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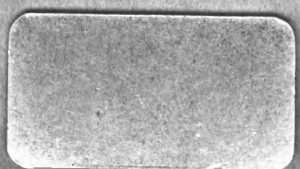
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Six dialogues of Lucian

Lucian (of
Samosata.),
Sidney Thomas ...



Lucian
M. 111

Irwin

11 PA

SIX DIALOGUES OF LUCIAN

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS.

SIX DIALOGUES OF

LUCIAN

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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Methuen & Co.

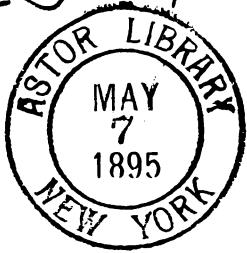
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INTRODUCTION.

OF the life of Lucian we know little, and that little is derived mainly if not wholly from his writings. It is true that Dryden's *Life*—written for the translation “By Eminent Hands,” which appeared in 1711—occupies some thirty-five octavo pages ; but he is candid enough to admit that as many lines would suffice for the known facts ; and in this instance at least his malignant cousin's sarcasm¹ on his prefaces is fairly justified.

We know that Lucian's circumstances were humble, and that he was apprenticed to a sculptor ; that he soon came to regard sculpture as an illiberal art, and after a period of study became a teacher of rhetoric and subsequently a public lecturer. We know too, that, by the time he was forty, his calling had become profitable enough to allow of his retiring from it and settling down to a life of literary leisure at Athens. Towards the close of his life,² “when he had one foot in Charon's boat,” the emperor (whether Marcus Aurelius, Commodus or Severus is a disputed point) gave him a lucrative post

¹ Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
Tho' writ at first only for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.

—SWIFT.

² Luc., “Apologia”.

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as clerk of the courts at Alexandria ; but beyond this fact our knowledge does not go, and the date of his death is only matter of conjecture.

His life may be said to occupy the last three-quarters of the second century, and the chief part of his literary labours the third quarter. By birth he was a Syrian of Samosata (the capital of Commagene); and the wonder is not that any traces of foreign origin are occasionally visible in his Greek, but that there are so few of them, and that his place in classical literature is as secure as it is distinguished.

For the purposes of these translations it is unnecessary to say anything further of a biographical character beyond the fact that, as an itinerant lecturer exercising his profession from Asia to Gaul, Lucian must have had rare opportunities for the storage of experience ; and that he had "seen the cities of many men and learnt their disposition" is a fact abundantly illustrated even in these few dialogues. Like his own Menippus in the clouds, he had contemplated all mankind, and gathered from the spectacle "a many-coloured pleasure";¹ and, as far as imagination and sentiment go, was quite able to realise his Timolaus' extravagant wish: "To breakfast in Syria and dine in Italy".

Of the six dialogues here translated five would seem to belong to the Athenian period ; and even the "Nigrinus" is allowed a place in it in Müller & Donaldson's *History of Greek Literature*. Later criticism, however,

¹ Lucian's epithet recalls, if it did not suggest, Shelley's:—
"Life like a dome of many-coloured glass".

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rejects this view, and assigns this dialogue to an earlier period. It is certainly less mature and less finished—Professor Mommsen indeed will not admit that it is Lucian's at all, though he commends its vigour. But, apart from other considerations, the manner of the preface is highly characteristic. The pseudo-Lucian could hardly afford the humour which makes a writer expose his own real faults, and permits a friend to ridicule, with sufficient justice, his rhetorical apologies and long-winded preface.¹

I cannot, I fear, claim a strong *nexus* for these dialogues, though all deal with the weaknesses of philosophers, or (as in "The Wishes") of philosophical students; and one, the "Nigrinus," adds a companion picture of the true philosopher which it seemed desirable to put beside the others for the sake of contrast. My choice was guided in every instance (with the exception perhaps of the dialogue last mentioned) by the wish to give, within a reasonable compass, characteristic examples of Lucian's best manner; while at the same time I purposely avoided such characteristic examples as were likely to be generally well known. Of five of these dialogues even chronologers, it seems, would permit us to say what Goldsmith says of poetry, that they were "begun in ease and were dedicated to pleasure".

On this aspect of Lucian's writing a few remarks may perhaps be permitted. At a time when "gentle dulness" is permitted so many of "the jokes it loves" at the

¹ For an example of the same turn of humour in Goldsmith *cf.* *Bee.*, Oct. 27, 1759.

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expense of Greek studies, and when some who know better give such dulness more than a tacit encouragement, it seems not out of place to remind English readers of an author who takes amusement out of the world much as we take it to-day. They may be reminded too, with the help of Lucian, that the world out of which amusement is taken was curiously near our own—far nearer in point of civilisation, as Matthew Arnold long ago insisted, than any which could be found in Europe 400 years ago.

It is not without reason that Lucian has been called "the first of the moderns".¹ His claim to such a title can be supported on a variety of grounds. We must not rest it merely on that modern world just spoken of, with its thousand grotesque varieties of the human comedy. We need not even dwell on the debt—the large debt—due to him from modern literature, where the great allegorist or the great story-teller has found in Lucian his inspiration or his example. The charm of Lucian's freshness lies in something besides his incident—the things he has to tell. It is his way of drawing entertainment from any subject on which he writes. It is the charm of consummate story-telling, and it is the charm of brilliant conversation, which shows no trace of effort but is always easy and well-bred. The art of Lucian, like the art of conversation, prepares for us a series of delightful surprises—of escapes from the common-place. He may be saying nothing in particular

¹ Constant Martha, *Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain*. His chapter on Lucian is a delightful piece of sympathetic criticism.

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—perhaps only retelling some well-worn story of the old mythology in his “Dialogues of the Gods”—but there is suddenly suggested by a word or a phrase some delicious incongruity, some unexpected association, some new application of familiar speech or a familiar quotation, and we feel at once that the style is the man, and that this man had the secret of a manner which seems hardly two centuries old.

If we may not ascribe to Shakespeare any conscious adoption of such a manner, we may say at any rate that his free and romantic use of classical mythology produces something of the same effect on us—an effect so unique that no discovered or discoverable “cryptograms” could do anything to weaken it to the literary sense. Such a phrase as “all Penelope’s spinning did but fill Ithaca full of moths” has in it just that element of humorous surprise which Lucian with deliberate art has made so fascinating. The effect is that of a man dealing with a mode of thinking and speaking of which the reality has passed away. “Here is a world,” he would seem to say, “which I need not take too seriously or treat too appropriately; and its sentiment may be handled with any turn of modern incongruity that may suit my whim or fancy.”

Ovid is another man of genius who at first sight would appear to have had some feeling of this kind; but his modernism and his manner are wholly different, and the contrast is instructive. With abundance of wit and some humour Ovid made no attempt to disguise the fact that his heroic ladies were moulded to the latest

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fashion both of speech and manners.¹ He knew the age he preferred—*hæc ætas moribus apta meis*. If his own more complex world was not to be found in heroic times, so much the worse for the times, and he must rectify these omissions. There is nothing capricious or romantic about the way he does this, though doubtless he had humour enough to appreciate the contrast between the ancient names and the modern speech.

But with Lucian, it is as if he stopped short in the middle of some backward stretch of sympathy, some attempt to revive a by-gone sentiment, or to recover a lost manner, just to laugh at himself for coquetting with the impossible. He can do it if any one can—he means us to feel that—but who can? This is that self-mockery of genius which is so propitiating to common men.

Two or three instances must suffice here. The gaiety of comedy seriously pursued in Lucian's fashion finds a climax of the kind here suggested in such things, as *ἄνδρες θεοί*, "Gentlemen Gods," when Zeus is addressing the celestial assembly, or in Hera's petulant reproof to her divine consort: "You men are all so indelicate"; or again in the South Wind's comment on the story of Europa so charmingly told by Zephyrus: "Fancy your seeing all that, while I had only griffins and elephants and black men to look at!" or lastly in the literary Zeus complaining to Menippus of his neg-

¹ Cf. Gaston Boissier, *l'Opposition sous les Césars*. The chapter on Ovid's exile brings out this point with great force and distinctness.

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lected altars, which are "as cold as the 'Laws' of Plato or the syllogisms of Chrysippus!"

A somewhat different type of humour is revealed in "The Wishes," where Lucian, while doing full and sympathetic justice to his friends' extravagant castle-building, suddenly interrupts in his own person, and dispels the whole atmosphere of illusion. His "telepathy," so to speak, snaps short, and without any warning Babylon is exchanged for the Peiræus. Instead of contributing the advice asked for on the king's "Eastern question," he proposes a few minutes' rest before they go back to town!

An example of yet another type is the blank confession of Pythagoras that, in prescribing his silences, his vegetable diet and his other rules, his only object was to decorate his name and school with that air of mystery which never fails to attract!

To the same class belong those delightful passages in "The True History" where Homer boldly declares Babylon to have been his birth-place—"what distressing news for the seven Greek cities," thinks Lucian—and, further, that he wrote all the passages marked doubtful by those commentators, whose futile labours we must henceforth deplore! The same piece contains the melancholy letter from Ulysses to Calypso, with the admission that leaving her was a mistake and home a disappointment.

Once more a wholly new vein is struck in "The Parasite"—in the rehabilitation so audacious and so exquisitely ludicrous of a character contemptible to a

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proverb. Even the glaring sophistry of its close, which one of the old translators found too "frigid" to retain, seems to me in perfect keeping with the mock-philosophical mood in which the whole is written. Lucian perhaps got the hint of it in Plautus or Terence (one refuses to believe him ignorant of a fine literature within his reach because, like a true Greek, he ignores it¹). With both of them the parasite is occasionally made to pose in an admirably dignified manner; and in the "Phormio" he is almost "a man with a mission". But the superb scientific basis of the parasite's self-respect, as Lucian presents it to us, is a stroke which leaves anything done by his predecessors leagues behind. Perhaps the two most inimitable things in it are the parasite's question: "Several philosophers have written apologies, but where did you ever hear of a parasite making an apology?" and the remark on Plato's inability to turn parasite at the court of Dionysius: "It always reminds me of the failure of Nicias in the Syracusan expedition!"

Of Lucian's modern world these six dialogues offer

¹I do not remember to have seen this veritable curiosity of literature noticed anywhere but in Dryden's life: nor could a most distinguished critic whom I consulted—the late Mr. J. A. Symonds—recall any such notice. Yet surely nothing could illustrate more conclusively the intellectual insolence and exclusiveness of the Greeks than that a most genuine man of letters could not stoop to refer to the literature of a people whom he knew thoroughly, and must have known to have possessed a great literature for nearly 300 years. Lucian affects even to find Latin names as grotesque as Ovid did Scythian.

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abundant evidence. The "Philopseudes"¹ shows that our spiritualist séances would have been no surprise to him, and the "Nigrinus" is equally informing on two modern tastes—the passion for horse-racing, and the demand for beautiful flowers out of season. No one who has noticed the periodical solicitude about the health of a Derby "favourite" can fail to be struck by the philosopher's indignation at "*the names of the horses on every one's lips*". Professor Mommsen, though he will not allow this dialogue to be Lucian's, gives high praise to its two companion pictures of Roman luxury and Athenian simplicity.

In "The Wishes" the account of the huge ship—her size would have been noticed even in the last century—and the interest excited by her and her voyage gives us quite a modern scene. One may piously hope that some account of our great Atlantic steamers has travelled to the shades! Not less modern is the keen desire for news—news of the very earliest, and news about games: "I should know too on the same day the name of the Olympian victor!" Had Timolaus belonged to our time, his telegrams, we may be sure, would have formed no inconsiderable part of his expenditure.

Lucian knew more than modern ways, he knew modern people—he knew, for instance, the opportunist politician "floated up by convenient cries"²—he was not unaware

¹ Mr. A. Lang in his *Letter to Lucian* makes pointed and happy reference to this dialogue in this connection.

² If the *Encom. Demosth.* is not Lucian's, this phrase at least is coined from Lucian's mint.

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of the rich man who likes the aroma of intellectual society, and calls the savant "master" in the approved style. Of literary men he seems to have known every conceivable type, from the æsthetic Lexiphanes to the writer of military memoirs. One of these last offends Lucian (one cannot exactly see why) by mentioning his official rank on his title-page. He was "the Surgeon of the 6th Pikemen"—a designation with a strangely modern sound.

But it is time to leave modern illustration, and say a word about Lucian as a man of letters. Few could be found with a better right to the title. Literature is the very breath of his nostrils. If Homer was to the Greeks what our English Bible is to us, he was almost more than this to Lucian, who, judged by this test, was no Syrian,¹ but a Greek of the Greeks. The veriest tag from Homer heightens his pleasure in anything he is saying. When he is pursued by the irate philosophers,

¹ Professor Mommsen, *History of the Roman Provinces* (Eng. translation, ii. 131), in a paragraph on "Minor Literature," says that Lucian "wrote nothing except, in imitation of Menippus, essays and fugitive pieces after a genuinely Syrian type, witty and sprightly in personal banter, but, when this is at an end, incapable of saying amid his laughter the earnest truth, or of even handling the plastic power of comedy". Of this criticism it is perhaps enough to say that most of us would desire more Syrians of this type, and that Erasmus knew "no comedy or satire comparable to Lucian's dialogue". Professor Mommsen's judgment on Cicero is well known. Cicero "is a journalist"; Lucian appears to be something of the same kind. At any rate, one is not immodest, only pious, if one prefers being lost with Erasmus to being saved with Professor Mommsen.

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he makes a Homeric appeal to them ; and when they resort to the like weapons he pathetically exclaims : " Homer fails me, what resource have I left ? " But he is not really at the end of his resources, for at once he goes on with Euripides. The parasite's proofs are largely drawn from Homer, though he retains Aristotle and Plato also for the defence. And Zeus too would have preferred a Homeric apostrophe to the " Gods in Council " had not Hermes persuaded him that it was " something over-worn ". He produces instead a bit of Demosthenes, though he cannot get very far with it ; but the Herodotean reminiscence, with which he takes leave of the meeting, is a very telling hit.

It is said with truth that Lucian appeals to a literary audience, and one might therefore suppose that audience to be fit but few. But we see it includes parasites and cobblers, and that there is no respect of persons known in the public for whom Lucian wrote. It is a genuine republic of letters, and every auditor is a citizen with full privileges. We too would perhaps (with Menander) " choose equality," could a sympathy so genuine and so vital be revived in our democracy. It cannot, of course, be denied that Lucian may have been above his audience at times, but his long experience of public lecturing would enable him to gauge that audience, and makes it unlikely that he should have represented them as better educated than they were ; at any rate he would have felt it to be inartistic, so far as his characters and his public are identical.

But it is with himself after all that we are chiefly

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concerned. Of all the pleasures of association literary association is the most penetrating. Dr. Johnson gives one aspect of it, but only one, when he calls quotation "the parole of learning". It is not quotation merely in Lucian that gives himself and his readers this pleasure. It is something which pervades his own vocabulary and the use he makes of it; the position which he takes up, and the standards by which he judges. We may call the last his critical faculty if we choose, but it is much more than this. It is the perpetual reference, tacit or expressed, to the great traditions of literature—the great names and the great forming ideas. We may have new subjects and new ideas—Lucian had both—but there is a sense in which Herodotus' words about morals are no less true of literature, τὰ καλὰ πάλαι εὐρηται. The world thought out some things when it was young that it can never afford to "think away" now it is old—

Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
Orbis.

What his admirers will always claim for Lucian is not merely his lucidity, his wit, his grace, his brightness, his good sense—nor even that, as Erasmus says, he laughs in uttering truths, and utters truths while seeming only to laugh—but that, being a modern and beginning a new era in literature, he is never weary of confessing his debt to the past, either by earnest precept or charmingly self-conscious example. When a great writer is thus obviously the heir of all the ages to which he can be linked, we are entitled to say in the widest sense that one main source of his pleasure and ours is literary

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association ; and of no writer can this be said with more truth than of Lucian.

But we must not ignore his critical faculty because we are not to confound it with something else, or rather to merge something else in it. It has done as much as anything else to give Lucian his place as a classic. It was a real *judicium*,¹ as the sixteenth century Humanists would have called it, and included a taste which with them perhaps was a rarer gift. I have already spoken of the *Lexiphanes*. That name, on the strength of Lucian's dialogue, was applied by a critic in the last century to Dr. Johnson, *Our English Lexiphanes, The Rambler*.² The critic however, though he could not miss the more obvious weaknesses of Johnson's style, fails to understand the point of his original. Lucian's great counsel to the fantastic stylist who tried to deck out poverty of sense and matter with all sorts of archaic absurdities is one of which Johnson stood in little need. Perhaps he did not "sacrifice to the Graces" often enough, but the "Goddess of Lucidity" at least cannot complain that he neglected her ; and no writer has ever had less sympathy with *conceits*, or affectations—the only wares to be vended by a *Lexiphanes*, ancient or modern.³

¹ For the significance of this word see the last chapter of Pattison's *Casaubon*.

² London, 1783. Printed for R. Faulden, New Bond Street.

³ Mr. Pater, with whom it is seldom safe to differ, says somewhere that Johnson's Latinisms come to him from Sir Thomas Browne. There are sentences, especially in the *Vulgar Errors*, which have a Johnsonian sound ; but if I understand the right use of the terms classical, and romantic (and I thought I had learnt it from Mr.

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Indeed, the moral of this dialogue is given by Johnson himself in one of his happiest moments : "Those writers who are ever on the watch for novelty need never hope for greatness".

Lucian's faith never swerved on this point, and his scepticism never laid a rash hand on the ark of literature ; his tract on "the writing of history" would alone convince us that the sanity of true genius, the law of Attic moderation, was the creed of his heart as well as of his lips. He knew the value of the romantic element in literature, as his mere subjects show ; but an exotic in his view, as in Johnson's, must have something besides grotesqueness to recommend it.

To the same sound instinct may be attributed the absence of anything like vulgar travesty in his humorous pieces. This it is, as M. Martha has pointed out with a true insight into Lucian's manner, which makes his "Dialogues of the Gods" always stop short on the safe side of parody. He not only respects the traditions of the old mythology when he recounts its histories, he delights in them. He is no Euhemerist. He sees and makes the most of the beautiful poetry that is in them (if any one doubts this, he should be convinced by M. Martha's crucial example—the dialogue of "Aphrodite and the Moon"); but his satirical, or, to speak more correctly, his critical vein is there none the less, and

Pater), Johnson's use of Latinism is classical, while Sir Thomas Browne's is romantic—at least as a general rule. This is why, as it seems to me, "the romantic fallacy" of Lexiphanes has no point as applied to Johnson.

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introduced with the greatest subtlety. It is not merely the sort of burst into modernism, the explosion of self-mockery to which I have already referred, but something far less obvious. To put those beautiful stories into plain prose, even Lucian's prose, is in itself to shed upon them the shrivelling light of common day—to call them up for a common-sense judgment, to ask if they will do for a theology or a serious belief. Now, this is more than they will bear—more, we may add, than we should wish them to bear. As Gray¹ says to Mason: "I insist that sense is nothing in poetry, but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in," meaning, of course, by sense *the merely reasonable*. But this is a point in which the Greeks, when they became critics, were very unlike ourselves.² The romance and mystery of poetry they understood and admired; but, if that poetry involved an absurd creed also, they could not let it alone. They did not, as they said themselves, "love the impossible," and where it was offered them as any part of the theory of life they felt bound to protest and to expose it. It may be said indeed that this is only what the modern critic does with Hebrew poetry; but the cases are not really identical; the difference in degree is considerable, and even differences of kind are not wanting. At any rate, Greek lucidity was far more exacting in its demands, and the range of these demands

¹ Letters, Nov. 9, 1758.

² I am indebted to my late colleague, Mr. H. L. Withers, for the substance of this criticism, though I cannot, I fear, exactly recall the form he gave it.

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was far wider. This is why even Lucian with his artist soul must tell an indiscriminating world in his own way that, if they were admiring the poetry of mythology, they had better say so; but meantime they were claiming our veneration for a string of fantastic and immoral absurdities.

The memorable counsel from the Lexiphanes quoted above is followed by another hardly less valuable. "We are not," Lucian says, "to cull the fleeting flowers of speech (*ἀνεμῶναι τῶν λόγων*) for our mental nutrition, but to fortify our literary digestions with the solid food of athletes; and for this we must have recourse to the ancient ideals, not to the sophist of the day before yesterday."

In the same vein of prophetic wisdom he denounces the historians who catch at the ephemeral, the personal, the merely utilitarian interest of history as having missed their true vocation. The dangerous prevalence of such interests to-day shows that Lucian may be read "with a view to practice" as well as for enjoyment; and after this last example of loyalty to true art we may fairly say of him, not only that his canons are sound, but that they never have been and never will be out of date.

