roll a great stone, of immense size, up a steep hill, and when it had rolled down again, to return to the same fruitless labour.

‡ *Midas.*] Every thing which Midas touched turned into gold, as Swift humorously expresses it:

A non-

A D I M A N T U S.

When you come to wish, yourself, we shall see whether you are more rational, or not : in the mean time I will have a purple garment, my costly viands, and sweet slumbers : friends will come to salute me, to pay their respects, and entreat favours of me : crouds of people shall walk early in the morning about my door, and amongst them Cleænetus and Democrates, those great men ; and when they desire to be admitted first to my presence, I will have seven tall Barbarian porters, who shall shut the door against them, as they do their's against other's. I, when it shall seem good to me to arise, shall come forth like the sun, and some of them I shall not deign to look at : but, if I should see a poor man there, such a one as I was myself before my prosperity, him will I embrace cordially, order him to bathe, and come, at the proper time, to sup with me. The rich shall be ready to burst when they see my horses, chariots, and beautiful young women : then will I be served in gold, for silver is too base a metal, and beneath me. I will have my salt meats and my oil from Spain, my wine from Italy ; my honey shall not be * smoaked : I will have boars, hares, and other fine eatables from all parts ; my hens shall come from † Phafis, my peacocks from India, my cocks from Africa : those who are to dress them for me shall be learned sophists, and well skilled in cooking and sauces of every kind. When I ‡ drink to any body, and he pledges me, he shall take the cup away with him. Those who now call themselves rich, shall be all beggars to me : no more shall Dionicus shew off his silver dishes and cups ; especially when he sees my servants eat and drink out of as good. The whole city shall taste of my bounty ; for I intend to make presents every month, to every native an hundred drachmas, and to strangers half as much.

A nonpareil that went his lip in,
Would strait become a golden pippin, &c.

See the story in Ovid's Met. book xi.

* *Smoaked*] The common method of gathering honey was then, as, I believe, it is now, by making a fire at the mouth of the hive, and smothering the bees, which probably gave a smoky taste to the honey ; but the finer sort, or mel Atticum, we are told, colliquetatur sine fumo, was gathered without smoak, i. e. by some other method.—Cum eximuntur mella, says Pliny, apes abigi fumo utilissimum :—servatur quod Acapnon dicitur.

† *Phafis.*] From whence comes phasianus, the pheasant, i. e. of the pheasant kind.

‡ *When I drink, &c.*] This piece of pageantry was often practised at festivals amongst our ancestors, and, to this day, makes a part of the coronation ceremony, when the king drinks to the champion of England, who receives the cup, and takes it home with him.

I will

I will repair and adorn the public theatres and baths : the sea shall come up to the double gate, and the water shall be brought up from the harbour in a large ditch, so that my ship may lay up close by me, and be seen even from the * Ceramicus. My friends here will not be forgotten : to Samippus I shall order my steward to deliver twenty measures of stamped gold ; to Timolaus five † chænixes ; to Lycinus but one, and that clipped, because he is a prater, and makes a jest of my wish. This is the life I mean to lead when I grow rich, enjoying myself freely, and revelling in pleasure and delight. I have done ; and may Mercury grant what I have desired !

L Y C I N U S.

But, all this while, know you not by how slender a thread all these riches hang ? if once that breaks, every thing is gone, and your heap of treasures is reduced to ashes.

A D I M A N T U S.

What do you mean ?

L Y C I N U S.

I mean, it is very uncertain how long you may live to enjoy them : who knows, but as soon as you are set down to your golden table, before you have touched any thing at it, before you have tasted your pea-hen, or your African cock, your breath may be stopped, and you left a prey to crows and vulturs. Need I call to your remembrance numbers who have died without ever enjoying their wealth, and others whom some envious dæmon has deprived of their riches even in their life-time ? Did you never hear of Cræsus and Polycrates, who were cut off from all their prosperity in a very short space of time ? But, to pass over this, who shall promise you health and strength for years to come ? have you never seen the rich laid up with dreadful disorders, some scarce able to walk, others blind, others afflicted with some secret and cruel disquietude ? You would not, I am sure, for all his riches, suffer what Phanomachus did, or wish to be effeminate like him ; not to mention that envy and hatred which are ever attendant on the great, and the snares perpetually laid for them. Do not you perceive already how much trouble these riches bring along with them ?

* *Ceramicus.*] A place within the city of Athens, containing temples, theatres, porticos : there was likewise another place so called in the suburbs, which was a public burying-place, and from which there was probably a distant view of the harbour.

† *Chænix.*] A measure containing two sextarii, or four cotulæ. A *κοτυλη*, according to Arbutnot's Attic measures of liquids, was half a pint ; the chænix, therefore, contained two quarts.

A D I-

ADIMANTUS.

Lycinus, you are always teizing me, and finding fault : I declare, you shall not have the chaife I ordered for you.

LYCINUS.

Aye : that is like the rich, promise and difappoint. But now, Samippus, for your wish.

SAMIPPUS.

I am an inland man, an Arcadian, as you well know, from Mantinea. I shall not wish for a ship, therefore ; which, if I had, I could not shew to my fellow-citizens : nor will I ask for such trifling things as riches, of the gods ; (Timolaus has told us they can do all things, and will deny us nothing ; according to his plan we are to ask for what we please :) I am resolved, therefore, to be a king ; not such a one as Alexander, or Ptolemy, or Mithridates, or any of those who inherited kingdoms from their fathers : I would begin, from * rapine and plunder, with twenty or thirty brave and faithful companions ; by degrees, three or four hundred more shall join us ; then a thousand ; and soon after ten thousand ; till at length I had got fifty thousand armed men, and five thousand horse : then would I be chosen unanimously their commander, as a person most able to rule and direct every thing. Thus raised, by my merit, to the supremacy, I should be much above other kings, not heir to another who had acquired the kingdom for me. This would be equal to all Adimantus's treasures ; nor can any thing be so desirable as to gain an empire for one's self.

LYCINUS.

This is, indeed, Samippus, the summit of all earthly happiness ; to have the command of so many brave men, and to be deemed the worthiest by fifty thousand warriors. We never imagined that Mantinea could ever have produced so admirable a sovereign. Take possession of your empire, lead on your soldiers, caparison your horses, and prepare your shield-bearers : I long to know which way your Arcadians are to go, or what poor wretches you mean to fall upon first.

SAMIPPUS.

Hear me, Lycinus ; or, rather, if you will, follow me : for I shall make you captain of a troop of five thousand horse.

* *Rapine.*] This conveys to us a true idea of the ambitious man : it is not the inheriting, but acquiring a kingdom, by means just or unjust, which will give him satisfaction. Cromwell had much more pleasure in the usurpation of sovereign power, than his son ever enjoyed in succeeding to it.

L Y.

L Y C I N U S.

Most humbly, I return your majesty thanks for the honour, * a la Per-
fanne, see, I bend my head, place my hands behind me, and worship your
tiara : but, for heaven's sake, give your troop to one of these strong fellows
here in my stead ; for I abhor riding, and never was on horseback in my
life. I am afraid, when the trumpet sounds to battle, I should dread being
thrown off and trod under foot by so many hoofs, or that some fiery horse
should run away with me into the midst of the enemy, and I must be tied
to the saddle, or should never be able to hold the rein.

A D I M A N T U S.

I will be your horse-officer, Samippus : let Lycinus command your right
wing. I think I deserve some good preferment for all the stamped gold I
just now bestowed on you.

S A M I P P U S.

I must ask my men whether they will chuse to have you for their leader.
' All you that are for receiving Adimantus as commander, hold up your hands.'
They are all for you to a man, you see, therefore take the command ; you,
Lycinus, take the right wing ; Timolaus shall be preferred to the left ; I
will stand in the center, as the Persian kings do when they receive ambassa-
dors ; and now, let us proceed, after putting up our prayers to Jove the Pre-
server, towards Corinth, and when we have subdued all Greece (for nobody
will oppose such a numerous army, whom we shall not with the greatest ease
overcome), getting on board our ships, and placing our horses on proper
carriages, the Cenchreans having already provided corn, shipping, and
every thing for us, we sail through the Ægean into Ionia ; then, sacrificing
to Diana, and taking a number of cities, unwall'd and undefended, we
leave governors in them, and pass through Caria into Syria, Lycia, Pam-
phylia, Pisidæ, and the mountainous parts of Cilicia, till we come to the
Euphrates.

L Y C I N U S.

I wish, if you please, O king, that you would leave me behind you, as
Satrap of Greece : for I am a little timid, and would not chuse to be so far
from home ; you seem to be going against the Parthians and Armenians,
warlike nations, and well-skilled in the use of the bow ; if you think proper,
therefore, you may give the command of the left wing to somebody else,

* *A la Perfanne.*] Gr. ες το Περσικον.

and

and let me remain your * Antipater in Greece, lest, whilst I am leading your troops round by Susa or Bactria, an unlucky arrow may reach some part that is uncovered, and make an end of me.

S A M I P P U S.

Lycinus, I am afraid you are a coward: the law says, he who quits his ranks must be punished with death; but now we are got to the Euphrates, and every thing is safe behind, my governors are all appointed over every people whom I have subdued; others are dispatched to reduce Phœnicia, Palæstine, and Egypt, you therefore may pass first over the bridge of boats: I shall follow you, and, after me, Timolæus, and last of all, you Adimantus must take care of the horse: throughout Mesopotamia nobody will dare to oppose us, but all voluntarily surrender up themselves and their fortresses, proceeding then to Babylon, we shall get unexpectedly within their walls, and take the city by surprize: the king, who is at Ctesiphon, hears of the invasion, he goes to Seleucia, and prepares himself with a large body of horse, archers, and slingers; my spies are come back, and inform me that a hundred millions of fighting men are got together, two hundred thousand of them skilled in throwing darts from on horseback, though the Armenians, the Bactrians, and those who inhabit near the Caspian sea were not yet come up: so many thousands, however, without these, has he collected together only in the neighbourhood of the city; it behoves us therefore, my friends, to look about us, and see what is to be done immediately.

A D I M A N T U S.

I think your foot forces should retire to Ctesiphon, whilst I stay here with the horse to take care of Babylon.

S A M I P P U S.

Even you, I find, Adimantus, when you are in a post of danger begin to tremble; but what says Timolæus?

T I M O L A U S.

That we should fall upon the enemy with our whole army, and not wait till they are reinforced, and better prepared for us; let us attack them whilst their allies are on the march hither.

S A M I P P U S.

You are in the right. Lycinus, what think you?

* *Antipater.*] Alluding to the history of Alexander the Great, who, when he failed to the Hellespont, left his general Antipater as his vicegerent in Europe.

L Y C I N U S.

My opinion is, that, as we are fatigued with our walk down to the Piræus, and have already gone about thirty stadia, the sun being very hot, for it is just in the meridian, we had better rest ourselves a little some where amongst these olives, sit down upon that broken pillar, then get up, and make the best of our way home.

S A M I P P U S.

You are got to Athens, my good friend, when you should be at Babylon, sitting down before the walls, and planning out the battle.

L Y C I N U S.

True: you have refreshed my memory; I thought I had been in my sober senses. But come, it is your turn to speak.

S A M I P P U S.

I am for the attack, if you think proper; behave now like men, and be mindful of your country; the enemy is coming on, Mars is the word; as soon as the trumpet sounds, set up a shout, strike your shields with the spears, and rush in upon them, do not give them room to aim their darts at us. Now we are engaged: Timolæus with his left wing has routed the Medes; with my troops the fate of the day is yet uncertain; the Persians fight bravely, and their king is amongst them; but, see, the whole Barbarian cavalry comes upon our right wing; now, Lycinus, be a man, and prepare your forces for the onset.

L Y C I N U S.

How unfortunate! the whole cavalry coming on, and nobody worth their attacking but Lycinus; if they persist in it, I must e'en run away to the Palæstra, and leave you here to fight the battle by yourselves.

S A M I P P U S.

By no means, for you shall be victorious: you see I am going to have a single combat with the king; he has challenged me, and it would be cowardly to decline it.

L Y C I N U S.

By Jove, you will soon be wounded by him: to be wounded in fighting for a kingdom is truly royal.

S A M I P P U S.

You are right; I have a slight wound, but it is not in a part of the body that can be seen, nor will the scar disfigure me hereafter; but only observe how I have transfix'd him and his horse at one stroke with my spear, cut
off

off his head, took away his crown, and am made king in his stead: the Barbarians bow down and worship me; but I shall rule like a Grecian, and be called emperor. Now only consider how many cities I shall build, and call them by my own name; how many of those which I have taken by force of arms, I shall lay waste and utterly destroy, if they do any thing against my empire: above all, I shall not forget to punish my neighbour Cydias, who took possession of my field by violence, and turned me out of it.

L Y C I N U S.

Now, Samippus, you may have done; it is time for you, after such a battle, to take a little refreshment, and celebrate your victory with a feast at Babylon: besides that, your empire is a little out of * bounds, and it is Timolaus's turn to give us his wish.

S A M I P P U S.

Well, but what do you think of mine?

L Y C I N U S.

I think, O most admirable sovereign, that it is worse than Adimantus's, there was more labour and violence in it; for he lived well, and gave away his golden cups of two talents weight amongst his friends, whilst you have been wounded, and full of tears and solitude day and night; you were not only afraid of the enemy, but of a thousand conspiracies from those about you, envy, hatred, and flattery, perpetually surrounding you; not one true friend near, but only such as are complaisant, merely from their hopes or fears. You had not so much as a dream of pleasure, nothing but empty glory, a purple and gold robe, a white garland to bind your temples, and guards walking before you: with these, insufferable toil, and perpetual disquietude, when you were to treat with ambassadors from the enemy, to act as a judge, or to dispense orders to your subjects. Some of your conquered nations always revolting, or some neighbour invading your empire; dreading every thing, suspecting every thing, and, in short, appearing happy and contented to every body but yourself. Add to this, which is no little misfortune, that you are as liable to sickness and disease as the lowest of mankind; a fever pays no regard to a monarch, nor will death stand in awe of your guards; but, whenever he thinks proper to come, seizes

* *Bounds.*] i. e. Your wish is rather too long, and you have spent more time in reciting it, than comes to your share.

the weeping monarch, without paying the least respect to his diadem. Thus cast down from your envied height, and dethroned, you tread the same path with the lowest slave, and all you leave behind is a magnificent tomb, a proud column, or a lofty pyramid, the last poor triumph of vain man, who cannot enjoy it. Those statues and temples which are raised, the mighty name which is acquired, moulder away quickly, and are no more; or, if they remain ever so long, what profit is it to those who can no longer be sensible of them? You see, my friend, what toils, anxiety, and solicitude you would go through whilst living, and what you would have to expect after death.

And now, Timolaus, it is your turn to form a wish, superior, I hope, to their's, and such a one as may be expected from a prudent and sensible man like you.

T I M O L A U S.

Observe then, Lycinus, and take notice, whether I wish for any thing unreasonable, or that can merit censure. Money, treasures, kingdoms, wars, and empires, which you have so deservedly condemned, I assure you, I shall not ask for; they are all worthless and insignificant, pregnant with fears and dangers, and there is more uneasiness and disquietude than joy or pleasure in them.

I wish Mercury would make me a present of a few rings endowed with several virtues, one of them should make me always in perfect health, invulnerable, and liable to no distempers; another with the power of rendering me invisible, like that of * Gyges: another should make me as strong as ten thousand men, who should not be able to lift what I could carry with ease; by another, I would be able to raise myself above the earth, and fly where I pleased; by another, I would set every body to sleep when I thought proper, and every door should be open to me, every lock loosened, and every bolt drawn back wherever I came; by virtue of another, and that the most valuable of all, I would become, as soon as I put it on, the most amiable and desirable of all mankind, insomuch, that every body should be in love with me; the women should all go mad for me, and happy should she be, whom I would deign to look upon, whilst those whom I slighted should hang themselves, or die for grief; in short, I would be more beautiful than Hyacinthus, Hylus, or Phaon.

* *Gyges.*] A simple shepherd of Lydia, who, by means of a ring which rendered him invisible, debauched the wife of Candaules the sovereign of Lydia, and got possession of his kingdom. The story is told at large by Tully, (after Plato,) in the third book of his Offices.

All

All these things would I have, not for a short space of time, like other men, but for a thousand years, in a perpetual return of youth, shaking off my old age every seventeen years, as the serpents do. With these rings I could not possibly be in want of any thing; for all that belonged to others would be mine, when I could open every gate, lay the keepers asleep, and, wherever I came, be invifible. If, amongst the Indians, or Hyperboreans, there was a remarkable spectacle; any thing I would wish to possess, any thing delicious to eat or drink, I would not take the trouble of having it brought to me, but fly thither, and enjoy it. If there was a flying dragon, or a phoenix that nobody else could get a sight of, I would go and see it. I would find out the head of the Nile, all the uninhabitable parts of the world, and make a visit to the Antipodes; I would be acquainted with the nature of the stars and the moon, nay, and of the sun himself, as his heat could not affect me. I could tell the same day at Babylon, which would be most delightful, who was conqueror at the Olympic games. I could dine, perhaps, in Syria, and sup in Italy: my enemy, I could revenge myself on secretly, by throwing down a stone, and knocking him o' the head: on the other hand, I could always make my friends happy, by showering gold upon them in their sleep. If any rich fellow behaved contemptuously or tyrannically, I would take him up a mile high in the air, and throw him down headlong. Then my love-intrigues, nobody could prevent or interrupt, as I could get in wherever I pleased, and lay every body to sleep, but those I wanted. How pleasant must it be to overlook a battle, whilst one was out of the reach of danger; and, if I thought proper, to come up to the conquerors, lay them fast asleep, and give victory to the flying, and the vanquished! Thus would life be nothing but sport and entertainment to me, every thing would be mine, and I should seem a perfect deity. Thus should I be blest with happiness which treachery could not destroy, and length of days, uninterrupted by sickness or disease.

And now, Lycinus, what objection have you to my wish?

L Y C I N U S.

O, none in the least; who would venture to find fault with a man that can fly, and is as strong as ten thousand common mortals? But, pray, tell me, in all the nations you have flown over, have you ever met with a little mad old fellow, who was carried about by a little ring, could move whole mountains with the tip of his finger, and whom every body was in love with, though
he

he was bald-pated, and had a hooked nose? There is another thing too, which I would ask you : how happens it that one ring could not do all this for you, but you must needs load every finger of your left hand ; and be obliged, moreover, to call in the right to help you off with them. One thing, after all, which is above all more necessary than any thing else, you seem to have forgot, and that is, a remedy for insanity : a dose of hellebore might, perhaps, be of service to you.

T I M O L A U S.

By and by we shall have your wish, it is to be hoped, and we shall see then whether, severe as you are upon others, your own desires will be totally guiltless and irreprehensible.

L Y C I N U S.

I have no occasion to wish now, for we are got to the double gate ; what with my friend Samippus here fighting at Babylon, and Timolaus dining at Syria, and supping in Italy, all the time appointed for me is expired, which I am not sorry for : I have no mind, after a short feast of imaginary happiness, to sigh and be wretched, when I come back to my homely meal, as will soon be your fate, when all your treasures and delights are flown away, when you are driven from your thrones, waked out of your pleasant dream, and return to your own houses, where you will find every thing very different. Like tragedy kings, who, after being Creons and Agamemnons on the stage, frequently starve at home ; then every thing will displease you, especially Timolaus, who must fall like another Icarus, when his wings are melted, and the rings are all slipped off his fingers. For my own part, I would not, to purchase all your treasures, nay, and Babylon itself, lose the pleasure which I have in laughing at the ridiculous wishes made by such a set of wise philosophers.

O N

O N T H E

D E A T H O F P E R E G R I N U S .

This Letter contains a curious Account of a very extraordinary Character, who figured in the Time of LUCIAN; it is supported by the concurrent Testimony of several contemporary Authors, both Christian and Heathen. The Singularity of this Impostor's Exit, with the Circumstances attending it must naturally, indeed, have attracted universal Notice, and may serve withal to convince us that there is nothing, however absurd, or unaccountable, which Ambition cannot dictate, and the Love of Fame render Men capable of performing.

Lucian to Cronius wishes health.

THE unfortunate Peregrinus, or Proteus (for so he always chose to style himself), has at length met with the fate of his name-sake in * Homer; for, after taking a thousand shapes, he is at last turned into fire: such was his insatiable thirst after glory. Yes, my friend, this first and greatest of men is reduced to a cinder, following the example of † Empedocles; with this difference only, that he seemed rather willing to conceal himself from the eyes of men, when he threw himself into the flames, whilst our noble hero chose the most public festival, built a magnificent funeral-pile, and leaped in, before innumerable witnesses, after haranguing the Grecians, and acquainting them with his intention some days before the ceremony.

* *Homer.*] Alluding to his description of Proteus,

Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of ev'ry savage shape,
Or glides with liquid lapse a murm'ring stream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.

See Pope's Homer's Odyssey, book iv. l. 563.

† *Empedocles.*] The famous philosopher of Agrigentum, in Sicily, a Pythagorean. Amongst other incredible stories of him we are told, that after performing many miraculous cures, he retired to mount Ætna, and leaped into the fire, in hopes of leaving behind him an opinion that he was a god; the populace, from his sudden disappearance, not knowing what was become of him: the trick, however, which was a foolish one enough for a philosopher, was discovered by one of his brass sandals being cast up from one of the volcanos.

Methinks

Methinks I see you laughing at the old man's folly, and crying out, what madness, what ridiculous vain glory! with many other such exclamations, as circumstances of this kind naturally produce. You may do this in safety, as you are far enough off; but I said the same on the very spot, and before numbers of people, which some of those, I assure you, who admired the old fellow's bravery, took not a little ill of me; though there were others who, like me, laughed at his vanity; I was very near, however, being torn in pieces by the Cynics, as Actæon was by his dogs, and * Pentheus by the Mænades, his kind relations. I will give you an account of the whole drama, as it was represented. You know the author well enough already, and what tragedies he has been acting all his life, much superior to those of Æschylus or Sophocles. When I came first to Elis I heard one of our disputing Cynics, with a loud rough voice, bellowing out his common-place encomium on Virtue, and abusing all mankind: his discourse then turned on Proteus, which I will endeavour to recollect; you will say it is like their nonsense, for you have often heard them declaim.

“ O earth (he bawled out), O sun, O rivers, and seas, O Hercules our ancestor, dare any man accuse Proteus of vain-glory, that Proteus, who was bound in Syria, he who forgave his country five thousand talents, he who was banished from Rome, he who is more celebrated than the sun, he who is able to contend even with Olympian Jove? Because he is resolved to leap into the flame and bravely perish, they call it the love of glory: but did not Hercules thus perish also? Were not Bacchus and Æsculapius struck with lightning; and did not Empedocles, in latter times, leap into the flames?”

When Thagenes (for that was the bawler's name), had finished his harangue, I asked one of the by-standers, what he meant by the fire, or what relation Hercules and Empedocles had to Proteus. “ Proteus (replied he), intends very soon to burn himself at the Olympic games.” “ But how, said I, and for what reason?” He was going to answer me, when the Cynic bawled so loud that I could not hear any thing but what he thought proper himself to add concerning Proteus, on whom he bestowed the most lavish enco-

† *Pentheus.*] Son of Echion and Agave, daughter of Cadmus: he succeeded his grandfather in the kingdom of Thebes, and having an unfortunate desire of prying into the mysterious rites of Bacchus, which he suspected to be rather licentious, he hid himself in a part of mount Cithæron, but being discovered, was set upon by the Bacchanalian women, amongst whom was his own mother, and some of his relations, and torn to pieces by them. See the Bacch. of Euripides, and Virgil's Æneid, book iv. v. 469.

miums.

miums. For, not condescending so low as to compare him with Diogenes, or his master Antisthenes, or even with Socrates himself, Jupiter only could vye with him: thus, I think, raising them both upon a level, the oration closed. “The world (said he), hath beheld only two perfect works, the Olympian Jove, and Proteus; Phidias formed the one, the other was the work of nature; but now, alas! this noble image must go from men to the gods, and leave us wretched orphans all behind him.” When, after much toil and sweating, he had thus delivered himself, he wept most ridiculously, and tore his hair, taking care, however, that he did not pull off too much of it; at length, sighing and sobbing, he was carried off by some of his friends for a little consolation.

No sooner had this gentleman finished his fine harangue than another rose up, not suffering the croud to disperse, but pouring as it were his libation on the yet smoaking entrails; * this man, after a loud laugh, which seemed to come from the bottom of his heart, began thus—“As the infamous Theagenes finished his lamentable oration with the tears of Heraclitus, I, on the other hand, shall begin mine with the laugh of Democritus.”—He then laughed so heartily that few of us could refrain from joining with him; then, turning himself towards the audience, “What, said he, can I do but laugh when I hear such ridiculous speeches, and see a set of reverend grey-beards ready to dance on their heads in honour of a contemptible and rascally fellow! but that you may know what kind of an idol this is, who is going to burn himself, give ear a little to me, as I am well acquainted with his life and manners, and, moreover, have made diligent enquiry into it, amongst those who have had reason to know him but too well. This famous work of nature, this model for Polycletus, no sooner arrived at man’s estate than he was caught in adultery at a certain place in Armenia, where he was obliged to jump out at a window, after he had received a severe drubbing: not to mention his debauching a beautiful girl, whose parents he bribed with three thousand denarii, not to carry him before the governor of Asia. These pranks, and a great many of the same kind, I shall pass over, as the clay was yet rude and uninformed, not as yet wrought up into an image of perfection; but what he did to his father must be taken notice of: you have all, I doubt

* *This man, &c.*] Lucian himself; who was bold enough to attack the impostor, when surrounded by his admirers, for which, as he tells us in the first page, he had like to have been torn to pieces.

not, heard how he strangled the old man, whom he would not permit to live beyond his sixtieth year. When the crime was divulged he banished himself, and wandered about from place to place."

About this time, it was, that he learned the * wonderful wisdom of the Christians, being intimately acquainted with many of their priests and scribes; in a very short time he convinced them that they were all boys to him, became their prophet, their leader, grand president, and, in short, all in all to them. He explained and interpreted several of their books, and wrote some himself, insomuch, that they looked upon him as their legislator and high-priest, nay, almost worshipped him as a god. Their † leader, whom they yet adore, was crucified in Palæstine, for introducing this new sect. Proteus was, on this account, cast into prison, and this very circumstance was the foundation of all the consequence and reputation which he afterwards gained, and of that glory which he had always been so ambitious of; for when he was in bonds, the Christians, considering it as a calamity affecting the common cause, did every thing in their power to release him, which, when they found impracticable, they paid him all possible deference and respect; old women, widows, and orphans, were continually crowding to him, some of the most principal of them even slept with him in the prison, having bribed the keepers for that purpose; then were ‡ costly suppers brought in to them; they read their § sacred books together, and the noble Peregrinus (for so he was then called,) was dignified by them with the title of the New Socrates. Several of the Christian deputies, from the cities of Asia came to assist, to plead for, and to comfort him: it is incredible with what alacrity these people support and defend the public cause; they spare nothing, in short, to promote it: Peregrinus being made a prisoner on their

* *Wonderful.*] Gr. θαυμαστόν, admirabilem; undoubtedly used by Lucian as a term of contempt, and to be taken ironically. This, it is observable, is the first mention made by our author of Christians, or Christianity, (probably the only one, for the Philopatris, I believe, was not written by him;) he treats them here, we must acknowledge, with great indecency, and laughs at a religion whose precepts he was an utter stranger to.

† *Their leader*] Jesus Christ. This sentence, the reader will perceive, seems to be not all connected with that which goes before it. Some lines are probably lost from the original.

‡ *Costly suppers.*] Gr. διπλά ποικίλα, cænæ variæ; or, more classically, cænæ dubia. Lucian is here supposed to allude to the Ἀγάπαι or love-feasts frequent amongst the primitive Christians, and which, by the epithet affixed to them, he means to reflect on, as being sumptuous and extravagant.

§ *Sacred books.*] Meaning their explanations and illustrations of the holy scriptures.

account,

account, they collected money for him, and he made a very pretty revenue of it. These * poor men, it seems, had persuaded themselves that they should be immortal, and live for ever. They despised death, therefore, and offered up their lives a voluntary sacrifice, being taught by their law-giver, that they were all brethren, and that quitting our Grecian gods, they must worship their own sophist who was crucified, and live in obedience to his laws. In compliance with them, they looked with contempt on all worldly treasures, and † held every thing in common, a maxim which they had adopted without any reason or foundation. If any cunning impostor, therefore, who knew how to manage matters, came amongst them, he soon grew rich by imposing on the credulity of these weak and foolish men.

Peregrinus, however, was set at liberty by the governor of Syria, a man of learning, and a lover of philosophy, who, withal, well knew the folly of the man, and that he would willingly have suffered death for the sake of that glory and reputation which he would have acquired by it; thinking him, however, not worthy of so honourable an exit, he let him go. On his return home, he found the report of his having killed his father had gained ground amongst the people, and that many had threatened to prosecute him for it. Most of his money was already expended in his travels, and he had only about fifteen talents left; for the whole which the old man died worth, did not amount to more than thirty, though that ridiculous fellow Theagenes told you it was five thousand. The whole city of Parium, with the five next to it, if they were to be sold, with their cattle, men, and every thing belonging to them, would not fetch so much.

The affair of the murder was now spread abroad, and somebody, it was generally thought, would soon stand forth, and accuse him. The populace were enraged, and lamented the loss of the good old man, taken away in so shameless a manner. But, observe how the cunning Proteus contrived to

* *These poor men, &c.*] One cannot help observing, that Lucian is here endeavouring to turn the primitive Christians into ridicule, for those very customs and manners, which, in the eyes of every sober and thinking man, must render them most respectable. He laughs at them for supporting their friends, and visiting them in prison, for their hopes of immortality, for their contempt of riches, and for dividing the little they had amongst the poor and necessitous.

† *Held every thing in common.*] This custom of the early Christians, though founded on the noblest principles of benevolence, was attended with some bad consequences, as it gave the means of subsistence to many idle and dissolute beggars, probably very unworthy objects of charity, to whom, notwithstanding, they could not deny the common right claimed by converts to the new doctrine; Peregrinus, we see, who might have otherwise starved, got a good living by it.

escape the danger that threatened him; he went to the public assembly, (having taken care, beforehand, to let his hair grow, and put on a dirty gown, with a club in his hand, and a fatchel hanging down, his whole appearance being truly tragic,) presented himself to the people, and told them that he meant to throw all the estate of his late father, of happy memory, into the public treasure. No sooner were the populace acquainted with this, than, like poor creatures always gaping after presents, they cried out immediately, that he was the friend of wisdom, the lover of his country, and the only rival of Crates and Diogenes. The mouths of his enemies were stopped at once, and if any man attempted to mention the murder, they took up stones and pelted him. Once more, however, he was obliged to fly his country; the Christians were again his resource, and having entered into their service, he wanted for nothing. Thus, he subsisted for some time, but at length, having done something contrary to their laws, (I believe it was eating food forbidden amongst them,) he was reduced to want, and forced to retract his donation to the city, and to ask for his estate again, and issued a process in the name of the emperor to recover it: but the city sent messages to him, commanding him to remain where he was, and be satisfied.

After this, he set out on a third expedition against Ægypt, and visited Agathobulus; there he shaved one half of his head, rubbed his face over with mud, and, in the midst of a great multitude, * whipped himself with a rod, or suffered any body else to whip him as long as they pleased: these, and many other freaks still more extraordinary, he played for some time. From thence, he passed over into Italy, where he abused every body he came near, and particularly the emperor, who, he knew, was of so mild and gentle a nature, that he might do it with impunity, which made him more bold and impudent. The prince cared very little for his abuse, and thought it, withal, by no means becoming, to punish a man who had the appearance of a philosopher, for a few foolish words; especially one whose † profession it was to deal out obloquy and slander. This rather increased his reputation; the ignorant and illiterate admired him for his abusive talents, and he grew every day more famous: till at last, the governor of the city, no longer able

* *Whipped himself.*] This monkish custom is, it seems, of pretty long standing, and the order of Flagellants has, at least, the plea of antiquity in its favour; but, if my readers have any curiosity on this subject, I refer them to an entertaining and most laboured tract on this subject lately published, entitled, *The History of the Flagellants.*

† *Profession.*] As a Cynic philosopher.

to bear his impertinence, drove him away; observing, very properly, that the people did not stand in need of such a philosopher. This, however, made him more sought after, as it was soon in every body's mouth, that a philosopher was banished for his freedom of speech, and the love of truth and liberty. This raised him to a rivalry with * Musonius, † Dion, Epictetus, and others, who had met with the same fate.

When he went from thence into Greece, he abused the inhabitants of Elis; endeavoured to persuade the Grecians to revolt against the Romans; took upon himself severely to censure a person eminent for his rank and learning; who, amongst other things which he had done for the public good, had brought water to Olympia, for the benefit of the spectators, who, before, were perishing with thirst; this man he was perpetually railing against, as one who corrupted the Grecians, and made those effeminate, who, at the public games, should be able to bear thirst and every other hardship: whereas he had, in reality, preserved thousands from innumerable disorders, occasioned by the dryness of the soil, and the immense quantity of people crowded together: add to this, that he drank himself of this water, whilst he abused the man who brought it; when, at length, the populace rose, and were going to stone him, he escaped by flying to Olympian Jove.

Four years afterwards, at the next Olympiad, he produced an oration in praise of the man who had brought the water, with an apology for his own conduct; but, at length, growing into disrepute, he was taken but little notice of, for all his tricks were now obsolete; and having nothing new to amuse them with, or by which he could acquire fame, he thought, at last, of this funeral pile, and accordingly gave out amongst the Grecians, that he should burn himself upon it in a very short time: for this purpose he began immediately to dig the ditch, bring the wood, and prepare every thing with wonderful fortitude and magnanimity. But true bravery, in my opinion, is shewn by patiently waiting for death, and not in flying from life; or, if he must die, why not depart by some other means, so many thousands as there are, and not by fire, and with all that tragical preparation! If he was so fond of flame, as being more in the Herculean style, why could not he have chosen some secret woody mountain, where he might have gone

* *Musonius.*] Musonius Rufus, preceptor to Epictetus, a cotemporary of Apollonius Tyanaeus.

† *Dion.*] A famous philosopher in the reign of the emperor Domitian. See Philostratus.
and

and burned himself in silence, alone, or accompanied only by his Theagenes, by way of a faithful Philoctetes? but he must needs do it at the Olympic games, and in a full assembly, roasting himself, as it were, on the stage: not but it is a death which, by Hercules, he long since deserved, if parricides and atheists are worthy of it: in this respect he was rather late; he should have been roasted long ago in Phalaris's bull, and not have perished in a moment; for I have often heard this is the shortest way of dying, as it is only opening the mouth, catching the flame, and expiring immediately: but he has fallen upon this expedient, I suppose, because it is grand and magnificent for a man to be burned in a sacred ground, where no corpse can be buried. You all, no doubt, remember him who wanted to be immortal, and could find no other way of becoming so but by setting fire to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus. This man, such is his love of glory, is ambitious of the same fate.

He tells us, that he does it to serve mankind, to teach them to despise death, and suffer the most cruel torments: but I would ask one question of you, not of him: Would you wish to have malefactors imitate this fortitude, condemn death, burning alive, and such dreadful things? I am sure you would not. How then could Proteus know, that it would be of use only to the good, and would not make the bad and vicious more fearless of danger, and more audacious? But, even supposing it might happen that those only should see this who might think it conducive to public happiness, yet let me ask you one more question: Would you have your children imitate him? You will say, No. But why, indeed, need I ask this, when not one even of his own disciples will do it. Theagenes, to say the truth, is much to blame, seeing, that whilst he imitates him in every thing else, he will not follow his steps in this also, and go to Hercules, as he says, along with him, when he might, in so short a time, gain immortality, only by leaping into the flames. There is not much rivalry in a satchel, a club, and a dirty gown; these may all be had with ease and safety: he should have imitated the great end, the crown of all; built up his pile of green faggots, and suffocated himself in the smoke. The fire is not peculiar to Hercules and Æsculapius; those that are guilty of murder and sacrilege are condemned to it; a little smoke, therefore, would be much better: that would be dying like yourselves, and yourselves only. Hercules burned him-

himself, (*if ever he was burned at all,) on account of the dreadful disorder which he laboured under, when he was tormented, as the tragedy tells us, by the blood of the centaur: but what reason had Proteus to throw himself into the fire? only, I suppose, to shew his fortitude, and that he might resemble the † Brachmans. These his friend Theagenes compared him to, by way of excuse; as if men might not be foolish and vain-glorious in India as well as any where else: but these he did not imitate; for they, as Onesicritus, Alexander's tutor, who saw Calanus burning, informs us, do not jump into the fire, but, building up a funeral pile, and standing close to it, suffer themselves to be scorched without stirring, then lay quietly down upon it, and never change their posture: but what very great thing was it for our hero to leap into the fire, and be consumed immediately? I should not, indeed, have been surpris'd to hear, that, when he was half burned, he had leaped back again, if he had not, as they said he did, built the pile in a deep ditch. We were told by some, that he had changed his mind, and gave out (a mere invention of his own), that Jupiter would not suffer a place so sacred to be polluted; but, with regard to that, he might make himself easy, for I would venture to swear, that none of the gods would be angry at hearing that Peregrinus had destroyed himself. But it was impossible for him to retreat; the wretches who accompanied him, took care to egg him on, to animate his resolution, and prevent his receding from it through fear: if he had dragged in two or three of these along with him, he would have done, at least, one good office. He meant, I hear, no longer to be called Proteus, but to take upon him the name of Phœnix, because the Indian bird so called builds its own funeral pile, and, when it arrives at the extremity of old age, burns itself: he had, likewise, spread it abroad, and brought forth some old oracles to prove it was decreed by the Fates, that he should appear as the guardian deity of the night. It is plain his ambition was to have altars erected to, and statues made of him: for my own part, I make not the least doubt, but, amongst the croud of madmen that

* *If ever, &c.*] Lucian seems here to question the truth of history, which tells us that Hercules, after he had put on the envenomed shirt, ran mad, made a funeral pile, and threw himself upon it, desiring his friend Philoctetes to take care of his ashes. See the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, where the story is told at large; though, perhaps, as Lucian intimates, it was nothing more than a poetical tale.

† *The Brachmans.*] In India (says Tully) ei qui sapientes habebantur, cum ad flammam se applicaverunt, sine gemitu aduruntur. See Cic. *Tusc. Quæst.*

followed him, some will tell us, that this dæmon of the night appeared to them, and cured them of their agues. His disciples, I suppose, will set up an oracle, and build a temple on the spot where he perished, especially, as the first Proteus, the son of Jove, was a prophet: he will have his priests too, I imagine, by and by, who will whip or burn themselves like their master, have their nocturnal rites, and carry their torches round his funeral pile.