A word may be said about Lucian's special contribution to literature—the dialogue. He was not the inventor of it, but his development of it is a striking testimony to his originality. At any rate, two facts remain about him—one that his is one of two names pre-eminent in literature for their use of this instrument; the other that, in spite of his debt to Plato, the lighter kind of

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dialogue may be said to be all his own. Whether we accept or not the Platonic indictment against books (which are not dialogues), that "they preserve a solemn silence when we most wish to ask them questions," we shall admit that Lucian was wise in his generation in developing this form of literature. His admirers need not be afraid of saying that some of his subjects are hackneyed enough, and his denunciation of follies at times no less so. But the dramatic vivacity he is able to impart to the least promising subjects will always remain a testimony to the dialogue and to himself. The vanity of human wishes is not a very novel subject, and Lucian's rhetorical sermon, fine as it is, might easily have met with the usual fate of sermons, had we not seen in the flesh, as it were, Adeimantus Samippus and Timolaus, and heard them banter one another and the preacher, and listened to the rattle of his musketry before his heavy guns were brought into position.

Plato and Bishop Berkeley, whether in their lighter graces or their more serious beauties, do not come into competition with Lucian; nor, I think, does Landor, however we rate him. There is so much more touched on in Lucian than the intellectual life and the world of ideas. This is in no way inconsistent with what was said above of Lucian as the typical man of letters. His illustrations, his comments, his sympathies, his antipathies, his consolations are all connected with the world of books; but his conversations are all redolent of the world of men—of the *fuum et opes strepitumque* of a modern civilisation, with its pleasures real or assumed,

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its comfort and its boredom, its pretentiousness and its half-education, its fads and its crazes. A few simple people of the better sort, like Micyllus, find a place here and there to show us that Greek education was no affair of the purse, and that, as I have already said, Greeks still "chose equality"; but it is with "society" in its modern technical sense that Lucian's descriptions are chiefly occupied. It follows naturally that this society, which, in its own opinion, was nothing if not educated, would lend itself most readily to literary banter and to dramatic portraiture. A high seriousness would be here out of place, but a keen-witted urbanity and a dexterous playfulness might give his contemporaries some priceless object-lessons. For such purposes observation is the first requisite; and no one can observe such a society and report its conversations with fidelity, unless he has been at home in it, and has not depended on any second-hand information. In anything so brief as a dialogue, to draw one character is an achievement; to draw a number and give them all a setting, both mental and material, that is full of probability—to flood the whole scene with humour without prejudice to the little lesson in good sense—till your audience feels that they have had half an hour of most admirable fooling and most excellent company—that is a treat which, so far as I know, is not to be had anywhere as it is in Lucian.

There is just one other feat of Lucian's of a different kind, to which I shall call attention here by way of contrast, for "The Cock" and "Icaromenippus" are

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excellent illustrations of it. There is a story-teller who defies verisimilitude at the outset, and entertains us by the splendour of his audacity—by the violence which takes us by force into an impossible world. “The True History” is of course Lucian’s great achievement in this character. When one thinks of its far-reaching influence on the world of letters, Professor Mommsen’s description of the author as “a writer of fugitive pieces” seems a little inadequate. “The Cock” and “Icaromenippus” are not, of course, on a level with “The True History,” but their level is a high one for all that. The superior airs of the cock-philosopher and the delightful “interviewing” of Zeus by Menippus can only be described as being quite as natural as they are impossible.

And if one may return for a moment to *natural* in its legitimate sense, one can fancy nothing more satisfying than the setting of the “Philopseudes”. The invalid Eucrates telling ghost stories in that sick-room with its strange aroma, blended of philosophy and travel, love and study, haunted houses and Egyptian magic—the tender reminiscences of the dead wife and her devotion to dress—the misguided Maltese puppy, the enemy of the supernatural—the new visitor, the divine Arignotus, that *malleus hæreticorum*—and, lastly, the mocking laugh of the heretic as he quits the egregious company of the faithful—what more could be desired?

I would have brought these somewhat rambling remarks about Lucian to a close at this point had I

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not felt more warmly towards him as a man than modern critics seem to think permissible, and wished to justify that feeling. Mr. Pater, in that fascinating book, *Marius the Epicurean*, has drawn a portrait of Lucian. I suppose in a sense one must accept the epithet "self-complacent" which he applies to Lucian's scepticism, mitigated as it is by the epithets "elegant" and "not unamiable," and those more pleasing ones which he subsequently adds, "gay, animated and content". He calls this scepticism "a rampart through which he himself never broke nor permitted any thing or person to break upon him". M. Martha adds that it was a mood rather than a philosophy, a common-sense rid of its illusions—religion and other chimeras—and asking for no more morality than the art of living gaily—that is, with a gentlemanly gaiety—and wanting no other escape from the storm and stress of anxiety and passion than a little wholesome laughter.

Perhaps affection blinds one to damaging evidence, and finds in a favourite author what it wishes to find there, but I cannot think that these two distinguished critics have given us the whole truth about Lucian. I cannot forget the expression about the soul in that autobiographical piece, "The Dream": "It is your self of selves" (τὴν κυριωτάτην), says Paideia, "that I shall deck for you with righteousness and soberness, piety and gentleness; with a true equity and intelligence; with the power to endure hardness, and with a love of beauty". Nor is the list of things lovely and of good report closed even here, for she adds something that

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can hardly be ascribed to self-complacency—"with all those impulses that are most nobly serious".¹

Did Lucian then throw over Paideia in his later years, just as (in the passage from "The Hermotimus" which Mr. Pater translates) he declined the offer of the aged guide who wished to take him to that city of philosophy, that *civitas Dei*, "where was no violence in the streets, and moral beauty and earnest labour the only desire of the citizens"? "The Hermotimus," I may be told, contains the answer to "The Dream". It is maturity disowning the sentimental enthusiasms of youth—such enthusiasms, for instance, as the philosopher Nigrinus excited in Lucian.

It may be so. "Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo redii," says Seneca in the passage quoted in the "Imitation". Lucian had enough and to spare of intimacy with his fellows that could not well be elevating. They no doubt blurred his vision, but I will not admit that they destroyed it. We hear of no palinode directly discrediting the doctrine of "The Dream". There is no touch of cynicism in "The Hermotimus" when he speaks of the aged guide and the city of philosophy, but many of sympathy. Something like the severity of contempt may have prompted his dissuasions to Hermotimus when he thought of the philosophers, his contemporaries; but a man does not (in Mr. Pater's phrase) "exclude all reference to what lies beyond the flaming

¹ It has been pointed out to me that Matthew Arnold has this rendering of St. Paul's τὰ σεμνά. Here, at least, is a virtue which Lucian and the Christians agreed to commend,

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bounds of the world " when he speaks in terms of grave respect of those visions of others not vouchsafed to himself. Again, though the "Nigrinus" is early, and though more irony may lurk in it than appears at first sight, the recommendation "not to delay the beginning of a new life till some high festival or some special day can set its mark upon our mental and moral change" has a rare solemnity about it.

Words meant a great deal to Lucian; and, if these things were the illusions of his youth, one cannot help thinking that he never wrote such things down without their leaving an impression on his personality which he could never wholly obliterate. I do not mean to say that his scepticism was not a source of self-satisfaction; many worthy men (Sir Thomas Browne among the number) could be found who thank heaven—though in a pleasant unpharisaic way—that they are not as other men are; but I do feel that somewhere at the bottom of him there is a latent vein of true gravity in Lucian which he doubtless discovered to himself, and would have discovered to us perhaps, had we been so happy as to know him. I confess I find something of it in his rhetorical sermon on the vanity of human wishes. A total absence of decent seriousness in the presence of great matters is a great strain on friendship and affection; and the many attractions I find in Lucian's character inspire me with such regard that I cannot believe he was the sort of man to put us to that strain.

All I have left to do is to apologise to my readers for the length to which this irregular Introduction has

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run ; and to apologise to Lucian's shade for venturing to translate him after all I have said of his various felicities. No one would have exposed more delightfully than himself the form of outrage on a great author known as translation—especially when we disguise it to ourselves as a tribute of piety.

If a third apology is due to the general public for adding to the existing mass of translations, already alarmingly numerous, this shall be in Lucian's words¹ and not my own. It is only fitting that he should have the last word, and that, as I cannot claim credit for the wit, I should not be made responsible for any seeming impertinence : "I thought it a pity," said Diogenes, as he rolled his tub up and down the street during the bustle of preparation for the Corinthian war—"I thought it a pity, where so many were busily employed, even to seem to be inactive !"

The text from which these translations have been made is that given in the Teubner Series (Leipsic, 1874, C. Jacobitz). Wherever I have not adhered to it, I have stated the source of the reading I preferred.

Lucian is unfortunately not always a decorous writer, but the dialogues I have chosen are singularly void of offence. I have permitted myself a few insincerities of rendering—in suggestion rather than translation—and I have omitted one or two short passages, but very few things of the kind were wanted.

Though this is so slight a piece of work, I have been

¹ *De Hist. Conscrib.*
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glad to lay myself under obligations to various friends, whose larger scholarship and literature and securer taste and judgment I have found a great protection. They did not, however, see all of it, and I do not wish to make them responsible for the blunders that remain. Among past and present colleagues I have to thank the Rev. T. E. Brown, Mr. H. G. Dakyns, Mr. E. N. P. Moor and Mr. F. H. Stevens ; and, among other friends, Professor Rowley, of University College, Bristol ; Mr. Warde Fowler, Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford ; Mr. Hastings Crossley, formerly Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Belfast ; and the Rev. S. N. Tebbs, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

CLIFTON, *June*, 1894.

ICAROMENIPPUS ; OR, GETTING UP THE CLOUDS.

MENIPPUS. Let me see, it was three thousand furlongs from the earth to the moon—our first stage—and after that, to get up to the sun, was five hundred parasangs, and on from there right into heaven and the citadel of Zeus, that extra piece would make a day's journey for an eagle in good training.

FRIEND. As you love the Graces, Menippus, what means this study of the stars, and this sort of secret calculation you are going through? I have been listening to you this long time, trying to follow your suns and moons, and your uncouth foreign dialect as well, with its stages and parasangs.

MEN. Do not be surprised, my friend, if my talk is something airy and exalted; for the sum I am trying to do by myself is a reckoning of the distance of my latest journey.

FR. Did you then, my good sir, measure your road by the stars, as the Phœnicians do?

MEN. No, indeed. 'Twas right in the middle of the stars that I did my travelling.

FR. Prodigious! The dream you are describing was a pretty long one if, all unconscious, you travelled whole parasangs in your sleep.

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MEN. My good man, do you think I am talking of a dream? I am just come from Zeus.

FR. What's this? Is the Menippus I see before me just dropped from heaven by Zeus?

MEN. Yes, I tell you, I have but just left your great Zeus himself—left him to-day—after seeing and hearing things wondrous strange. And if you don't believe me, this in itself is an additional triumph, to have a piece of fortune that passes man's belief.

FR. How, divine Menippus, guest of Olympus, could I, born of a woman, a creature of earth, refuse belief to a man from beyond the clouds—to one of the citizens of heaven, if I may use Homer's phrase? But go back, now, to the beginning, I entreat you. How did you get up, and who furnished you with a ladder long enough? Remember you are not in exterior so very like that Phrygian boy as to let us guess that the eagle carried you off, as it carried him, to turn you into a cup-bearer.

MEN. I see that you have been making fun of me this long time. I am not at all surprised that my strange narrative should seem to you to have a touch of fable in it; but, indeed, I wanted no ladder, and had no need to ingratiate myself with the eagle to help my upward journey. The wings I had were my own.

FR. Well, here is something that beats Dædalus himself, if it is true that you left your human shape and transformed yourself unobserved into a hawk or a jackdaw.

MEN. My good friend, your conjecture is a good one, and not far from the truth; for that old contrivance of Dædalus, a pair of wings, was what I devised for myself,

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FR. And had you no fear, most audacious of mortals, of falling into some sea and giving it your name—making a Menippean Sea to match the Icarian?

MEN. None at all. Icarus secured his winged engine with wax, and, naturally, the moment he faced the sun it melted and dropped off, and he fell; but my quill feathers had no wax about them.

FR. Explain your meaning. I am already, I find, insensibly giving in to the truth of your narrative.

MEN. It was something like this: I caught a large eagle and a powerful vulture as well, and after cutting off the wings, to the full length of the joint—but, if you have leisure, I should prefer to go through my whole contrivance from the beginning.

FR. Oh! abundance of leisure! I am on the tiptoe of expectation. After what you say, I am waiting open-mouthed for the full treat. By the genius of friendship, I implore you not to be indifferent to me when you see me in literal suspense, my ears, as it were, glued to your story.

MEN. Well, listen; for the vision you call up is not a pretty one, that of a friend left in the lurch, hanging in the air with his mouth open, and, as you say, “glued by the ears”. So soon then as I began to look into life, and to find the absurdity, the meanness, and the insecurity of all things human (I am talking of such things as great fortunes, great place, hereditary dominion)—I felt a contempt for them; and to busy oneself with them I regarded as a loss of all leisure for really serious interests; and so I strove to lift my eyes, and to stretch my gaze

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to the universe; and at this point a number of perplexities confronted me. First it was this ordered world, as the philosophers call it, that was itself a trouble to me; for I could not discern the manner of its formation, nor its architect, nor how it began, nor the nature of its end; then, going on to investigate it in detail, I was forced into an even more hopeless state than before; for not only were the stars which I beheld scattered at random over the sky, but there was the sun itself—what could it be? That I yearned to be told. But, most of all, did the moon and her ways appear to me to be extraordinary, and altogether startling. I was satisfied that there was mystery involved in the explanation of her various phases; and, for the matter of that, even a flash of lightning over the sky, a peal of thunder, a downpour of rain, snow or hail, baffled conjecture and defied inference as much as the greater phenomena. With my mind in this condition, I thought it best to get information on each of these points from the philosophers who dealt with them. They at any rate, I imagined, could furnish me with the whole truth. So I picked out the best of them, as far as saturnine expression, pale cheeks and long beard could guide me (for their appearance made me certain at once that they were men of a lofty type of conversation, and very experts in the heavens), and I put myself into their hands. I paid them a large sum down, and, promising to pay what should hereafter be due for the full flower of their wisdom, I asked for a share in their heavenly vision, and to be taught the ordering of the universe.

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But it turned out that, so far from freeing me of my old ignorance, they took and plunged me into greater perplexities, flooding my ears with first causes, final causes, phrases about atoms and void, matter and form, and the like, day after day. But the most preposterous thing of all was, that every one of them claimed me as a disciple, and strove to bring me over to his theory, though there was no connecting link between the explanations of any two of them, and discrepancy and contradiction in all their statements.

FR. You astound me! The men were philosophers, and were quarrelling among themselves, though their subject was the real world—the world of facts; and, of these same facts, no two of them could give the same account!

MEN. Wait a moment, my dear fellow, and you will laugh to hear of their extravagant claims, and the marvel-mongering which seasoned their discourse. For, to start with, it was the earth they were walking on, and they did not hold their heads higher than the rest of us who were creeping on the ground. And they had no sharper sight than their neighbours; indeed, for some of them, old age or inactivity had even blurred their vision; yet they pretended to see beyond the bounds of the firmament, measured the circumference of the sun, travelled over the regions that lie above the moon, and discoursed on the sizes and shapes of the stars, as if they had just dropped from them. Again and again these men, who, as likely as not, could not say accurately how many

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furlongs Athens is from Megara, had the effrontery to tell us of the space between the sun and the moon, and to how many cubits it reached, offering measurements at the same time of the height of the air, and the depth of the sea, and the circumference of the earth. Then they went on to describe circles, and superpose triangular on quadrilateral figures, and map out a variety of intricate spheres, till they were completing, so they told us, the measurement of heaven itself. And what do you make of this? What is it but the most senseless and windy arrogance, when speaking of things so obviously obscure, not to offer a conjecture by way of explanation, but to make such violent assertions as to leave no room for any who come after to outdo their statements? Why, they all but make oath that the sun is a mass of red-hot metal, and that the moon is inhabited, and that the stars drink water; for the sun, they say, sucks up moisture from the sea by a sort of pipe, and fairly divides the draught among them all. Now, you can easily understand the degree of contradiction in their arguments; and I would solemnly bid you consider whether there is any affinity in their doctrines, or whether they are not wildly divergent. In the first place, they are not agreed in their opinion of the world; for, while some say it had no birth, and can have no death, others are ready to name the maker of it, and to describe the fashion of its construction. I was most entertained with them, when they introduced a craftsman—a god of some sort, who designed the great whole—without adding where he came from, or where he stood to do his several bits of carpentering; though,

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if you go back beyond the birth of the universe, no conception of time or space is possible.

FR. They are indeed presumptuous marvel-mongers, these gentlemen you describe.

MEN. If you could only, dear sir, hear them going on about ideas and atoms, or expounding their theories of the finite and infinite ! Here, indeed, their combat becomes animated, some circumscribing the universe, and giving it an end, while others assume that there is no end to it. There were those, however, who maintained the existence of a number of worlds, and condemned the theorists who argued as if they had only one of them to deal with. There was a fellow too, not exactly a preacher of peace, who contended that war was the parent of the universe. Now, what are we to say about the gods, when some described god as number in some sense, while others appealed to dogs or geese, or plane trees, when they swore their oaths ? Then one school assigned the government of the world to one god only, and banished all the rest, until I felt a mild distress to hear of such a scarcity of deities. A second school were quite lavish in their generosity, and established a number of divinities, dividing honours, however ; for one they styled the chief god, and to the rest they allowed only a second or third portion of godhead ; and there were yet others who believed the divine being to have neither substance nor shape, and disputed with those whose conceptions assumed for him a body. I should tell you, too, that every one did not believe in divine providence, or in the gods caring for our affairs. Some relieved them

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of all care, much as we give exemptions from public service to those who are past their work. The gods they introduce us to are about as useful as the body-guard in a comedy. Finally, there were people who had got beyond all this, and did not believe in gods at all ; but left the world to spin along, owning no master and following no guidance. Of course, when I heard this, I dared not disbelieve men of such thundering voices and such imposing beards ; I could not, however, find any part of their arguments to which I could turn to discover an unassailable point made by them, a point not overthrown by a speaker on the other side. And thus I found myself actually in the state which Homer's phrase describes, for, often as I would have made an effort to believe one of them—

Another impulse rose to check my thought.

All this made me feel helpless, and I despaired of ever finding any true information about these matters on earth ; but one mode of escape from all my perplexities would, I thought, be practicable if I could somehow furnish myself with wings and get up to heaven. It was not only my own eagerness which made me sanguine, but also the recollection of Æsop, the story-teller ; for, according to him, eagles and beetles, and occasionally even camels, found it possible to scale heaven. It appeared to me to be impossible by any contrivance to grow for myself wings, but I thought my attempt might be successful if I could clothe myself in the wings of a vulture or an eagle, the only ones I took

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to be strong enough to support anything so large as a man's body. So I caught the birds, and cut off very carefully the right wing of the eagle and the left of the vulture, then tied them on, securing them over the shoulder by strong straps, and at the ends of the quill feathers I put in things like loops for my hands to grip. In this way I made trial of my powers, at first leaping into the air and working with my hands, and while lifting myself up, still keeping close to the ground in the way geese fly, moving along on the tips of my toes, and yet flying. And, when my device answered, I proceeded to approach my experiment with more courage. I went up to the Acropolis, and let myself drop from the rock straight down into the theatre. When I got down without danger, my thoughts at once rose to the lofty heights of heaven; and I would set out from Parnes or Hymettus, and fly to Geranea, and then higher to the Acrocorinthus, and then again over Pholoe and Erymanthus, as far as Taygetus. Once my venture had been tested by experience, I became a past master in the art of soaring, and had done with fledgling visions; so I mounted up to Olympus, and, after provisioning myself as lightly as possible, I set my face henceforward towards heaven. Of course, to look at the depth below made me dizzy at first, but even this became easy to me after a little. Then, when I had got right opposite the moon, and a long way from the clouds, I was conscious of a sensation of weariness, especially in my left, my vulture wing; so I landed on the moon, and sat down there to rest for a while, intently gazing at the earth from the height

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where I found myself. I felt like Homer's Zeus, one minute observing the Thracians on horseback, and the next the Mysians; and then it would occur to me to direct my gaze towards Greece, Persia and India; and all these sights filled me with what I may call a many-coloured pleasure.

FR. Please, Menippus, to dwell on this, that I may not miss a single point about your travels, but even be informed of any discoveries you have made by the way; for I promise myself to hear a great deal about the shape of the earth, and all things thereon, and the sort of appearance they presented to you as you examined them from that height.

MEN. Your expectations, sir, are well founded; so get up into the moon as well as you can with the help of your imagination, share my travels and assist my investigation of things on the earth, and their position generally; and note, pray, to begin with, that the earth we see is a very small body—far more inconsiderable, for instance, than the moon; indeed, when I stooped over to look, I was for a long time in difficulty to find where our big mountains were, and that great stretch of sea. If it had not been that I made out the Colossus of Rhodes, and the lighthouse at Pharos, you may take my word for it, that I should have completely failed to recognise the earth. As it was, they were lofty enough to stand out above the rest, and these, together with the ocean, where its still surface flashed in the sun, revealed to me that what I saw was the earth. As soon as I had strained my sight sufficiently, my eyes fixed on the spot, the whole

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life of man spread itself out clearly before me, and not merely city by city, or tribe by tribe, but I could actually distinguish men in ships, or men at war, a tiller of the ground, or a suitor in court, a poor woman, or a wild beast ; in a word—

Whate'er is nourished by the bounteous earth.

FR. Your statements, Menippus, are altogether incredible and self-contradictory. Why, just now, you were hunting for the earth, so narrow were the dimensions to which it had been reduced by distance ; and, but for the Colossus being there to tell you, you might possibly have thought it was something else you were looking at—how, then, have you now become a second Lynceus, so that you can distinguish everything upon the earth—men, beasts, and even insects and their nests, for it came pretty well to that ?

MEN. You did well to give me a reminder ; I very strangely omitted the thing most important for me to say. I should have said that, when I did get sight of the earth, and recognise it, I found that the depth below was so great that I could not see what was on it, my sight not carrying so far. The discovery annoyed me, and the perplexity I felt was considerable. I was feeling so much disappointed that I was nearly crying, when Empedocles, the natural philosopher, suddenly stood behind me. He was like a coal to look at, covered with ashes, baked quite hard. I will not conceal from you that I was much upset at seeing him, and believed it

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was some divinity of the moon I beheld. Then Empedocles spoke to me: "Don't be alarmed, good Menippus," he said—

"I am no god, nor with immortals rank.

The man you see before you is Empedocles, the natural philosopher. When I took and flung myself down the crater, the steam swept me away from Etna, and brought me here. Now I have my abode in the moon, and take my walks in the air mostly, and the dew of heaven is what I live on. I am here to relieve you from your present difficulty, for your inability to see what is going on in the earth is distressing and tormenting you, I am sure." "This is a real kindness, most amiable Empedocles," said I. "As soon as my downward flight takes me back to Greece I will not forget to pour you out a libation by the chimney-corner, and, at the festival of the new moon, to give three earnest looks towards the moon, and put up prayers in that direction." "Now, by Endymion," said he, "I was not thinking of being paid when I came here; it was only that I had some feeling for you when I saw you in distress. Do you know what you should do to provide yourself with sharp sight?" "No, indeed," I replied; "unless you will take away the mist from before my eyes, for just now my sight seems to be strangely weak." "You will not need my help," he replied, "for the sharp sight you require you possess at this moment, and you brought it from the earth with you." "How so?" said I; "I do not follow you." "Are you not aware," said he, "that what you have round you is the right wing of an eagle?" "Of course I am," I answered, "but

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what have wing and eye in common?" "Why," he said, "an eagle has the keenest sight of any living thing, and the eagle alone looks straight at the sun. Herein lies the test of the true royal eagle, that it can gaze at the sun's rays without blinking." "I am told so," I answered, "and I regret that I did not take out my two eyes when I came up here, and put the eagle's two eyes in their place. As it is, I came with only half my equipment, and anything but royally furnished. Indeed, I feel like the base born, the disowned." "Well, to have one eye royally furnished, and that without delay, rests with yourself," he replied. "If you like to lift yourself up a bit, hold back the vulture's wing, and pursue your flight with the other only, you will find your right eye answer to your right wing, and your sight will be keen. Nothing can prevent the vision of the other being somewhat blurred; for it belongs to your weaker side." "I should be satisfied," I replied, "to have the sight of an eagle in the right eye only. I should not lose by it. I think I have often observed carpenters using only one eye to be more sure of keeping their planks straight, when they use the measuring line." As I said this I carried out Empedocles' instructions, while he gradually withdrew from me, and quietly vanished in smoke. As soon as I used my wing, at once a great light shone around me, and all, that but now was concealed from me, became perfectly plain. Well, I bent down my head earthwards, and saw cities, and men, and all that was going on; and not merely all that was done in the light of day, but also the things men were doing when they thought them-

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selves unobserved. For instance, I saw Ptolemy taking his own sister to wife ; Lysimachus plotted against by his own son ; Antiochus, son of Seleucus, secretly intriguing with his step-mother, Stratonice ; and Alexander of Thessaly assassinated by his own wife. I saw Antigonus dishonouring his daughter-in-law, and Attalus' son mixing the poison for his own father. In another place, Arsaces was murdering his wretched mistress, and Arbaces, the eunuch, was drawing his sword on Arsaces ; while the Persian, Spatinus, was being dragged feet first out of his banqueting hall by his own guards, his head smashed in, where they had struck him on the forehead with a golden goblet. The same sort of thing was going on in Libya ; you could see it among Thracians and Scythians ; wherever there was a palace, there were adulteries, murders and conspiracies, rapes, perjury and panic. The traitors were those of a man's own household. It was thus that the life of kings diverted me ; but the doings of private persons offered far more humorous entertainment. These I watched no less than the others. There was Hermodorus, the Epicurean, forswearing himself to make no more than one thousand drachmas ; the Stoic, Agathocles, going to law with his pupil over his fee ; Cleinias, the rhetorician, stealing a cup from the temple of Æsculapius, and the cynic, Heropilus, asleep in a brothel. But I need not go through the list : the house-breakers would not interest you, nor the wrangling people in the law courts, nor yet those who were lending or extorting money. To speak comprehensively, it was a spectacle of infinite variety.

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FR. Indeed, Menippus, you might fairly say so ; for the pleasure you seem to have got out of it was of no common sort.

MEN. My dear friend, it is past my powers to describe it in detail, for merely to see it all was hard enough work. I can give you a summary, though, of all that came before me, much as Homer describes what he saw of the work on the shield. In one part were sacrificial and marriage feasts. In another, law courts and assemblies ; here was a man sacrificing, and there a man mourning in the house of his friends. I would see the Getæ at war if I looked at their country, and, when I turned to the Scythians, they would be on their wanderings, riding in their waggons. If my eye roamed a little in the other direction, I could see the Egyptians tilling their ground. Yes, and there was the trading Phœnician and the buccaneering Cilician, the Spartan taking his flogging, and the Athenian pressing his suit in the courts. As all this was going on at once, by this time you have a notion of the sort of medley presented to me. It was as if you produced a number of performers, or rather a number of choirs, and then requested every singer to pay no attention to harmony, but to sing a song of his own ; with every one ambitious, every one trying to get through his own song, and eager to outdo his neighbour in the loudness of his tones. Conceive, heaven helping you, what the music was like.

FR. Why, Menippus, it must have been a ludicrous confusion.

MEN. Yes, my friend ; all the performers on the earth

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are like this. This want of harmony pervades the whole life of man, or rather makes it; and it is not merely that they sing out of tune; they are unlike in appearance, and they do not keep time with one another in their movements; in no single point are they aiming at the same result, and at last the master of the ceremonies drives them from the stage, and says he wants them no longer. Thereupon all are condemned to the same silence; that confused and disorderly music is over, and there is no more singing out of tune. But where the theatre itself was so full of varieties, so rich in incongruities, everything that happened was, of course, rife with absurdity. None provoked my mirth more than those who quarrelled about landmarks of territory; those, for instance, who prided themselves on having the Sicyonian plain to till, or owning the bit of Marathon near CEnoe, or on the possession of a thousand acres at Acharnæ. Why, all Greece was not more than four inches broad, as it appeared to me at the time from that height; and Attica, I imagine, was some infinitesimal fraction of those inches. And so I was put upon reflecting on the grounds those rich men had for their pride. Yes, I thought, the owner of the broadest acres among them has no more than an Epicurean atom for his tillage. And when I looked at the Peloponese, at the district of Cynuria, I bethought me of the many Argives and Lacedemonians that fell in one day; and fighting for what?—for a scrap of territory no larger than an Egyptian bean. Then there was another thing would make me laugh outright—seeing a man proud of his

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gold, of having eight rings and four cups. Why, the whole of Pangæus, mines and all, was the size of a grain of millet!

FR. How I congratulate you, Menippus, on your astounding spectacle; but, for heaven's sake, tell me what the cities and the men looked like up there!

MEN. I think you have often in your life seen a gathering of ants—some going round and round, some setting out on a journey, and others returning to headquarters. Perhaps one was carrying dung, another running off with the husk of a bean, or half a grain of wheat he had made prize of somewhere. Allowing for the difference between our life and the life of ants, we may reasonably suppose that they have their architects, their democratic and aristocratic leaders, their musicians and their philosophers, as well as we. At all events, our cities, including the inhabitants, were not at all unlike ant-hills. If you think mine a mean illustration, and that men should not be compared to a community of ants, just remember the old Thessalian stories—you will find there that that most warlike of races, the Myrmidons, had once been ants. Well, when I had seen everything, and laughed over everything to my satisfaction, I shook myself free, and flew up to the palace of Zeus, to—

The ægis bearer and his fellow-gods.

I had not gone a furlong up when the moon found her voice—a woman's voice—and said to me: "Good Menippus, you shall have my prayers for your success, if you

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will only do me a service, and go on an errand to Zeus". "Mention it, by all means," I said. "There can be no difficulty about it, unless I have something to carry." "I want you to be my envoy, no disagreeable task," she replied, "and to take a request from me to Zeus. My strength is worn out, Menippus, by all the terrible things said about me by the philosophers; they have nothing to do but gossip about my affairs—my true nature, my size, and the reason why I appear, now as a half-moon, now with my double curve. Then some say that I am inhabited, and others that I am like a mirror overhanging the sea; while others fasten on me whatever fancies occur to any one of them. The last indictment is that my light is stolen, and a spurious light, for it comes to me from above, from the sun; and to make me get into trouble with him, with my own brother, and have a quarrel, is what they ceaselessly aim at. Their calumnies about the sun himself, calling him a stone, and a mass of red-hot metal, were (I would have you observe) not enough for them. And, yet, what a number of their crimes do I witness! shameful and abominable crimes, perpetrated under cover of night by the very men whose expression in the daytime is one of manly severity, who have a grave demeanour, and are looked up to by ordinary folk. I think it improper to expose them, and shed a light on the way they spend their nights, as compared with the life which each exhibits on the public stage. I pull a cloud over myself, and wrap myself in it the moment I see any of them engaged in adultery or theft, or any of those

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daring enterprises most favoured by night; for I do not want the multitude to behold old men discrediting the full beard which belongs to virtue. However, they never give up mangling me with their reasonings, and offering me every sort of insult. So insolent were they that I have often—by the Powers of Darkness, I swear it—often resolved to change my abode, and get as far off as possible, if only to escape their officious tongues. So be sure you tell all this to Zeus, and add that I can't stay where I am if he won't trample out that natural philosophy—stop the mouth of Dialectic, raze the Porch to the ground, set fire to the Academy, close the Walks, and put an end to the Aristotelian discourses there. Then I might get some rest from their scientific measurements, which pester me day after day." "It shall be done," said I; and at the same moment I made my way up the steep, travelling along the heavenward road, where—

Nor labouring ox nor toil of man is seen.

I soon noticed that the moon was looking quite small below me, and was hiding the earth from me. I kept the sun on my right, and, flying among the stars, after three days I found myself close to heaven, where I first thought of passing in just as I was. Being half an eagle, I thought there would be no difficulty in escaping observation, for I knew the eagle to be an old acquaintance of Zeus. On second thoughts, I reflected they would detect me at once, as I was still wearing my second wing, the vulture's. So, deciding it was best to run no risks, I went up to the door and knocked. Hermes

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answered to my knock, asked my name, and went off in haste to tell Zeus. I was soon called in, in great fear and trembling, and found all the gods sitting together, and quite as disturbed as myself. The surprise of my visit caused them some secret alarm, as they expected that before long every one would find themselves wings, as I had done, and appear there. Zeus looked me full in the face with a rather formidable expression, as grim as a Titan, and said :—

“Who are you? Whence? Parents and country name.”

I nearly died of fright when I heard this, and, in spite of the question, stood there gaping with astonishment, and thunderstruck by his majestic tones. I recovered myself, however, after a little, and told my whole story clearly, beginning at the beginning. I described my yearning to know about the heaven above me; my visits to the philosophers and their contradictory accounts, and my despair at the distracting effect of their arguments. I then went on to speak of my device of the wings, and of everything else that happened till I reached heaven; and, when all had been told, I added the message of the moon. Zeus now smiled, and then, smoothing his brow a little, said: “What can one say of Otus and Ephialtes, when Menippus has been as audacious as any of them, in mounting up to heaven? For the present we will invite you to a banquet; and to-morrow,” said he, “we will transact the business about which you have come, and send you away.” At the same moment he got up and walked to that part of heaven where he

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could hear best ; for it was time for him to take his seat where the prayers ascend. While going along he questioned me about the things that were happening on earth. These were his first questions : He wanted to know the current price of wheat in Greece ; whether we had felt last year's storm ; and if our vegetables wanted more rain. Then he made other inquiries : Was there any member of Phidias' family still living ? and why were the Athenians so remiss in leaving his festival uncelebrated for so many years ? Did they intend to complete his Olympian temple ? Had the robbers been discovered who plundered the shrine at Dodona ? When I had answered these questions—“ Now, Menippus,” said he, “ what opinion have mankind of me ? ” “ What should they have,” I replied, “ but the most pious and reverent, regarding you as the king of all the gods ? ” “ You will still be jesting,” he answered ; “ but I am fully informed of their passion for novelty, even though you are silent about it. There was a time when they thought me a prophet and a physician, when, in short, I was everything to them.

Each street, each market-place was full of Zeus.

There was a splendour about Dodona and Pisa in those days ; they attracted the gaze of all, and I could not see the sky for the smoke of the sacrifices. But ever since Apollo set up his oracle at Delphi, and Æsculapius his dispensary at Pergamus—ever since Bendis had her temple in Thrace, Anubis his in Egypt, and Artemis hers in Ephesus—every one runs after them,

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keeping festival in their honour, and putting hecatombs before them ; while, if I get a sacrifice at Olympia from them, after full five years' interval, they think 'tis honour enough for one no longer in the heyday of his reputation. This is why my altars are cold, you may observe, colder than Plato's Laws, or the syllogisms of Chrysippus." With some talk of this sort, we made our way to the place where Zeus was to sit and listen to the prayers. There were orifices there like the mouths of wells, a row of them with lids to each, and by each a golden chair was set. Zeus stationed himself just over the first hole, and, removing the lid, put himself at the disposal of the petitioners. From every quarter of the earth came prayers, as various in form as they were different in tenor. I stooped over, too, I must tell you, and listened with Zeus to the prayers, and they were something like this : Zeus, let me be a king ! My onions, Zeus, and my leeks, help them to grow ! Ye gods, permit the speedy removal of my father by death ! And these were the words of one : " If I might be my wife's heir ! If I might intrigue against my brother unobserved ! If I might gain my case ! If I might win an Olympian victory ! " One voyager prayed for the north wind to help him, another prayed for the south ; and, while the husbandman wanted rain, the fuller wanted sun. But Zeus reviewed each prayer carefully, as he listened, without promising—

One boon the father gave and one denied.

The legitimate prayers he suffered to come up through

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the aperture, taking and depositing them on his right ; those with impiety in them he dismissed without result, puffing them from him downwards, that they might not come even near heaven. In one case I saw even Zeus at a loss. Two men's prayers contradicted one another ; but, as the sacrifices they promised were exactly equal, Zeus could not determine which of them should have his wish. In fact, he was in the old difficulty of the Academy, and unable to come to any decision. Like Pyrrho, he was left reserving his judgment, and inquiring. The business of the prayers sufficiently settled, he went on to the next chair, and the next hole, and, stooping over, gave his time to the oaths, and to those who were taking them. Here, too, he did some business ; and, after crushing the life out of Hermodorus the Epicurean, he changed his seat to the next chair, that he might attend to omens and voices and auguries. From these he moved to the opening where the sacrifices ascended, and the smoke that came through it told Zeus the name of each sacrificer. Leaving these, he gave the winds and the seasons their orders : " For to-day, rain in Scythia, lightning in Libya, snow in Greece ; you, Boreas, must blow in Lydia, but you, Notus, must be still. Zephyrus, do you stir up the waves of the Adriatic, and I must have about a thousand bushels of hail scattered over Cappadocia." By this time he had managed to get through pretty well everything, so we set off for the banquet, for it was supper time. Hermes brought me in, and found me a place near Pan, and the Corybantes, Attis and Sabagius, for these were stranger gods, and

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of doubtful position. Demeter brought us bread, and Dionysus wine, Hercules meat, Aphrodite myrtle blossoms, and Poseidon sprats; with these I got a taste, by stealth, of ambrosia and nectar. For the good Ganyমেদে, of his humanity, as soon as he observed Zeus looking some other way, would bring and pour out for me one or two cups of nectar. Indeed, the gods, as Homer somewhere says—for he had seen, I am sure, quite as well as I, what goes on among them—eat no bread, and drink no red wine—they have ambrosia set before them, and get drunk on nectar; and what they like best of all is to regale themselves with the smoke ascending from the sacrifices, and the sweet odours that come with it; nor are they less pleased with the blood of the victims shed around their altars by the sacrificers. At supper, Apollo played the lyre, Silenus danced a rustic dance, and the Muses got up and sang to us from Hesiod's "Theogony" and the first song in Pindar's hymns; and, when we had had enough, we lay down just where we were; nor was there one of us but had drunk pretty deep—

Others could sleep, both gods and warrior knights,
Sleep all night long. Me no sweet slumber sealed.

Naturally, for I had so many different things to think over, particularly the following: Why has Apollo all this time never grown a beard? How is night possible in heaven, seeing that they have the sun always with them, and joining their festivities? However, I did get a little sleep after this. In the morning Zeus rose, and

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ordered an assembly to be proclaimed ; as soon as they had all appeared, he began his speech : “ The reason for my convening you is due to this stranger, who appeared yesterday ; and, as I have been long wishing to make a communication to you about the philosophers, especially since the moon and her complaints have forced it on me, I resolved not to delay the inquiry further. Now, there is a class of men floating like scum on the top of life, though they have not done so for long. They are idle, contentious men, of a shallow ambition, and a quick temper ; they are dainty feeders, rather stupid and pretentious, and brimming over with insolence. In Homer’s phrase they might be described as—

A useless tribe encumbering the ground.

Well, these people have divided themselves into camps, and put forward a variety of labyrinthine theories. One corps calls itself the Stoics, another the Academy, a third the Epicureans, and a fourth the Peripatetics ; and they have other designations also far more ludicrous than these. In the next place, they invest themselves with a solemn name, the name of virtue, elevate their eyebrows, wear long descending beards ; and, when they go abroad, their studied demeanour serves to screen their depraved morals. You might very well compare them to those actors in the tragedies, whose mask and gold-spangled robe you have only to remove in order to see what is behind—a ridiculous bit of humanity, hired for seven drachmas to appear in the show. But this does not prevent their despising everybody else,

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and expounding their preposterous absurdities about the gods, and solemnly rehearsing before the simple youths they gather round them, their hackneyed theme of virtue, and instructing them in their hard questions. Their disciples hear them praise unceasingly self-restraint and temperance, and contempt of wealth and pleasure ; but, when they are by themselves and alone, there is nothing you might not say of their gluttony and sensuality, and the way they lick up their dirty obols ; and the strangest thing of all is that they render no service to the state or to individuals, but prove themselves only a useless superfluity—

Nor war nor council-board can give them rank.