Theagenes, as one of his companions informed me, lately gave out that a Sibyl had already prophesied concerning these things, in the following verses:

When Proteus, glory of the Cynic name,
 Shall build his pile, and leap into the flame:
 When he shall reach the stary realms above,
 And high Olympus' top, the seat of Jove:
 Then, mortals all, let night's protecting lord,
 With Hercules and Vulcan, be ador'd.

Theagenes said, he received these from the Sibyl herself. I shall now give you the oracle of * Bacis on the same subject; it speaks thus:

When the proud Cynic, who by many a name
 Is known, incited by that fury, Fame,
 Shall leap into the fire, the whelps, who wait
 Around the wolf, shall meet their master's fate.
 If one amongst them shun the glorious fire,
 To stone the coward let all Greece conspire:
 That none may boast of heat who shake with cold,
 Or fill their coffers with ill-gotten gold.

What think you, my friends, is not Bacis as good a prophet as the Sibyl? The noble followers of Proteus have nothing to do but look out for a proper place, where they may dissolve themselves into air; for this is their phrase for burning.

* *Bacis.*] Though, compared with the Sybilline, this was but a kind of second-rate oracle, it had its day. Some of its most notable predictions are mentioned by Herodotus and Pausanias: Lucian, however, has made very free with it. This is apparently a fiction of his own, written on purpose to ridicule the other, and is no bad burlesque of it.

When

When he had thus spoken, the standers by all cried out, they are worthy of the flame, let them burn!—the orator then descended, laughing,

* But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul,

Theagenes, I mean: for, hearing the noise, he came up, and vented a thousand execrations against the speaker, whoever he was, for I know not the good man's name. I left them then, and went to see the games; for the judges were already assembled. This passed at Elis.

When we came to Olympia, the back part of the temple was crowded with people, some extolling, some condemning the intended sacrifice; inasmuch that many of them went to blows about it; till, at length, the hero himself, attended by a vast concourse of people, came, and made a long speech to the multitude, setting forth the events of his past life, and the many dangers and troubles he had gone through in the cause of truth and virtue: he talked a great while, but, on account of the crowd which pressed upon me, I heard very little: for fear, indeed, of being crushed to death, which was the fate of many, I got away as fast as I could, resolving to take my farewell of a ridiculous sophist, bent on destruction, and making his own epitaph before death. Before I went, I just heard him say, he would finish a golden life with a golden exit: he who had lived like Hercules, should die like Hercules also, and be mingled with the air: "I would serve mankind," says he, in my last moments, by teaching them how to despise death; and every man upon earth should be my † Philoctetes." Upon this, the ignorant and foolish part of the crowd cried out, "Live for the sake of Greece;" whilst the more sensible and judicious exclaimed, "Do it, do it!" which seemed not a little to vex the old man, who had flattered himself they would unanimously have endeavoured to withhold him, and forced him to live against his will. Their crying out, do it, was so unexpected, that, cadaverous as he looked before, he grew still paler, trembled, and was silent. You may easily suppose how much I was diverted at him. A fellow, so vain-glorious,

* See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. xiv. l. 1.

† *My Philoctetes.*] Alluding to the story of Philoctetes attending on Hercules, when he threw himself on the funeral pile on mount Oeta.

deserves no pity. He was attended, however, by a prodigious croud, and sucked in their applause and admiration, not considering that a malefactor, dragged to the gallows, is full as well attended. The Olympic games were now over; and finer, though I have been there four times, I never saw. So many people going away together, I was left behind some time, for want of a carriage; and Proteus having deferred it from time to time, at last fixed the night when he would exhibit the spectacle, and burn himself: rising, therefore, at midnight, I was carried by one of my friends to Harpina, where the funeral pile was prepared, about twenty stadia from Olympia, near the Hippodrome, on the east side: it was raised in a ditch five foot deep; a number of torches were spread about with bushes, that it might take fire the more easily.

The moon rising, (for she was to be a witness of this noble deed,) the victim came in the habit which he commonly wore, and with him some of the principal Cynics; amongst whom was the great Theagenes, with a torch in his hand, to play the second part; and no bad performer: Proteus likewise carried a torch: they entered from opposite sides, and lit the pile with the torches and faggots; then the hero (I beg you will attend to me carefully) laid down his bag, his cloak, and his Herculean club, and appeared in his shirt, and a very dirty one it was: he then asked for some frankincense, which, being handed to him, he threw in, and turning to the south, (this turning to the south is a principal circumstance in the tragedy,) "Ye paternal and maternal shades (he cried) accept me:" and saying this, he leaped into the fire, and the flames rising on every side, I saw * no more of him.

I see you, methinks, my dear Cronius, laughing heartily at the catastrophe of the drama: the calling on his mother's shade I have no objection to; but, when I heard him invoking his father's also, and recollected what had been said about the murder, I could not help smiling. The Cynics did not shed tears, but stood in mournful silence round the pile, with their eyes fixed on the flame: the sight of this provoked me to cry out, "For shame, let

* *No more of him.*] It is not improbable, that this arch-impostor, for such he undoubtedly was, might, after all, escape by some secret passage under-ground, which he had prepared on the occasion; as we cannot otherwise well account for a scoundrel, like Peregrinus, carrying the jest so far.

us be gone, like a parcel of fools as we are; a sweet sight, indeed, to see an old man roasted alive, and be choaked with the stink of him; or do you stay here for the painter to come and take your faces, like † Socrates's companions in the prison?" They began then to be very angry, and to abuse me: some of them seemed ready to take up their sticks against me; but when I threatened to throw them into the fire after their master, they were soon quiet.

Many were the reflections which I made, in my return home, on the love of fame, a passion not to be shaken off even by those who in other respects are worthy of the highest admiration; even they are sensible of it as well as this mad fellow who jumped into the fire, after having all his life deserved it. I met several people going to the sight, and who imagined he was still alive; for it had been given out the day before that he was to ascend the funeral pile at sun-rising, which it seems is the custom of the Brachmans; many of them therefore, when I told them the affair was over, turned back, but others, who did not care so much about it, went on, to see the place, and to get some relics out of the fire. And now, my friend, I had an infinite deal of trouble, in answering the questions of all those who were inquisitive after every particular. When I met with a sensible man, I told him the plain fact, as I do you; to the gaping * logs I added some tragic story of my own, such, for instance, as that when the pile was lit, and Proteus had thrown himself upon it, a great noise was heard, the earth shook, and a vultur was seen to rise out of the flame, and fly towards heaven, crying with a loud voice, I have left earth and go to Olympus. Struck with amazement and religious horror at the relation, they enquired of me whether the vultur flew towards the east or west; to which I answered whatever came uppermost.

Going some time after into the assembly, I met a grey-haired old man, whom by his beard and grave appearance one would have taken for a creditable witness, who, notwithstanding, after relating every thing that had happened to Proteus, told us how he had seen him after he was burned, in a white garment, crowned with olive, walking about, and that he had left

* *Socrates's companions.*] Of which there was probably some celebrated picture: it was certainly a fine subject for one.

† *Logs.*] Gr. τὰς βλάνας, stipites.

him very chearful, and merry in the portico. After all, he brought in my vultur also, and swore he saw it fly out of the pile, though I had myself placed him there, on purpose to ridicule such mad and foolish fellows as himself.

You may easily guess the consequence of all this: what a heap of bees will be settling in that place! what a congregation of grasshoppers, what a flight of crows will be there, as many as at the tomb of * Hesiod, with a thousand miracles of the same kind! I doubt not but there will be † statues of him at Elis, and in every part of Greece: for, they say, he has already wrote letters to all the principal cities, containing his will, his exhortations, and his laws, which he sent them by ambassadors chosen from amongst his followers, and whom he has dignified with the title of messengers from the dead, or runners to the shades below.

Such was the end of the unfortunate Proteus, who, to comprise his character in as few words as possible, never regarded the truth, but said and did every thing with a view to, and for the sake of popular applause, and went so far as even to leap into the fire, in pursuit of that fame which he could no longer enjoy, and which he must be utterly insensible of.

Before I conclude, I must tell you one story of him, which will make you laugh; you have heard me say, when I came out of Syria, I failed with this very man from Troas; amongst other luxuries he had then a young Alcibiades with him, whom he had made a Cynic of, but a violent storm arising at midnight, and the waves beating high, this noble hero, who is so superior to the fear of death, hid himself amongst the women, and fell a-crying.

About nine days before his famous exit, having, I suppose, gorged more than usual, he was taken ill in the night, vomited, and was seized with a violent fever: this Alexander told me, the physician, who was called in on the occasion; he found him, he said, rolling upon the ground, complaining dreadfully of the heat, and intreating that he might have some cold water, which the doctor refused to give him, telling him at the same time, that, if he was desirous of death he was now at the door, that he could not do bet-

* *Hesiod*] See Thucydides, lib. iii. cap. 96.

† *Statues.*] Lucian was a true prophet.—Athenagoras informs us that there was a magnificent tomb and statue of Peregrinus, or Proteus, in the Forum.

ter than receive him, and there would be no occasion to leap into the fire; to which he replied, that this kind of death was by no means equally glorious, being such as was common to all men. This Alexander acquainted me with; and I myself, not many days before he died, saw him anointing his eyes with a very sharp ointment, that made them water. Æacus, I suppose, would not receive a man who could not see well. This is just as if a man who was going to be hanged should take care to get his fore finger cured first. What would Democritus have said to this, would not he have laughed most heartily at him? How, indeed, could he ever have laughed enough! do you, therefore, my friend, laugh also, as I am sure you will, and especially, when you hear that there are men absurd enough to praise and admire him.

THE

T H E
F U G I T I V E S,
A D I A L O G U E.

The very extraordinary Circumstances which attended the Death of PEREGRINUS, as related in the preceding Letter, naturally led our facetious Author into some Reflections on the Introduction and Success of that false Philosophy which prevailed amongst the Sophists of his Time, and which at length became a fair Object of his Satire. The following Dialogue on this Subject is lively and entertaining, and one may venture to pronounce it LUCIAN's, with all due Deference to those learned Critics who are of another Opinion with regard to it.

A P O L L O, J U P I T E R, &c.

A P O L L O.

PRAY, father Jupiter, is it true that * a man has thrown himself into the fire at the Olympic games, an old fellow it seems, who has long been a dealer in tricks and prodigies? The Moon told it me; she saw him burning.

J U P I T E R.

Apollo, it is true enough: and I wish it had never happened.

A P O L L O.

Why so; was he so good a man, and one that did not deserve to be burned?

J U P I T E R.

I do not know that; but this I know, that I have suffered horribly from a dreadful stench, which always rises from a roasted carcase: if I had not gone immediately to Arabia, the stench would have killed me, and as it is, with all these sweet smells, and plenty of spice and frankincense, I can scarce get the scent out of my nostrils: even now I am ready to puke when I think of it.

* *A man.*] Peregrinus. The ceremony, we may remember, was performed at night, and by the light of the moon; Apollo, therefore, or the Sun, may be supposed to know nothing of it.

A P O L-

A P O L L O.

But what did he mean by it? What good could possibly accrue from reducing himself to ashes on a funeral pile?

J U P I T E R.

You must remember Empedocles, who jumped into the volcano in Sicily.

A P O L L O.

That was the effect of a dreadful melancholy; but what reason could this man have?

J U P I T E R.

I will tell you what he said in the assembly, where he informed them what it was that induced him to make the resolution; if I remember right, he told them—But who is this coming towards us in such a hurry, crying most bitterly, as if she had received some injury? It is Philosophy, she calls upon me in a piteous tone. My dear daughter, what is the matter, why hast thou left mankind, and for what comest thou hither? Have the ignorant and foolish * taken counsel against you, as they did formerly, when on the accusation of Anytus they slew the divine Socrates? Is that the cause of your flight?

P H I L O S O P H Y.

No, father: the multitude have long held me in the highest esteem and veneration, I have been almost adored by them, though they did not fully understand me: but there are some, what shall I call them? who take my name upon them, wear the mask of friendship, and pretend to be my intimate acquaintance; these are the men who have used me most cruelly.

J U P I T E R.

What! the philosophers! have they conspired against you?

P H I L O S O P H Y.

No, father, they have been injured as well as myself.

J U P I T E R.

Who then has done you this wrong? You say it is neither the ignorant, nor the philosophers.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

There are some, between both, who in habit, look, gesture, and appearance, much resemble me; these enlist themselves under my banners, take

* *Taken counsel.*] Gr. *επιβουλευασι*, the translation is literal. The same expression is made use of by the Psalmist,—“They take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed.”

my

my name, and call themselves my friends and followers : but their lives are infamous, full of ignorance, impudence, and vice ; these are the greatest disgrace to me ; by these I have been injured, and from these, O father, I have flown.

J U P I T E R.

Bad treatment, indeed, daughter ; but what was it that principally offended you ?

P H I L O S O P H Y.

No little matters, I assure you : when you, as you may well remember, beheld mankind sunk in vice, folly, and injustice, and every thing involved in error, ignorance, and iniquity, you took pity on the human race, and sent me down, commanding me to prevent their injuring and oppressing each other, that they should no longer live the life of brutes, but, turning their eyes to the truth, join in the bonds of peace and amity. “ Thou seest, my daughter (these were your words), what men are doing, and how they are led by ignorance and vice, I am touched with compassion for them, and from amongst my servants have selected thee as best able to heal their wounds, and put an end to their calamities.”

J U P I T E R.

I do remember that to this purpose I then spake to thee ; but tell me how they received thee, and what thou hast since suffered from them.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

In compliance with thy commands, O my father, I fled immediately, to teach, not the Grecians, but what I deemed the harder task, and therefore was willing first to perform it, to instruct the Barbarians : leaving therefore those who, I thought, would with more ease bend to * the yoke, and bear the rein, I went first to the Indias, the greatest nation on earth, and persuaded them, with little difficulty, to descend from their elephants, and converse with me : the Brachmans, those happy people, fight under me, live in subjection to my laws, and are therefore honoured and revered by all around them ; these die in a manner most strange and astonishing.

J U P I T E R.

You mean the Gymnosophists : I have heard many things of them, and, amongst others, that they build a funeral pile, and burn themselves upon it,

* *The yoke.*] *Αἰγὴ ζῶον*, to receive the yoke, was an expression frequently made use of to signify obedience to the dictates of a master or preceptor. The same image is adopted in Scripture—“ My yoke is easy,” &c.

without

without ever changing their habit or their posture; but in this there is nothing so extraordinary, for I saw it just now done at Olympia, where, I suppose, you were also an eye-witness of it, when the old man died there.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

I did not go to Olympia for fear of those wretches: I just now told you of many whom I saw crowding thither on purpose to abuse the people assembled, and to profane the temple with their noise and ribaldry; I never saw him, therefore, nor know how he perished. But to proceed: from the Brachmans I flew immediately to Æthiopia, and from thence into Ægypt; here I held communion with the priests and prophets, and taught them divine things; I visited Babylon, and initiated the Magi and Chaldeans; thence passed into Scythia, and from thence to Thrace, where I was met by Orpheus and Eumolpus: these I sent before me into Greece, the one by song and music to harmonize the minds of men, the other to inculcate the sacred doctrines which he had learned from me; and straight I followed them. The Grecians, at my first coming, neither strictly embraced, nor turned their backs upon me. After I had sojourned with them a little time, I prevailed on * seven to become my friends and disciples; together with one from † Samos, one from ‡ Ephesus, and one from § Abdera, but a few in all. After these, I know not how it happened, that a nation of sophists came about me, a set of men, neither firmly attached to my precepts, nor utterly abhorrent from them; a kind of || centaurs, a mixed and imperfect race, something between philosophy and imposture, neither totally the slaves of ignorance, nor keeping their eyes stedfastly fixed on me; like those who are half-blind from dimness of sight, they sometimes grasped at an empty shadow, or weak image of me; they thought, at the same time, that they knew every thing perfectly; whence arose that useless and superfluous wisdom amongst them, which, notwithstanding, they considered as invincible: hence those subtle distinctions, those intricate and absurd arguments, which, like labyrinths, only confounded, and perplexed mankind.

* *Seven.*] The seven wise men of Greece, Pittacus, Bias, Thales, Periander, Cleobulus, Chilon, Solon.

† *Samos.*] Pythagoras.

‡ *Ephesus.*] Heraclitus.

§ *Abdera.*] Democritus.

|| *Centaurs.*] Half-men and half-horses, as the men he describes were half-philosophers and half-rascals; the comparison is excellent.

Being at length contradicted and confuted by my disciples, they began to grow warm, and to combine against them, to accuse them in the forum, and consign them to chains and hemlock. I ought, perhaps, to have quitted them immediately, and no longer to have associated with such men: but Antisthenes and Diogenes, and after them Crates and Menippus, persuaded me to stay a little longer; would I had not done it! I should not then have suffered so many indignities.

J U P I T E R.

You have not yet told me what those indignities were.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Listen then, and I will inform you: there is a low set of men, servile, mean, and mercenary, who never had, in their youth, any converse or communion with me, but were either servants, tradesmen, * cobblers, smiths, fullers, preparers of wool for the women, or engaged in some handicraft or other of this kind, and consequently from their childhood scarce ever so much as heard of my name: but, finding, when they were advanced in life, that my followers met with universal esteem and admiration, that men put confidence in them, obeyed their dictates, and dreaded their censure; all this, they thought, was very desirable, and seemed to establish a little empire: but to fit themselves for this way of life was a difficult task, or rather, indeed, totally impracticable. In the mean time, little was got by the arts they professed, and they had much ado, with all their labour, to support themselves. Servitude was a heavy burthen, and to many of them grew intolerable. Compelled by these difficulties, they resolved to cast, what the sailors call, their sacred anchor, and moor their ship in my harbour: and to this end, they called in Ignorance and Impudence for their allies, with Calumny and Abuse, that are ever ready to assist them. Well stored with these, (pretty provision, you will say, for philosophy,) they trick themselves out, and assume my habit and appearance; like Æsop's ass, who, putting on the lion's skin, brayed as fiercely as he could, and expected to be taken for a real lion; and some there were, whom they easily imposed on. Our man-

* *Cobblers, smiths, &c*] If we only substitute the word Religion instead of Philosophy, this dialogue will be extremely applicable, from beginning to end, to the enthusiasts of the present age. Our Methodists are, with respect to the regular clergy, exactly what Lucian's sophists were when compared to the true philosophers, composed, like them, of the lowest orders amongst us, proud, impudent, ignorant, and illiterate, resembling, above all, their Grecian predecessors, in laying heavy contributions on all their deluded followers.

ners,

ners, with regard to external appearances, you well know, are easily imitated; it is no great hardship to put on an old cloak, to carry a bag at one's side, and a club in one's hand, to make a noise, or rather to bark at, and abuse every body. They would not live now upon plain pulse and coarse food, as they did before on herbs and fallads, but flesh of all kinds, and the finest wine; they collected a tribute wherever they went, or as they called it, sheered their sheep, every body giving them something, either out of respect, or for fear they should be abused by them; they thought, no doubt, they had an equal right to all advantages with the true philosophers; nor is it every one who can discern the difference, where externals are alike. If you enquire too strictly into their character, they have recourse immediately to abuse and violence: if you find fault with their lives, they refer you to their doctrine, and if you dislike their doctrine, they desire you to consider their lives.

The whole city abounds with impostors of this kind, especially amongst the followers of Diogenes, Crates, and Antisthenes, all those who fight under Cynic banners: these never imitate that vigilance, that domestic care and attention, that memory, that love of their master, which dogs are so remarkable for; but their barking, their greediness, their gluttony, their lust, their fawning, flattery, and love of a good table; these are canine qualities, which they are great proficient in.

You may easily foresee what will be the consequence of this; men will quit their shops, and leave the arts uncultivated, when they find that, though they labour from morning to night, they cannot support themselves; whilst a set of idle impostors can live in affluence, take what they please, be angry at those who will not give, and scarce thankful to those who do: this must appear a golden age to them; the honey flows into their mouths * from heaven.

The evil would be tolerable if it ended here; but these wretches, grave and demure as they appear outwardly, if they can get a beautiful woman, what they do I shall not mention. Some of them have been familiar with the wives of their hosts, like the famous † Trojan youth, merely, I suppose,

* *From heaven.*] This seems to allude to the feeding of the Israelites with manna. How Lucian came to do this, is not easily to be accounted for.

† *Trojan youth.*] Paris, so well known in ancient story for his love of Helen, the wife of Menelaus.

to make philosophers of them : nay, even brought them acquainted with their servants, on the pretence of fulfilling the dictates of * Plato, who held that women should be in common for all ; not understanding in what sense that divine philosopher meant to be understood with regard to this particular.

Their riotous and drunken behaviour at feasts it would be tedious to mention, though they are all the while railing at drunkenness, adultery, avarice, and lasciviousness. Nothing can be more contradictory than their words and their actions are to each other : they style themselves the enemies of flattery, though in adulation they excel † Struthias and Gnathonides ; recommend truth to every body, and, at the same time, never open their lips without a falsehood. Pleasure, they tell you, is injurious to all, and Epicurus is their foe ; for her, notwithstanding, and for her alone, they act and live. Ever petulant, complaining on the least occasion, and prone to anger, like little children : this makes them ridiculous to all beholders ; for, when they are angry, a livid paleness spreads over their faces, they look fierce and furious, and their mouths are full of foam, or rather of poison : never, my friend, may you be near when the filth flows from them ! Gold, or silver, cries every one of them, I disdain : I want only an obolus to buy me a few lupines ; the next fountain or river will supply me with drink : but in a little while they ask not for oboli or drachmas, but for immense riches. What merchant, for his freight, receives half of what philosophy brings to these men ? when they have got what they wanted, the wretched cloak is soon thrown by ; they purchase fine clothes, fine women, and whole streets, and bid adieu to the pouch of Crates, the cloak of Antisthenes, and Diogenes's tub.

When men see these things, they begin to despise. Philosophy, think all who profess it are alike, and accuse me as the teacher of it. Not one disciple for this long time have I gained amongst them : like Penelope, I weave

* Plato.] See Pol. 5. p. 459.

† Struthias and Gnathonides.] Famous parasites of those days ; though the latter seems, according to Terence, to have been a general name for all gentlemen of that profession.

—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.

See Colman's Terence, p. 31.

my web, and in a moment it is untwined, whilst Ignorance and Impiety smile to see me labouring in vain.

J U P I T E R.

O, ye gods! what misery has Philosophy suffered from these wretches! But let us consider what is to be done, and how we shall treat them: my lightning would destroy them at a stroke, but that is too quick a death.

A P O L L O.

Father, I will assist you; for I detest these impostors, these haters of the Muses, whom, for their sakes, I abhor. They are not worthy of your thunder: let us, therefore, if it seem good to you, send down Mercury, to enquire into their crimes, and determine their punishment: as he is himself well learned, he will be able to distinguish the true from the false philosopher; will praise the one according to his merits, and punish the other as he deserves.

J U P I T E R.

Apollo, you advise well: but do you, Hercules, accompany him, and taking Philosophy along with you, make the best of your way to earth; consider the extirpation of these shameless, filthy monsters as your * thirteenth labour.

H E R C U L E S.

I had rather once more cleanse the Augean stable than be troubled with them: however, let us go.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

I had rather be excused too; but, as it seems good to our great father, I will follow you.

M E R C U R Y.

Let us get down as fast as we can, that we may lay hold on some of them to-day. Philosophy, which way must we go? for you know where they are; I suppose in Greece.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

By no means; you will find there only a few real philosophers: but those whom we are going in search of never desire to live in Attic poverty at Athens; you must look for them where there is a great deal of gold and silver.

M E R C U R Y.

We must go directly then to Thrace.

* *Thirteenth labour.*] Alluding to the twelve well-known labours of Hercules, imposed on him by Euristheus.

H E R-

HERCULES.

You are right ; and I will conduct you thither : for I know every part of it, having been often there. Let us go in this way.

MERCURY.

Which do you mean ?

HERCULES.

You see two very large, beautiful mountains ; the biggest of them is Hæmus ; that on the other side, Rhodope : at the bottom of them is a fine, open, fertile plain, from which rise three small beautiful hills, which look like towers guarding the city that is placed beneath them ; and see, the city itself appears.

MERCURY.

And a most noble and charming one it is : you may see it at a great distance ; a large river flows close to, and washes the walls of it.

HERCULES.

That is Hebrus : the city is the * work of Philip. We are below the clouds, and close to earth. Here we are : and now, fortune be propitious to us !

MERCURY.

So be it. What is to be done first ? where are we to find these monsters ?

HERCULES.

That must be your business : you are the cryer ; perform your office.

MERCURY.

That is easily done ; but I do not know their names : you, Philosophy, must tell them me, and what marks I am to know them by.

PHILOSOPHY.

That I cannot do ; for I have really very little acquaintance with them : but, from their eager thirst after riches, you might not improperly call them † Ctesones, or Ctesippi, or Ctesicles's, or Euctemons, or Polycteti.

* *The work of Philip.*] The city of Philipopolis, built by Philip, called also Trimontium, from the three mountains that surrounded it : it was situated on the banks of the Hebrus, in Thrace, between Hamus and Rhodope.

† *Ctesones, &c.*] Gr. Κτησωνας, habeones, says the Latin translation, (which, by the by, is strange and barbarous Latin,) Havers ; Κτησιππος, habiequos, Horse-havers ; Κτησικλιος, habe-glorios, Glory-havers ; Ευκτημονας, bene-habios, Good-havers ; Πολυκτητας, multi-habios, Much-havers.

MER-

MERCURY.

Very true : but who are these that seem to be looking about for somebody ? they are coming up, as if they wanted to ask a question of us.

PASSENGER.

Have any of you seen three impostors going this way, in company with a woman * shaved close in the Spartan manner, who has a masculine appearance, and looks like a virago ?

PHILOSOPHY.

They seem to be in search of the same persons as we are.

PASSENGER.

The same as you ? our's are all fugitives ; but it is the woman we want most, whom these fellows have run away with.

MERCURY.

You shall know what we want them for presently : come, we will cry them for you.

O yes ! if any person can discover a Paphlagonian slave from Sinope, whose † name signifies Riches, with a pale face, a long beard shaved close, a bag in his hand, and covered with an old cloak ; passionate, illiterate, and has a rough voice ; whoever can produce such a one, shall be rewarded according to law.

FULLER.

I do not know who you mean by these marks ; the man I am in search of is a fuller by trade, he worked in my shop, wore his own hair, and his name was Cantharus.

PHILOSOPHY.

It is the same for all that ; he was your servant, and a fuller, but now he appears like a philosopher.

FULLER.

O the impudence of the fellow ! so now he calls himself a philosopher, and troubles himself no more about me : but we shall find him out amongst us.

* *Shaved close.*] Respicit ad Laconum morem, quo virgines matrimonium inituræ, ut amiculo virili asseronuba induebantur, ita quoque ad cutem usque sicut viri radibantur. Plut. in Lyc. See also Meursius in Misc. Luc.

† *Whose name.*] Lucian is here supposed to glance at some slave or low fellow, who had assumed the name and character of Epictetus. The master, who is a fuller, is surprised to find his servant had taken another name, and was turned philosopher. Many an honest tradesman amongst us, has, in like manner, been surprised on missing his 'prentice, to hear of his turning divine, and harranguing the populace in the character of a Field Preacher, at Whitfield or Wesley's tabernacle.

PHILOSOPHY.

O Hercules! who is this coming along? that handsome man with the lyre?

HERCULES.

It is Orpheus, who sailed with me to Argos, the best of all companions on shipboard; his music made our voyage seem much shorter. Good Orpheus, welcome: you have not forgot Hercules.

ORPHEUS.

Hercules, welcome, and you Philosophy, and Mercury; you will be indebted to me soon, for I can give you some intelligence about the person you are in search of.

MERCURY.

O son of Calliope, tell us where they are; you are the votary of wisdom, and want no reward for it.

ORPHEUS.

I do not: I can shew you the house where he lives, though I do not chuse to go to him, for fear of being ill-treated by him, for he is full of abuse, and thinks of nothing else.

MERCURY.

Only shew him to us then.

ORPHEUS.

Here, next door; but I must get away, for I would not be seen by him.

MERCURY.

Stay; is not that a woman's voice, repeating some lines from Homer?

PHILOSOPHY.

By Jupiter, it is: let us hear what she says.

WOMAN.

* I hate the fellow like the gates of hell,
Who says he hates the gold he loves too well.

MERCURY.

Then you must hate Cantharus.

† Avenge the breach of hospitable laws.

HUSBAND.

That's me; he stole away my wife, after I had lodged and treated him as a friend.

* *I hate.*] Parody of Homer. See Iliad, b. i. l. 312.

† *Avenge, &c.*] See Homer's Iliad, b. iii. l. 354.

W O M A N.

* Thou, dog in forehead, but in heart a deer,
 † With wrangling talents, form'd for foul debate;
 Have we not known thee, slave, of all our host,
 The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?

H U S B A N D.

Aye, that suits him admirably.

W O M A N.

‡ Behind, a mastiff's bushy tail is spread,
 A goat's rough body, and a lion's head.

H U S B A N D.

What must she have suffered from these villains! they say, she is with child by one of them.

M E R C U R Y.

Well, never mind; she will bring you a Cerberus, or Geryon; it will only be another labour for Hercules: but you are coming out, we need not knock at the door.

M A S T E R.

Oho! § master Cantharus, I have you now: what! have you nothing to say? let us see; what have you got in your bag? some lupines, I suppose, or a crust of bread.

M E R C U R Y.

So help me Jove if here is not a girdle full of gold.

H E R C U L E S.

No wonder; in Greece he was a Cynic, but here he is a Chrysiippus; by and by you will see him a || Cleanthes, for the rascal shall be hung up by the beard.

Another M A S T E R.

And is not this Lecythio, my run-away? it is the very man: ridiculous! what must we expect next, when this fellow is turned philosopher?

* *Thou dog.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 225.

† *With wrangling.*] See the character of Therites, Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 305, &c.

‡ *Behind.*] See Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 221. Lucian has altered Homer here a little, and put a dog's tail instead of the dragon's, in compliment to the Cynics.

§ *Master Cantharus*] This is the fuller's servant mentioned above, who called himself Epicetetus.

|| *Cleanthes.*] A famous Stoic philosopher; he was not hanged as Lucian intimates, but starved himself to death, a mode of putting an end to themselves very fashionable amongst the Grecians.

M E R C U R Y.

Has this third never a master amongst you?

Another M A S T E R.

Yes : but I give him up ; let him starve.

M E R C U R Y.

Why so?

M A S T E R.

Because he stinks ; we used to call him the perfumer,

M E R C U R Y.

O Hercules ! he has got his staff and his scrip too : O here, take your wife.

H O S T.

Not I, indeed ; she will bring me an old book by way of offspring.

M E R C U R Y.

What book do you mean?

H O S T.

There is a certain book, my good friend, called * *Tricaranus*.

M E R C U R Y.

May be so ; there is a comedy I know called † *Triphales*.

S L A V E S.

You, Mercury, must now pass sentence upon us.

M E R C U R Y.

My decree then is, that this woman, for fear she should bring forth any strange many-headed monster, shall go back to her husband in Greece ; that these two little slaves shall be restored to their masters, and practise their old trades ; that *Lecythio* shall wash dirty linen ; and the perfumer here, being first well whipped with nettles, shall mend his ragged garments, then having his hair all taken off, and his body well † pitched and tarred, he shall be carried to mount *Hæmus*, and hung up by the heels naked in the snow.

S L A V E S.

O terrible, shocking. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

M A S T E R.

None of your tragedy groans, I beg : come, away to the pitch and tar men : but first pull off your lion's skin, and appear like an ass as you are.

* *Tricaranus*.] Varro is said to have written a play with this title, in which he introduced Julius Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey.

† *Triphales*.] Alluding to a play of Aristophanes so called.

‡ *Pitched*. &c.] See page 331. Gr. *παρά τῶν περιτρωτῶν*, ad depilatores ; this was a kind of punishment inflicted on adulterers.

S A T U R N A L I A.

A D I A L O G U E.

The Saturnalia, or Feast of SATURN, was celebrated in December: at this time Liberty was allowed to Servants, (a Liberty which we allow them, or which they take, all the Year round,) of finding fault, and making merry with their Masters; probably in memory of the Saturnia Regna, or Golden Age, before the Distinction of Master and Servant was known. At this Season, Friends sent Presents to each other; no War was to be proclaimed; no Offender executed; nothing reigned but Mirth and Freedom in every Quarter.

On this Festival, which is certainly a fair Object of Satire, LUCIAN, in the following Dialogue, empties all his Quiver of Ridicule and Sarcasm; taking Occasion, at the same Time, to laugh at the absurd Tales propagated by the Priests and Poets, of SATURN's devouring his Children, dividing his Kingdom, &c. which, notwithstanding, formed no inconsiderable Part of the Pagan Creed.

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

P R I E S T.

SINCE your reign, O Saturn, is now begun, and we have offered up incense and sacrifice to you: what, I should be glad to know, out of all the offerings, will you give me for myself?

S A T U R N.

That must depend upon your own choice: you are the best judge what will be most acceptable to you; you, therefore, can best tell; unless you think I am king and prophet too. All I can say is, whatever you ask, I shall not refuse, if it is in my power to give it you.

P R I E S T.

What I would ask for is long since determined; I want the usual good things, riches, gold and silver, ivory, fine soft cloathing, a number of

* *Saturn, &c.*] In the title of this dialogue, in the original, we read *Ἰερεὺς καὶ Χρονός*, the priest and Saturn, which was certainly putting, as we say, placing the cart before the horse, and puts us in mind of cardinal Woolsey's *ego & rex meus*. I have taken the liberty, however, and I hope my brethren of the clergy will forgive me, to place the king before the bishop, and restore Saturn to his superiority.

slaves about me, and every thing, in short, that is rare and precious; of all this, great Saturn, I beg you will give me plenty, that I may reap the fruits of your advancement as well as others, and not be the only one who, in his whole life, shall be never the better for you.

S A T U R N.

Why, look there now; you have asked the very things which I have not to bestow, therefore you must not take it ill if you go without them; you must ask them of Jupiter, to whom the empire will very soon devolve: I held it only on certain conditions; in * seven days my power is at an end, after that term I am but a private person, and one of the multitude; nay, even during that time, I can do no public business, nothing of weight or consequence, only tittle, get drunk, laugh, joke, make a noise, play at dice, appoint the † king of the feast, set slaves down to the table, holloo, and sing stark naked; sometimes smut my face, and throw myself headlong into a tub of cold water: all this I have liberty to do, but as to the great affairs, gold, riches and so forth, Jupiter distributes them as he thinks proper.

P R I E S T.

Neither does he do it readily, and as he should do: for my part, I am weary of petitioning him; he hears me not, but shakes his ægis, stretches forth his thunderbolt, looks terrible, and frightens all those that are troublesome to him. If he bestows any thing, he takes no notice of the good and virtuous, but showers all his riches on knaves and fools, on the base, the cowardly, and the effeminate; I should be glad, however, to know what you *can* do.

S A T U R N.

Many things, and those by no means small or contemptible, if done to perfection: but, perhaps, you think it a very little matter to conquer at dice, to throw one to your adversaries, and turn up six for yourself: many a man has got a good fortune by success at this game, whilst others have shipwrecked their's by an unlucky throw. Then, to drink delightfully, and sing better than any body else; and, whilst others are thrown into the water

* *In seven days.*] i. e. as long as the Saturnalia continued. According to some pious commentators this alludes to the formation of the world, and the Mosaic account of the creation.

† *King of the feast.*] From this licence at the Saturnalia arose the general custom of appointing at feasts or public meetings, a lord of the banquet, who, like our modern presidents at a club, gave laws to the company. In Horace's time they threw dice for this honour, as we learn by his

Nec regna vini fortiore talis.

Hor. book i. od. 4.

for their aukward behaviour, to be voted the best of prefidents yourself, and receive the honour due: is not all this glorious? to be declared king of the feast, to command, and not be commanded; to make whom you please abuse themselves, dance naked about the room, or * go round the house with a musician on his shoulders; are not these most illustrious privileges in my gift? If you object that they are not solid and lasting, you should remember also, that my own empire is of very short duration. To these, however, which are in my power, you are welcome; ask boldly for them, I shall not frighten you with my ægis or my thunder.

P R I E S T.

But these, O first of Titans, I really do not want: however, if you will answer me one question, which, above all things I wish to be resolved in, I shall think it a sufficient return for all my sacrifices, and forgive you every thing else.

S A T U R N.

Ask it, and if I can, I will answer you.

P R I E S T.

Is it true then, which I have so often heard, that you used to devour the children which you had by Rhea; that she stole away Jupiter from you and hid him, putting a stone in the room of him, which you swallowed; that when he was grown up, he conquered, and drove you out of your kingdom, put you and all your allies in chains, and threw you into Tartarus?

S A T U R N.

If this was not a holy-day, when servants are at liberty to get drunk and † abuse their masters; I would have shewn you that I had a right to resent this treatment, and punish you for affronting thus, an old hoary god like me.

* *Go round, &c.*] These, we are to suppose, were some of the pranks played at the Saturnalia, when the king of the feast, who was always obeyed, made every body do what he liked. We have a custom of the same nature in the play of forfeits, when the keeper, or distributor of them commands the forfeiter to do any ridiculous thing he thinks proper. I need not tell my fair readers that at these Saturnalia, no orders, how absurd-foever, are to be disputed.

* *Abuse, &c.*] The custom, as in the Saturnalia, of establishing a kind of universal liberty, when servants had a licence to abuse their masters, usurp their authority for a time, &c. seems to have been adopted, at least in some measure, by all nations: there are traces of it in our own, more especially in schools, colleges, and foundations, of which the Tripos verses in the university of Cambridge, well known to my fellow collegians, may be brought as an instance; my brother Westminsters, of St. Peter's college, will also recollect the custom of cock-monitor, &c. still, I believe, preserved amongst them.

P R I E S T.

P R I E S T.

In good truth, Saturn, I did not ask this of my own head. Hesiod and Homer taught it me; not to mention, that three parts of the world beside fully believe it.

S A T U R N.

And how do you think that ruffic, bragging impostor should know any thing of me? Only reflect a little: is it possible that a man, much less a god, should ever devour his own children, unless, indeed, such a one as Thyestes? or, if this could have happened, do you think he could be such a fool as to eat a stone for a child, unless he was totally void of sense and feeling? Then, again, Jupiter and I never fought, neither did he take away my empire by force; for I resigned it to him of my own accord: and as to my being in chains, and thrown into Tartarus, here I am to convince you to the contrary, unless you are yourself as blind as Homer.

P R I E S T.

But what induced you to resign your kingdom?

S A T U R N.

I will tell you. I grew old and gouty, (which, perhaps, was the reason why the common people gave out that I was in chains,) and was no longer able to encounter with the degeneracy of the times. I had nothing else to do, indeed, but to run about, with thunder in my hand, after false swearers, thieves, and villains; which was a work of labour, and fit only for youth to execute: I * gave it up, therefore, and a good deed it was, to Jupiter. I thought it withal most prudent to divide the empire amongst my sons, that I might live and feast in peace and quiet, and no longer trouble myself with importunate petitioners, for ever asking things different from, and contradictory to each other; that I might not always be sending down hail, lightning, and thunder, but lead a pleasant old man's life, drink pure nectar, and tell stories with Iapetus, and the rest of my cotemporaries. He, in the mean time, holds the reins of government, with a thousand anxieties, and is in perpetual uneasiness; unless, except for a few days, when

* *Gave it up.*] This is one of the severest pieces of delicate and indirect satire, perhaps, any where to be met with. Saturn gives up the dominion of heaven and earth, because they were both so wicked and worthless, that it was neither honour nor pleasure to be at the head of them.—A king of England, in this age of universal depravity and corruption, would, perhaps, not be sorry to avail himself of such a privilege.

I agreed

I agreed to take them myself, only to remind men how different life was when I reigned ; when every thing sprung up without ploughing or sowing ; when there were no sheaves, but bread ready made, and flesh ready dressed ; when there were rivers of wine, and fountains of milk and honey ; for then all was good, and all was gold. This is the cause of my short-lived reign : hence all this singing, playing, and dancing ; this equality between free-men and slaves ; for, when I reigned, there was no servitude.

P R I E S T.

I always thought you instituted this festival from a compassionate regard to those that wear chains, and with a kind of retrospect to your own.

S A T U R N.

You will not leave off your jokes and sarcasms, then ?

P R I E S T.

I will, indeed : but, pray, answer me one question : in your reign, did they use to play at dice ?

S A T U R N.

Yes : but not for talents, or ten thousand drachmas, as they do now-a-days : they only played for nuts ; so that he who lost never wept, and raved, or starved himself for grief.

P R I E S T.

Very true : what, indeed, should they play for, who were nothing but gold ? I was thinking, if one of these golden men were to come now amongst us, and live in these days, what a miserable condition would he be in : they would fall upon and tear him in pieces, as the Mænades did Pentheus, the dogs Actæon, and the Thracian women poor Orpheus ; they would quarrel amongst themselves, which should have the largest part of him : for, even on these days of festivity, they are always intent on lucre, and think of nothing else : even, at the banquet, some of them will thief from their friends, whilst others are cursing you most impiously, and breaking in pieces the innocent dice, for the faults which they themselves were guilty of. I must ask you one thing more, and that is, How it happens that a tender old man, like you, should chuse out this inclement season of the year, when there is nothing but wind, ice, and snow every where ; when the trees are withered and leafless, the fields without flowers or beauty ; and men, contracted, as it were, with age, hang over the fire : how could you pick out this time for a festival, which is agreeable neither to old nor young ?

S A-

S A T U R N.

You are asking me questions, my friend, when we ought to be drinking : you have robbed me of half my holiday in philosophising, most unnecessarily ; let us, therefore, talk no more, but feast and enjoy our liberty ; after which we will play at dice for nuts, according to the old custom, appoint our kings of the feast, and do as they bid us. So shall we fulfil the proverb,

* Once a man, and twice a child.

P R I E S T.

Well said : never may he drink when he is dry, who does not approve thy pleasantry ! so, let us drink, for you have answered excellently. I have a great mind to put down what has passed between us in a book, for the use of those, amongst my friends, who are worthy of such an entertainment.

* *Once a man, &c.*] Gr. *παλιμπαιδας τως γιροτας*, *senes bis pueros*. The Greek and English saying or proverb answer exactly. The phrase in our own language is, perhaps, the most strong and expressive.

C H R O-

C H R O N O S O L O N .

LUCIAN has got hold of SATURN, and does not chuse to quit him; he has therefore given us, in his Chronosolon, (i. e. a SOLON, or Lawgiver to CHRONOS or SATURN,) another severe Satire on the ridiculous Rites and Ceremonies which made a Part of the SATURNALIA. Towards the End of this little Piece, he exposes the Absurdity of some convivial Customs, and recommends others in their Stead.

THESE are the words of Chronosolon, the high-priest and prophet of Saturn, his legislator, to dispense the laws which he hath enacted at his festival. What concerns the poor, I have already set forth in a book which I sent to them: if they do not obey my statutes, they will be liable to those heavy punishments which are annexed to the violation of them. Take heed, therefore, ye rich, that ye also do not transgress the laws, or neglect those commands which I here enjoin you to perform: for know, he who disobeys, affronts not me, but Saturn himself, who hath commissioned me to dispense his laws, not in a dream, but face to face. He was not bound in chains, nor rough and dirty, as the foolish painters and poets represent him, but had a sharp knife in his hand, appeared strong and chearful, and was dressed in a royal robe: such was his form when he appeared to me. Those divine things which he delivered, it is fitting that I impart unto you. Long had he observed me walking, with downcast eyes, in deep meditation: and well he knew, as gods know all things, the cause of my melancholy, and what I suffered from penury. In the worst of weathers, I had but one poor garment to cover me: there was nothing but cold wind, frost, and snow, and I was ill prepared for them. With grief I saw the approaching celebrity; when others were getting ready their feasts and sacrifices, I, alas! had nothing festival about me: then it was that the god, coming behind, and shaking me by the * ear, as he was wont; “Chronosolon, (said he,) why art thou thus afflicted?” “With too much reason, (replied I,) when I behold the vilest and most abandoned, and those alone revelling in riches and splendor, whilst I, and many other learned and in-

* By the ear.] —Cynthius aurem
Vellit—

genious men, languish in poverty and despair : neither will you, my master, put an end to these things, and bring us all upon a level." " That (said he) cannot be done : what Clotho and the Parcæ ordain, I cannot reverse ; but, as far as my festival extends, I will relieve you ; and thus it shall be done : go this instant, Chronosolon, and write me some laws, such as may bind the rich during this solemnity, that they may not feast for themselves alone, but give you a share in the banquet." " Alas ! (cried I,) I know not how to make laws." " Then (said he) I will teach you." He began, and when I had learned, " Now (said he) tell them, if they do not obey, wo unto them ! vainly, if I am not avenged, do I hold this knife ; and fit object of ridicule should I be, if I, who made use of it against my father * Cœlus, should not do it against the violators of my own sacred laws : let them get their flutes and cymbals, and wait upon the † great goddesses ; for I shall soon qualify them for it." Such were his threats : it will become you all, therefore, to take care you do not disobey the following laws.

F I R S T C O D E .

LET no business, public or private, be done during the festival, except that which contributes towards sport, pleasure, and delight, cooks and bakers : let none work but cooks and bakers.

Let freemen and slaves, rich and poor, be all upon a level.

Let no man be affronted at, angry with, or threaten another.

Let none be obliged to account for the things intrusted to their care during the festival.

Let no enquiry be made into the money or garments distributed.

Let there be no writing, no public exercises, no disputes, no speeches, except such as are jocular and facetious, and may promote mirth and jollity.

S E C O N D C O D E .

LET the rich, some time before the festival, write down on a tablet the names of their friends, with what they intend to give them, which shall be of money, about a tenth part of their annual income ; besides out of their apparel, and all that belongs to them, whatever is superfluous, mean, dirty,

* *Cœlus.*] Alluding to the old absurd fable of Saturn's making a eunuch of his father Cœlus, to prevent (an excellent scheme for sons and heirs) his having any other children.

† *The great goddesses.*] Cybele, the wife of Saturn.

or unfuitable to their rank and condition : let all this be got ready, and the night before the festival, let them go through the necessary purgation, by throwing off all their avarice, meanness, love of filthy lucre, and all those bad qualities which generally attend them. When they are thus cleansed, let them sacrifice to Jupiter, the giver of good things ; Mercury, the beneficent ; and the generous Apollo.

Distribution being made according to every man's rank and fortune, let the presents be sent to their friends before sun-set.

Let those who carry the presents, not be more than three or four of the most faithful and oldest servants.

Let it be inscribed on the tablet what is sent, and how much, that the carriers may not be suspected of fraud.

Let the servants drink only one cup before they return, and not ask for any more.

Let a double portion of every thing be sent to the men of letters ; for it is their due.

Let the message, sent with the presents, be modest, and in few words : nothing that can give offence ; no boastings of their value.

Let no rich man send any thing to the rich, nor invite him to the feast.

Let nothing be kept back of that which is appointed to be given ; nor the intended beneficence repented of.

If the person, for whom the gift is designed, be absent one year, let it be reserved for him the next.

Let the rich pay the debts of their poor friends, and the rent of their house, if they cannot afford to pay for it themselves ; and let them enquire some time before, what it is the indigent most stand in need of.

Let not the receiver murmur or complain ; but, whatever be the present, let it seem a great one.

Let no hares, casks of wine, or fat hens, be sent as presents at this festival ; but whatever a man shall receive at the Saturnalia, let him not laugh at, or turn into ridicule.

Let the man of letters, who receives a present, send back, in return, some ancient book, if he has any that are good, and suitable to the occasion ; or some work of his own ; whatever he pleases : this let the rich man receive with a chearful countenance, and read it immediately : if he throws it aside,

or rejects it, let him beware of the sharp knife, though the present he sent be ever so great.

Let others send garlands, or crumbs of frankincense.

If a * poor man sends a rich one garments, or silver or gold, more than he can afford, let it be lodged in Saturn's public treasury; and, the next day, let the poor man receive from the rich two hundred and fifty strokes on his hand with a cane.

† C O N V I V I A L L A W S .

EXACTLY at twelve let the company bathe.

Let the nuts and dice be produced before bathing.

Let all sit down to dinner promiscuously, and just as chance shall place them.

Let neither birth, rank, or fortune, make any distinction during the feast.

Let all drink of the same wine; and let no disorder of the head or stomach of the rich man, be an excuse for giving him a better sort.

Let the meat be distributed equally to all.

Let the servants shew no favour or affection to any; without neglect, and without delay: let them not give more, or better, to one than to another; but let every thing be in common.

Let the cup-bearer be quick-sighted and attentive to every guest, more than to his master.

Let there be cups of all sorts.

Let the cup of friendship go round, and all drink to all, even before the master of the feast.

‡ Let no man drink who is not able to drink.

Let no raw and ignorant dancer or fidler be introduced, but those only who are perfect in their art.

* *If a poor man, &c.*] This is singular: but it was, probably, either to punish his folly, in giving away what he could not afford to those who did not want it, or his designing craft, in making presents to the rich, in hopes of receiving twice as much from them in return.

† *Convivial laws.*] From these it is not improbable but Ben Johnson might take the hint of his *Leges Convivales*.

‡ *Let no man.*] An excellent maxim: read it, ye country 'squires, and hospitable men of Dublin, and do not kill your friends with kindness.

Let

Let every one joke and rally as much as he pleases, provided that he does it with decency, and hurts nobody.

Above all, let nobody play at dice for any thing but nuts: if any man plays for him, let him have no victuals the next day.

Let every man stay as long as he pleases, and go away when he likes.

If the master invites slaves to the feast, both he and his friends shall wait upon them.

Let every rich man take care that these laws be inscribed on a brazen column in the middle of his hall; there to be read by every one.

And be it known, that,
as long as this column remaineth, never shall famine, pestilence, fire, or any evil thing, come upon that house; but if ever, which heaven avert! it should be destroyed, wo be to them! it is not our fault.

S A-

SATURNALIAN EPISTLES:

THE POOR MAN'S PETITION.

TO SATURN HEALTH.

If LUCIAN has a Fault it is perhaps, that of sometimes dwelling too long on a Subject, and squeezing it, like Ovid, to its last Dregs. This seems to be the Case with regard to the Saturnalia, the Ridicule of which he is loth to part with, and has therefore given us these Epistles, where, though there is a good Deal of Humour in them, many of the same Compliments are made, and the same Thoughts repeated, which we met with in the two preceding Pieces. The Answer of the Rich at the Conclusion is excellent, and contains some just Observations, which are confirmed by daily Experience.

I WROTE you word some time ago in what a miserable condition I was, and that I was only the worse for your festival; if I remember right, I then intimated to you that I thought it unreasonable that some should abound in riches, happiness, and pleasure, without imparting any thing to the poor, whilst others were starving: and at the time of the Saturnalia, as I received no answer from you, I thought proper once more to remind you of it. It certainly becomes you, most excellent Saturn, to put an end to this unequal distribution of things, and begin the festival. As things are now, every man is, as the * proverb says, either an ant, or a camel. Suppose a tragedy actor before you with a high † buskin on one foot, and nothing on the other; according to which he treads upon, he must, you see, be high or low, when he comes on the stage: and thus it is with human life, which is shamefully unequal; some strut in high shoes, which fortune helps them to, and trample upon us with tragic pomp and insolence, whilst we crawl upon

* *The proverb.*] Gr. *μυρμηξ η καμηλος*, an ant or a camel, the largest opposed to the least of creatures. This proverb was usually applied to all things in the extreme, and is here meant to signify, that all men were at that time either very rich or very poor.

† *Buskin.*] The ancient tragedy buskins were like stilts, and raised the actor some inches. Our own were formerly, it is probable, of the same nature, as we learn from Shakspeare,

“Your ladyship (says Hamlet to the actresses), is higher by a CROPINÉ than when I saw you last.”

the

the ground, though, as you well know, we could act our parts as well, and strut as grandly as they can do, if any body would furnish us with the bufkin.

The poets have long since told us that it was not so when * you held the reins of empire, when the earth yielded her fruits without ploughing or sowing, and every man eat and drank as much as he pleased; the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and some with honey. Men themselves were all gold, and no such thing as poverty ever came near them: our's on the contrary is scarce worthy to be called a leaden age, it is even of a baser metal; a living is hardly to be gained by toil and labour, and there is nothing but penury, murmuring, and despair amongst us. But all this you well know we could bear with patience, did we not at the same time behold the rich in such affluence and prosperity, locking up their gold and silver, wearing rich garments, buying slaves and chariots, with whole fields and villages; and so far from parting with any thing to the poor and needy, that they will not deign even to look upon us: this, O Saturn, we think shameful and intolerable, that the great should revel in purple, and feast for ever, whilst I and my poor companions are toiling night and day to get a few farthings for bread, pulse, and onions, to sup on.

On you, Saturn, we depend, either to change these things, and bring us all on a level, or, which is the last resource, command the rich not to enjoy every thing by themselves, but give us a quartern out of their bushel; and, before time and the moths have eat up all their garments, to bestow some of them upon us to clothe ourselves withal, rather than let them mould in their chests; command them to invite, now and then, four or five of us to supper, not after the present mode, but in a liberal and noble manner, that we may all be partakers of their bounty: let not one man surfeit himself with dainties, his slave standing by him till he can eat no longer, nor when the servant comes to us, and we stretch out our hand, let him pass by and only shew us the relics, without suffering us to taste them, give their master the whole hog, and then throw us the bones. Let us not be forced to ask the cup-bearer half a dozen times for a draught, but when the master orders him, let him pour it out immediately, and give us a bumper: above all, let every

* *Ton held, &c.*] In the Golden Age, which Virgil calls,

— Saturnia regna.

body

body have the same wine, for where is the law that says one man shall get drunk with Cyprus whilst another is cholicked with metheglin?

Whenever, Saturn, you shall make this reformation, then will a feast be something like a feast, and * life be life indeed; but if you do not, let them keep the festival to themselves, whilst we sit down and pray most heartily that when they come out of the bath, their servants may fall down and break the jugg; that their cooks may spoil their broth with fat, or, thinking of something else, pour fish-sauce upon their lentiles; that whilst their scullions are absent, a dog may steal in, fall upon their forced-meat, and devour their cheese-cakes! May their wild boars, stags, and pigs, whilst they are roasting, do, like † Homer's oxen of the sun, or rather not only creep as they did, but leap away into the mountains, spits and all, and their fat hens, even after their feathers are plucked, fly away, that they may not thus eat all their dainties alone! May the ants, which will vex them most, such as we read of in India, dig up their treasures, and bring them forth to public view! May their fine cloaths, from the negligence of their servants, be eat through by our good friends the mice, and look like a sieve, or a fishing net! May their pretty pages with long hair, their Hyacinthuses, and Narcissuses, whilst they are holding the cup to them, become bald, and their beards grow rough and sharp, like Satyrs in a comedy! May these, and a thousand other evils fall upon the rich, if they will not leave off their avarice and selfishness, and give us a portion of their abundance!

* *Life, &c.*] Gr. βίον μὲν τὸν βίον: the analogy between the two languages in this expression is remarkable.

† *Homer's oxen.*] This strange story is told in the twelfth book of the *Odyffey*, where we read that

— along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound,
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

See Pope's *Homer's Odyffey*, book iv. l. 464.

S A T U R N ' s R E P L Y .

To our dearly beloved — health.

HOW, my good friend, could you be so absurd as to write to me about the present state of human affairs, enjoining me to make a more equal distribution of things? this is not my business, but belongs to him who is now the great governor. I am surpris'd to find, you are the only one who does not know, that I, who formerly held the reins, am no * longer ruler, having divided the empire amongst my children, and that the care of all these things belongs now to Jupiter: my power is confined to dice, finging, and drinking, and that only for seven days: for your request, therefore, to reform these inequalities, and set you all upon a level, I must refer you to Jove, who alone is answerable for them. If, indeed, during my festival, any injury is committed through fraud, avarice, or injustice, I shall take cognizance of it; and for that purpose, I have written to the rich with regard to their suppers, their gold, and garments, and ordered them to send you some at my festival; this, as you say, is but just and right, and they will do as they ought, unless they can produce any good reasons to the contrary.

In the mean time, permit me to inform you, the poor and indigent, that you are much deceived in your opinions concerning the rich and great: to think that they alone are happy, and live a life of pleasure, because they have costly suppers, get drunk with sweet wine, and are clothed in soft garments: you know not the real truth, nor how much care and trouble these things bring along with them; they are obliged to watch continually that their stewards may not neglect their affairs, or cheat and impose upon them, to take care that their wine does not grow sour, and their corn rot; that some thief does not steal away their cups, that informers do not make the populace believe that they mean to establish tyranny and arbitrary power. These are not a thousandth part of the miseries they are subject to; if you knew half the terrors and uneasiness they undergo, riches were the very things which you would most wish to avoid.

Besides all this, if there was any thing so very desirable in riches and em-

* *No longer, &c.*] This repeated from the Saturnalia.

pire, do you think I should, myself, have been such a fool as to give them both up, and live retired under the dominion of another? but, as I well knew the consequence of being rich and great, I resigned, and well it was for me, all thoughts of it.

With regard to the complaint you make, of their revelling in wild boars and fine cakes, whilst you, even on feast days, are glad to feed on cresses, leeks, and onions; the case is fairly thus: at the time when they are eaten, both are equally sweet, and, perhaps, equally innocent, but in their consequences extremely different; for, you do not, like them, rise the next day with the head-ach, or breathe forth the nauseous stench of a sour stomach from repletion; add to this, that they are incited by lust and luxury to spend their nights in riot and debauchery, and thence contract fevers, dropfies, inflammations of the lungs, and a thousand other disorders. Shew me one of them who does not look pale and livid, like a carcase; if they arrive at old age, are not three parts of them deprived of the use of their legs, and carried about by their servants? They have a golden appearance without, but within, are patched up, like player's garments, with the poorest rags and tatters. Fish, you never taste, neither are you troubled, like those who do, with gouts and palsies. Add to this, that eating perpetually of these things, and more than enough, it gives them very little pleasure, and you often see them as fond of herbs and onions, as you can be of hares and wild boars. I shall pass over a thousand other misfortunes which they are liable to, such as profligate children, wives that fall in love with their servants, and women that yield to them more from necessity than affection. There are many others which you know nothing of, whilst you only look upon their gold and purple; and when you see them drawn in pomp by their white horses, you gape at, and admire them. But if you would neglect and despise them, if you would not stare at their silver chariots, look at the rich jewels on their rings, or gaze upon their fine cloaths; if you would let them alone to enjoy their riches by themselves, they would then come of their own accord, and invite you to sup with them, merely that they might shew you their cups, their beds, tables, and all their treasures, which are of no service to them, unless they are seen and admired; and it is for your sake alone, that they value themselves on the possession of them.

This, my good friends, I have written for your comfort and satisfaction; I have experienced both conditions, and shall only add, that I hope you will

will celebrate my festival as you ought, when you recollect that you must all soon quit this life, when the rich must part from their riches, and you from your poverty. I shall write, however, to them as I promised, and I make no doubt but they will pay a proper regard to my letter.

SATURN, TO THE RICH, SENDS HEALTH.

I HAVE just now received a letter from the POOR, complaining that you give them nothing: they intreat me, therefore, to establish an equality amongst men, and to make all things common to all, that every one may have a part; saying, that it is unjust for one man to have more than is necessary; and another, nothing that is pleasant or agreeable. To which I answered, that all these things belonged to Jupiter; but that, with regard to the present time, or any injuries which were done to them during my festival, I should take them under consideration, and would write to you about it. What they require of you is, I think, very reasonable; for how, say they, starving as we are with cold and hunger, shall we be able to keep the festival? If, therefore, I would have them partake of it, they desire I would lay my commands on you, to give them some of your cloaths, such as were not fit for you, or which you had no occasion for, together with a little of your spare money. This, if you would agree to, they will not complain of you to Jupiter; but, if you deny them, they are resolved to petition him for a new distribution, the first time he fits to do justice. This, indeed, I think you may very easily do, out of the abundance which you possess. With regard to suppers, they request, that they may partake of them, and that you will not shut your doors against them, and feast by yourselves: whenever, which, it seems, happens but seldom, you do invite them, they have more uneasiness than joy or pleasure, as they are sure to meet with a thousand affronts and indignities, and particularly that of being served with worse wine than what you drink yourselves: heavens! how mean and illiberal is this! I wonder they do not rise up from table, and take their leave of you immediately. Then again, even of this they are not suffered to drink as much as they like; your cup-bearers, like the * companions of Ulysses, seal up their ears

* *Companions, &c.*] Alluding to this passage,

The ductile wax, with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;

P p p 2

Then

ears with wax. The behaviour, besides, of your servants, in the division of the meat, is so bad, that I am almost ashamed to mention it; whilst you are gorging, they pass by these poor wretches, and take no notice of them; with many other tricks of this kind that are very unworthy of you. Equality is the life and soul of festivals, and, for this purpose, a distributor is appointed, to take care that every body shall have their share. Let them, therefore, no longer complain against, but love and honour you; let them partake of what you can very well afford to part from, and which, at the same time, they will always remember with gratitude. Consider that you cannot yourselves live any where with comfort, unless you have the poor with you, who must furnish you with a thousand things necessary to your happiness; if they are not there to admire your treasures, they are all buried in obscurity. Let then the multitude come and see them, let them gaze upon your silver, gold, and fine tables, and whilst they put round the cup of friendship, let them weigh it well, and mark how beautiful, how highly wrought, and finished it is: add to this, that they will praise your good-nature and humanity, and you will no longer be the object of their envy, for who envies the liberal and bounteous man, who does not wish him long life, health, and happiness? But, as you behave yourselves at present, your riches make you the butt of envy; your prosperity has no witnesses, and your life no pleasure or enjoyment.

To feed by ourselves like lions, wolves, and tygers, is surely by no means so pleasant as to live in agreeable society; in the company of men of parts and genius, who will not suffer the feast to be dull and uninteresting, who can enliven it with social mirth and festivity. These are the convivial joys which Bacchus, Venus, and the Graces love; this will gain you the goodwill of all who hear it, an advantage well worth endeavouring to obtain. For, let me ask you, if there were no poor, to see your riches, to admire your fine cloaths, your household, and attendants, would not you be very unhappy? Not to mention the hatred and ill-will you would inevitably draw upon you, by living for yourselves alone; their curses pronounced against you, are dreadful indeed; never may they be fulfilled! for then, nor cake nor forced-meat must you taste, except what the dogs shall leave you; your len-

Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from excess of frenzy lock'd the brain.

See Pope's Homer's *Odyſſey*, b. 12. l. 218.

tiles

tiles shall smell of fish, your boats and stags run out of the kitchen, your hens fly off to the poor, your glasses be all broke, and your pages be all bald. For the future, therefore, take care that my festival be celebrated as it ought to be, and that you relieve the poor and indigent, whom, by a little timely assistance, you may make most excellent and useful friends.

ANSWER OF THE RICH TO SATURN.

NOT to you alone, O Saturn, have the poor made their complaints: Jupiter is every day stunn'd with their clamours, importuning him to make a new distribution of things, accusing Fate of inequality and injustice, and us also for bestowing nothing upon them; but he knows very well where the fault lies, and therefore turns a deaf ear to their petitions. For ourselves, we have considered of what you wrote to us, are convinced that it is our duty to relieve the indigent, and that to admit the poor to our feast will make them more agreeable to ourselves, and have therefore taken care to give them such an equal portion as may remove all just cause of complaint amongst them. But the truth is, these men, who at first pretended they wanted but little, when once our doors were opened to them, were perpetually asking for more and more; and if their request was not immediately complied with, we met with nothing but ill-will, anger, and abuse from them; if any lie was propagated against us, it was soon as thoroughly believed by the croud as if they knew it to be true; so that we are reduced to this alternative, if we give them nothing, to make them our inveterate enemies; or if we permit them to take all, to be as poor as them, and become beggars ourselves: this might be borne, but which is still worse, when they are invited, they never think they have enough, and yet after gorging themselves, and drinking a great deal more than they ought, they make no scruple of endeavouring in their cups to debauch your wife or mistress; and whilst they are puking upon your best bed, rail at and abuse you, and complain of being starved. If you think this impossible, recollect the story of your own parasite Ixion, who when admitted to the table of the gods, got drunk, and most generously made an attempt on the chastity of Juno.

Such,

Such, with many others of the same kind, are the reasons which induced us, for our own sakes, to shut our doors against them; but if they will promise, and you will be answerable for them, that for the future they will be moderate in their requests, and will not affront or abuse us, they shall come to our feasts, and be welcome to them; we will send them, according to your commands, some of our cloaths, and what money we can spare: let them leave off their tricks and bad behaviour, and, instead of flatterers and parasites, become our friends; if, in short, they will do their duty, we will not be deficient in our's, nor shall you have any reason to find fault with us.

L A.

* L A P I T H Æ,
 OR THE
 B A N Q U E T,
 A D I A L O G U E.

*It has frequently been observed, by both Ancients and Moderns, that, to the Re-
 proach of Human Nature, wise Men are sometimes as foolish as other People.
 LUCIAN, to convince his Readers of this Truth, gives us an Account of a Feast,
 where the Philosophers, who were invited to it, got drunk, abused, and beat one
 another: a Fact which might very probably happen, and which LUCIAN here
 describes with infinite Humour. The Parties concerned were, we may suppose,
 pretty well known; and this Relation of their Behaviour must have afforded no
 small Entertainment to the Public.*

*The LAPITHÆ, a People of THESSALIA, at a great Feast, made on the
 Marriage of PIRITHOUS, their King, quarrelled with the CENTAURS, fought,
 and routed them: in Allusion to this, LUCIAN humorously calls his Philosophers
 Feast, the LAPITHÆ.*

L Y C I N U S A N D P H I L O.

P H I L O:

SO, you had variety of entertainment, yesterday, at Ariffenætus's: the
 philosophers, they tell me, had a great dispute; and the affair even
 went so far, if I may believe Charinus, as to end in blows and bloodshed.

L Y C I N U S.

But how came Charinus, my dear Philo, to know any thing of the mat-
 ter, when he did not sup with us?

P H I L O.

He heard so, he said, from Dionicus, the physician, who, I suppose,
 was one amongst you.

L Y C I N U S.

He was; but not from the beginning; as he came in late, about the
 middle of the battle, and a little before any wounds were given: his ac-
 count, therefore, cannot be depended on, as he was not there when the
 quarrel began, nor acquainted with the cause of it.

* — ne quis modici transliat munera Liberi,
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
 Debellata.

Hor.

See also Ovid. Met. b. xii.

P H I L O.

P H I L O.

And therefore it was, that Charinus himself desired us, if we wanted to know the truth, and every thing that passed, to apply to you, as you knew all the circumstances exactly, and attended carefully to what was said and done : you will not, therefore, I am sure, refuse to give us this treat, which, to me, will be a most agreeable one ; especially as we can enjoy the banquet here, with all sobriety, and out of the reach of danger, or blood-shed, whether the old men get drunk, and disturb the company, or the young men grow warm, and are troublesome and impertinent.

L Y C I N U S.

You should not press me, Philo, to publish things that happen at a drinking bout, which, perhaps had better be buried in oblivion. It was all the work of Bacchus, who, we may suppose, despises all those who are not initiated into his sacred rites, and will not celebrate his orgies : it is unlawful, therefore, to enquire too nicely into those mysteries, from which the profane should depart in silence ; besides, as the poet says,

* Nothing so hateful as a tell-tale guest.

Nor was it right in Dionicius to say what he did to Charinus about the last night's supper with the philosophers : far be it from me to do any such thing.

P H I L O.

You are mighty delicate ; but, in good truth, friend Lycinus, you should not pretend thus to impose upon me, who very well know that you are more willing to tell than I am to hear it ; and that, if you could find nobody to listen to you, you would declare it open-mouthed, from beginning to end, to the first statue that you met with. If I was to go away without hearing, I know you would run after, stop, and intreat me. I will be as nice and delicate as you, and take myself away : I can ask somebody else, so you need not trouble yourself.

L Y C I N U S.

Good Philo, do not be angry ; since you are so very desirous, I will e'en tell you, but you must not mention it to every body.

* *Nothing, &c.*] Gr. *μίσω μνημονεὺς συμποσίου.* Agreeable to this, is Ben Johnson's rule, in his *Leges Conviviales.*

Dicta qui foras eliminat, eliminetur.

P H I.

P H I L O.

If I know any thing of Lycinus, he will do that better himself : take care to tell every body, and save me the trouble : but pray tell me, did Aristænetus invite you to celebrate the marriage of his son Zeno ?

L Y C I N U S.

No ; it was the wedding of his daughter Cleanthis, whom he has just married to the son of Eucritus, the money-lender, a great admirer of philosophy.

P H I L O.

A very handsome boy ; but, I should think, rather too young for a wife.

L Y C I N U S.

I suppose he could not pick out a more proper husband, accomplished, as he is, with a strong bent to philosophy ; and, moreover, the only son of Eucritus, who is extremely rich : he was, surely, the very man Aristænetus could have wished for.

P H I L O.

Such a fortune, indeed, was a good reason ; but who were your guests ?

L Y C I N U S.

Of philosophers, for as to the rest you have no curiosity, there were, the old Stoic Zenothemis, and Diphilus, surnamed the * Labyrinth, Zeno's master : of the Peripatetics, Cleodemus, who, you know, is famous for the force and subtilty of his arguments ; his scholars call him the Sword and Scythe. There was, likewise, Hermon, the Epicurean, whom the Stoics looked upon with an evil eye ; no better, you may suppose, than a parricide and a murderer. These were invited, as being Aristænetus's most intimate friends ; and with them came Histiæus, the grammarian, and Dionysodorus, the rhetorician. The bridegroom, Chærea, introduced also Ion, the Platonic, who was his master, whose person and appearance were truly respectable ; uprightnes and integrity shone forth in his countenance, wherefore he was generally styled the Model, in allusion to the rectitude of his conduct : on his entrance, every body rose up, and paid him reverence, as to a superior being ; there was, indeed, in his air and manner, something truly god-like and divine.

* *The Labyrinth.*] Alluding to his subtle and perplexed manner of disputing. This puts us in mind of the nick-names formerly given to our schoolmen ; such as, the Irrefragable Doctor, the Angelic Doctor, &c.

The couch, on the right hand, as you entered, was filled with a number of * women; and, amongst them, surrounded by her friends, the bride, covered with a long veil: opposite to the door, was another large company, ranged according to their rank and dignity. Over against the women sat Eucritus, and next him Aristænetus: and now a little dispute arose, whether the precedency should be given to the old Stoic Zenothemis, or Hermon, the Epicurean, who was priest of † the Dioscuri, and of the first family in the city. Zenothemis cut this matter short, by crying out, "If you place me behind that Epicurean, not to say any thing more of him, I shall leave you to feast by yourselves; I am going:" and so saying, he called the boy, and pretended to be marching off: upon which, "Take the first seat, if you please, (said Hermon;) but, I think, however you may despise the Epicurean, you might have given place to the priest." "I laugh at the priest and the Epicurean too," replied Zenothemis; and immediately sat down, and Hermon next him: then Cleodemus, the Peripatetic; then Ion; and, after him, the bridegroom: I followed; next to me sat Diphilus; and, below him, his scholar Zeno, with Hiftæus and Dionysodorus.

P H I L O.

This was, indeed, a most elegant entertainment, the banquet of the Muses. I honour Aristænetus much, for collecting together so many ingenious men, not preferring one sect, and rejecting another; but thus inviting the flower of each.

E Y C I N U S.

He is not like the generality of rich men, but a lover of the wife and learned, with whom he has spent the greatest part of his life. But to proceed: the first part of the evening passed off quietly; we had an elegant and plentiful supper: you do not want an exact account of our meat and drink; it is sufficient to say, we had enough of every thing. In the midst of the entertainment, Cleodemus leaned over, and whispered to Ion: "Look (for I overheard them) at that old fellow, (meaning Zenothemis,) how he gorges the hash! his cloaths are all daubed with the soup: observe

* *Women.*] The women, we see, had a couch to themselves, and did not sit amongst the men: no wonder that the feast should resemble that of the Lapithæ, nothing but noise and quarrels. I appeal to the ladies, whether these polite Greeks, whom we so much admire, were not absolute Barbarians.

† *Dioscuri.*] Castor and Pollux.

how

how he hands the victuals to the boy that stands behind him, not thinking that he is seen by the company. Pray tell Lycinus, that he may take notice of him." But there was no occasion for Ion's pointing it out to me, as I had myself observed him some time before.

Scarce had Cleodemus said this, when in rushed Alcidas, the Cynic, making use of the old adage; " * Menelaus comes when he pleases." Many people thought it very impertinent, and some muttered,

" Thou ravest, O Menelaus."

Others cried out,

" † The great Atrides likes not this"—

Several hints of this kind were privately thrown out, but nobody ventured openly to attack him, as he was one of the most noisy and petulant fellows of the whole sect, inasmuch that he intimidated every body: Aristænetus, however, beckoned to, bade him take a chair, and sit down by Histæus and Dionysodorus. " No, no, (cried he,) no sitting in chairs, or laying on couches, for me; it is mean and effeminate to loll on couches, and crawl on the ground, as you do, and eat your victuals with your purple garments under you. I shall stand upright, and sup as I walk; and, when I am tired, lay me down in my cloak, and go to sleep." " So you may, if you please," said Aristænetus; and, accordingly, the Cynic walked all round, and took his supper where he liked, changing his camp like the Scythians, stopping wherever he found the best pasture, and following the servants as they carried the meat about: in the mean time, whilst he was eating, he did not forget to dispute about the nature of virtue and vice, and to talk about his contempt of riches; asked Aristænetus what he did with so many fine gold and silver cups, when wooden ones would have been just as useful: as soon, however, as he began to grow troublesome, Aristænetus quitted him, by making signs to the boy to give him a large cup of wine, and make it pretty strong: this, he thought, was doing a great thing, little imagining how

* *Menelaus, &c.*] Alluding to that passage in the second book of the Iliad, where it is said, speaking of Agamemnon's feast,

—Menelaus came, UNBID, the last.

From this circumstance, as related by Homer, trifling as it may appear, when any body came to a feast, uninvited, he was called a Menelaus: and this, it seems, was the case with the Cynic Alcidas.

† *The great Atrides, &c.*] Gr. ἀλλ' ἐκ Ατρυιδῆν Ἀγαμέμνονι πρὸς αὐτὸν θυμῶ. See Il. b. i. l. 24.

many bad consequences would afterwards arise from it: for the present, however, Alcidas was silenced, and, as he had threatened but just before, laid himself down, half naked, on the floor, leaning his head on his arm, with the cup in his hand, as they paint Hercules at the feast of the Centaurs.

The wine now went round; they drank to, and chatted with each other, till at length lights were brought in; when I observed a pretty little girl who stood behind Cleodemus, simpering at him (for I must tell you every remarkable circumstance that happened on this occasion), I watched narrowly to find out what she laughed at, and next time she came near to take the cup from him, I observed Cleodemus squeezing her hand, and putting some money into it; the girl smiled at the squeezing of her hand, but I believe did not feel the money, for two drachmas fell down between them, and making a noise, which was overheard by the company, they both blushed; those who sat next to them could not tell whom the money belonged to, as the girl denied they were meant for her, and Cleodemus, though the noise was close to him, would not own that he had dropped them; the thing therefore passed over unnoticed, as scarce any body, I believe, had seen what was done but Aristænetus, who ordered the girl out privately, and placed an old ostler, or groom, behind Cleodemus in her stead. Thus the affair ended, which, if one had not dexterously concealed, would have brought much shame and ignominy on the other.

And now Alcidas, who had got to drinking again, enquiring the bride's name, commanded silence, and fixing his eyes on the women, with a loud voice cried out, "Cleanthis, I drink to you, this is the cup of Hercules!" at this the company laughed; "What do you laugh at, said he, because I drank to the bride, and called on Hercules? But let me tell you, if she does not pledge me, she will never have a son like me, strong in body and mind, and invincible;" saying this, he shewed part of his naked body in a most indecent manner; the guests laughed, and he got up in a violent passion, and looked so fierce and furious, that it was plain he did not mean to be quiet much longer; he would certainly, indeed, have knocked down somebody with his club, if he had not, just in the nick of time, met with a fine cake, which casting his eyes upon, he immediately grew calm, forgot his resentment, and devoured it.

And now, many were got drunk, and the feast was nothing but noise and clamour. The rhetorician repeated some of his good things, at which the
servants,

servants, who stood behind, laughed immoderately; the grammarian, who sat next to him, patched together a parcel of verses from Pindar, Hesiod, and Anacreon, and made a ridiculous jumble of them all; amongst the rest,] as if he had been a prophet, he repeated,

* Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts, and dying groans arise.

Whilst Zenothemis read a manuscript in the smallest characters, which he had taken from one of the waiters.