For all that, they bring accusations against the rest of the world, and, heaping up sarcastic speeches and carefully prepared vituperation, revile and reprove their neighbours. Whoever has the loudest voice among them, and the greatest recklessness, the most audacity in inventing calumnies, he is the man they consider to have achieved the greatest success. And yet, suppose you put a question to one of them who is making violent and clamorous assertions, and finding fault with every one around him—‘Now, what is *your* business?’ we might say, or ‘what, in heaven’s name, are we to call your contribution to life?’ If he consented to give you a true and just answer, it would be this: ‘To be a sailor, a husbandman, or a soldier, or to follow any craft, seems to me to be a useless toil. But I lift up my voice in the streets, I wear shabby clothes, I can endure cold water, and I go

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about barefoot in winter ; yes, and, like Momus, I pull to pieces all that others do. If any rich man has treated himself to a luxurious feast, or keeps a mistress, I make a great work about it, and I am very indignant ; but where there is a friend or comrade lying on a sick bed, in need of help and healing, I do not remember him.' Such is the nature of these creatures, my fellow-gods. Those whom they call Epicureans are the most insolent and the most unsparing in their attacks on us ; for they maintain that the gods take no interest in human affairs, and, whatever happens, do not concern themselves with it. It is high time, therefore, you took this fact into consideration—to wit, that, if they can once make an impression on the life of man, you will be reduced to something like starvation. Why, who would care to go on sacrificing without expecting that any good would come of it? The moon's indictment the stranger detailed to you yesterday, and you all heard him. Advise, therefore, what may prove most serviceable to men, and the best protection for ourselves." When Zeus had finished, the assembly was filled with deafening clamour, and at once every one began to shout : "Hurl your thunderbolts at them ! Burn them up ! Crush the life out of them ! To the pit with them ! To Tartarus ! Serve them like the giants !" But Zeus once more commanded silence, and said : "You shall have your desire ; they shall be stamped out, logic and all. Only, for the present, we must not punish any one. During these four months, you know, we keep what we call a sacred month, and I have already proclaimed a general

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truce. Early in next year my terrible bolt shall bring the evil men to their evil end"—

The nod of dark-browed Zeus confirmed the word.

"Now, for Menippus," he went on. "This is my pleasure concerning him. He must be stripped of his wings to prevent his ever coming here again, and Hermes must take him down to earth to-day." As he said this he dismissed the assembly, and the Arcadian god hung me on to his right ear, carried me down, and yesterday towards evening deposited me in the Ceramicus. Now, my friend, you have heard all—all the news from heaven—so I will go off to impart these same cheering tidings to others, namely, to such philosophers as are strolling in the Gallery.

THE DREAM; OR, THE COCK.

MICYLLUS. Ugh! you villain of a cock! The curse of Zeus light on you! for the spiteful shrill-voiced creature that you are! I was in the midst of wealth, enjoying the sweetest of dreams, and blest with a marvellous happiness, when you woke me with a loud piercing cry, destroying even the poor chance that night gave me of escaping from my poverty, an affliction far more intolerable than yourself. And yet it is still short of midnight, if I am to judge by the quiet being still general, and the cold not yet numbing me as it usually does at dawn. For there is no dial like the cold to tell you unfailingly of the approach of day. But for all that, this wakeful creature, as though he were guarding the Golden Fleece, has crowed straight on since evening; but he shall be sorry for it yet. Never mind, my friend, I will certainly have satisfaction of you once the daylight comes, and will smash in your head with my stick. If I tried to do it now, you would give me trouble, by jumping about in the dark.

ALECTRYON. My master Micyllus, I thought to do you a service, securing for you beforehand as much of the night as I could, that you might rise early and get through most of your work. At any rate, by finishing one boot

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before sunrise, you will be so far forward on your road to bread-winning. But, if you prefer to sleep, you shall see how quiet I will be, more voiceless even than the fishes; only take care you do not have wealth only in your dreams, and wake to find yourself hungry.

MIC. Zeus, god of portents, and Hercules, averter of ill! what is this misfortune? A cock speaks with human voice!

AL. You regard this, then, as a portent, that I should have speech like you and your neighbours.

MIC. What else should it be? Yet, gods, I beseech that ye avert the danger from us.

AL. Micyllus! you seem to me absolutely uneducated. I think you have not even read Homer's poems, for there Xanthus, the horse of Achilles, bids a long farewell to neighing, and stands still in the middle of the war, discoursing in whole strings of Epic verses, not, as I am doing, in plain prose. Nay, more, he gave oracles, and foretold the future, and was not thought to do anything extraordinary. No, nor did he who heard him invoke the Averter of ill, as you did, or think the sound ill-omened. But what would you have done if the keel of the ship "Argo" had spoken, as it did in old days, or Dodona had found voice and given oracles; or if you had seen hides crawling, with flesh of oxen lowing, though it was half-cooked and had the spits through it? Now, I am the coadjutor of Hermes, who is a greater chatterer and more eloquent than any of the gods; and, as in every other respect I shared your life and your house, I had naturally no difficulty in acquiring human speech. But

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if you promise me to keep your counsel, I should not be afraid to tell you the truer reason for my having speech like yours, and how it comes about that I can talk as I am doing.

MIC. Can this, too, be a dream—a cock conversing with me in this way? Tell me, however, in the name of the chattering god, my worthy friend, what further reason there is for your power of speech. And as for my keeping silence, and repeating your story to no one, what need have you for fear? Why, who would believe me if I related anything with a cock for my authority?

AL. Listen, then. I am aware, Micyllus, that the story I am beginning has a very strange sound, for he who now appears before you as a cock was not long ago a man.

MIC. I certainly heard about your race, something like this, some time ago—how a young man of the name of Alectryon became a friend of Ares, shared the god's banquets and his revels, and assisted him in his love affairs. At any rate, they said that every time Ares visited his mistress, Aphrodite, he brought Alectryon with him; and, as he was specially suspicious of Helios lest he should observe him and bring word to Hephæstus, he always left the young man outside at the door that he might let him know when Helios rose. Subsequently, on one occasion Alectryon went to sleep, and involuntarily betrayed his trust as watchman; Helios accordingly stole unobserved upon Aphrodite and Ares, for the god was carelessly sleeping, believing Alectryon would inform him of the approach of any one. And it was in this

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way that Hephæstus, instructed by Helios, arrested them, encircling them in his nets and chains, which he had long before forged for the purpose. When Ares was set free he used the first moment of his freedom to vent his wrath on Alectryon, and changed him, arms and all, into the bird we call by his name, leaving him still wearing the crest of his helmet on his head. And this is why, by way of excusing yourselves, you crow long before it is necessary, and notify Helios' rising when you see him preparing for it.

AL. There is this story too, Micyllus, but my experience was of quite a different kind, and it was only quite lately that I was transformed into the cock you have seen.

MIC. How was that? for this is what I particularly want to hear.

AL. You have heard of a certain Pythagoras of Samos, the son of Mnesarchus.

MIC. Do you mean the presuming philosopher who made it a crime to taste flesh or eat beans, banishing from the table what I, at least, find the most delicious of relishes; the man who, among other things, tried to persuade men to abstain from conversation for five years?

AL. Then let me remind you of this, too, about him, that he made men believe that he had been Euphorbus before he was Pythagoras.

MIC. It is said, my good cock, that the man was a quack, and a marvel-monger.

AL. I myself am that Pythagoras, so please, my worthy friend, abstain from abuse, especially as you do not know my true character.

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Mic. This is a far more portentous thing than the other—a cock-philosopher! but pray tell me, son of Mnesarchus, how I come to find you a bird after you had been a man, and how Tanagra became your home instead of Samos. This story of yours, let me tell you, is not a plausible one, nor at all easy to believe, for I think I have already observed two things about you very unlike Pythagoras.

AL. What things?

Mic. One is, that you are fond of chattering and crowing, whereas Pythagoras, I believe, enjoined silence for five whole years; and the other thing is in absolute defiance of the master's laws; for yesterday, as you know, I came to you with some beans, as I had nothing else to throw to you, and these you picked up without a moment's pause. So either you must have told me a lie, and be somebody else, or, if you are Pythagoras, you have broken your own law, and by eating beans have been guilty of as much impiety as if you had devoured your father's head.

AL. Why, Micyllus, you don't understand the explanation of these things, nor what properly appertains to each particular life. In the old days I did not eat beans, I philosophised. I would naturally eat them now, for the food is appropriate to birds, and is not forbidden to us. Only please hear how I left off being Pythagoras, and came to be in my present condition; and of the various lives I formerly lived, and of the experience I gained in my several changes.

Mic. Pray go on, for I shall find listening excessively

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pleasant ; so much so, indeed, that if anybody gave me a choice, asking whether I preferred to listen to this sort of story from you, or to see again that most blessed of dreams which I had a short time ago, I do not know which I would choose ; so suggestive of the sweetest images do I find your promised narrative, that I hold you both in equal honour, you and my precious dream.

AL. Why, are you still harping on your dream, whatever it was that you saw, and are you still treasuring up some idle visions, pursuing with the help of your memory an empty or (in the poet's phrase) a bodiless felicity ?

MIC. Well, my good cock, be very sure that sight was one I shall never forget ; so thick was the honey the dream shed over my eyes when it left me and went away, that I could scarce open my eyelids, for it drew them down again to sleep. At any rate, the vision gave me a sort of tickling-sensation like that produced by the twirling of feathers in your ears.

AL. Portentous ! your passion for your dream, as you describe it, is something extraordinary ! for, though a dream is winged, as we are told, sleep limits its flight ; but yours is already overleaping its allotted bounds, and, dwelling open-eyed with you, manifests its visible presence in this honey-sweet fashion. I cannot but desire to be told its nature since you have so many longings for it.

MIC. I am ready to begin ; even to remember it and to describe it is in some sort a pleasure to me. But when, Pythagoras, will you give me the history of your changes ?

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AL. When you, Micyllus, have done your dreaming, and have rubbed the honey off your eyelids. For the present, I would have you speak first, that I may hear whether your dream departed on its return journey through the ivory or the horn gate.

MIC. Through neither of these, Pythagoras.

AL. Well, only these two are mentioned by Homer.

MIC. Do not trouble yourself with that drivelling poet, for he knew nothing of dreams. Poor dreams, perhaps, depart by such gates, the sort of dreams he saw, though he had no very clear vision even of those, for he was blind. But I had golden gates for my sweetest of dreams to pass through; the dream itself was golden, everything about it was golden, and gold coin in plenty was in its train.

AL. No more of your golden story, my worthy Midas, for it was simply your desire of gold that gave rise to your dream, and, as it seems to me, you covered whole gold mines in your sleep.

MIC. Coined gold, Pythagoras, I saw in heaps—in heaps, I tell you. Can you conceive its beauty? the light with which it gleamed? What in the world is Pindar's phrase for it, where he is commending it? Now, remind me if you know; it is where he calls water the best thing, and then goes on to admire gold. It is quite at the beginning of his book, and a happy turn in one of his most beautiful lyrics.

AL. You don't mean this: "Water is the best thing, but amid proud wealth it is gold that shines out most brilliantly, like fire gleaming in the night"?

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Mic. Upon my word, the very thing! Pindar praises gold as if he had seen my dream. And now listen, cleverest of cocks, that you may hear what it was like. You remember I did not dine at home yesterday. The wealthy Eucrates met me in the market place, and bade me come, after the bath, to supper at the usual hour.

AL. I am not likely to forget this, for I was very hungry the whole day, till you came home quite late, and rather drunk, bringing me those five beans—nothing very splendid in the matter of a cock's supper, if he has once been an athlete, and has contended at Olympia, not without distinction.

Mic. When I had returned after dinner I went to sleep the moment I had thrown you your beans; then, in Homer's phrase, there stood by me in the divine night, in a sort of dream from heaven —

AL. First, Micyllus, describe to me the doings in Eucrates' house, and the kind of dinner served to you, and all that took place over your wine. There is no reason why you should not dine again off a sort of dream of that dinner, restoring the dainties with the help of your memory, and reviving their flavour.

Mic. I thought I should weary you even by the account I have given, but, as you are so eager, here is my story: Never before, Pythagoras, in my whole life had I dined with a rich man, when yesterday, by great good luck, I met Eucrates. I saluted him, calling him Sir, as I usually did, and was going away, for I did not wish to discredit him by being in his company with my

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cloak all tattered. "Micyllus," says he, "to-day is my daughter's birthday, and I am giving a feast; I invited a large number of friends, but one of them, I am told, is in weak health, and cannot join our party, so do you come, after the bath, in his place—unless, indeed, the invited guest shall send a second message to say that he is coming, for his arrival is now uncertain." When I heard this I made a humble reverence; and went on my way asking of all the gods that they would visit the delicate man with ague or pleurisy, or the gout, seeing that I was to fill his place, to eat his dinner, and to receive his share of hospitality. And all the time till the bath I reckoned as the longest of ages, looking perpetually to see how far the sun-dial's shadow had travelled, and by what time the bath should be over. And when the proper time had come (I forget the hour), I washed with all speed, and went off quite neatly attired, turning my threadbare cloak, to wear it on the cleaner side. At the door I found among a number of others the man I spoke of, borne by four men in a litter—I mean the man who was said to be ill, and in whose place I was to dine: and, indeed, it was evident that he was in a very poor way; at any rate, he moaned, and had a slight cough with much inward phlegm, which did not make him a pleasant neighbour. He was a man of about sixty, his whole face looking pallid and swollen. I was told he was a philosopher, one of those who discourse on trifling subjects with young men; not but what he had a beard of tragic seriousness, the hair growing to an extravagant length)

And I must add

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that, when Archibius, the doctor, reproached him for coming in this condition, his answer was: "One must not be false to duty, especially if one is a philosopher; no, not though ten thousand infirmities stand in the way. If I do not appear, Eucrates will think we have slighted him." "On the contrary," said I, "he will praise you for choosing to die in your own house in preference to coughing up your phlegm and your life with it at the banquet." However, his self-importance made him pretend not to have heard my jest. And presently Eucrates appeared coming from the bath. The moment he saw Thesmopolis, for that was the name of the philosopher: "Master," said he, "you did well to join us, but you would have been no loser in any case; for, indeed, had you been absent, everything would have been sent you in proper order") And as he spoke he went in, taking Thesmopolis by the hand, though the servants also supported him. Thereupon I was preparing to go away, when he turned round, and after much hesitation, seeing me look very sulky: "Come in too, Micyllus," said he, "and dine with us, for I will instruct my son to take his meal with his mother in the women's dining-room, and that will give you a place". I entered pretty much as a wolf might, with jaws idly gaping, and yet feeling ashamed that I was thought to have driven the son of Eucrates from the banquet. When the time came for sitting down, five stout youths carried in Thesmopolis (and, I give you my word, they had trouble enough!), and propped him up, stuffing cushions about him on all sides that he might keep his position, and be able to hold out a

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good time. Then, as nobody else could endure to be near him, they brought me, and put me just below, that we might share a common table. After that, Pythagoras, we had dinner ; a dinner of many delicacies and varied courses, served on gold and silver plate. And there were gold and silver goblets, and handsome waiters, with musicians and jesters for the interludes, and altogether the entertainment was of a most delightful kind, except for the uncommon annoyance caused me by Thesmopolis. He kept worrying me and describing a certain virtue to me, and arguing that two negatives make an affirmative, and that if it is day it is not night ; and sometimes he would prove logically to me that I had horns. A number of such things he strung together, and insisted on imparting his philosophy to me, though I was in no way desirous of it, and though he cut short my enjoyment, preventing my listening to the musicians or the singers. Such, my good cock, was our banquet.

AL. Not a very pleasant one, Micyllus, and especially when destiny tied you to that drivelling old man.

Mic. And now listen to the dream. I thought that Eucrates somehow or other was dying, and that he had no children ; next I thought that he sent for me, and made his will, which left me heir to all his property, and that he died soon after. When I came into the property I saw myself ladling out gold and silver coin in great buckets, a broad stream of it flowing unceasingly—to say nothing of all the other things—clothes, tables, cups, servants—one and all mine apparently. Then I thought I drove out with a pair of white horses,

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lying back, "the observed of all observers," and the envied too. Numbers ran before me, and rode before me, and still larger numbers formed a train behind me. I wore Eucrates' clothes, and had some sixteen heavy rings on my fingers; and, so decked out, I bade a splendid banquet be got ready for the reception of my friends. And, as you expect in a dream, they were already assembled; the banquet was ripening to its close; the cups were refilled and the drinking went steadily forward.¹ While I was in the middle of it, and drinking healths in golden goblets to every one present; at the moment when the cake was being actually handed round, your unseasonable crow disturbed our banquet, upset our tables, and, dispersing that wealth of mine, left it to the wind to carry away. Pray, do you think my indignation against you so unreasonable? I would have been glad to see that dream repeated to me for three nights in succession.

AL. Are you so fond of gold, and so fond of wealth, Micyllus? Is this the only thing you admire in the whole world? and does the possession of much gold mean happiness with you?

MIC. It was not my view, Pythagoras, but yours also when you were Euphorbus; you went to war with the Achæans, your long hair clasped with gold and silver; even in war you did this, where it would have been more appropriate to wear steel than gold; but you, even on such occasions, thought it becoming to have your locks fastened with gold when you went into the

¹ Reading *συνεκομίζετο* with Hemsterhusius.

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battle. And I think Homer's phrases about your "hair like the graces" is used in reference to his own description of your hair crimped up with gold and silver; for, of course, it looks better and more charming plaited in with gold, with that added gleam besides its own natural brightness. And yet, my golden-haired friend, yours is a trifling instance; it is not much that you, the son of Panthous, set a high value on gold—but what do you make of the father of gods and of all mankind, the son of Cronos and Rhea? When he fell in love with that Argive maiden he could find nothing more lovely than gold into which to transform himself, nothing more tempting with which to corrupt the guard of Acrisius. Of course, you have heard the story of his turning himself into gold, and flowing in a stream through the roof, and so enjoying the company of his beloved. After this, why should I enlarge further on my next point?—the many services rendered by gold, and the way it gives beauty, wisdom and strength to its possessors by securing them honour and reputation; aye, and lifts them in a moment from ignoble obscurity into conspicuous fame. Now, you know my fellow-craftsman, Simo, my neighbour; he supped some little while ago with me, when I prepared my soup for the Saturnalia, and put in two slices of sausage.

AL. I know the little squat, snub-nosed fellow. (He is not called Simo for nothing.) He stole our earthenware pot, the only one we had, and went off with it under his arm. I saw it with these eyes, Micyllus.

MIC. After the theft, then, he protested his innocence

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before a whole heap of gods. But why did you not clamorously inform against him at the time, my good cock, when you saw me being robbed ?

AL. I did all I could ; I crowed. But what of Simo ? I thought you were going to tell me something about him.

MIC. He had an enormously rich cousin, Dimylus by name. In his life-time he never gave Simo even an obol. Why should he, when he never touched any of his money himself ? By his death the other day, however, Simo has come into all that property by law ; and now that fellow, who used to wear dirty rags, and was glad of the scrapings of my saucepan, drives out clad in purple and scarlet, has servants and horses, and cups of gold and tables with ivory feet ; every one bows down to him, and he won't even look at me any more. Well, the other day I saw him going by, and when I said "How do you do, Simo ?" he was furious, and said : "Tell that beggar not to be so free in docking my name. My name is not Simo, but Simonides." And the most extraordinary thing is that the women are in love with him, though he gives himself airs with them and slights them. And, while he inclines condescendingly towards some, the others threaten to hang themselves because they are scorned by him. You see what blessings gold brings ; it can make even the ugly lovely, like the famous girdle of the poets. And you know what expressions the poets use about it,—

Of friendship's pledges none so fair as gold,
and again,—

'Tis gold, and gold alone, that rules mankind.

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But why, my good cock, did my story make you laugh?

AL. Because, Micyllus, you are as ignorant as the rest, and have made the mistake that most people make about the rich. Take my word for it, that the life they live is a much harder one than yours. I, who speak to you, have many times been acquainted both with poverty and riches, and have had experience of every sort of life. Wait a bit, and you will know it all for yourself, point by point.

MIC. Now is the time (and, in all conscience, it is late enough) for you to tell me of your transformations, and what you have been conscious of in your several lives.

AL. Listen, then, and be assured of this to start with, that I have never seen a happier life than yours.

MIC. Than mine, my good cock! May no better befall you! You see you tempt me to revile you. But begin at Euphorbus, and tell me how you were transformed into Pythagoras, and go straight on till you come to the cock; for it is probable that your lives of many types have given you varieties of seeing and feeling.

AL. It would be a long story to tell you of my soul, and how by Apollo's ordinance it fluttered down to earth, and clothed itself with the body of a man; or to tell you of the sentence my soul had to complete. And besides it would be hardly proper for me to tell, or for you to hear this sort of thing. Then I became Euphorbus.

MIC. First, though, tell me this, was I ever changed in the way you were?

AL. Of course you were.

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Mic. What was I, then, before this, good sir? What was I? tell me if you can; this is what I am anxious to hear.

AL. You? you were an Indian ant, one of those that dig up the gold that is coined.

Mic. Then, like the miserable creature that I was, I lacked the courage to take a few grains with me from the other life to make provision for this one. But what shall I be next? tell me that; I have no doubt you know. If only it might be something good, I would at once get up, and hang myself from the perch on which you stand.

AL. There is no possible device to enable you to learn this. But know that, after I became Euphorbus (for I will go back to what I was saying before), I fought at Ilium, and after I had been slain by Menelaus—some time after—my spirit entered into Pythagoras. During the interval I stood waiting without a habitation, until Mnesarchus secured me a new home.