In the interval between the courses, Aristænetus, that no part of the time might be without some entertainment, had taken care to provide a buffoon, who was brought to say or do any thing comical or ridiculous that could divert the company; the fellow came in, with his head shaved, and only a few hairs on it, and standing upright, distorted his body in various postures, danced about, and repeated some verses, that sounded like Ægyptian, throwing out now and then some jests on the company; which most of them smiled at; but when he attacked Alcidas, and called him the dog of Melita, the Cynic grew angry, for he was before affronted at his admittance to the feast, and throwing down his cloak, he challenged him to fight, and said, if he refused, he would knock him down with his club; poor Satyrion, therefore, (for that was the fellow's name), was forced to stand up, and fight with him. It was pleasant enough to see a grave philosopher at cuffs with a buffoon, and thumping one another; some were pleased at, and some ashamed of it, till at last Alcidas, worn out by repeated blows, was forced to yield to the superior strength and experience of little Satyrion; this conclusion set the whole table in a roar.

A little after came in Dionicus, the physician, who had been detain'd by his attendance on Polyprepon, the musician, who was mad, concerning whom he told a very diverting story. He had called it seems upon him, not knowing any thing of his disorder, when the madman immediately rose up, shut the door, drew his sword, and holding a flute in his hand, commanded Dionicus to play upon it, which he not being able to do, the musician struck him several blows on his hand with a long whip; in this extre-

* *Now shields, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book iv. l. 519.

mity, Dionicus bethought himself of a stratagem, which was, to challenge the musician to play with him, agreeing that the conquered should receive so many stripes from the victor: he then began himself, and after playing very badly, gave the flute to the musician, taking the whip from him, and at the same time laying hold of his sword, threw it out at the window, then called in the neighbours, who broke open the door, and rescued him. He shewed us several marks of the whip, and scratches on his face from the nails of his antagonist. This story made us laugh as much as the adventure of the buffoon. Dionicus then sat himself down by Hyftiaëus, and went to supper; some propitious deity, no doubt, sent him to us, and most opportunely did he come, considering what happened not long after.

A servant now came in, who it seems belonged to Etæmocles, the Stoic, with a paper in his hand, which he said he was ordered to read openly, in some part of the room where he might be heard by every body, and then to return: accordingly, Aristænetus having given him leave, he brought it to the light, and began.

P H I L O.

Some epithalamium, I suppose, with compliments to the bride, which is usual on these occasions.

L Y C I N U S.

So we all imagined: but it proved to be a very different thing: for thus it ran:

ETEMOCLES, THE PHILOSOPHER, TO ARISTÆNETUS.

“ THAT I am no friend to banquets, appears from my past life; every day have I been invited by men much greater than yourself, but I would never go, as well knowing the noise, riot, and debauchery for ever attendant on them: I cannot at the same time but take it ill, that you, whom I have always treated with so much respect, should leave me out of the list of your friends, and that I alone should be taken no notice of, though I am so near a neighbour. I am not, indeed, sorry on my own account, but on your's, who have behaved with so much ingratitude. I can have dainties enough sent me from others, who know better how to treat me than you do; but my happiness does not depend on such things. This very day I could have supped with my scholar Pammenes, who gives, I hear, a most sumptuous

tuous entertainment; but though he pressed me warmly I refused him, keeping myself disengaged, like a blockhead as I was, for you, who have deserted me to enjoy the company of others; but I am not surpris'd at it, as you have not a sufficient comprehension of mind to distinguish what is right and proper; but I know whom I am indebted to for this treatment, that I owe it to those admirable philosophers, Zenothemis and the * Labyrinth, whom, vanity apart, I could make an end of with a single syllogism. Let either of them tell me what philosophy is,—or that first question—what is the difference between, to have, and to hold? not to mention the puzzling arguments, such as the † creation, the forites, the mower, &c.

“ But enjoy such friends, if you please; I, who hold that alone to be good which is just and honest, can bear the indignity with patience. You cannot, however, say in excuse for your conduct, that in the hurry and tumult of the occasion I had slipped your memory; for I saluted you twice this day, early in the morning at your own house, and afterwards in the temple of Castor, where you went to sacrifice; and this some of the company know very well. You will say I am angry about a trifle, but remember the story of Oeneus: you may recollect that Diana was highly incens'd at him for not asking her to the sacrifice, when he invited all the other deities. Homer speaks thus of it,

— § bade contention rise,

In vengeance of neglected sacrifice.

|| Euripides also,

In Caledonia, Pelops' happy soil,

Beyond the seas, for fertile fields renown'd, &c.

‡ And Sophocles,

Latonia, goddess of the silver bow,

To Oeneus' fields dispatch'd the dreadful boar.

* *The Labyrinth.*] Diphilus. See note p. 481.

† *The creation.*] See Diogenes Laertius, &c. Gr. p. 434.

§ *Bade, &c.*] See Iliad, book ix. l. 653.

|| *Euripides also.*] This is supposed to be taken from a tragedy of Euripides, called Meleager, not now extant.

‡ *And Sophocles.*] The lines here quoted are also supposed to have been taken from the Meleager of Sophocles, a tragedy which is not come down to us.

This,

This, though much more I could have added, may suffice to shew you what kind of man you have affronted, only to please Diphilus, whom you have thought proper to entrust with the care of your son, and in this you are certainly right; he has an extraordinary affection for the young man, and the young man for him; if it were not for modesty's sake I could say something more on this head, and which Zopyrus, the pædagogue, knows to be true; but I do not chuse to disturb the festival by accusations, especially of this nature; though Diphilus well deserves it, as he has already taken away two scholars from me; but, for the sake of philosophy, I say no more. I have ordered my servant, if your people offer him any victuals, not to take any, that you may not think I sent him for that purpose."

Whilst this letter was reading, I must own I sweated for shame and vexation: I wished, as people say, that the earth would open and swallow me up, rather than I should be forced to hear the loud laughs that followed every word, especially from all those who were acquainted with Etæmocles, that grey-headed sage, who always bore the character of a grave and respectable philosopher; they began to suspect that they knew nothing of his real character, and to wonder how they could be so deceived by a long beard, and a demure countenance; though it did not appear to me that Aristænetus left him out from any disrespect, but because he did not expect he would come if he had been invited, and had therefore never sent to ask him.

No sooner had the servant done reading the letter, than the whole company fixed their eyes on Diphilus and Zeno, who both looked pale and terrified; confirming, by the change of their countenances, the suspicions thrown out by Etæmocles. Aristænetus, though he seemed, himself, not a little disturbed at it, bade us drink away, smiled, and endeavoured to turn it off as well as he could. He whispered the servant to take care of him, and a little after, Zeno got up, and slunk off privately; the school-master signifying to him, that, by his father's orders, he must withdraw.

And now, Cleodemus, who had long been watching for an opportunity, but could find none, of falling foul upon the Stoics, took occasion, from the letter, to vent himself, and cried out, "These are the works of the famous Chrysippus, Cleanthes, and the admirable Zeno; nothing but a few empty words, an idle question or two, and a few customs caught from the philosophers; and, above all, the great Etæmocles, with his old-woman's epistles;

epistles; Aristænetus, it seems, is Oeneus, and he Diana. O Hercules, what fine doings are these, and, no doubt, highly becoming and proper for such a festival!"

"By Jove, said Hermon, who sat next above him, it is most excellent; he had heard, I suppose, that Aristænetus had a boar for supper, and this put him in mind of the Caledonian: in good truth, you should send him a slice of it, lest, like Meleager, he should die with hunger; though one would think he should be safe from that, as Chryseippus and his Stoics held all these things to be indifferent."

Zenothemis then, rising up, roared out, "How dare you abuse Chryseippus? because one man is an impostor, have you a right to condemn all the rest; or, because Etæmocles does not speak like a philosopher, are you to abuse Zeno and Cleanthes, men of sense and character? Did not you, Hermon, cut off the golden locks from the statue of Castor, and had not you like to have suffered for it? did not you, Cleodemus, debauch the wife of your scholar Softratus, and did not you undergo a certain shameful punishment for it?" "I am not bawd, however, to my own wife, (replied Cleodemus,) as some folks are; nor did I take a stranger's money to keep for him, and afterwards swear that I never received it; nor do I take fifty per cent. on usury, nor wring my scholar's necks when they don't pay me." "You cannot deny, said Zenothemis, but that you sold a certain liquor to Crato to poison his father with." He then drank half a glass of wine, and threw the rest in his face, part of it falling on Ion, who happened unfortunately to sit near him. Hermon wiped the wine off his head, and called on the company to bear witness of the affront he had received. Cleodemus, who had no glass, turned about, and spit upon Zenothemis, then laying hold on his beard with his left hand, beat him with the other in such a manner, that he would inevitably have killed the old man, if Aristænetus had not interposed, thrown himself between the combatants, and put an end to the fray.

I could not be an eye-witness of these things, my dear Philo, without reflecting, as every one would naturally do, of how little service it is to be wise and learned, unless it influences our lives and manners. When I saw some of the greatest scholars in the kingdom guilty of actions that made them so ridiculous, I could not help thinking, that, as the vulgar say,

* Learning often draws aside from the paths of right reason, those men who attend to nothing but books, and the tenets and opinions contained in them: for, amongst all those philosophers, scarce one but was in some way culpable, either by doing, or saying, what was unbecoming. Neither could this, as I reflected, be imputed to the wine; as when Etæmocles wrote his letter, he had neither eat nor drank. The whole affair, indeed, fell out differently from what might have been expected; the ignorant and illiterate neither got drunk, nor did or said any thing indecent, only laughing at, and condemning those whom they had before the highest opinion of, and whom they had been taught to reverence and admire: whilst the wise and learned grew wanton and lascivious, drank to excess, and did nothing but abuse and fight with one another. Even the great Alcidas behaved indecently before the women; infomuch, that our feast seemed to resemble that of the Gods which the poets tell us of at the nuptials of Peleus; when Eris, not being invited to it, threw the apple amongst them, which produced the long and dreadful Trojan war. The letter of Etæmocles sent in to us, seemed like another apple of discord, and was attended with as fatal consequences.

Zenothemis and Cleodemus still kept wrangling, though Aristænetus sat between them: "It is enough at present, cried Cleodemus, that I have convicted you of ignorance; to-morrow I shall revenge myself in another manner: in the mean time, answer me, Zenothemis, or you, his most noble Diphilus, how happens it, that whilst you hold the possession of riches to be a matter of indifference, you are so very desirous of them, that you are always so fond of being amongst the great, that you put out your money to interest, take usury upon usury, and teach for hire? Again, how comes it about, whilst you find fault with pleasure, and condemn the Epicureans, at the same time you will do and suffer every thing for the sake of it, taking it ill if any body does not invite you to supper, and when you are there, eat so much, and give your servant more?"—Saying this, he endeavoured to snatch away a dish from Zenothemis's boy, full of all sorts of meat, with an intention of throwing it at him; but the boy held it fast and prevented him. "Well said, Cleodemus, cried Hermon, let them tell you why they find fault with pleasure, when they are so fond of it themselves." "No, replied Zenothemis, do you tell us, why you hold riches not to be indifferent:"

* *Learning.*] "And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning hath made thee mad." Acts xxvi. 24.

"Do

“Do you do it, said the other.” Thus they were going on, when Ion stepped forth, and said, “Permit me to propose something more worthy of this solemnity, and proper for the occasion; let every one of us, without farther contention, entertain the company by haranguing on some subject, in the manner of Plato.” This motion was applauded by every body, particularly by Arestænetus and Eucritus, who hoped, by this means, to get rid of the noise and tumult which were so disagreeable: Arestænetus, therefore, retired to his own place, imagining that every thing would now be quiet.

And now came on what we call the finishing course, when every one has a hen, a piece of boar, a hare, a fried fish, a corn-cake, and some sweet-meats, and these were to be carried home: every dish, however, was between two, and every body was to take what was put before him; there was a mess for Aristænetus and Eucritus; Zenothemis and Hermon had likewise one; there was one for Cleodemus and Ion who sat next to him, and another for the bridegroom and myself; Zeno being gone off, Diphilus had a whole one. Be sure you observe these things, my friend, for they are necessary to what I shall tell you by and by.

P H I L O.

I will take care to remember them.

L Y C I N U S.

Ion then proceeded, and began thus; “Since, said he, you insist on my speaking first, be it so: before this learned company, it may, perhaps, be expected, that I should say something concerning ideas, incorporeal substances, or the immortality of the soul; to prevent, notwithstanding, any disputes that may arise from such as differ with me in opinion on these subjects, I shall speak concerning nuptials, as a theme more suitable to the present occasion. Better, undoubtedly, it were for mankind, according to Socrates and Plato, that we should never have any nuptials at all, but confine ourselves, like Plato and Socrates, to our own sex, as those only who do this, can arrive at perfect virtue: but if we must have women and matrimony, let the wives of philosophers, as the great Plato has decreed, be in common, to avoid jealousy.”

Upon this, a loud laugh ensued, as what had been said seemed rather unreasonable in such company, and on such an occasion. “Will you never,” cried Dionysidorus, “leave off talking such nonsense to us? What jealousy do you

you mean, or of whom?" "And do you, wretch, replied the Platonic, pretend to talk?" Dionysidorus was now running into abuse, when Hiftiæus the grammarian, like a good man, put a stop to it, by crying out, "No more of this; I am going to repeat my Epithalamium." And accordingly he began; if I remember right, it ran thus:

* Here was brought up, Cleanthis the divine,
Nor Venus, nor the Moon, is half so fine;
Hail, thou too beauteous bridegroom, far more fair
Than Neleus, or Achilles, ever were:
For you, the bridal hymn we will prepare,
And strive to celebrate the happy pair.

The repetition of these verses was followed, as we may well suppose, by a loud laugh; and the time now approached for taking away the victuals: this was very peaceably done by Eucritus and Aristænetus, Chærea, Ion, Cleodemus, and myself; but Diphilus was for carrying off Zeno's share, which had been placed before him, as well as his own, and fought with the servants about it; he got hold it on one side, whilst the man pulled on the other, and the hen was dragged about from side to side, like the body of Patroclus; at length he was overpowered, and forced to give it up; at which he was not a little incensed: all this was matter of mirth and laughter to the company.

Hermon and Zenothemis, as I before observed to you, sat next to each other; at first they took very quietly their several portions; but a fat bird being by chance set close to Hermon, (mark, I beseech you, this circumstance, for now our affairs draw to a crisis,) Zenothemis quits his own, and endeavours to seize that which belonged to Hermon, and which he as strenuously held from him; a great clamour immediately arose; they fell upon each other, tossed the birds into one another's faces, and each seized his antagonist by the beard, and called out for help. Cleodemus flew to the assistance of Hermon, Alcidas and Diphilus took the part of Zenothemis. The philosophers, in short, all ranged themselves on one side or the other, except Ion, who stood neuter. The rest proceeded to blows; when Zenothemis, taking up a large cup that stood before Aristænetus, threw it at Hermon.

* *Here was, &c.*] The original consists of some bad verses, supposed to have been made by a vile poet. I have, therefore, translated them accordingly.

The

* The pointed lance with erring fury flew,

but unluckily hit the bride-groom, and gave him a deep wound on the forehead. The women cried out when they saw the blood run, and especially his mother; and after her, anxious for her spouse, the poor bride. Alcidas, in the mean time, who had taken the part of Zenothemis, performed most noble feats, having already cleaved the skull of Cleodemus, and broke Hermon's jaws with his club, besides wounding several of the servants who opposed him. The other party, however, would not give out; for Cleodemus enraged, tore out with his fingers one of the eyes of Zenothemis, and bit off part of his nose; and, as Hermon was coming to his assistance, Diphilus threw him down headlong from the feat. The grammarian, in endeavouring to part them, lost several of his teeth by a kick from Cleodemus, who mistook him for Diphilus; down he laid himself, and, to use the words of his favourite Homer,

† Ejecting blood.

At length there was nothing but crying and roaring on every side: the women got round about Chærea, and wept over him: the rest of the company endeavoured to put an end to the quarrel. Alcidas did more mischief than any of them, routing all that opposed him, and beating every body he could light on; many, I believe, would have been killed by him, if he had not luckily broke his club. For my own part, I stood up against the wall and avoided the fray, discovering, by the example of the poor grammarian, how dangerous it was to interfere in things of this nature. It was, in short, the feast of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs; the tables were overturned, the cups were tossed about, and blood spilt on every side.

At length, to crown all, Alcidas threw down the candlestick, and left us all in total darkness; the affair then grew still more serious, for we could not easily procure more light, which, when it was at last brought in, discovered some very bad transactions that had been carried on; Alcidas had been rude with a poor fiddling girl, and Dionysidorus was caught in the fact of making away with a large cup, that fell out of his bosom; he said, by way of excuse, that Ion had given it him to take care of; but Ion informed us, that the care was all his own.

* *The pointed, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, b. iv. l. 563.

† *Ejecting blood.*] Gr. ἀμ' ἔμεινε.—See Iliad, O. l. 11.

Thus

Thus finished the feast, which, after many melancholy events, ended at last in mirth, so far as it concerned Ion, Alcidamas, and Dionysidorus; the rest were carried off wounded. Zenothemis, in particular, suffered most severely, quitting the field with one hand on his eye, and the other on his nose, crying out, that he was a dead man; whilst Hermon, who had lost two of his teeth in the fray, could not help crying out, as he met him, "Remember Zenothemis, that * pain is no evil." The bridegroom Dioniscus, having dressed his wounds, was carried home, with his head bound up, in the chariot that was intended for the bride, lamenting the unhappy celebration of his nuptials. Diocles took care of the rest as well as he could; many of them were carried off in their sleep, and cascading all the way. As for Alcidamas, he staid there, nor could the servants get him out, when he had once thrown himself on the couch, and got to sleep.

Thus concluded our banquet, my dear Philo, of which the Tragic Muse may † thus sing,

How strange and various are the fates of men!
 Oft times the Gods' unhop'd for blessings send,
 And oft times that which most we look'd for, mocks
 Our vain expectance —

For things most strange and unexpected did there happen; for my own part, I learned from it, that it is very dangerous for any man who is not fond of quarrels, to eat and drink with philosophers.

* *Pain, &c.*] A favourite absurd opinion of the Stoics, which has been the subject of ridicule from the time of Lucian to this day.

† *Thus sing.*] The verses here subjoined, are taken from the end of the *Alcestes* of Euripides.

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

This little Tract contains a well-written and very entertaining Account of several superstitious Rites and Ceremonies practised in SYRIA. As LUCIAN was himself an ASSYRIAN, what he says may be depended on. Many Particulars which he here relates are extremely curious, and may at the same Time be useful in elucidating several Points of Ancient History. The Tradition concerning the DELUGE, and its Correspondence with the MOSAIC Account, as related in the Narrative, is very remarkable. LUCIAN's Observation on the Customs and Manners of the People, are sensible and judicious.

THERE is a city in Syria, not far from the river Euphrates, called Hierapolis, or the sacred city, dedicated to Juno the Assyrian: when first founded it had probably some other name, and was only so called in latter ages, and after the great sacrifices which were there performed. Concerning this city and the contents of it I propose to speak largely, and of their customs, feasts, and sacrifices. I shall likewise mention what is reported concerning its founders, and after what manner the temple is built. As I am myself an Assyrian, I shall relate partly what I was an eye-witness of, and partly what happened in former times, which I had from the priests who reside there.

The Ægyptians, according to tradition, were the first men who had any religious worship, built temples, raised altars, or instituted rites and ceremonies; they had the first knowledge of sacred things, and were the first preservers of sacred history. The Assyrians, some time after, imbibed their doctrines, and built temples, in which they placed also statues, and idols, of which the Ægyptians had none in former ages: there are at present temples in Syria, almost as ancient as the Ægyptian, many of which I have seen; amongst which is that of * Hercules the Tyrian, much older than the Grecian Hercules. There is likewise another temple in Phœnicia, amongst

* *Hercules.*] Hercules, as the learned Bryant observes, (see his Analysis of Ancient Mythology, vol. ii. p. 75.) was a title given to the chief deity of the Gentiles, who has been multiplied into almost as many personages as there were countries where he was worshipped. Tully, in his *Natura Deorum*, mentions, I think, six of this name; Quartus, says he, Jovis est & Astrææ, Latonæ sororis, quem Tyrii colunt. Which is the Hercules here alluded to.

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the Sidonians, which they say was dedicated to Astarté, whom I imagine to be the same as the Moon: one of the priests told me it was sacred to Europa, the sister of Cadmus, and daughter of Agenor, whom the Phœnicians, on her departure from them, honoured with a temple, and of whom sacred tradition says, that being remarkably beautiful, Jupiter fell in love with, and changing himself into a bull, ran away with her into Crete. This story I heard from several Phœnicians; and there is a coin now extant amongst the Sidonians, representing Europa sitting on Jove in the shape of a bull: but with regard to the temple being sacred to Europa, there are various opinions amongst them. They have likewise another temple, not Assyrian, but Ægyptian, from Heliopolis, which I did not see; but according to report, it is large, and very ancient. At Byblis I saw the grand temple of Venus, where they celebrate the rites of Adonis, to which I was admitted; here, they tell you, he was killed by a wild boar, and in memory of it they perform certain ceremonies, with weeping and mourning through the whole region round about; after this come the funeral rites of Adonis, as just dead, and on the next day he is represented as restored to life, and carried up to heaven. They shave their heads at this time, after the manner of the Ægyptians for their god Apis. The * women, who do not chuse to be shaved, are obliged, in lieu of it, to expose their persons, and submit to the embraces of strangers in the public market-place for hire, during the space of one whole day; the money arising from it is consecrated to the service of the goddess, and expended in a sacrifice to her. Some of the Byblians say that the Ægyptian Osiris was buried there, and that the weeping and lamentation is in memory of him, and not of Adonis; this they confirm by telling us, that every year there comes to them by sea, in seven days, a head, which is regularly transported from Ægypt to Byblis, by some supernatural means. A head of that kind I saw myself, which seemed made of the papyrus.

There is likewise in this place another miracle; a river called Adonis rises out of mount Libanus and empties itself into the sea; this every year, as it flows in, stains great part of the water with a red colour, like blood, which

* *The women.*] The ladies chusing rather to sacrifice their virtue than their fine hair, and preferring prostitution to a bald pate, has something so ridiculous in it, that we cannot help wondering how the facetious Lucian could pass over the circumstance without making some observations on it.

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the Byblians confider as an emblem of their misfortune, believing that at this feafon Adonis was wounded, and that his blood tinged the fea, and gave the name to it. Such is the opinion of the vulgar: but a man of Byblis gave me a different account of it, and affigned another caufe: the river Adonis, faid he, flows through Libanus, which contains much red earth, which the winds drive into the river, and make it as red as blood; it is not the blood therefore that caufes this appearance, but the nature of the foil. This the Byblian told me, which may probably be true; though the wind's constantly blowing the fame way feems to have fomething in it fupernatural.

From Byblus I afcended in one day to Libanus, where I heard there was an ancient temple of Venus, built by Cinyras; this I faw, and it feemed to be of great antiquity. Thefe are all the old temples of any fize in Syria; and amongft them is none fo large as that of Hierapolis, or fo magnificent; none where there is fuch a profufion of ornaments, fo many offerings constantly made, or where the divinity is fo immediately prefent; the ftatues are frequently obferved to fweat, to move about, and to deliver oracles; and loud voices are often heard by many when the temple is fhut up. With regard to riches, of which I was an eye-witnefs, it is undoubtedly the firft in the world; great treafures are brought into it from Arabia, from the Phœnicians, Babylonians, and Cappadocians, from the Cilicians alfo, and the Affyrians. I faw a great quantity of rich clothes hid in private parts of the temple, with other things, equal in value to the gold and filver in it: and for public rites and feftivals, no place upon earth has, perhaps, fo great an abundance of them. When I enquired into the antiquity of the place, and the worfhip of the deity, they told me feveral ftories, fome of a public, others of a private nature, together with many fabulous reports, both Grecian and Barbarian, which I fhall here relate, though I do not vouch for the truth of them.

The common people fay that the temple was founded by * Deucalion, the Scythian, in whole time the great † inundation happened. The ftory which

* *Deucalion.*] We are affured by Philo, (fee his treatife *De Præmio & Pænâ*,) that Deucalion was Noah. The Grecians, fays he, call him Deucalion, but the Chaldæans Noe, in whole time there happened the great eruption of waters.

† *Inundation.*] This is the moft extraordinary account of the univerfal deluge to be met with

which the Greeks tell concerning this Deucalion is as follows: "the present race of men is not the same as that which formerly inhabited the earth, who all perished; the generation now before us all sprung from Deucalion, who renewed mankind. Those who lived before the deluge, were, as history informs us, proud and haughty, and committed all † kinds of wickedness; they neither adhered to their oaths, nor were hospitable to strangers, nor spared the suppliant; and for these things a heavy judgment came upon them. The earth on a sudden poured forth great waters, the rains descended, the rivers swelled, the sea rose to a prodigious height; every thing was covered with water, and all mankind perished. Deucalion alone was reserved to raise up another race, on account of his piety and goodness. He was saved in this manner: he shut up his wives and children in a large ark, and went himself into it; and, as soon as he was entered, there came unto him bears, horses, lions, serpents, and every other creature that feedeth upon the earth, all in pairs, and he received them all; nor did they hurt each other, but harmony and friendship, by the ‡ divine command, prevailed amongst them: and thus they all sailed together, in the same ark, as long as the waters remained."

Such is the story which the Greeks tell concerning Deucalion. Another fact of a most extraordinary nature is related by the people of Hierapolis, who tell us, that they have there a large chasm, or opening, which received

in any heathen writer, as it most remarkably corresponds with, and confirms, the Mosaic history. The place of Lucian's nativity was (as the learned Bryant remarks) a part of the world where memorials of the deluge were particularly preserved, and where a reference to that history is continually to be observed in the rites and worship of the country: his knowledge, therefore, was obtained from the Asiatic nations, among whom he was born, and not from his kinsmen the Helladians, who were far inferior in the knowledge of ancient times. Bryant has collected a variety of ancient records of this event, to which I refer the curious reader. See Bryant's *Analysis*, vol. ii. p. 214, &c.

‡ *All kinds, &c.*] Agreeable to what the scripture says: "The earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence: and God looked upon the earth, and behold it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." *Genesis*, chap. vi. ver. 11, &c.

† *Divine command.*] The ark, or chest, as Bryant observes, in which Noah and his family were secured, was of such a model and construction, as plainly indicated, that it was never designed to be managed or directed by the hands of men: and it seems to have been the purpose of Providence throughout, to signify to those who were saved, as well as to their latest posterity, that their preservation was not, in any degree, effected by human means. See the *Analysis*, vol. ii. p. 197.

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all the waters of the deluge; that Deucalion, at the time when this happened, built altars and a temple to Juno, close to this chasm. The hole I saw is under the temple, and, at present, but small: whether it might formerly have been larger, I cannot say; that which I was shewn is now very inconsiderable. In confirmation of this, the inhabitants, twice every year, bring water from the sea into the temple: this task is performed, not by the priests only, but by all the people in Syria and Arabia, and beyond the Euphrates, who bring the water from the sea, and pour it into the temple, from whence it falls into the hole, which takes in an amazing quantity of it: this, they say, was a law of Deucalion's, instituted by him to commemorate both the general calamity, and their happy deliverance from it.

This is the ancient history of the temple; though others affirm, it was built by Semiramis of Babylon, who left behind her many monuments of grandeur and magnificence, who is supposed to have erected it, not in honour of Juno, but of her own mother Dercete, a statue of whom I saw myself in Phœnicia; it is a woman down to the waist, and terminates from thence in the tail of a fish: but the figure of her, at Hierapolis, is a perfect woman. Their accounts of this matter are rather obscure: certain, however, it is, that the people here look upon fish as a thing sacred, and never touch it, any more than pigeons, which, for the same reason, they must not eat: these, they say, are forbidden, on account of Semiramis and Dercete, because one bears the form of a fish, the other of a dove. The temple may, very probably, be the work of Semiramis; but I cannot think it was dedicated to Dercete, nor that the Ægyptians, who abstain from fish, do it on her account, but have * a different reason for it.

There is, likewise, another sacred tradition, which I had from a man of understanding, who informed me, that the goddess was Rhea, and the temple built by Attis, a Lydian by birth, and the first who instituted religious ceremonies in honour of Rhea: from him the Phrygians, Lydians, and Samothracians, had all their knowledge. From the time when he was castrated by Rhea, he put on female apparel, and appeared as a woman, travelled over the world, recounted his sufferings, and sung of Rhea: at length he came into Syria, and the people beyond Euphrates refusing to admit him,

* *Different.*] What this different reason is, Plutarch informs us. See his Treatise on Isis and Osiris.

or his rites, he built a temple there to this goddess: this is confirmed by many circumstances. The statue of her is drawn by lions, with a drum, and a tower on her head, as the Lydians always represent Rhea. The priests, he moreover observed, do not castrate themselves in honour of Juno, but of Rhea, and in imitation of Attis. These reasonings appeared plausible to me, but by no means satisfactory, as I have heard a much more probable cause assigned for the castration.

The account given by the Greeks is, to me, the most satisfactory; that Juno is the goddess, and the temple the work of Bacchus, the son of Semele, who came from Æthiopia into Syria: there are many things in the temple which confirm this opinion; such as the apparel of several barbarous nations, Indian jewels, and the horns of elephants, which Bacchus brought from Æthiopia: there are, likewise, in the porch, two large Phalli, with this inscription:

BACCHUS DEDICATES THESE * PHALLI TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW JUNO.

This, to me, is sufficient proof; to which it may be added, that the Grecians always offer up these Phalli to Bacchus, making little wooden men, called † Neurospastæ, which they carry about: there is one of the same kind in the temple, but made of brass.

Such are the traditions which I met with concerning the first foundation of this temple, which I shall describe, giving an account of its situation, the materials, the building of it, and by whom: some say the old structure is long since gone to ruin; and that the temple, which we now see, is the work of ‡ Stratonice, wife of the king of Assyria, whom her son-in-law fell in love with, and was discovered by the ingenuity of his physician. The young man had conceived a violent passion for her, and looking upon it as a crime, concealed it from every body, and sickened in silence: he made no lamentations, but lost his colour, and grew thinner and thinner every

* *Phalli.*] The Phallus, or Priapus, was—but, for a very good reason, I will tell it my readers in Greek—*φάλλος δὲ ἐστὶν ἐκ δερμάτος ἐρυθρῆς σχημααίδου ἀνδρὸς, καὶ τοῦτο περιτιθέν ἑαυτοῖς, καὶ ἐν τοῖς τραχίλοις, καὶ ἐν τοῖς μέσοις μηροῖς, καὶ ἐξωρχήντο τιμῶντες ἐκ τῆς τῶν Διονύσου.*

† *Neurospasta.*] Gr. *Νευροσπαστα*, sic dicta, says the scholiast, quia solum illud membrum, nervis moveri poterat. This is curious.

‡ *Stratonice.*] This story is here very well told by Lucian: it is an interesting one. There are two English tragedies on this subject: one acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, in 1721; the other printed, but never acted, in 1733. The names of the authors unknown.

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day. When the physician saw him, he plainly perceived that he laboured under no distemper but love, as he guessed by his languid eye, pale complexion, trembling voice, melancholy, and many other infallible symptoms. Having discovered thus much, he laid his hand upon the young man's heart, and called all the household together, who passed in review before him, and whom he beheld with the utmost tranquility; till, at length, his mother-in-law coming by, he changed colour, began to sweat, and was seized with a violent tremor and palpitation of the heart: this, at once, explained the cause of all. He immediately called in his anxious father: "Your son's disorder (says he) arises from an injury received: he has no pain or distemper, but love and folly: he sighs for that which he can never enjoy; for he is fallen in love with my wife, whom I shall not part from." This the physician said, on purpose to try him. "Let me intreat you, (cried the father,) by your physical knowledge and wisdom, do not suffer my child to perish: it is not a wilful crime; his distemper is involuntary: do not let your jealousy make a whole nation wretched; nor, when it is in your power to cure him, suffer his death to bring ignominy and disgrace on your profession." "It is infamous (replied the physician) to make such a request, and to force me to it would be the highest injury: how would you, who desire this of me, act yourself, if he was in love with your own wife?" "I would not (said he) refuse her to him, to preserve his life: the loss of a wife is by no means to be compared to that of a son." When the physician heard this, "Ask me no more, (cried he;) what I told you before was all a fiction; it is your wife whom he doats on."—The father, at length, convinced of this, yielded up to his son both his wife and his kingdom, and retired himself to the neighbourhood of Babylon, where he built a city, called it after his name, and died there. Thus did this sage physician discover the disease of love, and cure it also.

It is reported of this Stratonice, that, in her first husband's time, Juno appeared to her in a dream, commanding her to build a temple at Hierapolis, threatening her with many dreadful misfortunes if she should disobey the divine mandate: at first she took no notice of the admonition; but being not long after seized with a violent distemper, she told her husband the dream, and appeased the wrath of the goddess, by promising to build the temple: as soon as she recovered, she was accordingly sent by him to Hierapolis, and with her a large sum of money, and a numerous army, who
were

were to be employed both for the defence of the queen, and in the construction of the edifice. The king had, at this time, amongst his particular favourites, a youth of extraordinary beauty, whose name was Combabus, whom he called in on this occasion, and thus addressed: "Combabus, (said he,) I have always looked upon you as one of the best of men, and ranked you amongst my dearest friends, both on account of your prudence and discretion, and the particular kindness and regard which you have shewn for me: I now stand in need of a man whom I can safely confide in; and therefore appoint you to accompany my wife, to perform the great and sacred work, and to take the command of my army. When you return, I shall reward you with the honours which you deserve." When Combabus heard this from the king, he most earnestly entreated him that he might be excused from taking upon him a task to which he was so unequal: he was, indeed, not without fears, that some jealousy might afterwards arise with regard to Stratonice, whom he, and he alone, was to accompany. Not being able, however, to dissuade the king from his resolution, he again petitioned that he might be allowed seven days respite; after which he would depart, and act as he was commanded. This being granted, he went home, and throwing himself on the ground, thus lamented his unhappy fate: "Wretch that I am, (cried he;) why must this trust be reposed in me? what must be the end of such a journey, young as I am, to accompany so beautiful a woman! it must be fatal, unless I remove what would be the inevitable cause of my ruin: I must do one great and noble deed, which will at once free me from every danger." So saying, he immediately cut off the instruments of virility, and inclosing them in a box, with honey, myrrh, and other aromatics, sealed them up with the ring which he wore on his finger. As soon as his wounds were healed, and he thought himself able to perform the journey, he came to the king, and, in the presence of many persons, holding the box in his hand, thus addressed him: "This great and invaluable treasure, hitherto deposited in my own house, as I am now going a long and dangerous journey, I here deliver, sir, to your care; preserve it, O king, for it is to me more precious than gold, and dearer than my own life: when I return, I shall hope to receive it safe from your hands." The king immediately took, and sealing it with another ring, gave it to his officers, with orders to take especial care of it. Combabus then sat out on his journey with great security: as soon as they arrived

arrived at Hierapolis they began the building of the temple, in which they were employed during the space of three years: in the mean time, that came to pass which Combabus had so much dreaded; Stratonice fell in love with him, conceiving a violent passion, which rose almost to madness. The inhabitants of Hierapolis attribute it to Juno, who inspired her with it, in revenge for her having so long deferred the building of the temple. For some time she modestly concealed her inclination, but the disorder increased so as to deprive her of all rest and peace: she sighed and wept for whole days together, till at length, unable any longer to hide, she resolved to take the first opportunity of discovering it to him; she could not disclose it to another, and yet shame prevented her acknowledging it to Combabus. It then occurred to her that the freedom of a public banquet, where wine inspires boldness, and every thing is attributed to the festival, might plead her excuse. She provided one therefore, and after supper came into the chamber where he laid, fell on her knees, and openly avowed her passion for him: but he treated her with coldness and disdain, and even told her such indecent warmth must have proceeded from intemperance. She then grew indignant, and threatened to punish him severely for his indifference; this so alarmed and terrified him, that he at once told her the whole truth of the matter, and what had happened to him. When she had heard this melancholy tale, which she so little expected, her rage subsided: but love still remained, and she continued to admire, and keep company with him. It is remarkable that a passion of this kind still subsists at Hierapolis; the women are fond of the priests, and the priests * mad after the women; nobody entertains any jealousy on the account, and it is looked upon amongst them as a kind of religious phrenzy.

The king, however, was soon acquainted with the familiarity between his wife and Combabus, and therefore, though the work was still unfinished, sent for him home. A report prevailed, but a very improbable one, that Stratonice, on being repulsed, had written to her husband, accusing Combabus of an attempt to debauch her. The Assyrians attributing to her the same conduct which, according to the Grecians, Phædra and Sthenobæa were guilty of: though I cannot, for my own part, believe that Sthenobæa, or Phædra, if she really loved Hippolytus, ever behaved in that manner: be that however as it may, when the messenger came to Hierapolis, for

* *Mad, &c.*] One would think Lucian was here describing a modern university.

Combabus, he departed with confidence and security, as well knowing he had at home a sufficient testimony in his favour. No sooner was he returned, than the king immediately committed him to prison: and a little after brought him to a public trial, before many of those friends who were present before when he was sent abroad. He accused him openly of adultery, with great warmth; reproaching him for breach of faith and friendship, in thus defiling his bed, and the most flagrant impiety towards the goddess, in committing such a crime whilst employed so immediately in her service. Many witnesses appeared against him, some affirming that they had seen him in the guilty embrace: he was therefore unanimously condemned to suffer that death which he had so highly deserved. Combabus had hitherto stood silent, without making any defence; but as they were leading him to punishment, he stopped short, and cried out that he had been condemned, not for violating the marriage-bed, or wronging his master, but because the king wanted to keep, for his own use, those treasures which, when he went abroad, he had delivered to his care; on this the king immediately ordered his officer to bring the casket which he had given him, which being produced, Combabus, breaking the seal, drew out the contents, and addressing himself to the king,—“These, said he, are the things which, when you sent me on a journey I was so unwilling to undertake, I left with you; necessity forced me to a deed, which however useful to you, to me was dreadful: thus have I been falsely accused of a crime, which you see it was not in my power to commit.” The king, astonished at these words, fell on his neck and wept, then taking him in his arms, “Combabus, he cried, why wouldst thou thus punish thyself, or how couldst thou be guilty of a deed almost incredible? Would to heaven thou hadst never done, nor I been witness to it! I wanted not such a testimony: but since Fate hath thus decreed, I will make thee all the amends in my power; thy accusers thou shalt be revenged on by their immediate death; I will give thee, moreover, gold, silver, horses, and rich attire. Thou shalt come into my presence, without form or ceremony, and even into my private chamber when the queen is within.” The king spake, and it was done as he commanded: the accusers were executed: magnificent presents were heaped on the falsely accused: the friendship and intimacy between them increased every day, and there was not in all Assyria one so famed for wisdom or happiness as Combabus. He, some time after this, desired leave of the king to complete the temple,
for

for he had left it unfinished; which being granted, he went over, made an end of it, and spent the remainder of his life there. The king, in consideration of his extraordinary merit and virtue, caused a brazen statue of him to be erected, done by Hermocles the Rhodian, which remains in the temple to this day. It is in form like a woman, but in a man's apparel, which was afterwards, for certain reasons, changed to a woman's. Some of Combabus's friends, we are told, out of stark love and kindness, put themselves into the same condition with him, and led the same life; hence arose the order of galli, or priests, who officiate in women's dresses. Some people will bring the gods into this affair, and inform us, that Juno fell in love with Combabus; and, to comfort him under his misfortune, inspired others with the strange resolution of doing the same as he did, that he might not be the only man who ever laboured under such a misfortune: be this as it may, such is the fact. I shall mention, by and by, how the priests are buried, and why they do not come into the temple; but I must first speak of the size and situation of this noble edifice.

The temple is built on a hill, stands in the middle of the city, and is surrounded by two walls, one of which is extremely ancient, the other of a very modern date; the vestibule, which is about an hundred paces in extent, fronts the north; here stand the Phalli, erected by Bacchus, an * hundred and eighty feet high; on one of these a man gets up twice every year, and remains at the top of it for seven days; the common people imagine that at these times he converses with the gods, who, being nearer, can better hear his prayers and intercessions, in behalf of the Assyrians; according to others, it is in memory of Deucalion, and the time of the deluge, when men climbed up into mountains and high trees, to escape the flood. For my own part, I think this account improbable, and that it is rather in honour of Bacchus; for, whenever the Phalli are erected to him, the people always place wooden men upon them, though for what reason I cannot say; it is, however, I believe, in imitation of these that the man is sent up; and in this manner; a chain is tied round him, and the Phallus, and, as he gets up, he throws the chain behind him; as you may have seen men in Arabia, Ægypt, and other places, climb up the palm-trees; when he is at the top, he throws down another long rope which he carries with him, and draws up

* *Hundred, &c.*] Credit Judæus. There must certainly here have been some corruption in the original text; the commentators have tried, but in vain, to correct it.

wood, cloaths, vessels, and any thing he wants to fit upon, and there he remains during the appointed time. The people bring brass, gold, and silver, and laying them down in his sight, every man tells his name and departs; whilst he puts up his prayers for every one of them, and whilst he is thus performing his office, a great shrill noise is made by a brazen instrument, prepared for the purpose. The man never sleeps; if he attempts it, a scorpion rises up and stings him: thus at least the priests inform us; but whether it be so or not I cannot determine; the fear of falling, I should think, would be sufficient to keep him awake. Thus much for the climbers up on the Phalli. The temple looks towards the east, and resembles those which they usually build in Ionia; it rises above the ground about twelve feet, with narrow stone steps up to it: the portico is a most noble sight, and adorned with golden gates, the inside is likewise very rich, and the ceiling fretted with gold. Here you are refreshed with a most delightful odour, like the sweets of Arabia, which you smell at a great distance; it perfumes your cloaths, and does not evaporate when you leave the place, but remains about you as long as you live. Farther on, is the inner temple, or choir, to which there is a small ascent; it has no gates, but is open in the front. Every body may go into the outer temple, but to the inner none are admitted but the priests; and even amongst them, only those who are supposed from their piety and virtue most to resemble the deities, and to whom the care of all religious matters are entrusted. Here is the statue of Juno, and of Jupiter also, though in this place he is called by another name: they are both of gold, and represented as sitting, one drawn by lions, the other by oxen. The statue of Jupiter is in all respects like those which we generally meet with of him: but that of Juno resembles in some particulars those of Minerva, Venus, the Moon, Rhea, Diana, Nemesis, and the Parca; in one hand she holds a sceptre, in the other a distaff; she has rays on her head, and a turret; she has likewise a cestus, like the celestial Venus; she is richly adorned with gold, jewels, and precious stones, some white, others of a watery colour, others shining, and bright like fire; she has also onyxes, hyacinths, and smaragdus brought from Ægypt, India, Æthiopia, Media, Armenia, and Babylon. The most extraordinary among them is a jewel on her head, which they call the lamp, from its lustre; by night it shines with such a splendour as to light the whole temple; though in the day time it is less bright, and has the appearance of a pale fire. There is like-
wife

wife another thing in this statue most wonderful, which is, that, which ever way you stand, it always looks towards you.

Between these, there stands another statue of gold, to which they have given no name, but call it simply the statue; not informing us whence it came, or whom it represents: some say, it is Bacchus, some Deucalion, and others Semiramis, on account of the golden pigeon on its head; this is sent every year, as I before observed, to bring up the water from the sea.

As you enter the inner temple, on the left hand, is a throne for the sun, but no statue of him: they have, indeed, no images or representations, either of the sun or moon, and the reason which they give is, that the forms of other deities are not generally known, whereas the sun and moon are seen by all; where is the necessity therefore of representing what is so universally conspicuous, and appear constantly in the heavens?

Near this throne is a statue of Apollo, but with a beard, and not as he is generally represented, a youth just rising into manhood; they find fault with the Grecians for making him a boy; it is a mark of folly, they say, to attribute any imperfection, and as such they consider youth, to the gods: their Apollo is likewise distinguished from others, by being cloathed; concerning his works here I have much to relate, but shall confine myself to those facts that are most extraordinary; to begin therefore with the oracles, of which there are many in Ægypt, Greece, Asia, and Libya; but in other places the answers are given by priests and prophets, whilst, in this, the god himself alone delivers them. When he is inclined to send forth any oracles, the seat is observed to move: he is then lifted up by the priests; if they do not perform this office, the statue sweats, and moves itself into the middle of the temple; but, when they lift up the deity, he drives them all before him in a ring: then the high-priests asks him questions of every kind: if he does not think proper to answer them, he goes back, if he does, he drives the priests before him, as a coachman does his horses, with a rein. Thus it is that they receive the oracle, and nothing either of a public or private nature is transacted, without first consulting him; he foretells what will happen in the year, and how the seasons will turn out, and likewise settles the time when the statue, which I mentioned above, is to take its progresses.

I must not pass over a miraculous thing, which happened whilst I was

* present : the priests took the statue up on their shoulders, which immediately left them on the floor, and soared aloft into the air by itself.

Behind Apollo is the statue of Atlas, and, behind that, one of Mercury, and another of Ilithyia.

Thus is the inside of the temple furnished : without, there is a large altar of brass, and, near it, above six hundred statues of kings and priests ; on the left, is that of Semiramis, pointing with her right hand towards the temple ; the reason which they assign for this attitude is, that this queen formerly commanded the Assyrians not to pay divine honours to Juno, or any other deities but herself alone ; but being afterwards visited by sickness and other calamities, she recovered her senses, acknowledged that she was a mere mortal, and enjoined her subjects to worship Juno, as they had done before ; on this account she is represented as pointing to Juno, and signifying that atonement should be made to her.

I saw, likewise, there, the statues of Helen, Hecuba, Andromache, Paris, Hector, and Achilles ; of Nireus, of Progne, and Philomela, before their metamorphosis ; and of Tereus, when changed into a bird : also, another of Semiramis, together with that which I mentioned of Combabus ; a beautiful one of Stratonice, and another of Alexander, extremely like ; next to him is Sardanapalus, but in a different habit and attitude.

In a court of the temple are kept a great number of large oxen, horses, eagles, bears, and lions, which feed together, and are never known to fall upon or hurt any one ; being set apart for † sacred uses, they are always tame. A great quantity of priests wait there ; some of whom slay the victims, others pour out the libations ; some are called fire-bearers, others attendants on the altar. When I was there, above three hundred of them assisted at the sacrifice. Their garments are white, and they have all hats on their heads, except the high-priest, who is clothed in purple, and wears a tiara : a new one is chosen every year. There is, likewise, an immense quantity of subordinate officers in the temple, together with pipers, fiddlers, the galli, or eunuch priests, and women that appear frantic and inspired. There is a sacrifice twice every day, at which they all attend : at that of Jupiter, there

* *Present.*] It is rather unaccountable that Lucian, who was undoubtedly an enemy to superstition of every kind, should tell us, he saw this incredible miracle, and make no observations on the absurdity of it.

† *Sacred uses.*] Another kind of popish legend, which Lucian has forgot to ridicule as it deserved.

is no music, vocal or instrumental; but at Juno's they sing, and play on flutes and cymbals, during the whole ceremony. With regard to this difference, they could assign no reason to be depended on.

There is a lake, not far from the temple, in which are kept a great number of sacred fish, of various kinds; some of them grow to a prodigious size: these have names given them, and will come when they are called. I saw one with a gold fret-work of flowers hung round his fins. This lake is extremely deep: I did not fathom it, but, they say, it is four or five thousand feet. In the midst of it is an altar of stone, which you would think, at first sight, was floating on the water, but, I believe, is supported by great pillars underneath: it is always adorned with garlands, and perfumed. Numbers of people, with crowns on their heads, swim to, and put up their prayers at it, every day. There are, besides, very frequently large assemblies here, which they call the descent to the-lake, when Juno first appears to the fish, to prevent Jupiter from seeing them, which if he did, they say, all would perish immediately: Jupiter, however, comes, as intending to look upon them, but is driven back by her with many prayers and supplications.

But the greatest ceremony is that which they observe by the sea-side, concerning which I can affirm nothing of my own knowledge, never having been present at it. What they do in their return from it, I was myself an eyewitness of, and shall relate: every one brings a vessel full of water, which is sealed up with wax; they are not suffered themselves to take off the seal; but one of the galli, who lives near the lake, takes it off, and opens the vessel, for which he has a certain stipend: these priests get a great deal of money by it. From thence they bring the water into the temple, and pour it out; the sacrifice is performed, and they return.

But their greatest festival is celebrated early in the spring: it is called the Torch, or the Funeral Pile. They cut down a number of large trees, which they plant in an outer court of the temple; then get together a quantity of goats, sheep, and other cattle, which they hang alive upon the branches; to these they add birds also, with garments, and works of gold and silver of various kinds: when every thing is thus prepared, a fire is kindled under the trees, and the whole burned to ashes. This is done in the presence of their gods, whom they bring along with them, to be witnesses of the ceremony, attended by all Syria, and the regions round about, who take the statues of their deities, and transport them thither. On certain stated days,
the

the multitude croud to the temple. The galli, and other priests, after performing the ceremonies, cut and slash their arms, and flog each other on the back : there are others also, who play on flutes and drums, and sing divine hymns. All this is done on the outside of the temple ; nor are any of the persons concerned suffered to go into it.

At this time it is that the castration is performed by those who are made galli ; when they strip themselves naked, and taking a sharp instrument in their hands, prepared for the occasion : after running some time about the city, they cut off with it the peccant parts, and into whatever house they chance to throw them, the persons inhabiting it are obliged to furnish them with a complete suit of woman's apparel. The galli are not buried in the same manner as other people, but are carried by their brethren into the suburbs of the city, on a bier which is deposited there, and then entirely covered with stones : this done, their friends return home, and, after seven days, are permitted to enter the temple ; if they attempt to go in sooner, they are considered as impious. Whoever has seen a dead body, must not visit the temple till the next day ; and after purification, the relations of the deceased are not suffered to enter for thirty days, and then must have their heads shaved.

They sacrifice here bulls, cows, goats, and sheep, but never any hogs, which are held in abomination, and never eaten : some look upon them as sacred. Amongst birds, the pigeon alone is considered as holy ; nor is it lawful to touch them ; those who do it, even by chance, are looked upon as contaminated for that day : pigeons, therefore, dwell with the inhabitants, come into their chambers, or feed on the ground, at pleasure.

When a stranger comes to Hierapolis, he always shaves his head and eye-brows : he then sacrifices a sheep, cuts it in pieces, and feasts on certain parts of it ; he stretches the skin on the ground, kneels down upon it, puts the feet and head of the animal over his own head, prays to the gods to receive the victim he is offering, and promises to bring a better at some future time : this done, he crowns with garlands his own head, and the heads of those who accompany him ; then taking the skin off, proceeds on his journey, after * bathing and drinking fresh water, lying constantly on the

* *Bathing, &c.*] The strangers here mentioned by Lucian were probably Jews, as the rites and customs seem to correspond with those described by Josephus, as practised by the sect of Essenians.

ground,

ground, as it is not lawful for him to go into a bed till his journey is finished, and he is returned to his own home.

At Hierapolis, there is a public officer appointed to receive strangers, who flock there from all parts: these are of every country, and are called by the Assyrians Teachers, as their business is to teach and instruct their countrymen the mysteries celebrated here. The victims are never sacrificed in the temple, but, after being offered at the altar, are taken home alive, and slain there; to this succeed the prayers of the sacrificer.

There is likewise another method of sacrificing; when the victim being crowned with garlands, is thrown down headlong from the porch of the temple, and dies by falling on the rocks below: some have thrown down their children from this place, wrapping them up in a bag, and denouncing curses against them, saying, at the same time, that they were not children, but oxen.

All here † mark themselves with red hot iron; some on the palms of their hands, others on their necks; and there is not an Assyrian here without some mark or other. They have another custom here, in which they have been followed by the Trezenians, the only Greeks who practise it. The young men and maidens among them never marry, without first cutting off and offering up their hair to Hippolytus: this they do also at Hierapolis, where the young men leave their beards after the first time of shaving them. They likewise put their hair into boxes of gold or silver, which they offer up in the temple: all then leave their name upon it, and depart. This I did myself, when I was a young man: my hair, and my name with it, are still in the temple.

* *Mark, &c.*] This borders nearly on the practice of tattooing amongst the natives of Otaheite, as described by captain Cook. See his Voyage.

ENCOMIUM ON DEMOSTHENES,

A D I A L O G U E.

This Dialogue is introduced in a very singular Manner, by a Speech which we must suppose made by LUCIAN before some popular Assembly: it is frequently interrupted by a Kind of Narrative, and changes towards the End into a Discourse of a very different Nature from the first. There are, to say the Truth, some suspicious Circumstances throughout, that seem to render it doubtful whether it was written by LUCIAN or not; as it is, however, upon the whole, both curious and entertaining, I have translated it, submitting its Authenticity to the Judgment of the Reader.

AS I was walking the other day just before noon in the Portico, on the left hand where you go out, who should I meet but Therfagoras: some of you may perhaps recollect the man; he is a little stout fellow, with an aquiline nose, and a pale complexion, when the following conversation passed between us.

L Y C I N U S.

What ho! poet, Therfagoras, whither are you going, and whence come you?

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I am come from home, and going to the Portico here.

L Y C I N U S.

What! to walk?

T H E R S A G O R A S.

Yes, on a particular occasion; I got up in the middle of the night, and have been at work all this morning, making verses in honour of Homer's birth-day.

L Y C I N U S.

Very well: it is the least you can do, in return for the instruction and improvement which you have reaped from him.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I have begun, but not finished it, like a lazy fellow as I am; therefore, as I said before, I must walk; but, first, let me offer up my prayers to him.

[Here he pointed with his hand to the Homer that stands, you may remember, to the right

right of Ptolemy's temple, that, I mean, with the long hair.] I must request him to inspire me with some good lines.

L Y C I N U S.

If prayers would do on these occasions, I should ask the same favour myself of Demosthenes, and beg him to give me something on his birth-day also, and, thus, we might both be the better for it.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

For my daily and nightly labours, and for the fine and happy flow of my verses, I ought certainly to thank Homer; for I have been, as it were, divinely inspired, and with a kind of Bacchanalian fury in every thing I have written; but you shall judge yourself; for I have brought my little book here along with me, that, if I lit on an idle friend, I might shew it to him; and luckily you seem to be quite at leisure.

L Y C I N U S.

You are a happy fellow, indeed, and just like a conqueror in the race, who, after wiping off his own dust, entertains himself with laughing at a poor man who is going to enter the lists, and is frightened out of his wits at the danger.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

You talk as if there was any thing so very difficult in the task.

L Y C I N U S.

You think, perhaps, Demosthenes is not to be compared to Homer as a subject for panegyric, and that I, therefore, have but little to do.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

You wrong me: I never meant to make a difference between the two heroes, though I may prefer one to the other.

L Y C I N U S.

And why should not I do the same? You do not despise my subject then; but, perhaps, poetry, you think, is the only thing of consequence, and hold oratory in no esteem; as horsemen look down with contempt on foot soldiers.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

No, far be it from me; though the poet must, no doubt, have a kind of divine fury about him.

L Y C I N U S.

The prose writer too, let me tell you, must have some inspiration, if he would soar above the vulgar.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I often entertain myself in comparing one with the other ; and particularly Homer and Demosthenes, who so much resemble each other in strength, spirit, and that divine inspiration common to both : his

* Oppress'd with wine, of Homer,
with Philip's † drunkenness, dancing and lasciviousness. The

‡ Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
of the one, with " It § becomes good men, supported by good hopes, &c." And when I read,

|| What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
O Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old.

It must put me in mind of, " † What groans did those brave men send forth, who died for glory and for freedom !" I compare the " Flowing ¶ Python," to the words of Ulysses, that were

†† Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
And that of Homer,

‡‡ Cou'd all our care elude the gloomy grave,
with a similar passage of Demosthenes, where he says, " §§ For death must be the end of every man, even if he hides himself in the most secret cave : " and a hundred other places, where the thoughts of both are nearly the same. I admire their figures, their allegories, their transitions, their sweetness, their pathos, their hatred, in short, of every thing that is barbarous and inelegant. To say the truth, I must confess, that Demosthenes has reproved the indolence of the Athenians with more force and spirit than Ho-

* *Oppress'd, &c.*] Gr. Οἰνοβαγεις. See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 225. the beginning of Achilles's speech to Agamemnon. Pope has omitted this word in his translation, and only says, MONSTER, &c.

† *Drunkenness.*] See the second Olynth. of Demosthenes.

‡ *Without a sign, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xii. l. 283.

§ *It becomes, &c.*] See the Oration pro Corona.

|| *What tears, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 249.

† *What groans, &c.*] See the Oration contra Aristocr.

¶ *Flowing Python.*] See Orat. pro Cor.

†† *Soft as.*] See Iliad, book iii. l. 222.

‡‡ *Cou'd all, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xii. l. 387.

§§ *For death, &c.*] See Demosth. de Coron.

mer,

mer did that of the Greeks, merely by calling them women instead of men, and is generally more warm and spirited in his descriptions than the other, who in the heat of battle makes his heroes talk too much, and damps the ardour of the engagement with tales and fables. I am pleased in Demosthenes with the division of his parts, the harmony of his periods, and that poetical sweetness which adorns his works: whilst, on the other hand, Homer is by no means deficient in antithesis, comparisons, spirited figures, and purity of language: the graces, both of art and nature seem united in him. I by no means, therefore, as you plainly see, hold your muse in contempt, though I think an encomium on Homer more difficult than one on Demosthenes; for, exclusive of his poetry, I have nothing sure and certain to go upon: all is hidden from us, nor do we know the least of his country, his family, or the time when he flourished. If we had any thing to depend on, with regard to the place of his nativity, we should no longer be in doubt whether it was Colophon, or Cumæ, or Chios, or Smyrna, or Ægyptian Thebes, or fifty other places; or whether he was sprung from Mæon, the Lydian river, and Melanope, or some nymph or dryad; whether he lived in the age of ancient heroes, or in later times: we know not whether he was prior or posterior to Hesiod, whether he is the old * Melesigenes, or whether he was really, as reported, poor and blind. We must content ourselves, therefore, to let all these things remain in their original obscurity, and confine our eulogium to his verses, and the excellent lessons of wisdom and virtue contained in them. But your business is all ready to your hand; the exquisite dish is prepared, and you have nothing to do but to garnish it. Fortune bestowed on Demosthenes every thing that was great, illustrious, and desirable. Athens was his country, that noble city, the pillar of Greece, celebrated by so many excellent poets: on this head I could bring in the adventures of the gods, their gifts, their habitations, their divisions, with the Eleusinian mysteries: I could introduce the Athenian laws, their assemblies, their conquests and triumphs by land and sea, subjects that require the nerve and elegance of a Demosthenes himself to describe; this would afford ample matter for a panegyric, nor should I be singular in drawing part of my encomium from his country. Isocrates, in his praise of Helen, brought in Theseus: poets, you know, have a licence for every thing; .but, you will say, I transgress the

* *Melesigenes*] Homer is supposed to have taken this name from the river Meles, running by the walls of Smyrna in Ionia, with a cave at its head, where he is said to have written his poems.

rule of proportion, and make the door bigger than the house: to say no more, therefore, of Athens, let us remember that his father was an admiral, a title of the highest rank there; and his leaving his son an orphan was no misfortune to him, but rather a happiness, as it gave him the opportunity of shewing his talents, and increased his reputation. Concerning Homer's education and manners, history gives us no intelligence, nor must we have recourse to Hesiod's laurel, that inspired the shepherds, and made them all poets; but in the praise of Demosthenes you may call in the testimony of Callistratus, Alcidas, Isocrates, Iphæus, Eubatides, and a long list of learned names to assist you. You may tell us, that in spite of all the pleasures of Athens, in spite of that propensity to vice, which young men are ever prone to, and though, through his tutor's negligence, he might have given himself up to luxury and extravagance, the love of philosophy and virtue prevailed over all, and led him, not to the door of * Phryne, but to the schools of Aristotle, Theophrastus, Xenocrates, and Plato.

And here, my good friend, you might harangue on the two different kinds of † love that actuate the human breast; one vague, fluctuating, wild, and stormy, raising tumults in the mind, like that Venus of the sea, from whence it sprang: the other, a link of the great heavenly chain, an image of the never-fading goddess of beauty, who doth not inflict incurable wounds with fires and darts, but inspires the soul with a pure and holy flame, that sacred fury which, as the tragedians say, the gods alone, and those who resemble them, are endowed with. It was this which enabled the great orator to go through the ‡ grotto, the looking-glass, and the sword; which taught him to get over the difficulties of his pronunciation, to despise the multitude, to continue night and day at his studies, which sharpened his memory, and made him vigilant and industrious: we are not, therefore, surpris'd to find Demosthenes so excellent, enriching his orations both with words and sentiments, expressing all the passions of the mind with such force and spirit, and with such a variety of figures: he alone, as Leosthenes did not scruple to assert, could produce a discourse that was at once lively and solid.

§ Callisthenes, speaking of the tragedies of Æschylus, tells us, that he

* *Phryne.*] A famous courtesan. See Fontenelle's *Dial. of the Dead.*

† *Love.*] For an illustration of this doctrine, and the many pretty things that are said upon it, I refer my readers to Shaftesbury's *Characteristics.*

‡ *Grotto.*] See Plutarch de *Vet. Rhet.*

§ *Callisthenes.*] Plutarch, in his *Symposium*, says the same thing of Æschylus, but does not attribute it to Callisthenes.

always

always wrote them when he was in liquor, as if the wine had sharpened his wit, and inspired him : but not so Demosthenes, who drank nothing but water ; which made Demades say, others spoke by the * water, but he wrote by it : and so neat and terse were his orations, that Pytheas said they smelt of the lamp.

Thus far we go hand in hand, and I can say nearly the same with regard to the poetry of Homer : but when we come to consider his goodness and humanity, his fair and honest management of the public money, his zeal for the common-wealth —

L Y C I N U S.

Do you mean to go on, and drown me with his praises ?

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I do : to mention his public feasts, and sports, his manning the fleets, building fortifications, freeing captives, marrying virgins for the good of the state, sending ambassies, and enacting salutary laws ; when I think, in short, how much he did to serve his country in every respect, I cannot help smiling, to see my friend contracting his brow, and afraid that he should not find matter sufficient for an encomium on Demosthenes.

L Y C I N U S.

Can you imagine that I, who have been so long engaged in the study of oratory, should be a stranger to the merit and actions of Demosthenes ?

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I should think so, if you really wanted, as you say you do, any assistance for such a task : but, perhaps, he throws such a splendour round, that you cannot look at so dazzling an object : the same, indeed, happened to me with regard to Homer ; I was very near throwing my work aside, because I could not keep my eyes fixed upon it : I have however, I know not how, recovered, and accustomed myself by degrees to look up at the sun, that I might not appear totally ignorant and unworthy of such a subject ; your's, notwithstanding, is certainly a much easier undertaking : for all the praises of Homer must center in his poetry alone, whilst the virtues of Demosthenes are only too numerous, like the luxuries of a Sicilian table, or a grand and magnificent spectacle, where all the senses are delighted, and

* *The water.*] Alluding to the custom of the orator's speaking by the water-dial, often mentioned by Lucian. Our preachers, in like manner, used to measure their discourses by an hour-glass, with sand in it, several of which yet remain in some of our country churches.

you

you know not what to admire most : and thus it is with regard to the great orator, whether you consider the sprightliness of his wit, the force of his eloquence, his temperance and fortitude, his contempt of riches, his justice, humanity, good sense and discretion in every word and action. When you call to mind his laws, his embassies, his fleets ; when you think on Megara, Eubœa, Bœotia, Chios, Rhodes, Byzantium, and the Hellespont, such a variety of merit distracts you, and you know not which way to turn, or what to fix first upon.

Thus Pindar, revolving various things in his mind, cries out,

Shall I of golden Melia, or of sweet
 Iſmenus ſing, or Cadmus, or the ſons
 Of Sparta far renown'd, or flaming Thebes,
 Or all-subduing Hercules, or chant
 The chearful Bacchus, or the nuptial rites
 Of fair Harmonia ?

And, in like manner, you know not which first to celebrate, his eloquence, or his life, his oratory, or his philosophy, his art of ruling and directing the people, or his glorious death.

I would advise you, therefore, to take some one particular, and try your skill upon that : compare his eloquence, for instance, to that of Pericles, which, we are told, was like thunder and lightning, that it left its sting deeply fixed in the mind : it was not, however, so firm and solid ; not such as would stand the test of years : if you considered the virtues of his soul, and his great acts for the service of the commonweal, you might single out only two or three of them, which would afford you a fund sufficient. Homer often praises the particular parts of his heroes ; their feet, head, or hair ; their arms, or their shields : and the gods themselves are celebrated by the poets for the ægis, or the dart. You might praise Demosthenes, therefore, for any single virtue or perfection ; as to celebrate them all would be a task even for the great orator himself.

L Y C I N U S.

You mean, I suppose, by this encomium on Demosthenes, to convince me that you are not only a poet, and can write good verses, but that you are an orator, and can write excellent prose also.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

I only intended to run over the matter of your oration, that, by making the task easier to you, I might induce you to listen to my poem.

L Y.

L Y C I N U S.

You have done nothing, I assure you ; I wish, indeed, I may not be more at a loss than ever.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

If that be the case, I am a fine physician indeed.

L Y C I N U S.

You are : for not knowing where the malady lay, you have only cured one distemper instead of another.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

How so ?

L Y C I N U S.

Because you have endeavoured to remove those difficulties, which only a stranger to oratory could be subject to : but I have been engaged in it for years ; therefore your advice is of no service.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

It may teach you, perhaps, at least, that, after all, the plain beaten road is the safest and best.

L Y C I N U S.

May be not : I have no such ambition as the Cyrenian charioteer had, who, by way of shewing his skill before Plato and his friends, drove a number of chariots round the Academy, all in the same circle, so that there was only the mark of one left behind ; but I do not desire to go always in the same track, but to leave the old, and strike out a new one.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

You put me in mind of * Pauson's scheme.

L Y C I N U S.

What was that ? for I never heard of it.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

Pauson had been desired to paint a horse rolling himself on the ground, instead of which he drew him running, and a great dust about him : when the person who had ordered came to see it, he complained that it was not as he had desired ; upon which the painter bade his boy turn the picture upside down, which shewed the horse in its proper posture.

L Y C I N U S.

You are a pleasant fellow, Therfagoras, to suppose that I, who have been

* *Pauson.*] A celebrated painter, mentioned by Ælian, Plutarch, and other ancient writers.

so many years at the business, could not find out a number of transpositions and circumvolutions; and at last, perhaps, do as Proteus did.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

How was that?

L Y C I N U S.

Why, after assuming the form of every animal, plant, and element, he was forced, for want of more, to come back to his own, and become Proteus again.

T H E R S A G O R A S.

You seem to take even more shapes upon you than he did, to avoid hearing my poem.

L Y C I N U S.

By no means, my good friend; for I will even leave my own business unfinished to attend you: perhaps, after being delivered yourself, you may help me to take care of my brat also.

[We then sat down together on the next bank, where he repeated to me some very excellent verses, during which he seemed in a kind of phrenzy, and then wrapping up his papers:]

T H E R S A G O R A S.

Now, take the reward of your patience, as those are paid who attend the courts of justice; but I expect to be thanked for it.

L Y C I N U S.

That you shall, even though I do not know what it is for; but, pray, inform me?

T H E R S A G O R A S.

By chance, the other day, I met with some Memoirs of the Kings of Macedon, with which I was highly pleased; and having perused them carefully, bought the book, and have it now at home: there is in it a great deal of the private history of Antipater, together with many things concerning Demosthenes, which you will be glad to hear.

L Y C I N U S.

I thank you heartily for this piece of good news, and, in return, will give you my promise to hear the rest of your poem, but shall not leave you till you perform your's: you have given me a fine treat on the Birth-day of Homer, and are preparing another for Demosthenes.

[Accordingly, after reciting the rest of his poem, to which I gave its due praise, we went home to his house, where, though with some difficulty,

he

he, at length, found the book, which I took and carried away with me; and no sooner had I gone through, than I resolved to read it to you, word for word, without altering a syllable of it: nor is Æsculapius less honoured at his festival, by the repetition of verses from * Alifodemus or Sophocles, than if they were to make new ones on the occasion. At the feast of Bacchus, they have left off repeating new poems, comedies, and tragedies; but content themselves with the old ones, as paying the same honour to the gods.

The book tells us (in that part of it which concerns the matter in hand, and which is written in dialogue,) that Antipater had just received notice of Archias's arrival. This Archias (which some of the young men here may, perhaps, not be acquainted with) was the person commissioned to seize on those who had been proscribed, and who had received orders from the king to bring Demosthenes to him, rather by fair means, if possible, than by force of arms, out of Calauria. Antipater was now in daily expectation of seeing him; and, as soon as he heard that Archias was returned, ordered him into his presence: as soon as he came in—but the book will tell you the rest; it runs thus:

† A R C H I A S.

Health and happiness to Antipater.

A N T I P A T E R.

Health and happiness will attend me, if you have brought Demosthenes.

A R C H I A S.

That, as far as was in my power, I have done; for I have got all that remains of him in this urn.

A N T I P A T E R.

Archias, you have ruined all my hopes: what will his ashes avail, if I have not Demosthenes?

A R C H I A S.

His soul, O king, could not be retained by violence.

A N T I P A T E R.

Why did not you take him alive?

* *Alifodemus.*] This poet is not mentioned, I believe, by any other writer, though, by his being put into company with Sophocles, we should conclude him to have been a man of some distinction.

† This dialogue is curious and entertaining, and gives us the highest idea both of Antipater and Demosthenes.

A R C H I A S.

We did.

A N T I P A T E R.

Did he die, then, by the way?

A R C H I A S.

No: in Calauria.

A N T I P A T E R.

I suppose, by your neglect in not taking care of him.

A R C H I A S.

It was not in our power.

A N T I P A T E R:

How is that? you talk in riddles; you took him alive, and yet you have him not.

A R C H I A S.

Your first commands were, that we should not use violence; but we were obliged to it, though it was of no service.

A N T I P A T E R.

You should not have done it at all: what he suffered from you, I suppose, destroyed him.

A R C H I A S.

We did not kill him, though we were compelled to use some force when we could not persuade him: but, after all, what advantage would you have reaped from our bringing him alive? as you must afterwards, yourself, have made an end of him.

A N T I P A T E R.

No: Archias, you are a stranger both to his merits and my sentiments: you seem to think the bringing Demosthenes to me a matter of no more consequence, than if you had discovered those wretches, * Phalereus, Aristonicus, or Eucrates, poor and contemptible creatures, who, like rapid torrents, swell with popular tumults, and, when the wind subsides, sink, and are no more; or the faithless † Hyperides, who, to flatter the multitude, blushed not to calumniate Demosthenes, to please those who were afterwards ashamed of it, when he returned from banishment, like Alcibiades, with redoubled glory, whilst Hyperides blushed not to declaim even against his best friend, with that tongue which deserved to be cut out for its perjury and falsehood.

* *Phalereus.*] For an account of these, see Plutarch's Life of Demosthenes.

† *Hyperides*] A rival orator, who professed the greatest friendship for Demosthenes, and afterwards betrayed and accused him. See Plut. in X. Rhet.

A R-

A R C H I A S.

But, was not Demosthenes one of our most inveterate enemies ?

A N T I P A T E R.

No: if faith and truth have any charms, if what is firm and incorruptible deserves esteem and approbation: honesty is honesty, even in an enemy, and virtue precious, wherefover it is found: nor would I wish to behave worse than Xerxes, who, when it was in his power to destroy Bulis and Sperchis, because he deservedly admired, set them free. Demosthenes, whom I met twice at Athens, though I had not leisure to converse with him, whose actions and character I was well acquainted with, was a man whom I had always the highest veneration for, and that, not, as may be supposed, for his eloquence alone; though Python and the orators of Athens were nothing when compared to him, whether we consider the elegance of his style, the harmony of his periods, the force of his arguments, or that wonderful power of conviction which he was possessed of. Very sorry I was that I convened the Greeks, induced by Python and his promises, in order to refute the Athenians, when the thunder of Demosthenes was exerted against me: his eloquence shut up every avenue against us: but I consider this noble quality merely as an instrument, made use of by him, to carry on his political designs. What I most admired him for, was his good sense and discretion; that fortitude which he shewed in adversity, and which enabled him, even when almost overwhelmed beneath the waves of ill-fortune, to rise superior to it, and seem insensible of danger. I am satisfied, that Philip also entertained the same opinion of him: for once, I remember, when he was told that Demosthenes had inveighed against him in the senate, and Parmenio, in an angry mood, was throwing out some bitter sarcasm on this great orator: "Demosthenes (said Philip) has a right to speak with freedom; for he is the only Grecian orator whom I have not in my pay, though I had much rather trust to him, if I could have secured him, than to my navies and armies. Amongst most of his brethren, both here and in Bœotia, I have scattered my gold, herds, cattle, and annual presents: but I could sooner take * Byzantium by storm, than bribe Demosthenes." "If an Athenian, haranguing at Athens, (replied Parmenio,) was to prefer me

* *Byzantium.*] This city was considered as the key of Greece. Philip was prevented from taking it by the eloquence of Demosthenes.

to his own country, I would give that man my money, but not my friendship; but if, for his country's sake, he hates and opposes me, I would attack him as I would his naval armaments, the walls and bulwarks of his city; though, at the same time, I admire his virtue, and think that kingdom happy, which can boast of such a defender; I would destroy the place, and all that belongs to it: but I would rather have him on our side, than the Triballi, the Illyrian horsemen, or all the mercenary troops which we could hire; as I would prefer the power of eloquence, and the wisdom of good councils, to the strength of armies, and all the force of military preparation."

Thus did he speak to Parmenio, and frequently would he talk to me in the same style: once, in particular, I remember, when I seemed uneasy, and displeas'd at his sending Diopithes to Athens: "Are you afraid (said he, laughing,) of what Athenian leaders, or their armies, can do against us? their piræus, their harbours, their fleets and armies, I despise: what can a set of Bacchanals do, who live in the midst of songs and festivals? if Demosthenes alone were absent, we should more easily take the city than by all we could do, either with force or fraud, to gain over the Thebans and Theffalians: but he is for ever watchful, seizing every opportunity to resist our attacks, and, by his counsels alone, renders fruitless all our operations: try what we will, design what we will, act as we will, we cannot escape him. In a word, this man is the sole obstacle to our conquest and success; and, if he had been present, we should not have taken Amphipolis or Olynthus, Pylæ, Chersonesus, nor any thing which we possess round the Hellespont. He stirs up his fellow-citizens, even against their will: when they are lulled, as it were, to sleep, by mandragora, he rouses them from their lethargy, and, with his eloquence, burns up and destroys their indolence, little solicitous of their favour or affection: he applies the profits of the theatre to the support of the army, and reformed the corrupt state of the navy by salutary laws: the dignity of the empire, which, for a long time, had been miserably impaired, he hath restored: he hath called them back to a remembrance of their ancestors, and a noble emulation of what pass'd at Marathon and Salamis: he is perpetually forming new alliances, and treaties, with the states of Greece: it is as impossible, in short, to conceal any thing from, to deceive, or corrupt him, as it was for the Persian king to bribe Aristides. This man, therefore, Antipater, is more to be dreaded than
all

all their fleets and armies. What Themistocles and Pericles were to the ancient Athenians, is Demosthenes to the present: the understanding and knowledge of the one, the wisdom, eloquence, and courage of the other, are combined in him. I am obliged to them for sending out Chares, Diopithes, Proxenus, and such like generals, and keeping Demosthenes at home: if they were to appoint him leader of their army and navy, and superintendant over all their affairs, I should tremble for Macedonia itself; as it is he harasses me with his counsels, finds perpetual resources, furnishes new fleets and armies, is present in every place, and perpetually opposes me."

Thus would Philip often talk to me concerning him, ever looking upon it as the greatest instance of his good fortune, that their armies were not led by Demosthenes, whose animated speeches, like so many battering-rams, beat down all his counsels. After the victory at Cheronæa, many a time would he call to mind the perils we had been in on his account; "for, though, (said he,) through the imprudence of their generals, the confusion of their troops, and our own unexpected good fortune, we conquered; yet, on that very day, did I run the hazard both of my crown and life, by his means, so firmly did he unite the cities, collect the forces, Thebans, Athenians; Corinthians, and Eubæans, into one body, and prevent my penetrating into the interior parts of Attica."

Thus would he be perpetually talking of Demosthenes, and if any body observed to him that the Athenians were his most powerful enemies, his constant answer was, "Demosthenes is my only enemy; the Athenians without him would be no more than Ænians, or Theffalians." Whenever he sent ambassadors to the cities, and the Athenians employed any other orators to plead for them, he was sure to be successful; but whenever Demosthenes came; "Our embassy, he would say, is vain; for victory over his orations no trophies can ever be raised:" and what would you have me, who am so much inferior to Philip, do with this man? Should I lead him as an ox to the slaughter, or should I not rather make him my counsellor and friend? Such I would wish to find him, not only from the opinion which I have of him from his own actions, but from the testimony also of Aristotle, who assured me that Alexander admired him above all men, for his eloquence, freedom, fortitude, and wisdom. Would you put such a man upon a level with * Eubulus, Phrynnon, and Philocrates? Do you think it

* *Eubolus*, [et c.] Enemies of Demosthenes and of their country. See his Oration de Falsâ Legatione.

possible

possible to corrupt him, who has spent all his patrimony, either in support of the public cause, or in presents to his indigent friends and neighbours; or can you think him capable of being intimidated, who resolved to sacrifice his life in the service of his country? Can you be angry at his reflections on you, when even the Athenians do not escape his censure? He takes care of the common weal, from the sincere love which he has for it, and considers his country as a school of philosophy. The opinion of such a man, Archias, I could wish to have known, concerning the present state of my affairs; his wholesome counsels I would gladly have listened to, much rather than to the croud of flatterers which surround me. I would have advised him, instead of sacrificing his life to those ungrateful Athenians, to rely on better and more faithful friends. With regard to any thing else, you might have prevailed on him; but his country he would never have forsaken, which he loved even to distraction."