Mic. Were you waiting without food or drink, my good sir?

AL. Of course I was. It is merely the body that wants such things.

Mic. Tell me then, first, what went on at Ilium. Did things happen exactly as Homer says they did?

AL. How did he know about them, Micyllus, seeing that he was a camel in Bactria while those events were taking place? I assure you, however, that those days produced nothing very extraordinary. Ajax was not so huge, nor Helen so beautiful, as people suppose. I saw

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a pale woman with a long neck, long enough to make you guess she was the daughter of a swan ; but for the rest an old woman, almost as old as Hecuba. Why, Theseus, who lived in the time of Hercules, first carried her off at Aphidnæ, and had her for his wife. Now, Hercules made a first capture of Troy in our fathers' days, the fathers, that is, of the Trojans of those times. Panthous narrated this to me, and he said that when quite a young man he had seen Hercules.

Mic. Come, tell me more. Was Achilles what he is described to us, first in everything? or are these also idle tales?

AL. I never met Achilles, Micyllus, and I could not describe to you with the same accuracy what happened among the Achæans. How should I, when I was their enemy? His companion, Patroclus, however, I slew without difficulty, running him through with my spear.

Mic. And after that Menelaus slew you with still greater ease ; but I have heard enough about that, proceed at once to the history of Pythagoras.

AL. Speaking generally, Micyllus, I may say that I was one of the wise men ; one must not, I suppose, evade the truth ; but, besides, I had no lack of training or experience in the noblest arts ; and, among other things, I made a journey to Egypt to associate with the professors of philosophy ; moreover, I entered the shrines and studied the books of Orus and Isis. After my return voyage to Italy, I made such an impression on the Greeks in those parts that they regarded me as a god.

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MIC. I heard of this, and also that you were thought to have been restored to life after death, and that you once showed them your thigh, and that it was all of gold. Now for another point; what put it into your head to make your law against the eating of flesh or of beans?

AL. Do not pursue such inquiries, Micyllus.

MIC. Why, my cock?

AL. Because I am ashamed to give you the real reason for them.

MIC. Well, you should not be afraid to speak to a friend—to one in whose house you live, for I will no longer use the word master.

AL. There was no sound wisdom in my law; but I saw that if my customs were common-place, and the same as most people's, I would have little power to draw men to the marvellous; that the more eccentric I was, the more grave and reverend, as it seemed to me, I should appear to them. For this reason I adopted novelties, and made the explanation a mysterious secret; that each might guess differently from his neighbour, and all be thrilled by it in the way that you see them affected by obscure oracles. There! you now, in your turn, are laughing at me.

MIC. It is not you who amuse me so much as the people of Croton, and Metapontum, and Tarentum, and the rest of your silent followers, worshipping the ground you trod on, and the footsteps you have left behind you. But, when you got rid of Pythagoras, to what shapes were you transformed next?

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AL. I became Aspasia, the free lady of Miletus.

MIC. What a sad story ! though, for the matter of that, Pythagoras made a woman of himself in everything but sex. And was there a time, my noble cock, when you became a hen and a mother, and lived with Pericles as Aspasia, and bare him children, and carded wool, and pulled your thread, and did your woman's work in your free way ?

AL. I was not the only man who did all this, but it happened to Teiresias also before me, and to Cæneus, the son of Elatus, so that every jest of yours at my expense will be a jest at theirs also.

MIC. But tell me which life did you prefer—that when you were a man, or when Pericles was your husband ?

AL. Reflect on the nature of your question, and that Teiresias got no good by answering his questioner.

MIC. Well, if you don't tell me, Euripides' decision is satisfactory enough ; for he said "that he would rather stand shield to shield three times than be a mother once".

AL. And now, Micyllus, I have to remind you that you before very long will know a woman's troubles ; for you, too, will be a woman many times.

MIC. Go and be hanged, my good cock ! You seem to think every one is a Milesian or a Samian. . . . But in what male or female characters did you appear after being Aspasia ?

AL. I became the snarling cynic, Crates.

MIC. By the Divine Twins, what a contrast ! first a free lady, and then a philosopher !

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AL. Next I was a king, then a poor man, and soon after a satrap; then a horse, then a jackdaw, and a frog, and ten thousand other things; and it would take a long time to count up my several forms one by one. But in the last stages I was a cock many times, because I liked that sort of life; and after service in many other houses—the houses of kings, of rich men, and poor men; last of all I find myself living as I am now, even with you; and every day I amuse myself with your appeals, and your complaints of your poverty, as well as with your ignorant admiration of the rich, for you know nothing of the evils which beset them. At any rate, had you been acquainted with the anxieties they have, you would have ridiculed yourself for your first idea of wealth being a very blessed thing.

Mic. Then, Pythagoras, or whatever you like best to be called, for I don't want to spoil your story by calling you first one thing, then another —

AL. Whether you call me Euphorbus, or Pythagoras, or Aspasia, or Crates, it will make no difference, for all these characters belong to me; only it would be better for you to give me a name corresponding to what you now see me to be, and call me cock; for then you will not disparage that bird, though it seem to you a common-place creature, especially when it contains so many lives.

Mic. Then, my good cock, as you have had experience of nearly every sort of life, and have been everything, suppose you tell me at once, and definitely, what you know of the private lives of the rich, and the private

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lives of the poor ; that will tell me whether you speak the truth when you try to make me out happier than the rich.

AL. See now, Micyllus, this is the way I would have you go into the matter. You are involved in no long deliberations about war, if the news comes of the invasion of the enemy. You are not in anxiety lest their attack should mean the devastating of your fields, or men trampling over your park or destroying your vines. No ! at the mere sound of the trumpet you look about you, providing for yourself alone, to see where you must retreat for safety to avoid the danger. But the rich are not merely troubled with precautions for their own safety ; they are distressed to behold from the walls their property in the fields plundered and carried off. And, further, if taxes are necessary, they alone are called upon ; and, if we have to take the field, they are in the front of danger as generals and commanders of cavalry ; but you, with your wicker shield, are lightly equipped, and on the alert to secure your safety ; quite ready for the victor's banquet, so soon as the general offers sacrifice for victory. Then again, in time of peace, as a man of the people you will go up to the assembly, and lord it over the rich, while they shudder and cower before you, and strive to soothe you with doles. For that you may have baths, games, and spectacles, and everything else in sufficient abundance, they have to labour, while you examine and criticise them with severity as if you were their master, sometimes not even giving them a hearing ; nay, more, if the humour takes you, you are

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wont to hail stones upon them in showers, or to confiscate their property. You are not afraid of an informer, or a robber mounting your wall, or breaking into your house to steal your gold; you are not troubled with calculations, or suits to recover debts, or a set-to with those abominable revenue officers, nor with any distracting share in those worries. Instead of all that, you finish your shoe and take your drachma for it; and, getting up from your work late in the afternoon, you go to the bath; and then, if you fancy it, you buy some salt fish, or some sprats, or a few heads of onions, and enjoy yourself over them, singing most of the time, and hugging your excellent poverty like a philosopher. And all this makes you healthy and strong of body; and able to endure the cold; for toil is a whetstone to your activity, and enables you to make formidable resistance to what all others find invincible ills. You may be very sure that none of the awkward diseases which attack the men you envy will assail you; but, if you happen to be overtaken by a slight fever, you will give it its way for a bit, and in no time you will be jumping out of bed, and shaking off your indisposition; while the fever flies from you hastily and in terror when he sees you inured to cold, and that you can utter a string of imprecations against doctors' visits. There is no end to the ills which befall those who are made wretched by their intemperance, gouts and consumptions, affections of the lungs, and dropsies. This is what comes of those magnificent dinners. And so some of them are like Icarus, and raise themselves to a height, and then, when they are close to the

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sun, forget that their wings were fastened with wax, and accordingly every now and then tumble into the sea, head first, making a loud splash; and there are others who like Dædalus, with thoughts neither lofty nor grand, keep pretty close to earth (indeed the wax on their wings is sometimes wetted by the sea water); but these, on the whole, enjoy a safe flight.

MIC. You here describe some good, sensible folk.

AL. Well, what shipwreck the rest of the world makes you can see for yourself, Micyllus, as well as the discredit brought on them—a Cræsus stripped of his feathers, making mirth for Persians as he mounts the funeral pile—or a Dionysius, his principedom sunk before his eyes, turning schoolmaster at Corinth, where all may gaze at him teaching little boys their letters, for no less is his descent from that great sovereignty.

MIC. Tell me, my good cock, of yourself. Now, when you were a king—you say you were that among other things—how did you find that life in the other days? Were you altogether happy in the possession of this crowning blessing of all, whatever it is?

AL. I beg of you, Micyllus, not to take me back to those times. I was so absolutely miserable; for, though it was the time when, as you said, I was thought to be blessed above all with every material happiness, in my secret heart I was haunted by distressing thoughts without number that I could never banish.

MIC. What were they like? That which you tell me is most extraordinary, incredible even.

AL. The country I ruled, Micyllus, was no small one,

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and very productive. It was in the highest degree worthy of admiration, whether you considered its large population or the splendour of its cities, the navigable rivers that watered it, or the harbourage its sea-board afforded. I had a considerable army, and a well-disciplined force of cavalry. My body-guard was not small, and I had ships, to say nothing of treasure to an incalculable amount. Chased gold there was without stint, and the pomp of power raised to the pitch of extravagance in all its various forms. What wonder that, when I went out, the masses worshipped me, and thought it was a god they were looking at, while they pressed one upon another as they ran in crowds to gaze on me! Some even mounted the roofs, and thought it a high privilege to have a distinct view of my chariot, my cloak, or my crown, the escort which preceded me, or the train which followed me. But I was deeply conscious of the many things that distressed and tortured me, and, while I excused them for their ignorance, I pitied myself for being like one of those great colossuses of Phidias, Myron, or Praxiteles. For they, too, have a very splendid outside. Each of them is a Poseidon or a Zeus carrying a thunder-bolt, or lightning, or a trident in his right hand; and his clothing is wrought of gold and ivory. But what do you see when you stoop down and look inside? Why, bolts and rivets and nails driven through the heart of them; and, besides these, beams and wedges and pitch and clay, and a whole heap of that sort of ugliness making a home for itself below. I spare you the swarm of flies and other vermin that have established themselves there

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with full privileges as residents. The portion of a king is not unlike what I have described.

MIC. I have yet to be informed of what is meant by the clay, the bolts, and the rivets—what is their nature? and that general ugliness—what is it? To drive out and be the cynosure of all eyes, to command thousands and be adored with divine honours is truly represented by your simile of the colossus. For, in this magnificence also, there is something superhuman. But now come to the inside of the colossus.

AL. What am I to begin with, Micyllus? There are the fears, and the scares—suspicions and the dislike of your associates, to say nothing of plots. There is the short sleep, and that only half real, which such a state of things leaves you; your dreams are all disturbed, your thoughts are all entangled, your expectations only of coming evil. Or shall I tell you of the incessant business—negotiations, hearing of cases, foreign expeditions, the orders to be given, the treaties to be signed, the calculations to be made? Such things make it impossible even in dreams to enjoy any pleasure; for in what demands your careful examination, you are responsible for the whole community, and there is no end to your harassing cares—

For even Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
His many cares did rob of slumber sweet;

but all his Achæan subjects could snore to their heart's content! Then the Lydian is troubled by a deaf and dumb son, and the Persian by Clearchus levying troops for Cyrus, and Dionysius by Dion making private

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communications to certain Syracusans; and the Great man is stung by the praises of Parrenio, and Ptolemy is a dread to Perdicas, and Seleucus to Ptolemy. But I must not forget the other kinds of trouble, when the friend you love only stays with you by compulsion, and your mistress prefers another; or when the news comes that some of your subjects are meditating revolt, and some of your body-guard (not more than two or four) are seen whispering together; but the worst thing of all is the serious necessity for suspecting your nearest and dearest, and always imagining that some danger is threatening you from them. Why, don't you hear of one man poisoned by his son, and another by the very friend of his love, while a third perhaps is overtaken by death, in a form no less terrible?

Mic. Have done, my good cock! What you describe is appalling; for me, at least, it is far safer to stoop over my shoemaking than to drink a toast from a golden cup drugged with hemlock or aconite. Of course, I have my dangers. If my awl should slip, and fail to pierce straight, I should wound my fingers and make them bleed a little. But the people you describe have death set before them at their banquets, and countless horrors clustering round their board as well. And again, in the day of their fall, they remind me of nothing so much as the actors in a tragedy. Numbers of these you may see personifying Cecrops, say, or Sisyphus, or Telephus, wearing crowns and ivory-hilted swords, and hair hanging low on their foreheads, and a cloak with gold embroidery; but if one of them falls into some hole in the middle

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of the stage—an accident by no means uncommon—of course he becomes an object of ridicule to the spectators. His mask, crown and all, is crushed. It is his own and not his tragedy head that is dabbled with blood, and he shows a great piece of bare leg; and the result is we can see the ragged clothing underneath in all its pitifulness, and the very clumsy way in which his buskins are fastened—those buskins so ill-proportioned to his feet! Observe, most excellent cock, how soon you have taught me the art of constructing similes. Well, sovereignty as you saw it, is something like this. But, when you were changed into a dog, a horse, a fish, or a frog, how did you like that sort of life?

AL. This is too large a question for you to be opening up, and not suited to the present occasion; but I may say, generally, that there is no form of life that did not seem to me easier to support than the life of man; all the others were happily limited, and knew of nothing but natural desires and natural needs. You would not find among the animals an extortionate horse, a slanderous frog, or a casuistical jackdaw, a gnat of dainty appetite, or a cock of loose morals, or any of the other vices you see in your kind.

Mic. This, my cock, is perhaps true, but I am not ashamed to tell you what it is I feel; I cannot get rid of the yearning I have had from childhood to become a rich man; indeed, my dream stands still before my eyes, pointing to golden coin; and, above all, it suffocates me to think of the luxurious life of that abominable Simo, and his enjoyment of all his good things.

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AL. I will cure you, Micyllus. As it is still night, get up and follow me. I will take you into the very presence of that Simo, and into the houses of all other rich men, and you shall see how things go with them.

MIC. How can you do that when the doors are shut—if, that is, you don't mean to make a house-breaker of me, among other things?

AL. Nothing of the kind. Only Hermes, to whose service I am dedicated, gave me this peculiar privilege. If any one takes the longest feather in my tail, the one which is so soft and delicate that it droops down —

MIC. You have two like this.

AL. Well, I am telling you that whomsoever I permit to pull out the right one of these two, he, if he keeps it, can during my pleasure open every door and see everything without being seen himself.

MIC. I never knew, my cock, that you added magic to your other gifts. Now, if you once grant me this favour, you shall see all Simo's property carried over here in no time; I will go into his house and remove it. And he shall go back to stretching shoe-leather, and gnawing it for hunger.

AL. This is absolutely forbidden; for Hermes' orders were that, if the man with a feather treated any one in this way, I was to cry out and expose him.

MIC. I can't believe this. Hermes is a thief himself, and won't grudge the rest of the world adopting his methods. Let us depart, however; I will try and keep my hands off the gold—if I can.

AL. First, Micyllus, pluck out the feather. What is

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the meaning of this? you have pulled them both out!

MIC. It is safer so, dear cock, and the result will be less disfiguring to you; for then you won't limp from the loss on one side of your tail.

AL. Never mind. Shall we go first to Simo, or to some other rich man?

MIC. Let us go nowhere else; let us go to Simo, for he presumes, now he is a rich man, to spell his name with four syllables instead of two. Here we are at the doors. What is the next thing I have to do?

AL. Put the feather in the lock.

MIC. Look there! By Hercules! It opens the door as well as a key.

AL. Go in front and lead the way. Do you see he is awake, and making calculations?

MIC. I should think I did, by heaven! And the wick he is working by gives a dull, starved light; something, too, makes him pale, my cock; his skin is all dry, and he is wasted away. His anxieties must have done that for him, for I never heard of his being ill in any other way.

AL. Listen to what he is saying. It will tell you why he is in this condition.

SIM. Yes, I buried those seventy talents quite safely under the bed, no one in the world saw me; but those sixteen I hid in the manger, Sosylus, the groom, I believe saw me hiding; and that, though as a rule he is not very careful about the stables in other ways, and not fond of work. I expect they have carried off far more than this,

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or how else could Tibius have cooked himself such a large dish of salt fish, or bought his wife an earring costing five good drachmas, as I was told he did yesterday? What a miserable man I am! they are running through all that belongs to me. I don't even think my plate (there is such a lot of it) is safely stored. At any rate, I am nervously afraid of somebody digging under my wall and stealing it. Numbers are jealous of me and plotting against me, and my neighbour Micyllus as much as any of them.

Mic. Upon my word, you are near the truth! I am preparing to imitate you, and go off with the cooking pots under my arm.

AL. Be quiet, Micyllus! do not reveal our presence.

SIM. I am sure the best thing is to leave oneself no sleep, and to keep watch over them. I will get up and go all round the house. Who is there? Yes, I see you, you burglar! No, thank heaven! it is all right. The burglar is only a door post after all. I will dig up the gold, and count it over again, for fear something has recently escaped my notice. There! another noise! I could swear that it sounded just over me! I live in a state of siege now, every one is plotting against me. Where is my dagger? If I catch any fellow! Well! I must bury the gold again.

AL. Such is Simo's life, Micyllus, you see! and now let us visit some one else while there is still some portion of the night left.

Mic. Oh, the miserable wretch! What a life he leads! May my enemies have their wealth after this fashion!

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I am quite ready to depart, only first I must knock him over the head.

SIM. Who struck me? The robbers are on me! I am doomed to be their prey!

MIC. Howl away, and stick to your watch, and make your complexion as pale as your gold, for ever pining over it. And now if you please let us visit Gnipho, the money lender; he lives quite close. This door, too, opens for us.

AL. You observe that he also is having a wakeful time, dwelling on his cares, reckoning up his interest with those calculating fingers of his, already dry and skinny. He will presently have to leave all this behind him, and become a grub, a mosquito, or a dog-fly.

MIC. It is a miserable, foolish fellow that I see, living a life that even now is little better than the grub's or mosquito's; but how completely he is worn out by his calculations! let us go to some one else.

AL. Let it be your friend Eucrates; now, see, this door too is open, so let us enter!

MIC. A short while back all this belonged to me!

AL. Are you still dreaming of your wealth? Yet, do you not see how it fares with Eucrates?

.
Tell me now, would you choose, Micyllus, to inherit this property, if all must be with you as it is with Eucrates?

MIC. By no means, my good cock. May I be starved to death first! Farewell to golden coin! good-bye to dinners! I would sooner have my wealth measured by

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a couple of obols than be insulted in this way by my servants.

AL. Well, now, it is day—the time is just about the whitening of the dawn ; let us go home to our house, and the rest, Micyllus, you shall see another day.

THE SHIP ; OR, THE WISHES

LUCIAN. Did I not say a vulture would sooner overlook his spoils among the dead, though they lay out upon the road, than Timolaus miss an unusual sight? He would not miss it though he had to go to Corinth for it, and run all the way without taking breath. Yes, you do love a spectacle, and never spare yourself for such pleasures.

TIMOLAUS. Why, what would you have, Lucian? I had nothing to do, and I was told of this monster vessel of extraordinary proportions putting in at the Piræus. She is one of the Egyptian corn ships, and bound for Italy. I am pretty certain that both of you, Samippus and yourself, left the city with no other object than to see the vessel.

LUC. Quite true, and Adeimantus of Myrrinus came with us. I don't know, though, where he is now, for he wandered off among the crowd of spectators. We came together as far as the ship, and we were in the act of going on board. You went first, I think, Samippus, and next to you was Adeimantus, and I came after him, clinging to him with both hands; he escorted me the whole length of the gangway, and handed me up, though I had sandals on, and he had none; but after

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that, I never set eyes on him again, either on board, or after we came ashore.

SAMIPPUS. Do you remember, Lucian, where he left us? It was, I think, just when that handsome youth came forward from the cabin—the youth who had a dress of fine linen, and his hair tied up and drawn back from both sides of his forehead. I think I know Adeimantus, and I believe that the sight of this pretty fellow made him bid a long good-bye to the shipwright, though he was then taking us round the ship; and that he is now standing by the Egyptian shedding the customary tear; for our friend's admirations always end in tears.

LUC. Samippus, I did not think that young fellow so very handsome, not handsome enough to strike Adeimantus. Think of all the fine young fellows who are in his train at Athens—all young gentlemen of lively speech, with the very breath of athletic vigour in them! In such company the tear of sentiment is not unbecoming. Now the lad you speak of, besides his black skin, had protruding lips and spindle legs, and there was something thick and slovenly about his voluble speech—he did talk Greek, but the sound of it and the tone of his voice showed his nationality. His hair too, making a coil behind, pronounces him something less than a gentleman.