"I believe so, said Antipater; but how did he die?" "That, answered Archias, will raise your astonishment more than any thing else: we, who were eye-witnesses, were amazed at it. His death, from the preparation he had made for it, seemed to be a matter long since determined: he sat in the inner part of the temple, where I conversed with him for several days, but to no purpose." "And what, said Antipater, was the subject of your discourse?" "Your humanity, replied Archias, and design of pardoning him; not that I knew this was your intention; for I believed you were greatly exasperated against him: but I thought it right to make him believe you would." "Would I had been there myself, said Antipater, to have heard what passed! but tell me every thing; it is no little satisfaction to know the sentiments and behaviour of a great man in the hour of death: what said he to the offer? was he weak and cowardly, or did he retain his firmness and constancy to the last?" "He did, said Archias; with a pleasing smile on his countenance, rallied me on my past life, said I was a bad actor, and repeated your falsehoods most miserably." "And did he, said Antipater, destroy himself, rather than trust to my promises?" "Not so, replied Archias; it was not you alone (since you must know all), whom he distrusted: "There is nothing, said he, so wicked which I cannot believe of a Macedonian, nor is it wonderful they should wish to take Demosthenes, as they have already taken Amphipolis, Olynthus, and Oropus." Much more he then spake to the same purpose; for I took down, by a notary, all he said, that I might convey

convey it to you. “ The fear of death and torture, said he, would have prevented my coming into the presence of Antipater ; but, if what you say be true, I have still more reason to dread, lest, if Antipater should spare my life, I might be corrupted, and, leaving the post of honour, which I held in Greece, basely throw myself into Macedon : were I thus to act, to what purpose was the Piræus, the walls and ditches which I built, the tribe of Pandion, and the pomp of sacrifice ; what profited the laws of Solon and Draco, the military and naval decrees which I supported ; all the virtues, and all the trophies of my ancestors, the generosity of the citizens, who crowned me, and all the powers of Greece, which I sustained and preserved ? If I must owe my life to the pity and to the liberality of others, I would owe it, at least, to those whom I have obliged, to those captives whom I have redeemed, to those fathers whose children I have portioned, to those whose debts I have paid : but if neither the influence nor authority which I once possessed, both by sea and land, can secure me, to Neptune here I fly for safety, to this altar, and these sacred laws. If Neptune will not defend his sanctuary, and protect his votaries, I will rather die than fall down before and worship Antipater. Long since might I have had friends enough in Macedon, could I have acted like * Callimedon, Pytheas, and Demades : but I revered the memory of Codrus, and the daughters of Erechtheus : because fortune has deserted me, I will not, therefore, desert my country ; death is the best asylum we can flee to from folly and corruption : I will not disgrace Athens, by preferring slavery to freedom. Do not you remember, for to you I may properly quote from tragedy, what † Polyxena says,

As she dy'd, with decency to fall

Was her peculiar care.

Thus fell a virgin, and shall Demosthenes prefer a shameful life to honourable death, forgetful of what ‡ Xenocrates and Plato have said concerning immortality ? But why need I repeat any more ?” At length, after I had endeavoured, but in vain, both by prayers and threats, to prevail on him ; “ With these, said he, were I Archias, I might be moved ; but, being what I am, you must pardon my not acting like a coward.” I had then thoughts of dragging him by force from the altar ; but, perceiving my intention, he

* *Callimedon, &c.*] The enemies and accusers of Demosthenes. See Plutarch.

† *Polyxena.*] See the Hecuba of Euripides, l. 568.

‡ *Xenocrates.*] See Diogenes Laertius, iv. xii. and xiii.

smiled,

smiled, and fixing his eyes upon the god; “ Archias, cried he, seems to think that ships, and walls, and armies, are the only things which man can trust and rely upon; despising that refuge and shelter which I confide in, a power which neither the Illyrians, Treballians, nor Macedonians can subdue; stronger than that wooden wall, which, the god declared, could never be destroyed: that providence which supported me in the common-wealth, which enabled me, without fear, to act against Macedon, which made me as superior then to Euctemon, Aristogiton, Pytheas, Callimedon, and Philip himself, as now I am to Archias: lay not, therefore, thy hands upon me, for never will I suffer this sacred spot to be prophaned, but worship the deity, and follow thee.” Thus saying he moved his hand towards his lips, which I considered as an act of worship.” “ And what was it, said Antipater?” “ He had taken poison, replied Archias, as we afterwards learned from the woman who attended him, and whom we forced by tortures to confess; for scarce had he got out of the porch of the temple, when he cried out to us, “ Carry this to Antipater; Demosthenes you shall never have: no, by those ——” he was going, we suppose, to add, — who fell at Marathon, but stopped, and only saying, farewell! he expired. Such was the success of our endeavours to bring Demosthenes to you.” “ O! Archias, said Antipater, what a great and unconquerable soul had this man! thus nobly to keep in his own power the surest pledge of liberty: doubtless he is gone to the islands of the blessed, to join the ancient heroes, and live for ever with Jupiter the Deliverer: his body I will send to Athens, a nobler present to his country, even than those who died at Marathon.

THE

T H E
A S S E M B L Y O F T H E G O D S,
A D I A L O G U E.

In this Dialogue LUCIAN ridicules the glaring Folly of Polytheism, and exposes the Nonsense and Absurdity of the whole Pagan System. His Idea of adopting the Proceedings of a Grecian Court of Judicature, with all its Forms and Ceremonies, and settling the Synod of the Gods by a Decree, is full of true Humour.

J U P I T E R.

NOW, gods, let us have no whispering in corners, and * colloquing together; no grumbling, because those whom you think unworthy are admitted into our society; but as we have called a council on the occasion, let every one speak his sentiments openly, and bring his accusation against whom he pleases. Do you, Mercury, give public notice, as the law directs.

M E R C U R Y.

Silence there, and attend: which of the gods, who are qualified, chooses to speak? The business is concerning † strangers and sojourners.

M O M U S.

I, Momus, have something to offer, if Jupiter will give me leave.

J U P I T E R.

Leave is given by the public notice; you want not, therefore, my permission.

M O M U S.

I say then, there are some amongst us, who, not content with being raised themselves from mortals to gods, think it is doing nothing if they cannot bring in their followers and attendants also, and place them on a level with

* *Colloquing.*] Gr. κοινολογεῖσθαι. The word which I have here made use of in the translation, though rather of the vulgar cast, and not to be met with, I am afraid, in Johnson's Dictionary, seems, notwithstanding, to approach nearer to the sense of the original than any other which our language could afford me on this occasion.

† *Strangers*] Amongst the ancient Greeks, strangers and enemies were both signified by the same name, ἔσθρος, all strangers being accounted enemies; the Persians, in particular, were always called so. Lucian, therefore, introduces his subject, by calling a council of war, occasioned, as it were, by the invasion of an enemy.

us. I beg, Jupiter, I may be quite at liberty to say what I please. Every body knows how free I am with my tongue, and that I never conceal what is bad; but boldly find fault with every thing that is wrong, and speak plain, nor am ever afraid or ashamed to deliver my opinion; inasmuch, that I have been called testy and troublesome, nay, accused by many as a calumniator, and public informer: but since proclamation is now made, and I have your permission withal, I am resolved to speak without fear or restraint. I do say, therefore, that there are many here, who, not satisfied with sitting along with us, and eating at our table, have brought their servants and followers into heaven, and deified them also: these have sat down with us, and partook of our sacrifices, without paying the tax due to us from them, as strangers and sojourners.

J U P I T E R.

Momus, let us have nothing dark, or ænigmatical, but speak plainly and openly, and name what names you please; for the affair is now before the public, and every one is to give his opinion fairly and candidly: a free speaker must have no shuffling or evasion.

M O M U S.

Most excellent Jupiter, to exhort me to freedom of speech! This is most king-like, great, and magnificent indeed; then will I tell his name. The noble Bacchus, that half-mortal, not so much as sprung from a Grecian, by the mother's side; but the grandson of Cadmus, a Syro-Phœnician merchant: as he is dignified with immortality, I shall not say what he is himself, nor take notice of his fillet, his hobbling gait, or his drunkenness; you all know how weak and effeminate he is, generally half-mad, and smelling of wine pretty early in the morning: here has he brought in his whole tribe upon us, and made gods of Pan, Silenus, and the Satyrs, rustics, goat-herds, wild dancers, and creatures with strange forms: one of them has got * horns, and a long beard, and, from the waist downwards, is exactly like a goat: another, a little † bald-pated old man, with a flat nose, a Lydian it seems, and generally rides upon an ass: then there are the Satyrs, with their ears cocked up, bald, and with horns, like young kids; these are Phrygians, and all of them, besides their other perfections, have long tails. You see what kind of gods he has generously provided us with. And can we wonder that mortals should laugh at us, when they behold such a set of

* *Horns.*] Pan.

† *Bald-pated, &c.*] Silenus.

monstrous

monstrous and ridiculous divinities? Not to mention the two women whom he has introduced amongst us, his mistress Ariadne (whose crown he has made a star of), and the daughter of Icarius, the countryman: but (which is most absurd of all), he has brought in Erigone's dog also, for fear the young lady should take it ill, that she had not her beloved whelp to keep her company in heaven: is not all this shameful madness, and folly? But you shall hear some more —

J U P I T E R.

Not a word, I beseech you, Momus, of Hercules or Æsculapius! for I see what you would be at. One is skilled in the art of healing, conquers disease, and

‡ A wife physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

And, as to my son Hercules, by no small labours hath he purchased immortality: therefore bring no accusation against them.

M O M U S.

I had, indeed, many things to say; but shall hold my tongue if you desire it, especially as I hear about me the marks of your lightning: but if I were at liberty, I could produce something, even against you.

J U P I T E R.

There you have my free leave; you cannot accuse me of letting strangers in.

M O M U S.

The Cretans say you do, and tell a great many strange things of you, and, moreover, shew your tomb; though, for my part, I give no credit to them, any more than I do to the Ægeans, who report that you are a bastard: what I think you are to blame for, however, I shall freely declare: you, Jupiter, have yourself introduced these crimes amongst us, and filled our courts with this spurious issue, by having such frequent commerce with mortals, and descending to them in various shapes; insomuch that we are often in fear of your being sacrificed as a bull, or, when you are turned into gold, that somebody, instead of a Jove, should make a bracelet, a necklace, or an ear-ring of you: you have filled heaven, to say the truth, with nothing but these half-gods, for I can call them by no other name: who can help laughing, when he is told (which to be sure is of all things the

‡ *A wife, &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xi. l. 636.

most ridiculous), that Hercules is made a god of, whilst Eurystheus, who had the command over him, died like other mortals; and you may see the temple of the servant, and the tomb of his master close to each other. Again, at Thebes, Bacchus is worshipped as a deity, whilst his nearest relations, Pentheus, Actæon, and Learchus, are the most miserable of men. In short, Jupiter, from the moment you turned your mind towards women, and opened your doors to these intruders, they have all followed your example; not only our male, but, which is most shameful, our female deities also. For who has not heard of * Anchises, Tithonus, Endymion, Jason—but I will say no more; for accusations of this kind would be endless.

J U P I T E R.

I charge you, Momus, do not mention Ganymede, for I shall be very angry if you vex the boy, by casting reflections on his family.

M O M U S.

I shall say nothing, therefore, about the eagle, because he is got up to heaven, appears like a god, and sits on the royal sceptre; it is well, indeed, he does not make his nest upon your head: for Ganymede's sake, we shall say nothing of him. But here is Attis, † Corybas, and Sabazius; pray, Jupiter, how come these amongst us? or the Median Mithras, with his ‡ candys and tiara, who cannot so much as talk Greek, nor understand one if we drink to him. The Getes and Scythians, seeing such things as these, take their farewell of us, and make gods of their own, as many as they please; just in the same manner as Zamoxlis; who, though a common servant, some how or other, stole in amongst us, without our privity or consent: all this, however, might be tolerable. But you Ægyptian there, with the dog's face, and wrapped up in linnen, who are you, and how came such a § barker as you to be a god? And what does this Memphian spotted || bull mean with altars, his prophets, and his oracles? I am ashamed to add ibis's, apes, goats, and a hundred, still more ridiculous, who have crowded in upon us out of Ægypt. How can you bear to see these worshipped and honoured so much

* *Anchises, &c.*] Anchises, we read, had an intrigue with Venus, Endymion with Diana, and Jason with Ceres.

† *Corybas.*] The son of Jason and Cybele.

‡ *Candys.*] A kind of short cloak, worn by the god Mithras in all the representations of him. See Montfaucon's *Antiq.*

§ *Barker.*] The god Anubis, worshipped by the Ægyptians.

|| *Bull.*] For an account of this, see Bryant's *Anal.*

more

more than yourselves? Or, how can you, Jupiter, suffer them to put ram's horns on your head?

J U P I T E R.

What you say about the Ægyptians is true enough; it is shameful and abominable: but most of these are only mysterious and hieroglyphical, and you, who are not of the initiated, should not laugh at them.

M O M U S.

There is no great mystery in finding out that gods are gods, and dog's-heads dogs-heads.

J U P I T E R.

Well; say no more about the Ægyptians, we shall consider of them at our leisure: proceed you to the rest.

M O M U S.

There is Trophonius, and, which hurts me still more, Amphilocheus: that son of a wicked parricide, is perpetually telling lies in Cilicia, and prophesying for two oboli. You, Apollo, have lost all your reputation; for now, every stone and every altar is turned prophet, is sprinkled with oil, covered with garlands, and has its own conjuror, of which there is great abundance: the statue of * Polydamas the wrestler, and that of Theagenes, doing the same at Thasus, at this very day is curing fevers in Olympia; at Troy, they sacrifice to Hector; and in Chersonesus, to Proteus. Ever since these things have been practised, perjury and sacrilege are increased, and I cannot say but, upon the whole, they do right in despising us.

So much for the bastards which we have adopted; as to the many strange names which I hear of, such as never existed, or could gain a place amongst us, I only laugh at them. What shall I say to your highly-extolled Virtue, Nature, Fortune, Fate, and all the empty titles coined by philosophers, which, idle as they are, have so wrought upon simple men, that none of them will sacrifice to us, well knowing, that though they should offer up ten thousand hecatombs, the will of Fate, notwithstanding, must be fulfilled, and every thing happen, to every man, that was originally decreed for him. I should be glad to know whether you ever saw these same things called Virtue, Nature, and Fate; I am sure you must have heard enough of them in the schools of the philosophers; if you are not deaf, for they are always haranguing about them. Though I had a great deal more to say, I shall now have done; for I see several that are very angry, and ready to hiss me, espe-

* *Polydamas.*] See Pausanias *Eliac.*

cially

cially amongst those whom my freedom of speech has offended ; wherefore, if you please, I will now read the decree that is made concerning these matters.

J U P I T E R.

Do so : much of what you have remarked is but too true : I must put a stop to these evils, lest they should increase and multiply.

T H E D E C R E E.

Success attend it.

The assembly being met, according to law, on the seventh day of the month, Jupiter being * prytanis, Neptune proedros, Apollo epistates, Momus, son of Night, the scribe, and Somnus, author, or mover of the edict, it was thus decreed :

“ W H E R E A S several strangers, not only Greeks but Barbarians, by no means worthy of being enrolled as fellow-citizens, have, we know not how, imagining themselves to be gods, filled heaven in such a manner as to make our assembly nothing but a collection of rioters, of every place, nation, and language ; insomuch that there is a deficiency of nectar and ambrosia, and, instead of a quart, we have not a thimble-full a-piece, such is the number of guests, whilst some of them, thrusting out the old deities, take the first seats, and, against all rule and order, will be worshipped upon earth before us : for these and other causes, it seemeth good to the senate and people of heaven, that a council should be called in Olympus, that seven perfect and complete gods should be chosen arbiters, three of them from the old senate under Saturn, and the other four from the twelve, and Jupiter to be one of them : that these shall sit as judges in the cause, having first taken the legal oath, and sworn by Styx : that Mercury shall act as crier, and call together all those who claim admittance to the rank of gods, who are to bring sworn witnesses with them, and produce their genealogy ; they are then to appear one by one, and the judges, examining into their several claims, shall either declare them to be gods, or send them back to the sepulchres of their ancestors : and if any one of those, who are rejected and set aside by the

* *Prytanis, &c.*] The business of the Prytanis was to assemble and preside over the senate ; of these were fifty, ranked into five decuriæ, each decuria being to govern their week, during which time they were called proedri, the president of the proedri was called epistates. See Potter's *Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 97.

judges,

judges, shall be caught going up to heaven, he shall be immediately seized, and thrown headlong into Tartarus. It is moreover decreed, that every deity shall mind his own business; that Minerva shall not turn physician, nor Æsculapius prophet, neither shall Apollo do so many things himself, but fix on one, and be either a seer, a musician, or a doctor: that the philosophers shall be forbidden coining new words, and talking idly about things which they know nothing of: that the statues of all those pretended gods, who have been honoured with temples and sacrifices, be pulled down, and those of Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, or some other set up in their stead, and that the city they belong to, erect a sepulchre for them, in the room of an altar. If any, on pretence of not hearing the summons of the crier, shall refuse to submit to the decision of the arbitrators, they shall be considered as giving up the cause, and be condemned accordingly."

J U P I T E R.

Momus, this is a most excellent and just decree: let all who think so, hold up their hands, or rather let it stand confirmed, for there are many, I know, who will not hold up their hands for it. For the present, therefore, I dismiss you; but, when Mercury shall summon you together, let every one appear with his proper testimonials, the name of his father and mother, an account whence he came, and how he was made a god, the tribe and ward he belongs to; and if he does not exhibit these, the judges will take no notice of him, though he may have ever so large a temple upon earth, and men suppose him to be a deity.

THE

T H E
C Y N I C,
A D I A L O G U E.

The following Dialogue is a spirited Satire on Luxury, put, very properly, into the Mouth of a CYNIC. LUCIAN, who, like the Orator in HUDIBRAS,

Could still change Sides, and still confute,

having frequently ridiculed this Sect, seems desirous of making some Atonement, by a laboured Defence of their Tenets and Customs, joined to many severe Strictures on the Vices and Follies of the Age he lived in: and as Vices and Follies are, in every Age, pretty much the same, his Reflections will be found not unapplicable to our own.

L Y C I N U S A N D A C Y N I C.

L Y C I N U S.

WHAT do you mean by wandering about, in this manner, with your long hair and beard, without shoes, stockings, or coat, living the life of a beast; never cloathing your body, like other people, but shewing your bare skin, and laying on the hard ground, to rake up all the dirt upon your filthy old cloak, which is not over thin, soft, or beautiful?

C Y N I C.

I want no other: what can be easiest procured, and give the possessor the least trouble, is enough for me. Let me, in my turn, ask you one thing: is not luxury a vice?

L Y C I N U S.

Most undoubtedly.

C Y N I C.

And frugality a virtue?

L Y C I N U S.

Granted.

C Y N I C.

Why, then, because I wear a worse garb, and eat coarser food than the rest of the world, whilst others live like madmen and fools, do you blame me, and not them?

L Y C I N U S.

I blame you not for living worse than many others, but for living shabbily, in absolute want and misery: you are as bad as the common vagrants, that beg their bread from door to door.

C Y N I C.

CYNIC.

Shall we, since we are got upon this subject, seriously discuss the point; what is really enough, and what is not?

LYCINUS.

If you please.

CYNIC.

Has not every man enough, then, who has sufficient to supply all his wants and necessities? or, can you point out any thing else?

LYCINUS.

No: we will suppose it to be so.

CYNIC.

And, where that is wanting which is useful and necessary, is there not a real deficiency?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNIC.

Then do I want nothing; for I have enough to supply all my necessities.

LYCINUS.

How is that?

CYNIC.

Consider the purpose designed in any thing which we make use of; of a house, for instance; is it not that we may be sheltered by it?

LYCINUS.

True.

CYNIC.

Or of a garment; what is it but to cover us?

LYCINUS.

Certainly.

CYNIC.

And what do we cover ourselves for, but that we may be the better for it?

LYCINUS.

I grant it.

CYNIC.

And what is the matter with my feet?

LYCINUS.

Nothing, that I know of.

CYNIC.

What is the use of feet?

LYCINUS.

To walk.

CYNIC.

And do mine seem to walk worse than other people's?

THE CYNIC.

LYCINUS.

Perhaps not.

CYNIC.

As to feet, then, I am not worse off than my neighbours.

LYCINUS.

I do not know that you are.

CYNIC.

And what think you of my body; is not that as good as others? if it was not, it would be weak and infirm: the beauty of a body is to be strong; is not mine so?

LYCINUS.

So it appears to be.

CYNIC.

Neither my feet nor my body want any other covering; if they did, they would be out of order: where there is any real want or defect, things are always the worse for it; but my body is not at all the worse for the coarse food it is nourished with.

LYCINUS.

That is pretty visible.

CYNIC.

And, if it was badly nourished and supported, it would not be strong; for, by bad and improper food all bodies must be hurt.

LYCINUS.

True.

CYNIC.

Why, then, do you find fault with me, and my manner of life, despising it as wretched and contemptible?

LYCINUS.

I blame you, because, when nature, whom you pretend to honour, and the beneficent gods, have filled this earth with every good thing, not only for the use and benefit, but for the pleasure and happiness of mankind, that we might enjoy the sweet abundance of them; you will taste none, or very few of their blessings, but drink water like the beasts, devour every thing you meet with like the dogs, and lie, like them, on straw, in a cloak fit for a beggar: if you are right in living content with these, then hath God in vain clothed the sheep with fine wool, or swelled the vines with delicious wine; in vain hath he dispensed oil, honey, and every other precious thing, that we might all have good food and drink, soft beds to lie on, fine houses to live in, and every thing convenient and delectable. Even the works of art are the gift of heaven. To live without all these is miserable, when,
like

like those who live in bondage, we are deprived of them by others; but still more wretched is it, when we deny them ourselves; it is downright madness and folly.

CYNIC.

It may be so; but let me ask you one question: if a rich man should make a great feast, and most hospitably entertain people of all ranks, great and small, sick and well, with every good thing, should he, at the same time, help himself to all, not only that stood near, but that was ever so far removed from him? should he, who was in perfect health, seize on that which was prepared for the sick; he, who had but one stomach to satisfy, and which wanted but a little, and which too much would only spoil and destroy; would you call such a man wise or good?

By no means.

LYCINUS.

Or in his senses?

CYNIC.

Neither.

LYCINUS.

CYNIC.

And if another, who had been invited to this feast, should pass over the variety of dainties on the table, and take that only dish which chanced to be set before him, and which, alone, was sufficient to satisfy his appetite, should he eat this homely meal in peace, without waiting for any thing else, would not you look upon this as a much wiser and better man than the former?

Certainly.

LYCINUS.

Need I say, then——

CYNIC.

What?

LYCINUS.

CYNIC.

That God is like the master of this feast, who places before us all an infinite variety of good things, that every one may take what is fit and convenient for him; some are proper for the well, and some for the sick; some for the weak, and some for the strong: it was never designed that all should seize on all, but that every one should take what is next to him, and what he most stands in need of: but you, in the insatiable rage of intemperance, like that guest who was for snatching all, not content with what lays before you, are perpetually wandering in search of dainties: your own land and sea cannot suffice, but you must purchase pleasures from every corner of the earth; always preferring what comes from abroad to what you have at

Z z z 2

home,

home, what is dear to what is cheap, and every thing that is gained with difficulty to what may be acquired with ease : you suffer a thousand evils and miseries rather than go without what you thirst after ; for many of the luxuries you enjoy cost you dear. Think on your gold and silver, your sumptuous palaces, your fine garments, the work and toil of industry ; what labour, and what dangers are they purchased at the expence of ? oftentimes by death, blood, and slaughter. How many perish in the search of them ? Battles are fought, friends betray friends, children their parents, and wives their husbands, on account of them. * Eriphyle sacrificed her's, we know, for gold.

And yet, neither do painted garments better warm our bodies, nor high-vaulted roofs better cover us ; gold or silver cups cannot mend the draught, nor ivory beds produce a sweeter sleep : so far from it, that often on the pompous couch there is but little rest ; and the dear-bought meal, instead of nourishing, but corrupts the body, and brings on diseases and distemperature. Need I mention the variety of miseries which love makes men inflict on others, and on themselves also ? the passion might easily be satisfied, but that you want to refine upon it ; and, as if its own madness and folly were not sufficient, too often do men pervert the use of things, and act in opposition both to nature and reason, making use of * * * * * beds instead of carriages.

L Y C I N U S.

Who are they ?

C Y N I C.

Many of those who treat their slaves like their cattle, and ride in † litters on their shoulders ; there you lie at your ease, driving men like so many asses, and this you call felicity. Then there are others, who, not content with taking flesh for food, use it for certain tinctures ; as those that make ‡ purple ; do not these also act against nature, and apply her works to what they were never designed for ?

* *Eriphyle.*] This lady was the wife of Amphiaraus, a famous prophet, son of Apollo and Hypermnestra : he had promised Adrastus, his wife's brother and king of Argos, to assist him in the Theban war ; but having discovered, by his art, that if he went he should be knocked on the head, very prudently hid himself : but Eriphyle, who probably had no objection to living a rich widow, discovered the secret, and he was dragged to battle, where he perished ; not without first having returned the compliment, and left word with a friend, in case of his death, to dispatch his wife immediately.

† *Litters.*] A piece of oriental luxury, practised even to this day. Both the Indian and English nabobs abroad, it is well known, seldom ride in any other manner.

* *Purple.*] The ancient purple dye was drawn from the murex, or, shell-fish.

L Y.

LYCINUS.

True; the purple-fish is fit to dye as well as to eat.

CYNIC.

But was never intended for both. A man may make use of a pot to drink out of instead of a cup, though it was certainly never made for that purpose. It is impossible, in short, to relate all the folly and misery of these people; and yet, because I will not side with them, you find fault with me: in the mean time, I live in an humble state, eat whatever happens to come before me, and wear what I can get cheapest, without ever wishing to taste of their dainties; and because both my desires and my wants are moderate, you say I live like a beast. According to your way of reasoning, the gods themselves are worse than beasts; for they want nothing: but, that you may judge which is most eligible, to stand in need of many things, or of a few only, remember, that children want more than adults, women more than men, and the sick more than those in health; the inferior has always more necessities to supply than the superior. The gods have no wants, and those who approach nearest to them, but very few. Do you imagine that Hercules, that noble hero, who is deservedly honoured and revered as a god, was forced by necessity to wander about naked, or only with a skin to cover him, or that he wished for any of those things which you indulge yourselves in? He could not himself be wretched who freed others from misery; or poor, who commanded earth and sea: wherever his valour led him, he was sure to conquer, and met with none superior, none equal to himself. Do you think he thus wandered about the world because he wanted shoes and cloaths? you cannot suppose it. But he was temperate, patient, and long-suffering: he wished to conquer, and would not therefore be unnerved by luxury.

Was not his follower, Theseus, the king of all the Athenians, and son of Neptune, one of the bravest of men? and yet he also went naked and barefoot, and wore a long beard: and this custom was observed, not by him only, but by all our ancestors, who were better men than you. They were never shaved any more than lions. They, no doubt, thought a soft or smooth skin became women only; but, as they were men, they wished to appear as such. They looked upon the beard as an ornament to man, as the mane to horses, and a beard to lions, and which God bestowed on those creatures as a beauty and perfection. The ancients, therefore, I admire and imitate: and as to those of the present age, I envy them not the hap-

happinefs of fine cloaths and tables, nor the pleasure of fhaving and fmoothing every part of their bodies, leaving nothing as nature had made it.

For my own part, I hope my feet may be like horfes hoofs, as they fay Chiron's were; that I fhall never want a bed on the ground like the lions; nor do I defire better food than the dogs. May the earth ftill be my couch; the whole world my houfe; and may I always eat what can moft eafily be procured for me! Never may I, or any of my friends, want gold or filver! from a thirft after them, proceed war, fllaughter, fedition, treason, and every evil thing: from this fountain they all flow. Far from me be the defire of having more than I ought to have! may I always be contented with lefs!

I have given you my opinion, which is very unlike that of the multitude; and as I differ from them in doctrine, it is no wonder I fhould differ from them in my appearance alfo. I am furprifed, therefore, when you fee fidlers and flute-players, and actors, chufe their own habits, that you will not fuffer an honeft man to chufe his, but expect he muft wear fuch a one as that multitude does, whom he defpifes. And why may he not put on that which becomes him beft, and which the great and luxurious moft abhor? Now, my tafte is to be rough and dirty; to wear a ragged coat, and long hair, and go without fhoes; whilft you drefs like fo many * fribbles, have as many garments, as fine fhoes, are as much fcanted, and take as much pains with your hair; you are juft as unfit to bear any exercife or labour: eat like them, and walk like them, or rather indeed you do not walk at all, but are carried like burthens, fometimes by men, and fometimes by horfes. Now my feet can bear me wherever I choofe to go. I can bear heat and cold, and am not angry with the works of nature whenever I chance to be out of humour; whilft you are not contented with any thing you poffefs, but find fault with all: the prefent you cannot bear, and the abfent you are always fighting for: in winter you wifh for fummer, and in fummer for winter; when it is hot, you cry out for cold, and when it is cold you want heat, never fatisfied with your condition, but like fick men, naufeating every thing that is fet before you: their diforder is fufficient caufe, but your difcontent is nothing but peevifhnefs and ill humour: and yet you want me to retract my opinions; to deliberate and confider well the propriety of my conduct, though at the fame time you have no confideration

* *Fribbles.*] Gr. Κριαιδω, cinzorum, pathics. I have taken the liberty to change the idea, for a reafon which I have frequently had occafion to mention.

your-

yourſelves, never act according to reaſon and judgment, but merely from faſhion and caprice. You are like men borne away by a torrent; as they ruſh on wherever the tide carries them, ſo do you, wherever your paſſions lead you: it happens to you as to * one who mounted a vicious and unruly horſe, who ran away with him; when he was aſked by a friend who met him on the road, whither he was going in ſuch a hurry, his answer was, wherever he (pointing to his horſe) thinks proper: and you, in like manner, if any one ſhould aſk you where you are going, if you answer candidly, muſt ſay, wherever our deſires lead us. Some may ſay, where pleaſure; ſome, where glory; ſome, where avarice ſhall direct. Sometimes anger, ſometimes fear, and ſometimes other paſſions carry you away with them; for you mount and are run away with, not by one, but by many horſes, all of them vicious and unruly, who throw you into ditches, and down precipices; nor before the thing is done, do you know at all what you are going to do. In the mean time, this tattered garment, and long hair, which you hold in ſuch deriſion; this manner of life which you deſpiſe, enables me to ſpend my time in eaſe and happineſs; to do what I pleaſe, and conſerve with thoſe whom I like beſt. My appearance keeps at a diſtance from me the fooliſh and illiterate: the delicate and refined are ſure to ſhun me, whiſt the good-natured, the juſt, and virtuous, crowd around me: theſe I receive with joy, for theſe I love to aſſociate with: the doors of thoſe whom you call men, I never enter; golden crowns and purple I look upon as empty ſmoke, and deſpiſe the owners of them. With regard to my habit and appearance, which you laugh at, I would have you know, it is becoming, not only the beſt of men, but even the gods alſo: obſerve their ſtatues, which do they reſemble moſt, me or you? look into the temples both of Greeks and Barbarians, and mark whether the gods have long beards and hair like me, or are ſhaved and painted like yourſelves. You will find moſt of them without † waſtcoats as I am. How dare you, therefore, ſpeak of my habit as contemptible, when you ſee the gods themſelves wear it, as the moſt decent and becoming?

* *To one &c.*] From this ſtory might probably ariſe the common ſaying, that “every man has his hobby-horſe,” of which much uſe has been made by many a facetious writer.

† *Waſtcoats.*] Gr. *αχιτωας*, the under-habit or waſtcoat, both of men and women, amongſt the Grecians, was called *χιτων*.

PHILOPATRIS,
A DIALOGUE.

Various are the Opinions of Critics and Annotators concerning this Treatise; scarce any of them will allow it to be LUCIAN's; some assert that it was written long before his Time, and others ascribe it to an Author who lived many Years after him. The learned GESNER has given us an elaborate Dissertation in Latin on the Subject, which the Reader may find at the End of the third Volume of the quarto Edition by HEMSTERHUCIUS, wherein this very momentous Affair is treated at large, and with much display of pompous Erudition. GESNER seems himself persuaded that it is the Production of LUCIAN's Namesake, who lived under, and corresponded with the Emperor JULIAN.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites;

I shall only, therefore, observe, that, whoever was the Author, it is well written, and, consequently, worthy of a Place in this Translation.

TRIEPHON, CRITIAS, AND CLEOLAUS.

TRIEPHON.

FOR heaven's sake, Critias, what is the matter? You seem quite altered, walking to and fro in deep meditation, with a frowncd brow, and, as the * poet says,

— full of care,

and Pale with wild affright.

Have you seen Cerberus, or Hecate rising from the shades? Which of the gods have you been in consultation with? You could not have been more affected if you had heard, another deluge, like that of Deucalion, was coming to drown the whole world: to you, my dear Critias, I am speaking, but you hear me not, though I am close to you: have I affronted you? or are you dumb? will you answer me, or must I give you a good thump first?

CRITIAS.

O Triepho, I have been hearing such a lecture, such an obscure unintel-

* *Poet.*] Homer. See Iliad, book iii. l. 35.

ligible heap of jargon, that I am resolv'd to shut my ears for the future, lest, if I am ever troubled thus again, I should stiffen into a statue, like Niobe, and make a fable for the poets; if you had not come across me, I should have tumbled down some precipice, or jumped into the sea, like
* Cleombrotus.

T R I E P H O N.

It must have been something very strange and wonderful, indeed, that could thus astonish Critias; he who could look upon all that the † ranting poets and mysterious philosophers have said, but as so many idle tales.

C R I T I A S.

Be quiet a little, Triephton, I beseech you, and do not trouble me; you know well enough, I have a great regard for you.

T R I E P H O N.

I know there is something upon your mind serious and important; I am sure it is no little matter; the colour and severity of your countenance, the shifting of your gait, and turning backwards and forwards, are but too plain tokens of it; but breathe a little, and out with it, that you may get no harm.

C R I T I A S.

Let me advise you, friend Triephton, get a furlong or two from me, lest you be blown up into the air, and falling down, like ‡ Icarus, give the name to a Triephtonian sea: for these holy Sophists, you must know, have puffed and swelled up this belly of mine most wonderfully.

T R I E P H O N.

O I will retire as far as you please: so out with it.

C R I T I A S.

§ Pugh! puh, puh! trifles: hem! hem! wicked desires: puh, puh! vain hopes!

T R I-

* *Cleombrotus.*] A celebrated philosopher, and disciple of Plato, who, after having read that noble writer's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, said, as our Cato did,

Plato, thou reason'st well,

and immediately threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

† *Ranting.*] Gr. *υβρίστητος*. See Timon, l. 1.

‡ *Icarus.*] The story of Icarus giving a name to the Icarian sea is too well known to need a note of explanation. Lucian makes the same kind of allusion as this in another place. See *Icaro-Menippus*. This is a pretty strong collateral proof that the *Philopatris* was written by Lucian; as an imitator of his style would hardly have ventured, so openly, to steal from the man whom he endeavoured to represent.

§ *Pugh, puh, &c.*] Meant to express the hawking, or coughing up something that stuck in

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his

T R I E P H O N.

Good gods! what a blast was that! how it has moved the clouds! Zephyrus breathed before on the Propontis, and now you have raised up Boreas with your breath, and so ruffled the waves, that the * ships must be dragged by ropes into the Euxine. What a swelling must there be in your intestines! you must have been all ear, and taken it in most miraculously, even to your † finger's ends.

C R I T I A S.

And no such great wonder neither; we have heard, you know, of a ‡ thigh used for a womb, a § head that brought forth, || males changed to females, and † women turned into birds: if you will believe the poets, there are nothing but miracles in this life: but, before I explain matters to you, let us retire to yonder shade, where the plane-trees will shield us from the sun, the swallows and nightingales fill the air with their sweet songs, and the gentle murmurs of the water may sooth and quiet the mind.

T R I E P H O N.

With all my heart: but what you have heard, may, perhaps, be some magic incantation, and, for aught I know, I may be turned into a pestle or the bar of a door.

C R I T I A S.

No such thing: I swear to you by æthereal Jove.

T R I E P H O N.

Your swearing by Jove frightens me still worse: if you break your oath, what punishment can he inflict upon you? You know well enough how Jupiter's affairs stand at present.

his stomach. One of the learned commentators says, this is unworthy of Lucian, and declares that the Philopatris, therefore, cannot possibly be his. I can see nothing, I must own, so very absurd in it.

* *The ships.*] i. e. The ships in the Propontis, the tract of sea, lying between the Hellespont to the south, and the Bosphorus Thracius to the north, into which the Euxine sets with a very strong current.

† *Finger's ends.*] Gr. *ἐξουχων ἀκηκοισαι*, unguibus etiam audisse, to hear with your fingers, dictus, says Tabernus, de homine qui totus auris perinde ac Argus oculus, spoken of a man who is all ear, as Argus was all eye.—I should wish, says Lucian in another place, speaking of Venus, to see her, like an Argus, with my whole body, *ὅλω τῷ σωματι*. See his Judgment of Paris.

‡ *Thigh.*] Alluding to the story of Bacchus coming out of Jupiter's thigh.

§ *A head.*] Minerva; sprung, we read, from the brain of Jupiter.

|| *Males changed, &c.*] See the stories of Salmacis, Cæneus, &c. as told by Ovid and others.

† *Women, &c.*] Philomela, Progne, Nyctimena, &c.

C R I.

C R I T I A S .

Sayest thou so? And can he send no body to Tartarus? Do not you remember, my friend, how he * threw down all the gods from heaven, how he killed † Salmoneus with his thunderbolt, and to this day, if any rebels against him, does the same? Is not he called the Titan-slayer, and the giant-killer, by old Homer?

T R I E P H O N .

But hear me, good Critias; did not this same Jupiter transform himself into a swan, and a satyr, to gratify his lust, and, moreover, into a bull also, and, if he had not taken his mistress on his back, and ran off to sea, some countryman, perhaps, might have laid hold on him, and this maker of thunder and lightning had been sent to the plough, goaded and whipped. Was it not shameful for an old deity, with a long beard, to go a-feasting to ‡ Æthiopia, amongst men with black faces, for twelve days together, eating and toping? The affair of the § eagle and mount Ida, and his being || impregnated all over his body, I blush to mention.

C R I T I A S .

↓ What say you then to swearing by Apollo, the prince of prophets and physicians?

T R I E -

* *Threw down.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 591.

† *Salmonicus.*] Brother of Sisyphus, and son of Æolus, having conquered all Elis—But Dryden will tell you the story better than I can,—as his translation of this passage from Virgil is remarkably fine,

Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove, the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays;
Thro' Elis, and the Grecian towns he flew,
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew,
He wav'd a torch aloft, and madly vain,
Sought godly worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.

See Dryden's Virgil, book vi. l. 788.

‡ *Æthiopia.*] See Homer's Iliad, book i. l. 483. This jaunt of Jupiter's to Æthiopia seems to have given Lucian more offence than any of the ridiculous or cruel actions attributed to him, as he is perpetually alluding to it.

§ *The eagle.*] Alluding to Jupiter's affair with Ganymede.

|| *Impregnated.*] Thigh, head, &c. as before mentioned.

↓ *What say you.*] Lucian here runs through almost the whole corps of pagan deities, and treats them all with the same degree of ridicule and contempt. Gesner, notwithstanding, tells us,

P H I L O P A T R I S.

T R I E P H O N.

What! that lying foothfayer, who deceived * Croesus and the Salamini-ans, and a hundred more, with his ambiguous prophecies?

C R I T I A S.

Shall I swear by Neptune, then; he who holds the three-forked scepter, whose voice is terrible in war, who cries out as loud as † nine or ten thousand men, he who is called the earth-shaker?

T R I E P H O N.

What, that lewd deity, who debauched ‡ Salmoneus's daughter, who is always committing adultery himself, and therefore patronizes and protects all those who follow his example? When Mars was caught in the net with Venus, and could not get out, whilst the rest of the gods were ashamed to intercede for him, this great equestrian, crying like a child afraid of his master, or an old woman who wants to decoy a young girl, most grievously lamented his fate, and § pressed Vulcan to forgive him, insomuch that the lame god, at last, to please the old deity, let him go.

C R I T I A S.

Suppose, I swear by Mercury.

T R I E P H O N.

Hang that libidinous pimp of Jupiter, who is himself as lewd and wicked as his master.

C R I T I A S.

I know, by what you said before of Mars and Venus, you will never admit them: we will pass them over, therefore, and proceed to Minerva, the armed virgin, the terrible goddess, who wears the Gorgon's head upon her

that it was not our Lucian who wrote the Philopatriss, but his name-fake, who did it purposely to laugh at Christianity, in compliment to Julian the Apostate. I would beg, however, to suggest, that it is, to the last degree, improbable, that any writer should think of paying his court to such an emperor as Julian, by ridiculing that heathen mythology, and laughing, as he here does, at that religion, which his master so zealously endeavoured to re-establish.

* *Croesus.*] This Lucian has already taken notice of in two or three places. See Jupiter the Tragedian.

† *Nine or ten, &c.*] See Hom. Il. E. l. 869. and Σ . 148.

‡ *Daughter, &c.*] See, in Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods, Neptune and Enipeus.

§ *Pressed Vulcan.*] Neptune laughs aloud,

Yet sues importunate to loose the god;
And free, he cries, O Vulcan, free from shame
Thy captives; I enforce the penal claim.

See Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, b. viii. l. 381.
breast;

breast; she who slew the giants: you have nothing, I hope, to say against her?

T R I E P H O N.

Perhaps I may, if you will attend to me.

C R I T I A S.

Say on.

T R I E P H O N.

Tell me, then, what use is the Gorgon of, and why does Minerva wear it at her breast?

C R I T I A S.

To look terrible, and, at the same time, as a defence against every evil: with this she frightens her enemies, and turns the victory to which ever side she pleases.

T R I E P H O N.

And is it this which makes her invincible?

C R I T I A S.

Certainly.

T R I E P H O N.

Why, therefore, do not we offer up our bulls and goats rather to that which defends, than that which is defended, if we wish to be as invincible as Minerva?

C R I T I A S.

The Gorgon has not a power of aiding and assisting at all distances, as the gods have; but if one of them wears it, and then only, it is of service.

T R I E P H O N.

And what was this Gorgon? I should be glad to learn that from you, who are skilled in things of this kind: for my own part, I am a stranger to every thing about it, but the name.

C R I T I A S.

She was a fair and most beautiful virgin; and Perseus, a valiant hero, and skilled in the magic art, subdued her by his incantations, and cut off her head; ever since which she hath been used as a charm by the gods.

T R I E P H O N.

It is unaccountable to me, how the gods can stand in need of the assistance of mortals; but, when she was alive, was she really a virgin, or did she only pass for one?

C R I.

C R I T I A S.

By the * unknown god of Athens, I swear, Triephon, she remained a virgin till her head was cut off.

T R I E P H O N.

† If any body can cut off a virgin's head, it will immediately become a wonderful thing to frighten the multitude with : if I had known this before, I could have brought you a fine quantity of Gorgons from ‡ Crete, where ten thousand virgins were cut to pieces : what an unconquerable general might I have made you with these ! the poets and orators would have celebrated me as a much greater hero than Perseus. But now I mention the Cretans, I remember their shewing me the sepulchre of your Jupiter, with the groves and meadows where his mother brought him up, and which, they say, are clothed in perpetual verdure.

C R I T I A S.

But you know nothing of orgies and incantations.

T R I E P H O N.

If incantations could do this, they might raise the dead also to light and life : but these are all idle fables of the poets ; therefore, say no more of them.

C R I T I A S.

You will not refuse to accept of Juno, I hope, the sister and wife of Jove.

T R I E P H O N.

Let us hear no more, I beseech you, of that incestuous deity ; but leave her, tied hand and foot, as Jupiter did.

C R I T I A S.

Whom, then, after all, would you have me swear by ?

* *The unknown.*] The Athenians, not content with worshipping an infinite number of local and tutelary deities, erected an altar, and dedicated it, *τοῦ ἀγνώστου Θεοῦ*, to the Unknown God ; a kind of tacit acknowledgment, that they were dissatisfied with all their deities, and had some imperfect notion of a true God, far superior to them.

† *If any body*] Arch and sensible : from this, and many other passages, it appears to me, in spite of Gesner, and all the learned commentators, that the Philopatris, if not written by Lucian, is a very close and happy imitation of his style and manner.

‡ *From Crete.*] The critics are much puzzled about this story, of which history gives no satisfactory account. Some refer it to a tale of Ursula, from Britain, with her eleven thousand virgins, cut in pieces by the Hunns. This makes the story, and consequently the author of Philopatris, very modern indeed. Others tell us, it alludes to a number of chaste virgins, sacrificed in the time of the emperor Julian. After all, it is, probably, nothing but a lye of the *Κρητικὸν αἰ ψεύδος*, the lying Cretans, current about that period, and laid hold on by the author, whoever he was, as applicable to his subject.

T R I E-

T R I E P H O N .

* By the supreme God, the great, the immortal, the cœlestial, the Son of the Father, the Spirit proceeding from the Father, † one from three, and three from one :

‡ This call thou Jove, this as thy God adore.

C R I T I A S .

This is an arithmetical oath ; you number like § Nicomachus ; I do not know what you mean by your three one, and one three : are you talking about Pythagoras's || four, his eight, or his thirty !

T R I E P H O N .

Away with earthly things, and talk no more about them : we are not † measuring fleas, I assure you : I shall teach you who was before all things, what the universe is, and what the system of it ; I have learned, and shall communicate to you : though I formerly knew no more than yourself : but I have lit on a Galilæan, with a bald pate, and long nose, who travelled through the air, and got up into the ¶ third heaven, where he learned the most

* *By the &c.*] Gr. ὑψιμόντα θεοῦ, μέγαν, ἀμβροτοῦ, ἑρηνικῶν, a parody of Homer, ludicrously applied : quo Luciani personam (says Solanus the commentator), melius agere videretur parodias etiam in rebus gravissimis nebulo inferendas dicit.

† *One from &c.*] Gr. Ἐν ἐκ τριῶν καὶ ἐξ ἑνὸς τρία. Lucian, or whoever was the author of the Philopatris, is here supposed to allude to, and to ridicule the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. The manner of expressing it differs, we may observe, from the famous verse of St. John, about which so many pages have been written, and which this passage is said to allude to.

Τρεις εἰσιν οἱ μαρτυρητες ἐν τῇ γῆ, τὸ πνεῦμα καὶ τὸ ὕδωρ, καὶ τὸ αἷμα καὶ οἱ τρεις εἰς τὸ ἑν εἰσι. See Epist. of St. John, ch. v. ver. 7. It proves, however, that the doctrine of the Trinity was generally received about that period, and considered as a distinguishing part of the Christian creed, it would not otherwise have been taken notice of by our author. See Jup. Tragadus, cap. 41.

‡ *This call thou, &c.*] A fragment from Euripides.

§ *Nicomachus.*] A celebrated writer on arithmetic. See Fabricius, Bibl. Gr. 421.

|| *Four, &c.*] Alluding to the celebrated tetractys of Pythagoras. The judicative powers in all things, says he, are four, mind, science, opinion, and sense ; for which reason (a strange one to be sure), Pythagoras held that the soul of man was a tetrad. Every thing depends on the tetractys, as its root and principle, the word tetractys, therefore, was used by this philosopher and his disciples as a great oath ; his scholars swore, not by Pythagoras, but by the great person who communicated to them the tetractys. For a farther account of this, see Stanley's History of Philosophy, art. Pythagoras.

† *Measuring.*] Alluding to that passage in Aristophanes's comedy of the Clouds, where Socrates is introduced and ridiculed, as computing the different spaces which a flea passes over in walking, leaping, &c.

¶ *Third heaven.*] This, it is very confidently asserted, must glance at the apostle St. Paul, and

most wonderful things: he hath saved us by water, and raised us up from the seats of the wicked. If you will listen to me, I will make you in truth a man.

C R I T I A S.

Proceed, most learned Triephton, for already astonishment hath seized on me.

T R I E P H O N.

Have you ever read the comedy of Aristophanes, called the * Birds?

C R I T I A S.

I have.

T R I E P H O N.

There you will find these words, “ At first there was nought but Chaos, and dark night, and Erebus, and Tartarus; nor as yet was earth, air, or heaven.”

C R I T I A S.

Very good: proceed.

T R I E P H O N.

“ Then came light, incorruptible, unseen, incomprehensible, which dispelled the darkness, and confusion with a word, as the † slow-tongued prophet expresseth it; he placed the earth upon the waters, spread out the heavens, formed those stars whom you worship as gods, and pointed out their course; adorned the earth with flowers, and created men, which before were not created: to this day he looks down from heaven, marks the just and un-

that what follows, relative to being saved by water, &c. manifestly alludes to our Saviour. The whole, however, in this dialogue, of what is supposed by the critics to reflect on the Christian religion, and its rites and ceremonies, is, in my opinion, so obscure and imperfect, that no true judgment can be formed concerning it. The author, whoever he was, seems only to have collected a few scattered reports about a new religion, probably the Christian, the nature and merit of which he was very little acquainted with. The slight and contemptuous manner in which he treats it, is not, therefore, at all to be wondered at, nor should it, I think, be attributed to any settled design, as many have endeavoured to make us believe, of decrying or abusing it.

Lucian, who, I am rather inclined to think, wrote the *Philopatris*, has frequently been condemned, I know not why, as a bitter enemy to the Christian religion, though he has said, after all, very little about it, being a matter which it is apparent he knew nothing of, I wish no more harm had been done to it by some of its friends.

* *The birds.*] See the *Ορνιθις* of Aristophanes, l. 696.

† *Slow-tongued.*] Gr. ο βραδυγλωσσος, supposed to mean Moses, who, in the fourth chapter of Exodus, ver. 10. calls himself ככר לשון, or I am not eloquent, but slow of speech, and of a slow tongue: this account of the creation, though it resembles the Scripture history, is not, we may observe, in the words of Moses, but merely a traditional relation, given, probably, to our author, by some one who had read or heard the Mosaic account.

just,

just, writes down their actions in a book, and, at his appointed time, will distribute justice to all."

C R I T I A S.

Has he described also what the Parcæ deal forth to mankind?

T R I E P H O N.

What do you mean?

C R I T I A S.

I speak of fate.

T R I E P H O N.

Concerning that, my good Critias, I must beg you to inform me: speak, and I will attend.

C R I T I A S.

Does not the famous poet Homer say,

* Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
No force can e'er resist, no flight can save.

Of † Hercules, also, he speaks thus:

The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.

Our ‡ whole life, he tells us in another place, is ruled and directed by fate alone,

— let him fall, as fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line.

How long we are to remain in a foreign land, is settled by Fate also, as we learn from § these words,

— he fails
From friendly Æolus, with prosp'rous gales,
Yet Fate withstands —

Every thing, in short, the poets testify, is determined by the Parcæ. || Jupiter himself cannot

— extend the narrow span,

* *Fix'd &c.*] See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book vi. l. 628.

† *Hercules.*] Iliad, z. 117.

‡ *Whole life.*] See Iliad, φ. 128.

§ *These words.*] See Odyssey, γ. 314.

|| *Jupiter.*] See Odyssey, φ. 314.

But can * only

Lament his fon, by great Patroclus slain.

You can say nothing, therefore, concerning them, even though you could be snatched up to heaven with your new master, and initiated into his mysteries.

T R I E P H O N.

But how happens it that the same poet mentions a doubtful fate, and tells us, that if a man does such a thing it shall be attended with such and such consequences? and if he does the contrary, with something very different from it, as with regard to † Achilles, who says of himself,

My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each, alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praise,
For years on years, and long-extended days.

Then again, as to ‡ Eucharior,

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home.

Is not all this in Homer? Can any thing be more ambiguous, or carry with it a stronger appearance of deceit? And here we may add the speech of Jupiter himself: does not he tell Ægisthus himself, that if he abstained from adultery, and the murder of Agamemnon, the Fates had decreed him a long life; but that if he committed those crimes, he should die suddenly? I have often prophesied, myself, in this manner, if you kill any body, you must expect that Nemesis will overtake you; but if you do not, you shall live:

§ Nor shalt thou soon the destin'd period find,

Do not you plainly see by all this, how ambiguous, idle, and ill-founded all the fictions of the poets are? pay no regard to them, therefore, for the future; if you expect to be enrolled in the list of the good and virtuous.

* *Only.*] See Iliad, II.

† *Achilles.*] See Iliad, II. 442, Iliad, I. 410.

‡ *Eucharior.*] See II. N. 665.

§ *Nor shalt, &c.*] See Odysssey, A. 35.

C R I T I A S.

Well remember'd, Triephton; but, pray, inform me, are the affairs of the Scythians registered in this book?

T R I E P H O N.

O yes, all nations; if there happen to be any good men amongst the Gentiles.

C R I T I A S.

There must be a great many scribes then in heaven to take down every thing.

T R I E P H O N.

Softly, my good friend, let us have no reflections on this propitious god: if you hope for eternal life, listen to me as an humble catechumen: if this god could spread out the heaven, fix the earth upon the waters, form the stars, and create man, what wonder is it if he could also observe and mark down all their actions! you know well enough those of your servants in your own family; cannot God, therefore, with more ease, know all the actions, and penetrate into all the thoughts of men? as to * your gods, they are but a jest to, and ridicule of all men of sense and understanding.

C R I T I A S.

You talk most divinely, and reverse the story of Niobe: for from a statue I am become a man.

T R I E P H O N.

By this god, therefore, I swear, I will do you no harm.

C R I T I A S.

If you really love, you will not deceive me, or

† — think one thing, and another tell;

But let me hear this wonderful conversation, which you were witness to, that I also may grow pale with astonishment, and be changed, as you are, into another creature. I would not be destroyed, like Niobe, but, like another Philomela, live to sing your wonderful tale.

T R I E P H O N.

By the son, who proceeds from the father, I mean not to deceive you.

* *Your gods.*] If the Philopatriss had been written, as Gesner contends, by that Lucian, who was the friend of Julian the Apostate, is it probable he would have talked thus of a religion professed by the emperor?

† *Think, &c.*] See Iliad, I. 313.

C R I T I A S.

Go on then, and may the spirit give you power of speech! I will fit here,

* In silence waiting, till you cease the song.

T R I E P H O N.

Going into the high street to buy some things which I wanted, I saw a prodigious concourse of people whispering to one another, each man's lips striking, as it were, to the ear of his neighbour. I clapped my hand over my eye-brows, and looked sharply on every side, to see if I could spy out any of my acquaintances amongst them, when luckily I saw Crato the † officer, my old friend and ‡ pot-companion.

C R I T I A S.

You mean the tax-gatherer. Well, what of him?

T R I E P H O N.

I immediately bustled through the crowd, and made up to him, and bade him good morrow; when, behold, one Charicenus, a stinking old fellow, coughing and spitting about, screamed out most violently, and in a cracked voice, cried, "This man, as I told you before, will pay all debts, public and private, and will pay no regard to prophets and sooth-sayers." He said a great many things, more harsh and more absurd than these, which the multitude seemed greatly delighted with, and listened attentively to, because they were new. Another, whose name was Chlevocharmus, in a gown eat up by the moths, without shoes or hat, made shift to mutter out: "A certain man, poorly clothed, who came from the mountains, with a bald pate, hath inscribed his name in hieroglyphic characters in the theatre, who was to pour in an inundation of gold." Upon this, I went up to him, and said, according to the interpretation of § Aristander and Artemidorus,

* *In silence.*] See Iliad, I. 191.

† *Officer.*] Gr. Πολιτικόν. Sic vocat (says the commentator) quod tanquam peræquator, seu εξισωτης, aliquam, της πολιτειας, partem administraret.—Peræquatores fuere qui quantitatem, seu modum census æquarent: these were, according to the best idea we can now form of them, a kind of tax-gatherers (as I have translated it), or rather, perhaps, commissioners appointed to superintend the public taxes.

‡ *Pot-companion.*] Gr. Συμπροτικόν.

§ *Aristander, &c.*] Aristander, as Pliny informs us, was a famous soothsayer, and a companion of Alexander the Great, who, we are told, relied much on his veracity. Artemidorus was another prophet of the same stamp. His learned treatise on divination by dreams is still extant.

these

these dreams of your's will never come to pass; your debts will be increased instead of paid; and this man, with all his gold, will be stripped even of the farthing which he has; for you seem all of you to be only dreamers on the * white rock, who have idle visions every night." At this they almost choaked themselves with a loud laugh, which they set up in contempt of me. "Have I, said I, interpreted rightly, according to Aristander and Artemidorus? or am I out in my † scent, as the comic poets say?" To which he replied, "Triephton, be silent; if you can hold your tongue, I will instruct you in most wonderful mysteries, and tell you what will soon come to pass; but take heed that you call not these things idle dreams, for they are true, and will be fulfilled within the month of ‡ Mesor." When I heard this from Crato, I blushed at their folly and nonsense, rated him severely, and took my leave: but one of them looking sternly at me, with the aspect of a Titan, laid hold on my gown, and maliciously detained me: by him I was at last persuaded, in an evil time, fool that I was, to go to the meeting of these cunning deceivers; for he told me he was skilled in all their mysteries. We passed the Tartarean gulph,

§ With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors.

and winding through a long stair-case, at length arrived, as || Homer sings, at the golden chambers of Menelaus; where, though I looked round on every side, I could find no Helen; but instead of her, a heap of pale-faced people, with their eyes fixed on the ground: as soon as they saw, they † came with joy to meet us, thinking, perhaps, that we might have some melancholy news to tell them; for they seemed to wish for tribulation, and, like the Furies in a tragedy, to rejoice in anguish and sorrow: then, putting their heads together, and ¶ whispering,

* *The white rock.*] See Homer's description of the descent into hell by Leuca's rock, at the beginning of the last book of the *Odyssey*.

† *Scent.*] Gr. ἐξέσμινα. The Greek word, as Gesner observes, is peculiar to Lucian, and seems to have been a technical term drawn from hunting. What comic poet he alludes to, we cannot say, as the word does not, I believe, occur in any now extant.

‡ *Mesor.*] An Ægyptian month, so called, answerable to our August.

§ *With, &c.*] Σιδηρῆσαι τε πύλαι, καὶ χαλκοῦς εὐδοῖς. See *Iliad*, ©. 15.

|| *Homer.*] See *Odyssey*, Δ. v. 71.

† *Came with joy.*] See *Iliad*, Ω. 321.

¶ *Whispering.*] See *Odyssey*. κ. 325, &c.

Speak,

“ Speak, tell me who thou art, and what thy race,
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place :

said they to me ; if we may judge from your habit and appearance, you seem to be a * good man.” “ There are very few such, replied I, to be met with : my name is Triphon, and I am of the same city with yourselves.” They asked me then, how things went on in the city, and in the world : “ Very well, said I, the people are happy, and will be more so.” “ That, cried they, frowning most dreadfully, can never be ; for the city † teems with war and slaughter.” Upon this, I pretended to fall into their way of thinking : “ You, said I, who are raised above this world, who look down as it were from a watch-tower, on all things here below, must look into futurity : what is doing in the air ? will the sun be eclipsed, and the moon perpendicularly under him ? will ‡ Mars behold Jupiter in a quadrant, or Saturn oppose the Sun in his diameter ? will Venus and Mercury be in conjunction, and beget more Hermaphrodites to please you ? will there be violent rains, showers of hail and snow, with pestilence and famine ? will there be a great quantity of thunder and lightning ?”

Upon this, they began to talk their nonsense ; and, as if they were doing some great feat, told me, that the face of things would soon be changed ; that a great § multitude would come to invade the city, and our armies

* *A good man.*] *Χρηστος*. There is a doubt, amongst the commentators, whether this word *Χρηστος*, Christus, which signifies *good*, does not also mean Christus, Christ, or Christianus, a Christian. If the reader wishes to see this matter handled at large, I refer him to Gesner's dissertation above mentioned. This seems, indeed, to me, to be a kind of pun, or double meaning in the word, and that the author meant to be witty on the occasion : if it be so, we can only say, we are sorry for his mistake, especially on such a subject.

† *Teems.*] Gr. *δυσκοι*. This word is from the Frogs of Aristophanes ; and as the scholiast tells us, *απο μεταφορας των δυσκοιων* ; a metaphor taken from the hard labours or miscarriages of women. The city has a hard or cross birth, and teems with nothing but misfortunes.

‡ *Will Mars, &c.*] Here we have all the nonsense of judicial astrology, the same absurd and ridiculous system which prevailed among us during a great part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries : it was certainly very fashionable in the days of Lucian, as appears from several parts of his works. It may, perhaps, therefore, afford some comfort to the moderns, to reflect, that the ancients were nearly as foolish as themselves in this particular.

§ *Multitude, &c.*] Here we have a strange, obscure, and almost unintelligible account of a set of Christians ; for so we are told they were, who get together into a corner, and amuse themselves, like so many modern Methodists, with gloomy presages of universal vice, infamy, and ruin, without, as we can find, any reason or foundation for it. I should rather, therefore, be inclined to think, that these prophets were nothing but a company of heathen astrologers, with perhaps two or three ignorant converts to Christianity mixed amongst them, from whom the author picked up his few scattered and imperfect notions of our religion.

would

would be cut to pieces by the enemy. At this I grew enraged, and cried out, "Cease, ye miserable wretches, cease your vain boastings: the evil prophecies which you pour forth against your * country, shall fall upon your own heads. Not from heaven could you ever have heard such things; nor could they spring from your mathematical knowledge: if magic and incantations have misled you into this idle superstition, the greater fools are ye. They are nothing but the dreams of old women, who delight in such nonsense and stupidity."

C R I T I A S.

And what did these foolish fellows say to this?

T - R I E P H O N.

They had recourse to their old fable. "We dreamed all this, said they, after a ten days fast, which we kept, watching every night, and singing hymns, and sacred songs."

C R I T I A S.

What answer did you make to that?

T - R I E P H O N.

O, no bad one, I assure you: "What the citizens report of you, said I, is very true; it all comes to you in dreams." "They are † waking dreams, however, replied they." "Let them be ever so true, cried I, they are not altogether safe: in fact, you idle away your time in telling such things as neither are, nor ever can be. Some how or other, in these dreams of your's, you seem to have an aversion to every thing that is good and pleasant, and to delight in evil and misfortunes; in what can never be of any service or advantage to you. Leave off, therefore, these absurd and ridiculous prophecies and predictions, lest, whilst you are thus calling down vengeance on your country, God should afflict you with some dreadful calamity." Here they all fell upon and abused me in such a manner, that I was petrified, as it were, into a statue: but your conversation has loosened my hard joints, and made me a man again. "Shall I tell you how they treated me?"

C R I T I A S.

By no means. I beseech you let us have no more of their nonsense. You see how I am swelled and ready to burst with it already. I am just as if I

* *Country.*] This part of the dialogue, probably, gave to it the name of Philopatris, or the lover of his country; though, I think, it might with full as much propriety have been called the Astrologers.

† *Waking dreams.*] Gr. ἐξω τῆ κλινῆς, extra lectulum. We do not dream them in bed.

had

had been bitten by a mad dog; if I do not apply a remedy immediately, the very remembrance of it will make an end of me; say no more, therefore about it, but begin a prayer from the father, and end with the * doxology.

But what have we here? is not that Cleolaus striding this way in such a hurry? Shall we call him to us?

T R I E P H O N.

It must be he: by all means. What, ho! Cleolaus;

† Stop, gentle stranger, pass not by, but come
And join us here.

C L E O L A U S.

Your servant, most noble pair.

T R I E P H O N.

What is the matter that you are in such haste? you seem quite out of breath: are there any particular news?

C L E O L A U S.

‡ At length the eye of Persia is no more;
Great Susa the fam'd city soon shall fall,
And all Arabia own the victor's pow'r.

C R I T I A S.

Thus it is,

§ That God, still mindful of the good and just,
Doth ne'er forsake, but takes them to his care.

* *Doxology.*] Gr. πολωνυμιον ωδ. I have ventured to translate it thus from the learned Fabricius. Ode polyonomos (says he) cujus meminerit Lucianus, sive quisquis auctor, in Philopatride, nihil aliud est quam doxologia. See also, Smith's Account of the Greek Church, where this passage is quoted.

† *Stop, &c.*] As this is in verse in the original, it is probably quoted from some tragic writer not now extant.

‡ *At length, &c.*] More iambs in the original, but whether quoted from any ancient writer, or made purposely by the author, we know not; the annotators are extremely puzzled about the facts here alluded to, which, I believe, will never be ascertained. I shall, however, take the first opportunity of writing a large treatise on this subject; wherein I propose to fix the exact time when this dialogue was written, and to prove by whom, with an exact account of all the wars, sieges, &c. that happened for some hundred years before and after Lucian's time, which will settle this important affair.

But this task I shall not perform, till I have—nothing else to do.

§ *That God, &c.*] More iambs, but heaven knows from whom.

O Tri-

O Triphon, we are fallen on happy times. I knew not what, when I died, to leave my children, for I am no stranger to your poverty, nor you to mine: but the life of one* emperor will now be enough for them; never shall we want riches while he survives, nor shall any nation be able to terrify or alarm us.

T R I E P H O N.

And I, Critias, will bequeath to my children, the happiness of seeing Babylon destroyed, and Ægypt subject to the Roman yoke,

And Persia's sons in † chains of servitude,

the Scythians repulsed; would I could say, totally subdued. Mean time, let us, with hands stretched out to heaven, return thanks to the unknown God of Athens, that we are thought worthy of being subjects of so excellent a monarch. Let them go on with their follies, and rest contented with the old proverb, ‡ All this is nothing to Hippoclydes.

* *One emperor.*] What emperor this was, we know not; some say one and some another. For a solution of this difficulty, I must therefore refer my readers to the above mentioned disputation, whenever it shall be written: in the mean time, in compliment to the learned Gesner, let the honour, if you please, remain with Julian.

† *Chains.*] Δεδειον ημας. See Iliad, Σ. 463.

‡ *All this, &c.*] See our author's Treatise on Dependents, &c.

TO THE INGENIOUS
E D M U N D B U R K E, Esq.,
AUTHOR OF
AN ESSAY ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL,
THIS DIALOGUE ON BEAUTY,
IS HUMBL Y I N S C R I B E D B Y
T H E T R A N S L A T O R.

C H A R I D E M U S,
A D I A L O G U E O N B E A U T Y.

The learned GESNER is of Opinion, that this Dialogue was not written by LUCIAN, and calls it, Scholasticam alicujus Declamationem prope puerilem, a mere School-Boy's Declamation: the ENGLISH Reader will, however, I believe, be far from thinking so. It is, undoubtedly, LUCIAN's; and, though not, as a Painter would say, in his best Manner, is, by no Means, a contemptible Performance: being, probably, as I have remarked with regard to two or three other of his Pieces, a Kind of Declamatory Exercise, made by him for one of his Pupils, when he was engaged as a Teacher of Rhetoric: but let my Readers judge for themselves.

H E R M I P P U S A N D C H A R I D E M U S.

H E R M I P P U S.

TAKING a walk, the other day, into the fields, near town, partly for the sake of a little refreshment, and partly because, having occasion to meditate on something, I wished to be quiet and retired, I met Proxenus, the son of Epicrates, and, after the usual compliments, asked him whence he came, and which way he was going: induced, he said, by that pleasure which arises from a view of the country, and to enjoy the mild and wholesome air, he had rambled that way, being just come from a great feast in the Piræus, made by Androcles, who had sacrificed to Mercury, on account
of

of a victory which he had gained at the * *Diafa*, by writing a book. He recounted a number of agreeable things that happened there; and, amongst the rest, told me of some speeches made in praise of beauty, which he could not himself, he said, being an old man, perfectly remember, especially as he was there but a little time: you, however, he was sure, could repeat them easily, as you were one of the speakers, and had attended to every thing during the whole entertainment.

C H A R I D E M U S.

It was, indeed, Hermippus, as he told you: but, I am afraid, I cannot accurately describe it all; nor could I hear every thing, for the noise made by the company and servants together; besides, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to remember what passes at a feast, as you very well know how forgetful it is apt to make even those who have the best memories: to oblige you, however, I will endeavour to do it as well as I can, and give you as many circumstances as I can possibly recollect.

H E R M I P P U S.

I thank you for your kind promise; but, if you would give me an exact detail from the beginning, tell me the name of the work which Androcles repeated, who it was he conquered, and who were your guests, I should be infinitely obliged to you.

C H A R I D E M U S.

The book, I mentioned, was, the Praise of Hercules, written by him, and delivered to him, as he said, in a dream; the man he gained the victory over was Diotimus, of Megara, who contended with him for a † barley-cake, or, rather, merely for honour and glory.

* *Diafa*.] A feast so called, in honour of Jupiter the Propitious, *απο τῆ Διοῦ καὶ τῆς ἀστυῆς*, from Jupiter and misfortune; because, by making supplication to Jupiter, they obtained protection and deliverance from every evil.

† *Barley cake*.] A barley-cake may appear to us but a poor reward for a good poem, and, perhaps too much for a bad one: the ancients, however, as Mr. West sensibly observes, distributed such prizes for very good reasons, being such as, “having no intrinsic value in themselves, could be of no use to the conquerors, but merely as emblems or evidences of their victories, and, as such, entitled them to the esteem and applauses of their countrymen: by the meanness of these were the Grecians given to understand, that praise and glory were the proper recompense of merit and virtue.” See West’s *Dissert. on Olympic Games*.—After all, a cake of any kind, is more than many a modern poet either gets, or perhaps deserves, for his performance; and a barley-cake as fit a reward for the Choice of Hercules, as a butt of sack for a Birth-Day Ode.

H E R M I P P U S.

And what was the subject ?

C H A R I D E M U S.

An Encomium on *Castor and Pollux, which he made, out of gratitude for his delivery from imminent danger, by those two deities, who appeared on purpose to save him ; but, besides these, many more were at the feast, both relations and friends : the chief persons, however, worth mentioning, who led the conversation, and spoke in praise of beauty, were Philo, the son of Dinias ; Aristippus, the son of Agasthenes ; and myself. Cleonymus, the handsome nephew of Androcles, sat next to us, a delicate and beautiful young man, and who seemed to have a good understanding ; for he listened attentively to every thing that was said. Philo was the first speaker in praise of beauty, and began thus—

H E R M I P P U S.

Do not begin the speech, my friend, till you first inform me what it arose from.

C H A R I D E M U S.

I was going through the whole discourse, as fast as I could, and you interrupt me ; but, if a friend lays violent hands upon us, we must submit. The subject, then, took rise from the beautiful Cleonymus, who sat between me and his uncle Androcles, which brought on a discourse about the young man, amongst the lower part of the company, who were prodigiously struck with his extraordinary beauty, and, forgetful, as it were, of every thing else, were lavish in their praises of it ; when we, who valued ourselves on our taste for, and knowledge of, the beautiful, thinking it a shame to be excelled by the vulgar and illiterate, began to make it the subject of our discourse also : we resolved, however, not to confine it to the boy only, (especially as it might make him vain and luxurious,) nor, like them, to say every thing that came uppermost, without order or method ; but to speak one by one, and say every thing upon it that our memory could suggest to us : whereupon Philo took the first part, and thus began :

“ Whilst, in every thing we say or do, we are in search of the beautiful, what a reflection would it be upon us to take no notice of beauty itself, or

* *Castor, &c.*] These two illustrious deities made, we are told, no inconsiderable figure in the Argonautic expedition, and assisted in gaining the golden fleece ; after which they employed themselves in chasing the pirates that infested the Archipelago : for which they were, after their death, raised to the rank of gods, and worshipped by all mariners.

to

to pass over that in silence, which is the perpetual object of our labour? what proper use can we ever make of our eloquence, if we do not employ it on that which best deserves our attention? or, what can we do better than, leaving every thing else, confine ourselves to the great aim and end of all? But, lest it should be said that I dictate to others how they should act, and, at the same time, neglect it myself, I will say what I can on this subject.

“ With regard to beauty, then, it is a perfection which all wish to obtain, but very few are thought worthy to possess: those who do, are, doubtless, the happiest of all beings, and honoured both by gods and men. Amongst the deities, who, of heroes, were made gods, are Hercules, the son of Jove, Castor and Pollux, and * Helen: the former, indeed, gained this pre-eminence by virtue, but Helen acquired it by her beauty, and was not only changed into a goddess herself, but immortalized her brothers also, who, before her ascent into heaven, were numbered with the dead. We cannot, moreover, find any mortals, but those who were remarkable for their beauty, ever associated with the gods: for this, Pelops was permitted to taste ambrosia; and with this, Ganymede, the son of Dardanus, gained such an ascendancy over the great Jupiter, who left all the deities, and fled with him to Ida. So fond, we know, of beauty was the father of the gods, that he not only honoured the possessors of it with a seat in heaven, but, when he went down to earth, changed himself into a swan for Leda, into a bull for Europa, and, in Amphitryon’s shape, begot the immortal Hercules. Every body knows the stratagems which he made use of to possess those he loved. It is extraordinary that the poets should represent him to us as so severe and impetuous in his converse with the gods, insomuch that, in his

* *Helen.*] Euripides, who was seldom over complaisant to the ladies, has, contrary to all other ancient authors, assured us, that this celebrated beauty was perfectly virtuous; that it was not she who was carried away by Paris, but an image or representation of her, framed by Juno, merely to deceive him, and to revenge herself on the Trojan youth, for giving the apple to Venus. The real Helen was, in the mean time, conveyed to Pharos, in Ægypt, where Menelaus found her, on his return from the siege of Troy, was reconciled to, and carried her back with him.— On this strange story was founded the apotheosis of Helen, whom the Spartans, it seems, worshipped as a goddess, and erected a temple to her. Herodotus, moreover, informs us, that the ladies used to invoke her aid, to make their children handsome; and tells us a droll story of a rich Spartan, who had a very ugly child: a person appeared to the nurse, and advised her to carry it to the temple of Helen, from whence it returned a most beautiful girl, who was afterwards married to Aristo, king of Sparta. If this was really the case, and which, as we have Herodotus’s word for it, cannot be doubted, the temple of Helen, we may be assured, was always pretty well frequented.

first

first speech to Juno, who used to reproach him for his amours, he so terrified her, that she seemed happy his anger was confined to words alone; and, in the next, all the deities were struck with terror, when he threatened to hang up earth and sea: and yet this terrible god, when he addressed the fair, was mild, gentle, and kind to all; laid aside the deity, lest he should appear disgustful to them, and assumed the most beautiful forms to entice them; such deference and respect did he always pay to beauty.

But lest, it should be objected that we speak of this rather to find fault with Jupiter, than for the honour and praise of beauty, most certain it is, as all who reflect must acknowledge, that all the deities were as fond of beauty as Jove himself. * Neptune was struck with the form of Pelops, Apollo admired Hyacinthus, and Cadmus was the favourite of Mercury.

The goddesses also blush not to acknowledge the power of beauty, and yield their charms to the handsomest men: there is no quarrel amongst them for precedency, on any other account. Minerva presides over war, and leaves hunting to Diana; Juno takes care of nuptial affairs, and contends not with Venus, who guards what is committed to her care: but in beauty, they would all be thought to excel, and each imagines herself, in that, superior to all the rest. The goddess Strife, who wishes to see them destroy each other, makes use of no means but this to carry on her designs against them. This, alone, might suffice to prove the power of beauty: for no sooner was the apple seen, and the † inscription on it, than each believed it must belong to her, and that every vote would be in her favour. To Jupiter, the brother and husband of one of them, and father of the others, they referred the cause: but though he could so easily have decided it, though there were so many able and learned judges of it, both amongst the Greeks and Barbarians, he submitted it to Paris; by that, alone, determining the superiority of beauty over strength and wisdom. So great was their ambition to be thought beautiful, that they persuaded the great poet, who sings of gods and heroes, to distinguish them rather on that account than any other. Juno took more pleasure in the epithet of ‡ white-armed, than in being called the venerable goddess, or daughter of

* *Neptune.*] Concerning this little amour of Neptune's, see Philostratus, Tzetzes's notes on Lycophron, and Cicero's Tusculan Questions.

† *Inscription.*] Detur pulchritæ; let it be given to the most beautiful.

‡ *White-armed.*] *Λευκωλενος ἤρα*: so she is always called in Homer.

the

the great Saturn; Minerva chose the blue-eyed maid, rather than Tritogenia; and Venus rejoiced, above all, in the title of * golden, because it was an emblem of beauty.

This, whilst it shews the opinion of the gods concerning beauty, is, at the same time, an indisputable proof of its superior excellency. Pallas preferred it to valour and wisdom, both of which she was the avowed patroness and protector; Juno held it in higher esteem, far above power and empire, and called in Jove to bear testimony with her: if, therefore, there is in beauty something so noble and so divine, that the gods themselves pay so much attention to it, shall not we, in imitation of them, both in word and work, value, esteem, and protect it?"