TIM. His hair, Lucian, is a sign of Egyptian high rank—all well-born youths have it twisted up till their manhood begins. It is just the opposite of our ancestors' fashion. They thought old men should have long hair,

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and fasten it up in a knot secured by a golden grasshopper.

SAM. Good Timolaus—you won't let us forget our Thucydides—you are quoting what he says in the preface about our ancient ideas of luxury¹ surviving in Ionia through those who took part in the first colonies.

TIM. Now, Samippus, I recall the place where Adeimantus deserted us. It was where we stood a long while by the mast looking up, counting the layers of hides, and wondering at the sailors as they mounted by the ropes, and then with perfect safety ran along the yards holding on to the halliards.

SAM. True. Now, what are we to do about this—wait for him? Or do you want me to go back to the ship?

TIM. Certainly not. Let us go on; very likely he has gone tearing off to the city, being unable to find us. But, any way, Adeimantus knows the road, and even without us cannot go astray.

LUC. It is perhaps impolite to go off by ourselves and leave a friend. However, we may walk on if Samippus approves.

SAM. I quite approve; for we may possibly find the wrestling school open—but let me remark, by the way, what a ship that is! One hundred and twenty feet long, the shipwright said, and thirty broad, or thereabouts; and from the deck to the bottom of the hold, when he measured it in the deepest part, twenty-nine! Then, again, what a mast she has! And how huge a yard she

¹ Adopting the reading of Fritzsche, *θεῖον καὶ . . . συναπῆκισαν*, with comma after *εἶπεν*.

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carries, and what a stay it requires to hold it up in its place! With what a gentle curve her stern rises, finished with a "goose-neck" all of gold! At the other end, in just proportion, the prow stands up, lengthening itself out as it gets forward, and showing the ship's name, the "Goddess Isis," on either side. Without going into details, all its other perfections seem to me marvellous. The decorations and the flame-coloured fore-sail; and beyond these the anchor with the windlass and capstan; and I must not omit the stern cabins. Then the number of souls would make one think it was a camp. We were told it carried enough corn to feed all the people of Athens for a year. And all we saw had so far been carried safe and sound by a little old man, using a slight tiller to turn that huge rudder. They showed him to me—a bald-pated fellow with a fringe of curly hair, Hero, I think, by name.

TIM. The passenger told me of his marvellous seamanship; in all seafaring matters he out-Proteused Proteus in skill. Did you hear how he brought his ship home, and of all they went through on the voyage, or how the star guided them to safety?

LUC. No, Timolaus; but to hear it now would greatly charm me.

TIM. The captain told it me all himself—an honest fellow, and good company. Seven days after leaving the Pharos they sighted Cape Acamas without meeting with any very severe weather. Then the west wind proving contrary they were swept across as far as Sidon; and after Sidon they fell in with a heavy gale; and on the tenth

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day came to the Chelidonian Islands, passing through the Channel, where they had a narrow escape of going down, every man of them. I know what that is, for I once passed the Chelidonians myself, and remember how high the sea runs there, especially when the wind is in the south-west, and backing south. For the result of this is that the Pamphylian Gulf is cut in two by the Lycian Sea, and the wave is split up by endless cross currents at the promontory, the rocks there being sheer and worn sharp by the wash of water, so that the surf becomes really formidable and the roar overpowering, and, indeed, the wave (not infrequently) is full as large as the rock it strikes. This, the captain said, was what they were surprised by in the midst of night and literal darkness; but, he added, the gods were moved with pity at their cries, and revealed to them from the Lycian coast the light of a fire, so that they knew where they were; and at the same time a bright star, one of the Twins, took his place at the mast head, guiding the ship to the left towards the open sea just as it was bearing down on the rock. After that, having once fallen off from their true course, they at length succeeded in crossing the *Ægean*, and beating up in the teeth of the *Etesian* winds, only yesterday, seventy days out from Egypt, put in at the *Piræus*. They had so long been off their course in the lower seas that they missed doing what they should have done, keeping *Crete* on the right and steering past *Malea*. Otherwise they would have been in *Italy* by this time.

LUC. Your *Hero* is indeed a marvel of a pilot, or rather ✓

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a comrade of Nereus, so long was he off the track. But what have we here? Is not that Adeimantus yonder?

TIM. Unquestionably it is his very self! Let us call to him. Adeimantus, son of Strombichus, of the town of Myrrhinus, I hail you. He must either be displeased with us, or he has turned deaf, for Adeimantus it is, and no one else.

LUC. I recognise him quite clearly now, his dress and his walk and his close-cut hair. Let us force the pace and overtake him. Adeimantus, if we don't seize hold of you and turn you round, you won't listen to our entreaties. You seem in deep and serious contemplation, and it is no slight or trivial thing, I fancy, that you are pondering on.

ADEIMANTUS. It is no hard question, Lucian, that I am busied with, only an idle thought which stole into my mind as I walked along. But this was what prevented my hearing you, for all my thinking powers were intently absorbed in it.

LUC. And the thought was —? Pray don't grudge it to us, unless it is one of the most solemn of secrets. And yet we have had our initiation, as you know, and learnt to contain ourselves.

AD. Well, I am ashamed to tell you. You would find my reflections so childish.

LUC. Have they a flavour of love about them? Not even here shall we be found among the uninitiated, if you will give us a trial. Our torch burnt brightly, and we went through the full mystical rites.

AD. Nothing of the kind, my good friend. I only

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devised for myself a sort of treasure ; a visionary Island of the Blest, the ancients called it. You came upon me in the height of my luxurious abundance.

LUC. Then here is the simplest thing alive. Hermes bids all go shares, as the proverb says, so bring out your wealth, and put it down before us all. As his friends, it is only right we should get our share of Adeimantus' splendours.

AD. You deserted me on our first entry into the ship, after I put you, Lucian, on board safe and sound. You vanished somewhere just when I was measuring the thickness of the anchor. Though I had seen everything, I must needs stop to ask one of the sailors what was the average return to the owner from the ship's cargo. "Twelve Attic talents," he replied, "is the lowest figure, if you like to reckon it that way." After that, I came back, and made a calculation of my own. Suppose some god should suddenly give me the ship ; had he done so, what a life, what a blessed life, I should have led from that time forward—a life all spent in the service of my friends ! I should sometimes make the voyage myself, and sometimes put my servants in charge of the ship. By this time, too, the twelve talents would have built me a house in a nice place, a little beyond the Stoa. And I should have quitted the paternal dwelling on the banks of the Ilissus. I should have bought servants and clothes, carriages and horses. At the moment you found me I was, of course, on board, with every passenger congratulating me on my good fortune, and the sailors regarding me not merely as a formidable person, but as little less

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than their sovereign. I was still directing all the business of the ship, and had my eye on the harbour, now but a short way off, when you, Lucian, sunk my cargo of riches. She was still running before the prosperous gale my wish gave me, when she was overset by you.

Luc. Come then, my noble friend, arrest me and take me before the magistrate; charge me as a pirate or a wrecker, the cause of this disastrous shipwreck, and that too while I stood on shore, or rather on the road from the Piræus to the city. But mark the consolation I have to offer for your calamity; accept on the instant five ships if you will, all finer and larger than the Egyptian, and incapable of sinking, for that is the most important point about them, and let them with all expedition consign your cargo of corn from Egypt five times a year. All the same, my worthy captain, we shall find you by that time past all bearing. You were deaf to our appeals when you only owned this single ship; what if you got five more, all full-rigged and indestructible? After that you will naturally not even look at your friends. Continue your happy voyage, my dear sir, while we sit down in the Piræus, questioning the returned voyagers from Italy or Egypt. "Has any one sighted the 'Ibis' anywhere," we shall say, "Adeimantus' great ship?"

Ad. Now, you see why I was so slow to tell you of my fancy. I knew my wish would be an occasion of mirth and jest. So I will wait a bit till you have gone on; and then I will get on board and sail away. I like chattering to sailors better than listening to your sarcasms.

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LUC. No, no; we will not have this—we mean to go on board with you.

AD. Then I will go forward and remove the ship's ladder.

LUC. Well, at least we shall swim by your side. Do not think it is a simple matter to get such big ships without buying or building them, while no divine favours are to be conferred upon us. Are we not to ask for the power to swim a number of miles without being tired? And yet it was only the other day that we all went to Ægina to be present at Hecate's rites. You remember, surely, what a little boat it was that took you and all your friends across at the cost of a few obols. You did not then find our company disagreeable, though now you resent our proposal to go on board with you, even threatening to go before us and take away the ladder. Adeimantus, 'tis a rank offence, this pride of yours; 'tis an evil omen, but you do not care to avert it—you do not know yourself, now you are a captain. The building of your house in a nice quarter of the city, and the number of your retinue, has upset you. But in the name of Isis, dear sir, I entreat you not to forget to bring us back something from Egypt; those little dried fish from the Nile, or scent from Canopus, or an Ibis from Memphis, or, if your ship would stand it, one of the pyramids.

TIM. We have jested enough, Lucian. You see how you have made Adeimantus blush, drowning his ship in your flood of laughter till it is water-logged, and can no longer resist the rush of water. And I have another thing to say. As we have still a long way to go to the

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city, let us divide that way into four portions, and, for the distance that falls to each man's share, let him ask the gods to give him all his desires. In this way we should feel least tired, and shall enjoy ourselves as much as if we had been granted the most delightful dream—a dream to cheer us while we were disposed to be so cheered. The scale of each man's dream rests with himself, and we must assume the gods ready to provide us with everything, however improbable in the nature of things. My proposal (and this is the most valuable thing about it) will be a means of showing which of us could best use the wealth his wish is to give him; he will at least reveal what sort of man wealth would have made of him.

SAM. Good, Timolaus. I agree, and at the proper time I will put my thought and my wish into words. Whether Adeimantus approves I do not even propose to ask, for he has one foot still in the ship; but Lucian is sure to like the proposal as much as myself.

LUC. Well, let us be rich if that is the right thing to be, for I am afraid of being credited with the evil eye in the midst of the general prosperity.

AD. And who is to begin?

LUC. You, Adeimantus. Next after you our friend here, Samippus; and then Timolaus; and I, for the short hundred yards before the Double Gate, will proceed with my own wish; but only in such a cursory way as the time admits of.

AD. Well, I will still keep to my ship, but with your permission I will put a little more into my wish, and

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may Hermes, giver of gain, refuse me nothing! Let me have the ship, and let all in it be mine—the cargo, the merchants, the women, the sailors, and every other most delightful possession.

SAM. There is that in the ship in which you are bound up, but you have not named it.

AD. You mean my long-haired page, Samippus. Well, be it so; he too is to be mine. Whatever the size of the wheat cargo on board, I would have the whole amount turned into coined gold—into so many darics.

LUC. How now, Adeimantus! your ship will sink, for there is a difference in weight between wheat and the same amount of gold.

AD. Don't be envious, Lucian; when it's your turn to wish, you have free leave to turn Mount Parnes yonder into solid gold and keep it, without a cavilling word from me.

LUC. But it was thinking of your safety made me dwell on this, to keep you and your company from perishing, gold and all. For us, indeed, the case is not serious; but your handsome page will be choked and drowned, for he does not know how to swim, poor wretch.

TIM.- Never fear, Lucian, the dolphins will dive for him and bring him to shore. If a lute-player was saved by them and received his reward for singing, and if there was brought to the Isthmus in the same way the corpse of another youth on a dolphin's back, do you think Adeimantus' page (his newest purchase) will be at a loss for an admiring dolphin?

AD. Timolaus, are you in your turn copying Lucian

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and adding jests of your own, and that too after making yourself master of the ceremonies ?

TIM. We should have done better to make the thing more plausible. Say you found a treasure under your bed, and then you won't be bothered with shifting your gold from the ship to the city.

AD. A good suggestion. Let the treasure be dug up under the stone Hermes I have in my hall. It is not less than a thousand bushels of coined gold. We must begin at once with the house ; that is the first thing, as Hesiod says. With a view of living in the most splendid style, I long ago bought up all the ground in the outskirts of the city,¹ except the hilly parts, rich in nothing but stones and wild thyme. At Eleusis I shall want the coast district, and a few places near the Isthmus for the games, in case I should stay over the Isthmian festival. I shall want the Sicyonian plain, and, speaking generally, every well-wooded, well-watered, or fruit-bearing district in Greece. To be brief, they must all belong to Adeimantus. Of course, we must have gold plate for the table, but our cups must not be light like Echecrates' cups ; they must each be two talents weight.

LUC. Then, how will your cup-bearer hand round so heavy a cup when it is full ? When he offers it to you will you have no difficulty in taking it from him ? It will be no cup, it will be the stone of Sisyphus.

AD. My good fellow, don't pull my wish to pieces ; I shall make my tables all of gold, and my beds, and, if you won't be quiet, my servants as well.

¹ Reading *πλήν ὄσα θύμον καὶ λίθοι* with Fritzsche.

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Luc. Beware of copying Midas, and having your food and drink turned to gold. Perhaps you may die miserably in the midst of your wealth, and perish by luxurious starvation.

Ad. When your asking comes on, Lucian, a little later, you shall arrange your wishes more plausibly. Besides the things I have mentioned, I shall have purple raiment, and the most luxurious style of living, and enjoy sleep for just so long as sleep is most delightful. I shall have friends greeting me, and asking favours of me, and every one humbly conciliating or else adoring me. In the morning some will walk up and down at my door, the exquisites Cleænetus and Democritus being of the number; and, when they come up and claim admittance before the rest, my hall porters (huge barbarians, seven in number, standing before the doors) must at once slam them in their faces; for this is the sort of treatment they now give to others. And when I think proper, I shall put my head out, peering forth like the sun; but some of the visitors I shall not even look at. But as soon as any poor man comes, some one as poor as I was before I found my treasure, I shall greet him affectionately, and invite him to come, after his bath, to supper at the usual hour. The rich shall choke with envy, seeing my carriages, horses, and handsome slaves. Of these there will be as many as two thousand, boyhood and manhood in all their various perfection. Then I shall have a gold service for dinner—silver will be nothing accounted of, it will be beneath me. Spain shall send me salt fish, and Italy wine; oil, too, I shall have from Spain, but

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virgin honey our own country must supply. I must ransack every place for dishes. I must have boar and I must have hare. Then, for birds, there will be pheasant from the Phasis, and peacock from India, nor must I omit the African fowl. The cooks who prepare my dainties will be special artists in made dishes and sauces. If I ask for a goblet or a cup to drink a health, he who drinks to me must accept the cup and take it away. The rich will be Homer's beggars compared with me; and Dionysius will no longer make a display of his silver salver, or of his cup in the procession, certainly not when he sees my servants quite as familiar with silver as he is. And these would be the favours the city would enjoy at my hands: there would be my bounties every month, one hundred drachmæ to a citizen, and half that sum to any resident foreigner. The city would have baths and theatres of marvellous beauty; the sea would reach as far as the Double Gate, and my harbour would be there; for the waters would be brought up by a huge canal, so that my ship could be moored quite close, and I could see it from the Ceramicus. For my friends there would be presents. My steward would have instructions to pay out to Samippus twenty bushels of coined gold, five small measures to Timolaus, and one to Lucian, and that a short allowance, because he talks too much and makes fun of my wishes. Here is the life I am wishing to lead, with wealth in excess, luxury, and unstinted enjoyment of every sort of pleasure. My wish is before you, and may Hermes help me to see it fulfilled!

Luc. Have you considered, Adeimantus, how slender

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is the thread on which you have hung all this wealth, or that the moment it breaks, all is gone, and your treasure will turn to ashes?

AD. What do you mean, Lucian?

LUC. This, good creature; you have no notion how long you will live with your wealth. Who can tell, in the very moment of your golden table being set out, or ever you have reached out a hand for your plate, or had a taste of your peacock or African fowl, whether you will not puff away your wretched little life, and depart, leaving all your delicacies to the vultures and the crows? Would you like me to go over the sudden deaths which stop the enjoyment of wealth; or to tell of some who, even in their life-time, were stripped of all they had by some power who casts a malignant glance on such heights of fortune? You have heard of Cræsus and Polycrates, I suppose, and how they made themselves far richer than you would be, and yet how quickly they were deprived of all their blessings. And if I spare you these, do you think your health can be guaranteed to you with any security? Do you not see many of the rich to whom suffering gives a life of misery—some unable to walk, some blind, some afflicted with an internal malady? I am very sure, without your telling me, that you would not choose to be twice as rich as your wish makes you at the price of that which the wealthy Phanomachus endures, or of seeing yourself crippled as he is. I will not trouble you with the plots which dog the rich man, or the robbers; I say nothing of the jealousy and hatred which the crowd feels. Do you see now

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the sort of trouble which your treasure prepares for you!

AD. Lucian, you are always thwarting me, and now I won't give you even the one measure of gold I promised you, since you persist to the last in reviling my wish.

LUC. This is the rich man all over, making a promise and then taking it back again. Come along, Samippus, wish away.

SAM. Now it is my turn, and remember I am from the mainland, being, as you know, an Arcadian of Mantinea; and I am not going to ask to have a ship made over to me, because I cannot display it to my fellow-countrymen, nor will I have any paltry dealings with the gods and require from them a treasure, and coin measured out exactly. Everything is in their power, even the privileges we reckon highest; indeed, the conditions of our wish, as laid down by Timolaus, bid us ask for anything without diffidence, and assume that in no case will they refuse. I desire then to see myself a king, not of the type of Alexander, Philip's son, or Ptolemy, or Mithridates, or any other that held sway, thanks to the royal inheritance his father bequeathed to him. No! I should like to begin with buccaneering. Let my friends and sworn comrades number some thirty, but all men of an enthusiastic loyalty. Then let me be joined gradually by one after another till they number three hundred. Subsequently they might rise to a thousand, and in no long time to ten thousand. Eventually my whole force might reach fifty thousand heavy infantry,

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and five thousand cavalry. I am their chief, preferred by them to the command, and polling all their votes, because they think me the man most capable of leading, and managing affairs. And this sole circumstance entitles me to rank above all other things ; it is my personal qualities that make my army elect me their commander. I do not succeed to any inheritance, nor in receiving my kingdom do I enter into another's labours. To do this would be no better than Adeimantus' treasure, and there is not the same degree of pleasure in such a position as there is in seeing yourself possessed of permanent sovereignty by your own unaided efforts.

LUC. Good gracious, Samippus ! this is no trifle ; your petition is for the very crown of all good things. You are to command all these troops, and all because your fifty thousand can nowhere find your equal. Mantinea could not know she was breeding such a marvel of a prince and a general ; but go on with your kingship, the command of your soldiers, and the marshalling of your cavalry, and "all the shield-covered heroes". I want to know the marching orders of all your great host from Arcadia, or the name of the wretched people you first propose to invade.

SAM. Listen, Lucian. Nay, join our expedition if you will. I will give you command of the five thousand—the cavalry, I mean.

LUC. Well, my prince, I am grateful for the honour, and I will bow in the Persian fashion and make adoration before you, clasping my two hands behind me, saluting the erect stiffness of your turban surmounted by the

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crown. But make one of your stout-hearted fellows your general of cavalry; for I am strangely unfamiliar with horses, and, indeed, have never in my life before been across a horse. This makes me afraid lest the bugle should sound for the onset, and I should be thrown off and trampled down in the crowd under all those hoofs. Or, again, I might have a spirited horse, and he might take the bit between his teeth and run away with me into the middle of the enemy; or possibly I shall have to be tied to the saddle if I am meant to stay on and keep a hold on my bridle.

AD. Samippus, I will command your cavalry; let Lucian have the right wing. And I have a right to claim the greatest of favours from you, after presenting you with all those bushels of coined gold.

SAM. Then let us ask your squadron, Adeimantus, if they consent to your being made their general. My horsemen, any of you who desires Adeimantus as his commander is to hold up his hand.

AD. I have polled every vote, Samippus, as your own eyes can bear witness.

SAM. Well, Adeimantus, command your cavalry, and let Lucian take the right wing. Timolaus here we will post on the left. I shall occupy the centre, according to the practice of the Persian kings when they accompanied their troops in person. And let us at once set forward through the mountainous district along the road to Corinth, after first making our vows to Zeus, the saviour of kings. Having by this time reduced all the powers in Greece—for with troops like ours we shall

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have no opposition, and our victory involves no effort—let us go on board our triremes and embark our horses on the horse transports. Stores in abundance are ready at Cenchreæ, and a fleet quite adequate for our purpose, besides everything else. Let us now cross the Ægean to Ionia, and when there, let us sacrifice in the next place to Artemis; and after capturing the cities without difficulty, for none of them are fortified, let us proceed to Syria, leaving governors behind us. We shall have to pass first through Caria, then through Lycia and Pamphylia, and the Pisidians, the seaboard, and the mountains of Cilicia, before we arrive at the Euphrates.

LUC. Be so good, my prince, as to leave me satrap of Greece, for I am not brave, and should not support with pleasure a long absence from my friends at home. If I am not mistaken, you intend to march against the Armenians, and the Parthians,¹ both warlike tribes, and deadly in the use of the bow. So hand over the right wing to somebody else, and leave me, like another Antipater, to govern Greece; for fear some fellow should reach my exposed side, and pierce my wretched body with an arrow, just when I am heading the column, somewhere near Bactra or Susa.

SAM. You are a coward, Lucian, and are shirking service. We are accustomed to cut a man's head off, should he be detected deserting his post. But now we are at the Euphrates, and have thrown a bridge over

¹ Fritzsche decides the date of this dialogue by Lucian's reference to a threatened Parthian war, circ. 160 B.C.

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the river. Behind us all the country we have crossed is secure, and every place is controlled by satraps, introduced by me into every tribe. In the meanwhile, some are gone off to bring Phœnicia under our sway, others to reduce Palestine, and after that Egypt. So now, Lucian, go over and take the right wing with you. And I will follow next, and after me Timolaus. And, Adeimantus, do you bring up the cavalry to cover all. In our passage through Mesopotamia, so far no one has withstood us. The men preferred to put themselves and their citadels voluntarily into our hands. When we came to Babylon we penetrated to our surprise right within the walls, and are now in possession of the city. The king was residing near Ctesiphon when he heard of our approach. Then he went on to Seleucia, and is there making his preparations, sending for as many cavalry as possible, besides archers and slingers. Our scouts, however, tell us that of their fighting strength they have already got together about a million, including two hundred thousand mounted archers—notwithstanding that the Armenians have not yet arrived, nor the contingents from the Caspian, nor the Bactrians. The muster as yet only includes near neighbours and the suburbs of the empire; with so little trouble did he assemble this million. Now, then, is the moment for considering necessary measures.

AD. Well, I think the infantry should move along the road to Ctesiphon, and we (the cavalry, I mean) should stay here to protect Babylon.

SAM. Do you too, Adeimantus, want to play the coward

THE SHIP

the moment you get near danger? And what say you, Timolaus?

TIM. All your force should advance against the enemy, nor should you wait until they are better prepared for you by the coming in of their allies from every quarter. No! we should attack the enemy while they are still on the road.

SAM. Excellent! Now for your opinion, Lucian.

LUC. I will put it before you. We are all tired by a journey without a break; for we got down early to the Piræus, and have now gone on for nearly four miles. And, as it is pretty well mid-day, the sun is strong. I propose then that somewhere near here we should make our way to the olive trees, and, sitting down on the ruined column there, take a rest. After that we can rise and pursue the rest of our journey to the city.

SAM. Innocent creature! Do you think you are still at Athens? Why, you are close to Babylon in the plain before the walls! And the place where you sit is surrounded by all this crowd of soldiers debating about the war.

LUC. A good reminder! I fancied I was in my sober senses, and the opinion I was to give was not to be in defiance of them.

SAM. Well, we will advance if it is your pleasure, and see that you show yourselves worthy men in the hour of danger, and do no discredit to the national spirit, for the enemy are already overtaking us. Our watchword then must be Enyalios, the war god; and shouting your war-cry the moment the trumpeter gives the signal, and

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clashing your spears against your shields, make haste to close with your adversaries, and to get inside their bow shot, that we may let them give us their first volley without being the worse for it. After we engaged, the left with Timolaus routed their opponents; but those facing me are still making an equal fight of it, for they are Persians, with their king in the midst of them. The whole barbarian cavalry is now charging our right; so show yourself a man, Lucian, and appeal to your followers to stand their onset.

LUC. How hard a lot is mine! All the cavalry on me, and I supposed the only man worthy of their charge! If they press me hard, I am disposed to desert, and make for the wrestling school, leaving you still in the middle of your battle.

SAM. Never! Even you are doing your part in beating them. I, you observe, am preparing for a single combat with the king. He will challenge me, and in any case it is dishonourable for me to slink away.

LUC. You will get a wound too from him presently, upon my honour. Nothing, you know, better becomes a prince than to be wounded fighting for his crown.

SAM. True, I have a wound, but it is only on the surface, and not on any exposed part of the body, so the scar will not look unsightly afterwards. Only pray observe the way I bore down upon him, and with a single stroke, as I let drive my spear, transfixing his horse and himself. Now I have cut off his head and taken away his crown, and am at once become the King of the Persians, and am receiving the adoration of all my subjects. That

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adoration is becoming from the barbarians, but all of you I shall rule in the constitutional Greek manner and be styled your sole and single general. Then think of all the cities to be founded, which I shall call by my name, and all the others that I shall take by assault and raze to the ground—all, that is, who show disrespect to my sovereignty. But, above all, I shall visit with my vengeance my rich neighbour Cydias, who drove me from my estate when he lived near me, and, little by little, advanced within my landmarks.

LUC. Come to an end, Samippus, without further delay. It is high time you should enjoy the victor's banquet, after winning that splendid fight at Babylon; for the description of your sovereignty, I believe, was not to extend beyond six furlongs;¹ and Timolaus in his turn should now be asking for his heart's desire.

SAM. Well! but, Lucian, tell me your opinion of the things I have asked for.

LUC. Your wish, most admirable prince, is immeasurably more difficult to attain, and involves a far severer strain than that of Adeimantus. Consider the way he was living, handing his fellow-revellers golden cups of two talents weight, while you were being wounded in single combat, supporting fears and anxieties day and night. You were not only alarmed by terrors your enemies might cause you, but also by endless plots and jealousies proceeding from your associates, to say nothing of hatred and flattery, and the absence of any true friends. Nay, those you thought well affected, would be so in

¹ Reading *ἑκστῶν* with Fritzsche.

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view only of their fears or their hopes. You could not enjoy your pleasures even in your dreams; there would be nothing but empty honour, the purple robe spangled with gold, and the white ribbon round your forehead, the bodyguard ushering in your presence. All the rest would be intolerable toil and deep disgust. You must be doing business with your enemy's envoys, or passing sentences from the tribunal, or issuing orders to your subjects, and, of course, you will find either that some tribe has revolted, or that some of the outlying barbarians are invading you. For you, then, everything must be full of fears and suspicions; in a word, you can never think yourself happy, though it be the opinion of all the world beside. Indeed, I should like to put this further question to you. Can it be anything else than degrading to have the same illnesses as your humblest subjects, and to find that fever makes no distinction in your case for all your principedom; to see that death does not care for your bodyguard, but stands over you, and drags you off moaning at the moment it pleases him, without the shadow of respect for your crown? However lofty you once were, you are fallen now, pulled down from your kingly throne, and will travel the same road with the many; you will be shoved along in the crowd of corpses, and can claim no privilege above the rest; for all that you have left behind you on the earth above a lofty mound and a tall pillar, or a pyramid with the corners duly inscribed—pieces of ostentation quite past your date, and the date of your enjoyment. Yonder temples and statues, reared by the cities in their servility,

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are gradually sinking away, and your great name along with them, all vanishing in neglect ; and if they remain a long time, as long as such things can, what satisfaction are they after all sensation has passed from you ? You see what troubles you will have—a life of fears, anxieties and toils ; and you see too all that will be left to you after your departure. But now, Timolaus, it is your turn, and be sure you surpass the others, as we may reasonably expect in a man so intelligent, and so capable of taking the due measure of affairs.

TIM. I would at any rate, Lucian, have you to consider if there is anything to cavil at, anything a man could criticise, in the wish to which I shall give utterance. Of course, it will not be gold or treasures that I shall ask for, or bushels of coined money, or sovereignties with their wars and anxieties about empire—the ambitions you handled with reasonable severity. Such things savour of insecurity, the plots which come of them are numerous, and the bitter in them exceeds the sweet. No ! I want Hermes, if he falls in with me, to give me some rings—rings of such a quality that one will give me a continuance of bodily vigour, health, and freedom from accident or hurt of any kind ; another, like Gyges', that shall make its wearer invisible ; and another that shall give me physical strength, greater than that of ten thousand men, and enable me easily to support a burden which their united strength could hardly lift from the ground. And, besides, I must be able to rise a considerable height from the earth, and fly. For this too I shall want a ring ; and yet again, I must be able to

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entice to slumber as many as I like ; and every door must open when I approach, the bolt yielding, and the bar removing itself—let there be one ring securing to me both these powers. But now comes the most important thing of all : I must have a ring far more agreeable to me than all the rest, one to make the wearer secure of the admiring regard of charming youths and ladies—nay, of whole peoples. So that no one could escape being fond of me, and no one could be found who was not always talking of me and desiring my presence ; and this to such an extent that many women should hang themselves, finding their fondness too much for them ; and the youths be possessed with a raving enthusiasm till they think any one of their number blest on whom I cast a favourable look, while those are ready to die for sorrow who are lightly esteemed by me. In short, my attractiveness must surpass that of Hylas or Hyacinthus, or Phaon of Chios. And I must have all this for no short space of time, nor for a period measured by the scale of human life ; I must live on for a thousand years, with one spring of life succeeding another, casting my old age every seventy years like the serpents. If I have this I shall want for nothing ; for all that others have will be mine, as we saw, since I can open doors and throw watchmen into deep slumber, and be invisible as I enter. If there was any strange sight or valuable possession, or any pleasant food or drink, to be found among Hyperboreans or Indians, I should not have them sent for, but I should fly over there, and enjoy everything even to satiety. When there ap-

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peared the winged monster, the griffin, or among the Indians the bird called the Phœnix, which no one else has seen, I should have seen it; and to me only it would be given to know the sources of the Nile, and all the other uninhabited regions of the earth; and our Antipodes, whoever they are, that live in the southern hemisphere. Besides, what the stars are, and the moon, and the sun itself, that too I should know, nor would their bright flame injure me. And now I come to the most delightful thing of all. I should report the same day at Babylon the name of the Olympian victor; and I could breakfast, say, in Syria, and dine in Italy. If I had an enemy I could take vengeance on him, and from some invisible place drop a stone upon his head and crush his skull; while I could make my friends happy, scattering gold over them while they were asleep; but wherever there was a haughty person, or an insolent, wealthy tyrant, I would lift him up and carry him some two or three miles, and then let him fall from lofty crags. And the objects of my affection I could visit unhindered, entering their houses unseen, and casting a sleep upon every one else. What a thing too is this that I have bargained for—the sight of warring nations, beheld as I hovered over them beyond the reach of their arrows; and, if I chose, I would take the side of those who were defeated, and, overpowering the victors with sleep, I would give victory to the fugitives, and make them rally after their rout. To sum up, I would turn the life of men into amusement; everything, remember, is mine, and the

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whole world thinks me a god. Here is the very summit of bliss, unassailable by doom or plot ; and, best of all, the life which is to be mine is to be long, and health is never to desert it. What, Lucian, could you find to say against my wish ?

LUC. Nothing, my Timolaus. It is not quite safe to oppose a man endowed with the power of flying, and something more than the strength of ten thousand men. However, here is another point I shall put before you. Have you ever seen any one else, among all the tribes you flew over, already advanced in years so unsteady in mind—a man riding on a little ring and moving whole mountains with the tip of his finger, yet such that every one is enamoured of him, for all his bald head and snub nose. But tell me, why in the world will not one ring serve you for all this ? Are you to walk with all these on, your left hand loaded with rings, one for each finger ? Nay, they are too many for the left hand, and the right will have to go to its assistance. Not but what you want one more, and that the most vitally necessary ; one that, when you have got it on, shall stop your folly, and leave you cleansed of all this drivelling stuff ; or can hellebore do this for you, if you take it pretty strong ?

TIM. At all events, we shall now at last have your own wish, Lucian ; and so we shall learn what your askings are, which no one can cavil at or criticise—the wishes of the man who is so ready to misrepresent every one else.

LUC. *I don't need a wish. More than that, we have*

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come to the Double Gate, and our good Samippus is engaged in single combat near Babylon, and you, Timolaus, are breakfasting in Syria, and dining in Italy, and all my share of furlongs has been used up by you in the description of your happiness. Besides, I should be in no mood to accept riches for a short period (such unsubstantial riches too), and then presently to feel disgust at my dinner of herbs, with nothing to give it a relish. For that will be your fate presently, when your happiness and your wealth take to themselves wings and fly away; when you yourselves descend from treasures and crowns, like people awaked from the sweetest of dreams, and find your life at home something wholly different. You will be like those tragic actors who play the kings—the moment they leave the theatre they are for the most part starving wretches, though an hour or so before they were Agamemnons or Creons. The end will be, in all likelihood, that you will groan and be discontented;¹ you above all, Timolaus, when you discover that you are to share the fate of Icarus, and when you see your wings falling off, and yourself descending from the sky to the ground; there you must creep along, robbed of all these rings of yours, that the fingers can no longer hold. As for me, I have something worth all treasures, and Babylon itself—a mighty pleasant laugh over such wishes as yours, coming as they do from men who say they respect philosophy.

¹ Omitting τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς οἰκίας with Fritzsche.

THE PARASITE ; OR, PROFESSIONAL DINER-OUT.

TYCHIADES. What can be the reason, Simo, for the difference between you and the rest of the world? All of them, whether freemen or slaves, have a knowledge of some art which enables them to be of use to themselves and their fellows ; but you seem to have no occupation by which to further your own interests, or contribute to those of others.

SIMO. I have not yet grasped your question, Tychiades. Try to put it more clearly.

TY. Is there an art you are acquainted with ; music, for instance ?

SI. I have not a vestige of acquaintance with it.

TY. Well, medicine ?

SI. No, nor with medicine either.

TY. Geometry, perhaps ?

SI. None whatever.

TY. Can it be rhetoric? for, as for philosophy, you are as remote from it as vice is.

SI. More remote, if such a thing could be ; so don't think to reproach me with that, as though I did not know my weakness. I have, I grant you, all the vice you credit me with, and more too.

TY. Of course you have. But, possibly, the arts I

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mentioned you did not acquire because you thought them too considerable or too difficult. Is yours one of the ordinary arts or crafts? Let us say carpentering or shoemaking; for I am sure your general condition is not so prosperous as to make you independent of a handicraft like this.

SI. You are as right, Tychiades, about them as the others. I am not a master of any of them.

TY. Then, what is there left you?

SI. What is left me? In my opinion, a worthy art; one, I believe, even you would praise if you understood it. That it has been a success, in fact, I assert at once; but I am not so sure that I can give verbal proof of it.

TY. What is its nature?

SI. As yet, I do not think I have studied the theory of it. So, as I have made you aware that there is an art I understand, it remains for you to recognise the fact, and not to be displeased with me on this account. You shall have its nature some other time.

TY. No; I won't wait for that.

SI. If I told you, you would be struck by its strangeness.

TY. Precisely. That is why I am anxious to be informed about it.

SI. Let us keep it, Tychiades, for some other time.

TY. Certainly not. Describe it at once; unless, indeed, you are ashamed of it.

SI. It is the art of dining out.

TY. Perhaps I might be told, next, whether any one but a madman would call this an art.

SI. I should. However, if you think me mad, consider

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my madness responsible for my failure to understand any other art, and henceforth spare me your accusations. For the goddess of madness, they say, though so unkind to her victims in all other ways, gets them pardon for their errors, taking the blame for them on herself, as a teacher or guardian might do.

TY. Dining out then, Simo, is an art?

SI. It is; and I am its inventor.

TY. It would seem you are a diner-out?

SI. There is truth in your sneer, Tychiades.

TY. Well, don't you blush to describe yourself in this way?

SI. On the contrary, I should be ashamed to ignore my title.

TY. And, of course, when we want to introduce you to any one who doesn't know you, we shall be bound to describe you as the diner-out, when he wants to hear who you are?

SI. You will. And you will all find the name more gratifying to me than the name of sculptor to Phidias. At any rate, I take as much pleasure in my art as Phidias did in his Zeus.

TY. Here is another point in my inquiry which has moved me to great mirth.

SI. What is that?

TY. Why, our having to write at the top of our letters, as a heading, "To Simo, the diner-out".

SI. Let me tell you, then, that I should be more complimented by it than Dion would have been if you had inscribed his, "To Dion, the philosopher".

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Ty. Well, I take little or no interest in the pleasure the name gives you. But consider all its other absurdities.

Sr. What are they ?

Ty. Why, giving such a thing a place among the other arts—a man asks you what is the nature of the thing you call art, and your instances are grammar, medicine, dining out !

Sr. For my part, Tychiades, I should say this art has a better right to the name than any of them. But, if you care to hear my views, you shall have them ; though, as I said at first, I am by no means equipped for such a task.

Ty. I shall be quite satisfied with a short account—so it be true.

Sr. Let us begin then, now, by inquiring into art and its genus ; for, in this way, we can proceed to the various species of art, and see how far they partake of its nature.

Ty. What, then, is art ? Explain ; you know, if any one does.

Sr. I should think so, indeed.

Ty. Then, if you do know, lose no time in informing me about it.

Sr. Here is what I remember to have heard from some sage : “ An art is a set of rules based on perceptions carefully and consistently trained to serve some good and useful end—some end that belongs to life ”.

Ty. Your memory has not failed you as far as that authority goes.

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SI. Well, if dining out includes all these points, it is an art and nothing else, is it not?

TY. Undoubtedly, in that case, it is an art.

SI. Come, now, let us examine dining out point by point, adapting it and comparing it with other species of art to see whether it corresponds to them—whether our account of it chimes in, we may say, with a true ring, not the cracked sound a bad pitcher will give if you tap it. So then our art, like every other, must be a set of rules based on perceptions. To begin with, there is in it the testing and discerning the right man to supply the wants of the diner-out—the man who will not make you regret it after you have begun to live on him. Should we say the assayer of silver has an art if he can distinguish the unsound coinage from the sound, but that your diner-out does not need an art to distinguish sound men from unsound, though the last case is much stronger; for all is not on the surface with men as it is with coins? This is what the shrewd Euripides deploras when he says:—

Man's body shows no stamp, no natural stamp,
Whereby to tell the good man from the bad.

Wherefore the art of the diner-out is greater than the assayer's, since, with something beyond divination, it recognises and observes things so dim and obscure. Then there is the knowledge of the right word to say, the right thing to do, to secure oneself a home and make oneself thoroughly acceptable to one's entertainers. Don't you think that wants intelligence and strongly-defined perceptions?

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TY. Most certainly it does.

SI. But when it comes to the actual feasting—to go away securing a larger share than any one else, to enjoy a reputation above those whose art is less perfect than your own—is that achieved, think you, without some reasoned reflection, without wisdom?

TY. Certainly not.

SI. Well, then, there is the knowledge of excellence and its opposite in various kinds of food in made dishes—do you suppose that an active interest, without skill, is equal to the arduous task? You can't, if you remember the words of the great Plato: "When a man is about to enjoy a feast, his criticism of the way they send up the viands carries less conviction if he is not something of a cook". You can, at least, see by this that it is not on any perception, but only on a consistently-trained perception, that the art of the diner-out is based. In all the other arts, perceptions, or the powers which give them, last, even without regular practice, through days and nights, months and years; nor do their possessors find their art disappear because of its intermission. But with the diner-out it is necessary to be in the training school every day; otherwise his impaired perceptions are fatal, not merely to the craft, but to the craftsman. As for his aim—whether it is one of real use to life—perhaps only a madman would raise that question. I can discover nothing in life more happily useful to us than eating and drinking; indeed, living cannot go on without it.

TY. Unquestionably, it cannot.

SI. Well, but the talent of the diner-out is not in the

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same category with beauty and strength—something we do not regard as an art, but as a capacity or material for art.

TY. True.

SI. Then, neither is it an absence of art ; for he who is conscious of a want of art is never helped by that want. Consider : if a man should trust to himself for the management of a ship in a storm at sea without knowing how to steer, could he be saved ?

TY. No, he could not.

SI. What is the reason, then, except that he has not the art necessary to save himself ?

TY. That must be the reason.

SI. Shall we say, then, that the diner-out could not have been saved by his art, if there had been no art in dining out ?

TY. We must.

SI. Art, then, saves him, and not the absence of art ?

TY. Of course.

SI. It follows that the faculty of the diner-out is an art ?

TY. Apparently it is.

SI. Now, I have often known good steersmen and good charioteers lose their seats, some meeting with severe contusions, and some mortally injured ; but no one can produce an instance of such total shipwreck in the case of a diner-out. So, if you cannot assert of his faculty that it is an absence of art, or a mere potentiality, but have to admit that it is a set of rules based on consistently-trained perceptions, we are obviously agreed to-day that it is an art.