Thus did Philo harangue in praise of beauty; adding, that he should have spoken more copiously on the subject, but that he knew a long oration was ill-suited to a feast. To him succeeded Aristippus, though it was not without much difficulty that he could be prevailed on, by the pressing intreaties of Androcles, being very loth to speak, he told us, after Philo; at length, however, he began thus:

"It very often happens, that men, quitting those subjects that are noble and useful, apply themselves, out of vain-glory, to such as can give but little pleasure to their hearers, either saying what has been said before, or talking about things of no consequence or importance: lest I should myself fall into these errors which I condemn, I shall make choice of that matter, which, I am sure, must be agreeable to my audience, and which will afford me the amplest field for discussion.

"If we were on any other subject, one speech might have sufficed to illustrate it; but beauty suggests such a variety of arguments, that no man need be ashamed that he cannot display it to the full; happy is he, if he can add something to the praises already bestowed on it: it is, indeed, so honoured and esteemed, both by gods and men, that those who possess it, are loved and valued, and those who want it, hated and despised by all, who has eloquence enough to treat it as it ought to be treated: but if no man, any more than myself, can expect to handle such a subject according to its

* *Golden.*] Venus is always called *Χρυσή Αφροδίτη*, or Venus Aurea, most probably on account of her hair: Horace too mentions his *flava Chloe*. Yellow was the fashionable colour for ladies locks, amongst both Greeks and Romans: poor Kit Smart, therefore, not unfrequently called his red-hair'd lady "the lass with the *classical* hair."

dignity and importance, there is nothing ridiculous in my attempting to speak concerning it, even after Philo.

Beauty has something in it so noble, and so divine, that (to pass over the honour in which it was held by the gods, and confine myself to its power over men), Helen, the daughter of Jove, even before she had reached the age of maturity, was universally admired, insomuch that Theseus, who came to transact some affairs in Peloponnesus, fell so violently in love with her, that, though possessed of a most noble kingdom, and crowned with glory, he thought there was no joy in life without her, and that if he could gain her for a wife he should be the happiest of mankind. As she was under age, he could have no hopes of her father's consent, he left his own kingdom, defied all the power of Peloponnesus, and took her away from her father, by force of arms, and carried her to Aphidna, with the assistance of Pirithous, whom he ever after so loved and valued on that account, that the friendship of Theseus and Pirithous is handed down as an example to posterity. When he went down to hell, in pursuit of Proserpine, Theseus, after in vain endeavouring to dissuade him from the enterprize, accompanied, and ran the hazard of his life to serve him in it. When she returned, in her riper years, to Argos, in the absence of Theseus, the Grecian princes, though they had the finest and most beautiful women of their own, were all eager to possess her; but fearing, as they were all ready to fight for her, that a civil war would ensue, they bound themselves by a common oath, jointly to defend him who should be thought worthy of her, and not to suffer any to attack or injure him; every one flattering himself that this might be his own happy lot: but all, except Menelaus, were disappointed. They abided, however, by their agreement. When, not long after, the dispute arose among the goddesses, which of them was the most beautiful, and the decision was left to Paris; who, suspended by the charms of the candidates, and by the bribes they offered him, knew not how to determine: for Juno promised him the kingdom of Asia, Minerva perpetual victory in war, and Venus the possession of Helen: reflecting, at length, that empire might fall to the meanest and most unworthy, but that Helen could not * descend to posterity, he preferred the enjoyment of her.

* *Descend*] This is a new and ingenious defence of Paris's choice. Too much, however, is said in this part of the dialogue about Helen, which smells too much, we must own, of the scholastic lamp, and confirms my observation concerning it.

When

“ When Europe first came forth against Asia, and the war with Troy was declared, the Trojans, had they restored Helen, might have lived in peace ; if Greece had not contended for her, she might have been freed from all her toils and dangers ; but neither of them thought they could fight in a nobler cause, than for the possession of her : the gods themselves, not only permitted, but even pressed their sons to engage in the war, though they foreknew that they must perish in it, thinking it not less glorious to die for Helen, than to be descended from the immortals : but why need I mention their sons, when they themselves, for her sake, entered into a more terrible war than that which they waged against the giants ; there they were united, but in this they fought against each other, an unanswerable proof how superior beauty is to every thing else in the opinion of the gods : for nothing else did they ever quarrel among themselves ; whilst for this alone, they not only sacrificed their own offspring, but fought against each other, and were wounded, is it not plain that they preferred beauty to every other consideration ?

“ But, to dwell no longer on this head, let us call to mind the astonishing beauty of * Hippodamia, the daughter of Oenomaus, how many noble youths preferred death, to life without her ! When this lovely virgin grew up to be marriageable, her father so admired her extraordinary beauty, that, contrary to the dictates of nature, he became deeply enamoured with her, and wishing to keep her to himself, to avoid suspicion, he gave out (a falsehood as infamous as his guilty passion), that he was ready to bestow her on him who should best deserve her ; to carry on his purpose, therefore, he contrived, with the greatest art and labour, a chariot, so formed as to move with wonderful celerity, and joined to it the swiftest horses in Arcadia ; in this he contended with her admirers, laying it down as a condition, that whoever conquered him should have his daughter, but if they failed, they were to suffer death ; obliging her at the same time to accompany every one of them in the chariot, that their eyes being fixed upon her whilst they drove, they might be careless and inattentive. The first lover failing in his attempt, and losing both his mistress and his life, the rest of them, ashamed to decline the contest, and detesting the cruelty of Oenomaus, rushed with ardour, one after another, upon their fate, as if they wished to sacrifice their

* *Hippodamia.*] This story is interesting, and well told by Lucian ; the same tale is related by Philostratus.

lives for such an object. Thirteen youths thus perished; but the gods detesting such barbarity, and pitying the unhappy virgin, whose youth and beauty were thus deprived of all enjoyment, and lamenting the fate of her devoted lovers, took the young man (Pelops), who was next to contend for her, under their protection, gave him a chariot of exquisite workmanship, and immortal horses, by which he gained the virgin, after slaying his inhuman father-in-law.

So divine a thing is beauty in the eyes both of gods and men; it is a subject, therefore, which all must deem most worthy of our discussion."

Thus ended Aristippus.

H E R M I P P U S.

There remains nothing now to crown the whole, but the speech of Charidemus, which I must beg him to repeat.

C H A R I D E M U S.

I beseech you, Hermippus, do not ask me to go any farther: I meant only to tell you what they said; besides, that I really cannot recollect all that I advanced on the occasion; it is easier to remember other people's speeches than one's own.

H E R M I P P U S.

But I did not want so much to hear their's as your's; this was my aim from the beginning, and if you refuse me, all you have done hitherto is to no purpose; I beg, therefore, you will let me have the whole speech as you promised.

C H A R I D E M U S.

You had better spare me, and be content with what you have; however, as you are so extremely desirous of hearing my speech, thus it was:

"Had I been the first speaker in praise of beauty, I should undoubtedly have stood in need of an exordium; but as I come after others, I may consider what they have advanced in their speeches as a kind of proœmium to mine; especially, as they are all made at the same time and place, so that they may pass for one continued oration, of which each takes a separate part: what you have already said might be praise sufficient for any other thing; but on this subject there must always remain enough unsaid, to employ the tongues of those who come after us; it will still afford various topics, as in a fertile meadow, there are always fresh flowers to attract the eye of the traveller, I will endeavour, therefore, to select such arguments as may best illustrate it, and speak as briefly as possible in praise of beauty.

Those

Those who excel in valour, or any other virtue, unless they conciliate our affections, by conferring perpetual obligations on us, are generally the objects of envy and hatred; but by the beautiful we are caught at first sight; we do not envy, but love them beyond measure, worship them as deities, and are never tired of waiting on them: there is more pleasure in obeying them, than in commanding others, and the more injunctions they lay upon, the happier do they make us. With regard to other good things, when we have acquired them, we look no farther; but of beauty we never think we have enough: should we even excel the * son of Aglaia, who came with the Grecians against Troy, or the fair Hyacinthus, or the Lacedæmonian Narcissus, we should still be afraid that one yet more beautiful might arise, and be the admiration of posterity.

In every thing beauty is the great standard of perfection, which all have in view: by this the general forms his army, the orator makes his speech, the painter finishes his picture; beauty is the great end of all: and so it is also in all those things which are necessary and convenient to us. Menelaus did not so much consult usefulness as beauty in his palace, but endeavoured to strike the eyes of all with admiration at their first entrance in it, nor was he disappointed: for when the son of Ulysses came there, in search of his father, he so admired the sumptuousness and beauty of it, that he said to Pisistratus, the son of Nestor, †

Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove;

His father also, when he led his ships against Troy, had them finely painted, that they might be gazed at: all the arts, in short, if we examine them, will be found to aim at beauty, as their great and principal object.

It is the ‡ beautiful, moreover, which exalts the virtues, which adds

* *Son of, &c.*] Nereus, of whom Homer speaks thus,

Nereus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book ii. l. 817.

† Alluding to the speech of Telemachus, on seeing the palace of Menelaus at Sparta. See Pope's Homer's Odyssey, book iv. l. 84.

‡ *The beautiful.*] A doctrine which is at large illustrated by Plato, Cicero, lord Shaftesbury, and many others. Surely this is not what Gesner calls puerile declamation, but the work of Lucian, and by no means unworthy of him.

charms to justice, to wisdom, and to valour; it is this which makes every thing valuable, and without which it is mean and contemptible. What is not beautiful we call base, as if, where beauty is not, there could be nothing worthy of admiration. Those who serve tyrants we call flatterers; and those alone who practise the good and beautiful do we admire; to these we give the title of the lovers of industry, and beauty.

Since beauty, therefore, hath something in it so noble and divine, that it is universally sought after, and universally obeyed, should we not be highly blameable, if we did not all endeavour to celebrate, to acquire, and to preserve it?"

Thus did I speak concerning beauty, omitting a number of things which might have been said, as the conversation was already drawn to so great a length.

H E R M I P P U S.

Happy were you, I think, to be present at such a one, and not less happy have you made me by your relation of it.

N E R O;

N E R O;
 OR, THE
 I S T H M U S.
 A D I A L O G U E.

The Character of this absurd Tyrant was too fair an Object of ridicule, to escape the Notice of LUCIAN, who has given us two or three Traits of him, not marked, I believe, by any other Author. The Satire, though short, is pointed and severe; it was rather a lucky Circumstance, therefore, for our Author, that NERO died before it was published. Most of the Commentators assert that this Piece was not written by LUCIAN. The Reader must judge for himself.

M E N E C R A T E S AND M U S O N I U S.

M E N E C R A T E S.

WAS not that cutting away of the * Isthmus, which Nero, they say, certainly intended, a design truly Grecian?

M U S O N I U S.

He had still greater things in agitation, Menecrates, I assure you; he was for shortening the sailors voyage, by cutting through about twenty stadia.

M E N E C R A T E S.

This would have been very advantageous to the commerce both of the maritime and inland cities: the latter, you know, have always plenty, when the former are taken care of. Pray, Musonius, if you have no particular business, give us an account of this expedition, which we all wish to hear.

M U S O N I U S.

That I will with all my heart; nor know I how I can better make you amends, for coming to a † school so disagreeable as this.

Know then, that the love of poetry carried Nero into Greece, who was al-

* *The Isthmus*] Of Corinth; for an account of this scheme, see Pliny's Natural History, book iv. chap. 4.

† *A school, &c.*] Musonius the philosopher had been banished by Nero, and is supposed to be visited in person by Menecrates. See Philostratus.

ready

ready firmly persuaded that the Muses could not sing sweeter than himself; his ambition was to be crowned for his verses at the Olympic games, the greatest and most honourable feat of renown; as to the Pythian, he thought they more properly belonged to himself than to Apollo, who, in singing and playing on the harp, was by no means able to contend with him. The Isthmus was not amongst those schemes which he had premeditated, but happening to see the place, he was struck with the magnificence of it, and calling to mind the * Grecian king at the siege of Troy, who divided Eubœa from Bœotia by the Euripus; and that Darius, when he went against the Scythians, made a bridge over the Bosphorus, not forgetting the noble exploit of Xerxes: add to this, that he thought the making such a communication would be a high treat to the Grecians. It is the nature of tyrants, however intoxicated with power, to be fond of public applause. Coming out of his tent, therefore, he sung a hymn to Neptune and Amphitrite, with a small ode in praise of Melicerta and Leucothoe: then receiving a golden spade from the Grecian president, he approached towards the Isthmus, amongst the shouts and applauses of the multitude, and striking the earth three times, he exhorted those to whom the care of the work was committed to go on with it as fast as possible; and then returned to Corinth, thoroughly satisfied, no doubt, that he had exceeded all the labours of Hercules: the stony and more laborious parts were done by the slaves, the level and easy fell to the lot of his soldiers: about the twelfth day, as we were in the midst of our work, a rumour was spread that the emperor had changed his mind, and would not have it done; the Ægyptians, it was said, had measured the height of the two seas, and discovered that one was lower than the other; they were afraid, therefore, that the island of Ægina would be overflowed: but the wise Thales himself, who had the deepest knowledge of nature, would never have dissuaded Nero from cutting away the Isthmus, which he had set his heart upon, even more than on singing in public; it was an insurrection of the East, and the attempt of † Vindex, to establish a commonwealth, which drove him out of Greece, and put an end to his cutting the Isthmus, though he talked ridiculously about measuring the two seas, which, to my knowledge were both of an equal height; but his power and that of Rome they say is falling off, as you heard yesterday from the tribune.

* *Grecian king.*] I do not remember that this circumstance is mentioned by Homer, or any other author now extant.

† *Vindex.*] His proprætor, or lieutenant in Gaul. See Suetonius.

MENECRATES.

But pray, Musonius, so furiously fond as he is of music, and of appearing at the Pythian and Olympian games, what sort of a voice has he? For of those who heard him at Lemnos, some admired, and some laughed at him.

MUSONIUS.

His voice, to say the truth, is neither admirable, nor contemptible, nature has endowed him with a very tolerable one; by the pressure of his throat it gives a deep and hollow sound, so that he does not sing but roar out his songs; when he does not trust too much to himself, the * accompaniments support him; and with regard to melody, setting his songs well to the lyre, and keeping time, it was only a shame that an emperor should acquit himself so well in them; but when he pretended to imitate the great masters, what laughter did it excite amongst the spectators! though woe be to them that smiled on the occasion: he would frequently draw in his breath, stand upon his tip-toes, and turn backwards and forwards, like a man upon the rack; then would his face, which is naturally † rosy, become quite red and fiery: his breath is short and never holds out.

MENECRATES.

But how do those behave who contend with him, do they always acknowledge his superiority in the art, and yield to him?

MUSONIUS.

Just as they do in wrestling; you remember the tragedian that perished at the Isthmian games; a musician who opposed him would be in equal danger.

MENECRATES.

How was that? for I never heard the story.

MUSONIUS.

It is almost incredible: but all Greece was witness to it.

There is a law forbidding tragedy or comedy to be exhibited at the Isthmian games; Nero, notwithstanding, resolved to have a contest with the tragedians: amongst those who disputed the prize with him was a man of Epirus, who had an excellent voice, and was universally admired for his acting, so ambitious was he of gaining the crown, that he would not give it up to Nero for less than ten talents; this exasperated the tyrant, the Epirot

* *Accompaniments.*] Gr. οἱδὲ τοιοῦτοι τῶν φθογγῶν ἐπιλαίωσθε τῦτον.

† *Rosy.*] Alluding to his character of a toper, for which, we are told, he was so eminently distinguished, as instead of Tiberius Nero, to be called Biberius Nero.

was

was heard making his demand behind the scenes, and the Grecians highly applauding him, when Nero sent one of his * actors and commanded him to yield; which he refused, and made a noise amongst the people, whereupon Nero ordered his own actors to take possession of the stage, as more fit for it; these men had ivory tablets in their hands, open at both ends, and pointed like daggers, with which fastening the Epirot to the next pillar, they cut his throat.

M E N E C R A T E S.

By such a horrid act, committed in the eyes of all Greece, did he then gain the prize?

M U S O N I U S.

This was a mere trifle, for a young man who slew his own mother: what wonder was it that he should take away the life of a tragic player, who attempted to silence the Pythian oracle, and stop the mouth of Apollo himself! though the Pythian placed him amongst the † Orestes's, and Alcmaeon's, who, by the murder of their mothers gained a kind of glory, as it was done to revenge their fathers; but this tyrant had no such excuse to plead, though he thought himself so much injured by the oracle, which did not say half so much of him as he deserved.

But what ship is this coming in? It seems to bring some good news; the men have garlands on their heads, which is a happy omen. Somebody stretches out his hands from the deck, bids us be of good cheer, and if I am not mistaken, says, Nero is dead.

M E N E C R A T E S.

It is so; I hear him plainer as he comes towards the shore.

M U S O N I U S.

Thanks to the gods! a happy event.

M E N E C R A T E S.

No more of that: ‡ speak not evil, as the proverb says, of the dead.

* *Actors.*] Gr. ὑποκριτας, histriones. Adolescentulos, says Suetonius, equestris ordinis, & quinque amplius millia e plebe robustissimæ juventutis undique elegit, qui divisi in factiones plausuum genera condiscerent, &c.

Hi quidem, says the commentator, plausuum ὑποκριτας, fuere.

† *Orestes's.*] See Suetonius's Life of Nero, c. 39.

‡ *Speak not, &c.*] De mortuis nil nisi bonum. A trite and foolish maxim; as, without proper restrictions, a compliance with it may be attended with many bad consequences, and tend to make men careless of their behaviour in life, and little concerned for the future consequences of it.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE REVEREND
MR. M A R S H A L,
VICAR OF CHARING, KENT,
AND ONE OF THE CHIEF PRIESTS OF THE GODDESS GOUT,
THIS PIECE IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

TR A G O P O D A G R A ;

O R,

T H E G O U T - T R A G E D Y.

This is a Kind of Dramatic Interlude, or Mock-Heroic Poem, containing a fine burlesque Imitation of the Greek Tragedians, together with a most spritely and severe Satire on the Empirics of his Time, who, like the boasting Pretenders of our own, were perpetually finding out Cures for a Distemper which the Experience of Ages had already proved to be incurable. The DRAMATIS PERSONÆ are, a Gouty Man, a Chorus of Priests, all labouring under the same Disorder, and attendant on GOUT, who is introduced as a Goddess, with her Agents, or Tormentors, bringing in two unfortunate Quack Doctors, whom they had seized, and whom she punishes according to their Deserts. The whole is so well written, and with such infinite Humour, that, with all the Disadvantages of a Translation, I defy any gouty Man, if the Fit is coming on, to read it without trembling, or, if it is going off, without laughing.

As the Original is in most excellent Verse, it was impossible to do justice to the Author in a prose Translation of it, I have therefore attempted a poetical one.

G O U T Y M A N.

O NAME for ever sad, abhorr'd of heav'n,
Parent of groans, from dark Cocytus sprung,
Immortal GOUT! in gloomy Erebus,

VOL. II.

4 E

Whom

Whom erst * *Megæra*, dreadful Fury, bore ;
 And from her poison'd breasts *Aletho* fed :
 What dæmon fraught with malice sent thee forth
 To range o'er wretched earth, and plague mankind ?
 If mortals, for their crimes committed here,
 Are doom'd to suffer in the realms below,
 Why offer *Tantalus* th' elusive wave,
 Why torture poor *Ixion* with his wheel,
 Or bid the wretched *Sisyphus* uproll
 The still-revolving stone ? Consign'd to thee,
 And to thy tendon-racking pangs, the guilty
 Had mourn'd a heavier punishment.—Alas !
 How is the dry and wither'd body torn
 By ceaseless agonies ! from head to foot
 With loathsome poison fill'd, that pent within
 Adds double mis'ry, whilst thy tyrant force
 Writhes my full veins, and stops up ev'ry pore ;
 The fiery mischief thro' my bowels runs,
 And with its flames consumes my trembling flesh.
 Ev'n so, thro' *Ætna's* hoarse-responding caves,
 Or where *Sicilia's* burning † rocks o'erhang
 The narrow sea, in spiry wreaths bursts forth,
 The never-ceasing flame : thou ‡ cureless ill !
 How vain the pow'r of med'cine to assuage,
 Or mitigate thy wrath, alas ! how vain
 Our foolish hopes, but flatt'ring to deceive !

C H O R U S.

Whilst on § *Cybele's* sacred hill,
 The *Phrygians* altars raise,
 And *Dindymus* with raptures fill
 To beauteous *Attis's* praise,

On

* *Megæra.*] Gout is born of one of the Furies, and suckled with poisonous milk by another ; nothing can be more strong and poignant than this whole description of her.

† *Rocks.*] *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

‡ *Cureless.*] *Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram.* Ovid.

§ *Cybele.*] The mother of the gods, who, we are told, fell in love with *Attis*, a beautiful boy, whom she made one of her priests, and enjoined him chastity, or rather, as we may suppose, constancy to herself: he proved, however, a naughty boy, and being false to her, she struck

On Tmolus' lofty heights, whilst Lydians sing
 To the loud harp, and celebrate their king;
 The * Corybantes madd'ning train,
 Their Cretan measures found,
 Chaunting their Evoxes o'er the plain,
 To Bacchus dancing round,
 Whilst the hoarse trumpet's clangor, from afar,
 To dreadful battle wakes the god of war;
 Gout, all-pow'rful goddess, we
 Solemn dirges sing to thee,
 When first, by genial zephyrs fann'd,
 The trees their early buds expand,
 When tender blades of grass appear,
 And jocund spring leads on the year;
 Whilst Philomela, all-night long,
 Repeats her melancholy song;
 And † Progne mourns, in tender strain,
 Her nuptials sad, her Itys slain,
 We at thy shrine, with groans and bitter cries,
 All-pow'rful gout! thy orgies solemnize.

G O U T Y M A N.

O crutch! thou best reliever of my pain,
 My third kind foot, support these tott'ring steps,
 Direct my path, and once more let me tread
 The solid earth; rouze, wretch, thy torpid limbs,
 Leave thy dark room, and melancholy couch,
 For the sun's genial ray; step forth, and breathe
 The wholesome air: full fifteen tedious days
 Have I been pent within the dismal gloom
 Of a sick chamber, from the chearful light
 Of Phœbus long excluded, and confin'd

struck him with madness; he was, notwithstanding, after his death, worshipped with her on mount Dindymus in Phrygia.

* *The Corybantes*] Ministers or priests of Rhea, in Crete.

† *Progne*.] Married unfortunately to Tereus king of Thrace, and afterwards changed into a swallow. See Ovid's *Met.* book vi.

To the rough horrors of an * unmade bed :
 Fain would I reach the door ; but my flow limbs
 Refuse their aid : do thou, my active soul,
 Urge on the lazy load ; for hé who would,
 But cannot move, must sink into the grave.

But who are these with † elder chaplets crown'd,
 Who on their crutches lean ? They are not thine,
 O Pæan Phœbus ! for no laurel boughs
 Their temples wreath ; nor do they chaunt to Bacchus.
 The festive lay, for on their brows no leaves
 Of ivy twine ; say, gentle guests, what god
 Claims the fair tribute of your welcome song ?

C H O R U S.

Say, what art thou ? for by that hobbling gait,
 And ‡ strong supporter, we shou'd call thee priest
 Of that unconquer'd deity, whom we
 Ourselves adore.

G O U T Y M A N.

Can such a wretch as I am
 Be worthy of your goddess's attention ?

C H O R U S.

To briny § Nereus's tender care,
 Was Cyprian Venus giv'n,
 When gliding through the ambient air,
 She left her native heav'n ;
 Whilst Tethys nourish'd, with unceasing love,
 The white-arm'd consort of Olympic Jove,

* *Unmade.*] Gr. *Ευκαις η ασχητοις.*

† *Elder.*] Gr. *Ακτις;* sambuci, quia, says the commentator, sambuci folia ποδαγρικοις βοηθει. μετα σιατος ταοριου η τραχυιου, according to Dioscorides. And because also sambuci tenerrima folia, cum pari pondere radicum plantaginis, fillaque axungie veteris contrita subactaque podagricos dolores presentaneo auxilio mulcere scribuntur à Matthiolo,—Remember, my good learned readers, this infallible Recipe for the gout.

‡ *Strong.*] Alluding to his crutch, which Lucian humorously styles his *third* foot.

§ *Nereus.*] Alluding to the old fable of Venus springing from the froth of the sea.

Her

Her birth, great Jupiter, to thee,
 And to thy brain's prolific throes,
 The war-exciting deity,

Minerva, virgin goddess, owes.

Our happier mistress great * Ophion bore
 In his soft arms, when, chaos now no more,
 Fresh rose the sun, and with refulgent ray,
 Dispers'd the gloom, and lit up chearful day,
 Then first great Gout appear'd, from Clotho sprung,
 Whilst at her birth the joyful welkin sung,
 All heav'n was pleas'd, ev'n grievously Pluto smil'd,
 The wealthy god, and nurs'd the darling child.

G O U T Y M A N.

What sacred marks distinguish those who wait
 On this all-pow'rful deity, her priests
 Selected ?

C H O R U S.

We pour forth no mystic blood
 Before her altars, nor in knotted wreaths
 Bind up our hair, nor yield our naked back
 To painful stripes, nor feed on the raw flesh
 Of bulls ; but when the smiling spring puts forth
 His elder buds, and the shrill black-bird sings,
 Then doth our goddess on her sacred train,
 Inflict the deep-felt wound that pierces sore
 Through wrist, foot, ankle, shin-bone, shoulders, arms,
 Neck, head, hips, hands, thighs, back, and ev'ry part
 Pricks, tears, consumes, burns, poisons, and devours.

G O U T Y M A N.

Then am I, goddess, thy true priest, which yet
 I knew not : come, propitious deity !
 Here let me join thy followers, here perform
 The rites to thee, and hymn the solemn song.

* *Ophion.*] To raise the dignity and consequence of his goddess, Lucian carries back her birth to the remotest period of antiquity, and makes her coeval with Ophion, who was supposed to exist before Saturn.

C H O-

C H O R U S.

Be hush'd, ye winds, and heav'n serene ;
 For, lo ! the * bed-admiring queen
 Approaches ! on her crutches, see,
 She comes ; hail, pow'rful deity !
 Accept the pray'rs of thy devoted train,
 Smile, goddess kind, and mitigate our pain.

Enter G O D D E S S G O U T.

G O U T.

What mortal knows not me ? unconquer'd Gout,
 Great queen of pain, whom not the reeking blood
 Of many a victim on the altars slain,
 Nor richest incense, nor the votive gifts,
 O'er the proud temples hung, can e'er assuage,
 Nor mighty Pæan's self, with all his herbs
 Medicinal, nor Phœbus's skilful son,
 Great Æsculapius, can subdue : since man
 Was first created, hath he rashly strove,
 But strove in vain, with ev'ry fruitless art
 To check my conquests, and elude my pow'r.

Whilst some their plantane, and their smallage bring,
 Lettuce, or purslane, hore-hound, nettles sharp,
 Fen-gather'd lentiles, or the Persian weed,
 Leeks, scallions, poppies, hen-bane, or the rind
 Of ripe pomgranate, frankincense, and flea-wort,
 The root of potent hellebore, or nitre ;
 Some steep'd in wine, the husks of beans prescribe,
 Or spawn of frogs, a sov'reign cataplasm,
 Carrot, or † pimpernel, or barley flour,
 Or gall of cypress tree, the healing dung
 Of mountain-goat, or still more fetid man,

* *Bed-admiring.*] Gr. *Κλισοχαρις*, lecto gaudens, an excellent epithet.

† *Pimpernel.*] Gr. *Κολλαμφακον*, which I can make nothing of, there being, as my learned friend Sir George Baker observed to me, no such Greek word ; he was, therefore, of opinion, that the true reading here, must be *καλλαριον*, and the rather, as he judiciously remarked to me, because Paullus has a medicine for the gout, which he calls *διακολλαριον*.

Colewort, or gypsum, or the well-ground sand
Of * Asia's pow'rful stone, with bean-flour mix'd.

Others, sagacious tribe, call in the aid
Of weasels, toads, hyænas, ruddocks, stags,
And foxes: ev'ry metal, and the tears
Distill'd of ev'ry tree; bones, nerves, and skins,
Of ev'ry beast, milk, urine, marrow, blood.

A potion some of four ingredients, some
Of sev'n or eight prefer, some oft repeat
The sacred bitter; some to the pure spring
Medicinal, whilst others trust to charms,
And † incantations, which the wand'ring Jew
Hath ever ready for his gaping throng.

Mean time I laugh, and ‡ bid the fools go weep,
Who mock me thus, and but incense my rage;
Whilst to the humble, who oppose me not,
I'm ever mild and gentle; my true priest
Must curb his tongue, be chearful and serene,
With merry tale and jest still jocund be,
As to the § baths they lead him, will divert
Th' assembled throng, and is by all admir'd.

I am that || Até, whom great Homer sings,
Who from the head down to the tender foot

* *Asia.*] The lapis Assicus. Ex Asio lapide, says Dioscorides, fit podagris cataplasma cum fabæ lomento.

† *Incantations.*] Pindar tells us, that Æsculapius sometimes made use of these, and Homer informs us, that when Ulysses was wounded by a boar,

επαοιδῆ δ' αἶμα κελαινον

Εχιδον.

‡ *Bid, &c.*] Γρ. τούτοις πασιν οἰμωζῆιν λεγω, exactly similar to that line of Horace:
Discipularum inter jubeo plurare cathedras.

§ *Baths.*] The ancient physicians, we see, as well as the modern, sent their gouty patients to BATH.

|| *Até.*] The goddess of Vengeance, thus described by Homer,
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men, inflicting as she goes,
Long-festring wounds, inextricable woes.

See Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xix. l. 95.

Of wretched mortals pierce, and therefore call'd
 PODAGRA: haste, my faithful priests, prepare
 The sacred hymn, and celebrate my praise.

C H O R U S.

Relentless goddess, virgin deity!
 With Adamantine heart! behold, to thee
 We bend. O pow'r invincible, give ear,
 And listen to thy humble suppliant's pray'r!
 Even the great almighty Jove,
 Who darts the lightning from above,
 Will lay his forked terrors by,
 And shake with fear when thou art nigh.
 Old ocean roars beneath thy tort'ring pain,
 And Pluto trembles in his dark domain.

* Bandage-loving, couch-frequenting,
 Knee-afflicting, bone-tormenting,
 Race-impeding, foot-sole-burning,
 † Pestle-hating, ankle-turning,
 Humbly, lo! we bend to thee,
 Unconquerable deity!

Enter MESSENGER, bringing in with him Two Quack Doctors.

M E S S E N G E R.

Hail! honour'd mistress! for in happy hour
 Thou com'st, and no unwelcome news I bring;
 For know, obedient to thy great behest,
 I rang'd the cities round, and every house
 With slow but willing feet have visited,
 To mark if any mortal cou'd be found,
 Who wou'd not own thy pow'r, which all confess'd,
 These two alone excepted, impious pair!
 Who loud harangu'd the populace, and swore

* *Bandage-loving.*] Gr. *επιδημομαχαις*. These compound epithets, which I have translated literally, are incomparable.

† *Pestle-bating.*] *Δοιδυροφοβα*, pistilli timens. Quia, says the commentator, tinnitus ex pistilli in mortario collisione podagræ permolestus. This is a whimsical reason, as it supposes the patient to be always within hearing of the mortar.

Thou

Thou wert not worthy of respect or honour,
 Nor hadst dominion o'er the lives of men.
 Wherefore with all due speed, in five days time,
 Not less than two long stadia have I travell'd,
 And brought them hither.

G O U T.

Swiftest messenger,
 Well hast thou flown; but say, through what rough ways
 Have thy swath'd feet been dragg'd?

M E S S E N G E R.

Escap'd the danger
 Of five bad staves, whose timbers shook beneath me,
 On a hard road whose flinty pavement tore
 My tender feet, I travell'd long; then sunk
 Into a flipp'ry path, and often dragg'd
 My weary'd footsteps through the clay and mire,
 Till sweat bedew'd my limbs: at length I came
 To a broad way, which, far more smooth than safe,
 Perplex'd me sore, where chariots, coaches, carts
 Of ev'ry kind, on every side so press'd,
 That scarce cou'd I avoid their rapid wheels,
 For, well thou know'st, thy priests can seldom run.

G O U T.

Well hast thou done, my trusty friend, and well
 Shalt by thy mistress be rewarded for it.
 From this time forth, for three whole years, thy pains
 I will abate; they shall be light, and borne
 With ease.—But, what are you? by gods and men
 Detested; impious slaves, who dare oppose
 My pow'r invincible: say, know ye not,
 That I have conquer'd ev'n Saturnian Jove,
 Subdu'd unnumber'd heroes? mighty Priam,
 From me was called * Podarces, by this hand,
 Great Peleus's son, the fam'd † Achilles, fell;
 'Twas I, and not his fall from Pegafus,

That

* *Podarces.*] Ποδορκευς, pedibus celer; Quasi per antiphrasin, says the commentator. This is a kind of pun not intelligible to the English reader.

* *Achilles.*] Alluding to the story of his being dipped in the Styx by his mother Thetis, and rendered invulnerable in every part but the foot, in which he was afterwards wounded by Paris

That kill'd the brave * Bellerophon : by Gout
 The royal Theban, † Oedipus, was slain,
 And Plifthenes, and ‡ Pœan's hapless son,
 Who led the Grecian fleet, Theffalia's king,
 And Ithaca's, § Laertes' godlike son,
 Whom not the spine of pois'nous turtle flew,
 But Gout's more certain stroke. An equal fate
 You may expect, and worthy of your crime.

P H Y S I C I A N .

We are of Syria, from Damafcus, urg'd
 By cruel hunger and fore poverty,
 We roam o'er earth and sea, a wretched pair,
 And hither have we brought this precious ointment,
 Which our dear father did bequeath unto us,
 This grand specific, cure of ev'ry ill.

G O D D E S S .

What ointment, villains ? how is it prepar'd ?

P H Y S I C I A N .

That, bound by oath, we never must reveal ;
 Our father, on his death-bed, did enjoin us
 Ne'er to unfold the secret of this great
 This potent med'cine, which defies thy rage.

G O D D E S S .

Is there on earth a pow'r that can subdue
 Unconquerable Gout ? audacious slaves,
 To brave me thus ! but soon shall it be known
 Which is the strongest, or your boasted ointment,
 Or my envenom'd dart ; ye ministers
 Of vengeance, come ; approach, my faithful friends,
 My fierce tormentors, fellow-labourers,

and pede captus, seized by the foot : Lucian intimates, therefore, that it was, in truth, the gout, and not, as reported, Paris, that killed him.

* *Bellerophon*.] Who fell off Pegasus, broke his thigh, and went lame ever after : such is the common report ; but Lucian tells us, it was nothing but the gout.

† *Oedipus*] Gr. *Οιδιππος*, another pun, or play upon the name.

‡ *Pœans*, &c.] Philoctetes, who was bit by a serpent in the island of Chrysa, and continued lame, for many years, at Lemnos. See the famous tragedy of Sophocles on this subject. After all, we learn from Lucian, that this also was nothing but a fit of the gout.

§ *Laertes*, &c.] Ulysses, who was slain by Telegonus ; his son by Calypso. See Homer's *Odyfsey*.

With this my festive Bacchanalian train,
 Hasten, and perform my dread commands ; do thou,
 With painful twinges pierce their tender feet,
 Seize thou the knotted wrist, and thou the hand ;
 To you, my trusty agents, I commit
 Their arms, joints, knees, and thighs ; go, bind them fast,
 And torture with variety of pain.

T O R M E N T O R S.

Great queen, thy orders are obey'd : behold !
 Yonder they lie, their agonizing limbs
 Stretch'd on the ground, they groan beneath our torments.

G O D D E S S.

How fares your med'cine now, My noble guests ?
 If it succeeds, and can oppose my pow'r,
 I bid adieu to earth ; henceforth conceal'd,
 In the dark womb of Tartarus profound
 Content to hide my ignominious head.

P H Y S I C I A N.

We have apply'd our ointment, but in vain :
 For, oh ! I die, the fatal shaft swift runs
 Through ev'ry vein : not the red bolt of Jove,
 Nor the rough surge of the tempestuous sea,
 Nor rapid whirlwind's force, can equal thine ;
 'Tis the keen tooth of hungry Cerberus,
 The viper's poison, or * th' envenom'd shirt
 Of the fell Centaur : O ! have mercy, pow'r
 Invincible ! no mortal remedy
 Can mitigate thy pangs ; thou reign'st supreme
 O'er all, and we, with all, confess thy sway.

G O D D E S S.

Cease, my tormentors, punish them no more ;
 They do repent, and we forgive : henceforth
 Let mortals learn, that we alone defy
 The pow'r of med'cine, and unconquer'd still,
 By human art, or human force, remain.

* *Tb' invenom'd.*]Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
 Exarsit æstuosius.

Hor.

With

C H O R U S.

* In vain, of old, the rash Salmoneus strove
To imitate the thunder from above ;
Transfix'd he lies beneath the bolts of Jove.

† Marfyas no more with great Apollo vies,
But vanquish'd yields the long-contested prize ;
Beneath an humbler form, by pride betray'd,
Still spins, unpity'd, the ‡ Mæonian maid ;
Whilst Niobe, sad mother, doom'd to moan
Her hapless lot, and num'rous offspring gone,
Laments her crime in ever-weeping stone.

Such is the wretched fate that must attend
On impious mortals, who with gods contend.

Gout ! O hear thy suppliants pray'r,
Us, thy constant vot'ries, spare ;
Short and easy be our pain,
Let us feel our feet again !

§ Hard is the lot of mortals here below ;
But we some intervals of comfort know,
For use and patience lessen ev'ry woe.
Cease, then, my fellow-suff'rers, to complain,
For the kind goddess may relieve our pain :
Mean time, be chearful, blith, and gay,
And let us laugh our pains away ;
This, this, my friends, is suited to our state,
And this alone can sooth the rigour of our fate.

* *In vain.*] This last song of the Chorus is not more remarkable for true humour, than for its singular propriety. To raise the character of his heroine, the goddess GOUT, Lucian here makes her attendants enumerate the most celebrated instances of human rashness, severely punished for contending with divine power. Very few of the tragic Chorusses in Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, are so well adapted to the subject.

† *Marfyas.*] Who was flea'd alive for attempting to play upon the flute with Apollo.

‡ *Mæonian Maid.*] Arachne, turned into a spider, for contending with Minerva. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, b. vi.

§ *Hard is the fate, &c.*] The original is a parody on some lines in the *Andromache* of Euripides.

F I N I S.