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life, there would have been other occasions more appropriate for such language—when he took Philoctetes away from Lemnos, or when he sacked Troy; when he rallied the Greeks in their flight, or when he disguised himself, entering Troy with weals on his body, and the wretched rags the Stoics love for clothes. But on none of these occasions did he say that, in such things, was to be found a more satisfying object for life. More than this, he at another time enjoyed an Epicurean life in the house of Calypso, and could there live in idleness and luxury, with the daughter of Atlas for his mistress, indulging all the softer emotions; but, even then, he did not find such an end or aim of life more satisfying than all others. No; to him the most satisfying was that of the diner-out. In those days, I may remind you, diners-out were called feasters. What is it he says of them? for it is worth while to go back again to his words. It is not possible to grasp them, unless they are often repeated—

In order sit the feasters,
Tables are spread
With bread and meat.

Epicurus, however, has most shamelessly stolen the end of our dining art, and made it the end of what he calls happiness. And that the thing is a plagiarism, and that it is not Epicurus but the diner-out who has any real concern with pleasure, I can prove to you in this way: Pleasure, in my opinion, consists in the absence of anything distressing to our bodily frame, in the first place; and, in the second, in the soul's saving itself from the absorbing presence of tumult and disturbance. To each

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of these, then, the diner-out attains ; Epicurus to neither. For he who pursues inquiries into the shape of the earth, the infinite number of worlds, the size of the sun, and the distance of the heavenly bodies (to say nothing of the original elements of things, and the question whether the gods do or do not exist, and the fact that he is quarrelling and disagreeing with various people all the time about the chief good), such a man flings himself into the troubles, not merely of humanity, but of the universe. Now, the diner-out believes that all is well, and has confidence that things are not better under any other system than they are here ; so he enjoys much security and peace with nothing of this kind invading his life to trouble it, and eats and sleeps lying on his back, hands and feet comfortably relaxed, as those of Ulysses when he sailed away home from Scheria. Again, Epicurus has as little right to call pleasure his for the reasons I am going to give as for those I have given. This Epicurus, the sage—though I know not how much of a sage he is—either has the means of eating, or he has not. If he has them not, he will not only not live pleasantly, he will not live at all. If he has them, they either come from himself, or from somebody else. If the means of eating come from somebody else, why, he is practically a diner-out, and not the man he pretends. If they come from himself, he will not live a pleasant life.

Ty. Why will it not be pleasant ?

Si. Why, Tychiades, if those means come from himself, the life which belongs to them has many labours attaching to it. Reflect how numerous they will be. A man who

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means to live a pleasant life must satisfy all the appetites he feels, or would you not admit it?

TY. I agree with you.

SI. It follows that, while this is possible for a man with large possessions, it ceases to be possible for a man who has little or nothing. Thus a poor man cannot become a philosopher, or, in other words, he cannot attain the chief good of Epicurus—I mean pleasure. But it cannot even be attained by the rich man whose fortune supplies his desires so liberally. Why? you ask. Because the man who spends his money cannot possibly avoid much that is disagreeable. At one time he falls out with his cook because his dishes are not properly prepared, or, if he should be silent, he will have to eat a poor dinner as the consequence, and just miss the pleasurable sweetness of it. At another, it is the steward of the household he is quarrelling with, because of his bad management. Is not this the truth?

TY. Upon my word, I think it is.

SI. All this Epicurus has to encounter, in all probability; he will, therefore, never attain to his chief good. But the diner-out has no cook to be angry with, no estate, no steward, no money, the loss of which might trouble him. And, while he has everything which contributes to eating and drinking, he alone knows nothing of the cares which harass the rich, of whom we have spoken. That dining out is an art is proved by these arguments, as well as by all the others. It remains for me to show that it is the best of arts, and to establish it in more than one way, proving, first, that it is superior

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to them all collectively ; and, in the next place, to each of them individually. From them all collectively, it differs in the following point. You know that the study of every art involves hard work, enforced by threats and blows—things which all would choose to be rid of. Whereas our art seems the only one in which the learner can dispense with hard work. Who ever left a dinner in tears, as we see pupils sometimes leaving their schools ? Who was ever seen going off to a dinner in the sulks, like those who attend schools ? See how willingly the diner-out goes to his dinner, what a passion he has for his art, and contrast him with the students of every other art, to whom their studies are so hateful that they make some of them run away. Here, too, is something else for you to consider. Those who make progress in the other arts get from their father and mother, as a special reward, what the diner-out enjoys every day. “Upon my word,” they will say, “the child wrote that well—give him something to eat” ; or, “Bad writing that—don’t give him anything”. In this way, eating is shown to be a fount of honour, and an important means of punishment. Again, all other arts have this later product, but only after study is over, when they receive and enjoy the fruits of their labour. For the road to them is a long one, and “steep is the ascent”. The diner-out, on the other hand, is alone among his fellow-craftsmen in the way he gets the good of his art in the very act of learning, making a beginning and being in possession of the end at one and the same moment. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the other arts,

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without an exception, have the means of living and nothing else for their object, but this is secured to the diner-out in the very apprenticeship of his art. It does not escape you that the tiller of the ground does not till for the sake of tilling, nor is the carpenter carpentering for the sake of carpentering. The diner-out, however, is not in pursuit of something different from that which he is doing: his work and his aim are with him one and the same thing. At any rate, my next point is one with which all are familiar. In the other arts, while they work and endure hardship all the rest of the year, they get no more than one or two days' holiday in the month—the cities keeping some yearly, and some monthly, festivals—and these are called their times of enjoyment. But, every day of the month's thirty, the diner-out keeps holiday—all his days seem to him to be dedicated to the gods. And there is this besides: those who desire success in the other arts submit to a short allowance of food and drink, as if they were invalids; for, to take much of either in the gaiety of your heart, makes study impossible. There is no other art can advance the craftsman if he has not the tools belonging to it. It is not possible to play the flute if you have no flute, nor to strike the lyre if you have no lyre, nor to ride if you have no horse. But here is an art so generous, so little painful to him who pursues it, that it is his privilege to practise it without any instrument. And, further, it would seem we have to pay for learning the other arts, while for learning this we get paid. While all the rest require teachers, no one can teach the diner-out his art.

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No; to it we must apply the words of Socrates about poetry: "It comes to a man as a special providence, as a gift from heaven". Another point: the arts generally cannot be practised during a journey or a voyage, but here is one that can be pursued while travelling or sailing.

TY. It undoubtedly can.

SI. And, Tychiades, I notice that all the other arts covet this one, while it has no desires beyond itself.

TY. But what do you say to this? Is it not your opinion that those who take what belongs to others are guilty of injustice?

SI. Of course it is.

TY. How, then, is the diner-out the only man not open to the charge, though he takes what is another's?

SI. That is a question I cannot answer. But to go on. All other arts begin in a poor, mean way, but the diner-out makes a noble beginning of his. Its beginning is friendship—that hackneyed name; you can find no other.

TY. What is your meaning?

SI. No one asks an enemy to dinner or a man he does not know, or even one he is only moderately acquainted with. His guest, I believe, has first to become his friend before he can share his libation and his board, and the initiatory rites required by this craft. I have often heard people say: "What sort of a friend have we here, a man who has never broken bread in our house, and never drunk with us!"—the obvious inference being that the only trusty friend is the man who eats and drinks in

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your company ; and here is very strong evidence that ours is the most kingly of the arts. In the others, they sweat and suffer over their work ; and not only so, but, by heaven, they have to sit and stand all the time, the slaves of their craft and nothing else ! But, when the diner-out takes his in hand, he reclines at full length like a prince. It is needless to go on with other aspects of his happiness, or to tell how he alone answers to the description of the philosopher, Homer —

His hand nor plants nor ploughs.

Yet all is his to possess—

Though all unsown by him, by him unploughed !

And, last of all, though there is nothing to prevent a rhetorician, a geometer, or a worker in brass being a knave or a fool while he pursues his art, no one can play the diner-out, and be either fool or knave.

Ty. Gracious heaven, what an elaborate affair you make of your dining out ! It tempts me to think I should like to be a diner-out myself, instead of what I am.

Si. I think I have proved the general superiority of my art ; but now let us examine its superiority to the particular arts taken separately. There is no point in comparing it with the humbler handicrafts, and it is rather like degrading one's art to do it. It is its superiority to the best and greatest that we must prove. Those are, by universal admission, rhetoric and philosophy (some even give them the name of sciences because of their elevated character). When I have shown that dining

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out far surpasses them, it is obvious that it will be as far beyond the rest in perfection as Nausicaa was beyond her handmaidens. It differs, then, from rhetoric and philosophy taken together, first, because of the real substantial nature underlying it. This it has, but they have not. We do not agree in regarding rhetoric as one and the same. Some of us call it an art; some find no art in it; some only artifice, or the corruption of art; while other people give it yet other names. In the same way, we regard philosophy as not pursuing the same lines in the same way. Epicurus has one view of the nature of things, the Stoics another, the Academy another, and the Peripatetics another. In a word, each of them claims to give a different account of philosophy; and, up to the present hour, the same persons are found not adhering to their opinion, and their art does not appear to be one and the same. What we are left to infer is, therefore, obvious. I maintain that art has no existence at all when it is not based on something real and substantial. For how would you meet this illustration? Arithmetic is one and the same, and twice two are four with us, and with the Persians. And there is agreement about this among Greeks and barbarians alike; but in philosophy we see many varieties, and that there is no harmony either in their principles or their aims.

Ty. True. They tell us philosophy is one, and they themselves transform that one into many.

Sr. Yes; in the other arts you might tolerate a man's passing over a want of harmony, and even find excuses

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for him ; for they are of an intermediate and mixed character, and their perceptions are liable to revision. But who would endure that philosophy should be other than one, and have no more harmony in itself than different musical instruments ? Philosophy, then, is not one and the same, for I see its forms are infinite. Yet, there cannot be many philosophies, since it is of the essence of philosophy to be one. And of the real nature of rhetoric you may say this too. For the fact that the rhetoricians have one end proposed to them, and do not give the same account of it, and that there is a conflict between them, and an inclining to contradictory opinions, is the strongest proof that the thing which is not perceived in one and the same way has no real existence. For, to inquire what has more or less of its nature, and never to admit that its nature is single, is fatal to the existence of the thing examined. But dining out is not like this ; it is one, and it pursues the same lines and in the same way both among Greeks and barbarians, and one cannot say that these people take one view of it and those another ; nor, it would seem, are there diners-out to correspond to the Stoics and Epicureans with their diversity of doctrines. No ; there is a general agreement of all with all—a harmony about their actions and their aim. In my opinion, then, dining out has a fair chance on this ground, at least, of being identified with true wisdom.

TY. I think your account of these matters is quite sufficient. But how do you make out that philosophy is inferior to your art in all other points as well ?

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Si. Well, first, I must remind you that no diner-out ever loved philosophy; while we hear of a number of philosophers who coveted the art of dining out, and are to this day in love with it.

Ty. And what philosophers could you mention as anxious to acquire it?

Si. What philosophers, Tychiades! The men whom you know, and pretend to be ignorant of in my presence, because you think it brings some discredit on them, though it really is an honour to them!

Ty. By heaven, Simo, I don't know them! On the contrary, I am quite at a loss to tell whom you can pitch upon.

Si. Worthy sir, you seem to me to have refused a hearing to those who have written their lives; for otherwise your recognition of the men I mean would be perfect.

Ty. Well, I swear by Hercules that I long to know who they are.

Si. I will show them to you. I will give you the list, and they are not poor creatures either, but the most distinguished philosophers, in my opinion, and those you least suspect. Æschines, at any rate, is one, a disciple of the school of Socrates. This man, who wrote those long, entertaining dialogues, once came with these same dialogues to Sicily, in hopes, by their means, to make himself recognised by Dionysius, the tyrant; and, after reading his "Miltiades" to him, and acquiring a considerable reputation, for the rest of his life sat down to an idle life in Sicily, a guest in Dionysius' palace—in

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fact, a diner-out; and of Socratic studies no more was heard from him. Then, what do you think of Aristippus of Cyrene? Clearly he is one of your distinguished philosophers, is he not?

TY. Beyond a doubt he is.

SI. Yet he lived at the table of Dionysius, and spent his days in Syracuse during the same period. You can make no mistake about him. In the court of Dionysius no diner-out appeared who had a reputation comparable to his. Nay, in that art, to a degree beyond any one else, he was "to the manner born," insomuch that professional cooks would be sent to him day after day by Dionysius to take lessons from him. Well he may be said to have been a worthy ornament of his art. But your great Plato himself came to Syracuse to pursue this art, and after a few days' practice in the tyrant's palace, lost his place from a natural incapacity. He came back a second time to Athens, and, after making all preparations with infinite pains, took a second voyage to Sicily, had a few days' more experience of dining, and proved so ignorant that they had to get rid of him. This misfortune that befell Plato in Sicily is, I think, not unlike that of Nicias, the general in the Syracusan expedition.

TY. Who is your authority for this, Simo?

SI. A very reputable one—Aristoxenus, the musician, himself a table companion of Neleus, besides a number of others. Euripides, at any rate, as you know, was a permanent guest of Archelaus, and Anaxarchus of Alexander; and there is Aristotle as well, but he only served an apprenticeship to dining out, as he did to all the

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other arts. I have shown you what was the fact—that philosophers have been eager to be diners-out; but no one can point to a diner-out as having been anxious to acquire philosophy. And, if happiness consists in the absence of hunger and thirst and cold, these privileges are the property of the diner-out, and of him alone. Accordingly, any one may produce a number of philosophers suffering from cold and hunger, but never, never a diner-out—else he would not be a diner-out, only an unfortunate creature, either a beggar man, or a philosopher sort of person.

Ty. Evidence enough for this point. But how do you establish the many¹ superiorities of your art as compared with philosophy and rhetoric?

Sr. My good friend, there are seasons in man's life—one, I imagine, is the season of peace, and the other is the season of war. Here it is that the true nature of arts and their possessors become manifest. Let us begin, if you please, by considering the season of war, and what men will be most generally helpful to themselves in private life, and to the state in public.

Ty. You proclaim a contest of no common order. I have long been laughing to myself to think what a figure the philosopher would cut when engaged with the diner-out.

Sr. Then, not to startle you too much, or to let you think what I am describing matter for jesting, suppose we try to realise in our imaginations the idea of a sudden invasion by the enemy, and the news of it just brought. There is nothing for it but to take the field; the territory

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outside the city is being ravaged, and we cannot look on unmoved. The general is summoning to his levy all who are of military age, and the rest, including rhetoricians, philosophers and diners-out, must join the regular troops. Well, let us begin by stripping them; for those who are to bear arms must be stripped. Look at the men, dear sir, one by one, and take a critical view of their physique. Some are pale and thin from poor living, shuddering as though they had already been abandoned among the wounded. It is almost ludicrous to talk of men like that, men for whom restoratives are requisite, being able to face a stand-up fight, the push of shield, or the dust and wounds of battle; and now turn aside and watch the diner-out, and the show he makes. Is he not, in the first place, of ample body, with a skin of pleasing colour?—neither black nor white, for the one suggests a slave and the other a woman. Then, is he not high-spirited, with a formidable expression like mine—a grand warm-blooded face? It would be unbecoming in a man to go to a war with a woman's shrinking eye. Would not such a man as I have described prove a noble warrior in life, and no less noble in a noble death? But why should we make guesses about these things when we can produce instances of them? For to speak the truth about war, of the rhetoricians and philosophers as yet known to us, some did not make the slightest venture to advance beyond the walls; and any who did find themselves in the ranks under compulsion, I am confident, deserted their posts and went home.

TY. How marvellous it all is! How extraordinary

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the thing you engage to prove! But, for all that, go on.

Si. Among the rhetoricians, there was Isocrates, who was such a coward that he not only never went to war, but never even appeared in a law court—timid, I suppose, from finding his voice too weak for it. Then there are others, such as Demades, Æschines, and Philocrates. So alarmed were they that, the moment Philip proclaimed war, they betrayed their country and themselves to him; and, for the rest of their life, took his side in the politics of Athens, and any other Athenian fighting on Philip's side was received among them as a friend. But what of Hyperides, Lycurgus and Demosthenes, with their greater reputation for courage, their persistent clamours in the assemblies, and their abuse of Philip, what were their noble exploits in the war with him? Hyperides and Lycurgus did not join the ranks at all, did not even poke their heads ever such a little way outside the city gates. No; they idly sat at home under the shelter of the walls in a state of siege, proposing their wretched motions and resolutions. And the greatest light among them all, the man who kept repeating in the assemblies, "Philip of Macedon is an abandoned wretch you would not buy a slave from," though he did venture to get as far as Bœotia before the rival forces met, and came to blows, afterwards flung away his shield and took to flight. Have you never heard this before from any one, so well known as it is, not merely to Athenians, but to Thracians and Scythians, the nation which gave us that off-scouring of the earth?

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TY. With all this I am acquainted, but these were rhetoricians, practised speech makers, though with no practice in virtue. What of the philosophers? You can't accuse them in the same way as the others.

SI. We find the same thing again with these, Tychiades; those who discourse day after day about courage, and rub all the gloss off the name of virtue, will show themselves far more cowardly and effeminate than the rhetoricians. For consider it in this way. To begin with, can any one mention the name of a philosopher having met with his death in war? Either they did not appear in the field at all, or, if they did, ran away, to a man. Antisthenes and Diogenes, Crates, Zeno and Plato, Æschines and Aristotle, and all the crowd of them, never even beheld a line of battle. Their sage, Socrates, alone did venture out to the battle at Delium; but he fled from the place, made his way from Parnes to the wrestling school of Taureas, and hid himself away there. It was far more agreeable to him to sit talking affectionate nonsense to his precious pupils, and to propound his miserable puzzles to any one he met, than to face a Spartan warrior.

TY. My excellent friend, others have told me these things before, and with no thought (heaven forbid!) of mockery or reproach. I can, therefore, believe that you are not uttering falsehoods, at their expense, from partiality to your art. But now, please, come and tell me what the diner-out is like in war, and whether there is any mention at all of him as a character of ancient times.

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Sr. Why, surely there is, dear friend. No one, however unliterary, is so unacquainted with Homer as not to know that in his poems all his best heroes were diners-out. Why, the great Nestor, from whose tongue discourse flowed like honey, was a guest at the king's own table; and neither Achilles (who was thought, and really was, the noblest of the Greeks in form, and the most upright of them), nor Diomedes, nor Ajax, was praised and admired by Agamemnon as Nestor was. He did not pray to have ten men like Ajax, or ten men like Achilles, but he did say that Troy would have been taken long before had he had ten such soldiers as that aged friend he entertained at his board. And, in the same way, Homer speaks of Idomeneus, the descendant of Zeus, as sitting at Agamemnon's table.

Ty. I am myself acquainted with these facts. I do not, however, yet understand how the men you speak of can be said to have lived on Agamemnon's hospitality.

Sr. Recall, dear sir, those verses in which Agamemnon himself speaks to Idomeneus.

Ty. Which verses?

Sr.

The cup stands ever full,
For thee, e'en as for me, when thou wouldst drink.

The meaning of his mentioning the cup that was ever full, in this place, is not that Idomeneus in his battles or in his slumbers had his cup waiting for him, and at all times full, but that, all his life through, he alone had the privilege of dining with the king, as distinguished

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from the rest of the warriors with their invitations for particular days. For Ajax, Homer says, after his splendid single combat with Hector—

They brought to Agamemnon the divine,

for he was thought worthy of a compliment, though a late one, and to have earned his dinner in the royal palace. But Idomeneus and Nestor dined there every day, as he himself says. And Nestor as a table companion seems to me to have exceeded the rest of the princes, both in arts and virtue. Indeed, he did not begin his art in the days of Agamemnon, but much earlier—in the time of Cæneus and Exadius. And I think he would never have given up the practice of dining out, only that Agamemnon died.

Ty. This diner-out was, indeed, a noble specimen. But try to tell me of any other you remember.

Sr. Come now, Tychiades; was not Patroclus a table companion of Achilles—a young man, too, inferior to none of the Greeks in spirit or in bodily strength? Indeed, as far as deeds go, I do not find him to be inferior even to Achilles. When Hector burst through the gates, and, getting inside, fought by the ships, it was he who drove him back; and, when Protesilaus' ship was already burning, he put the fire out. And yet those on board were not the weakest of the host, but Ajax, the son of Telamon, and Teucer, both excellent warriors, one as a swordsman, the other as an archer; and many were the barbarians slain (among them Sarpedon, son of Zeus) by Achilles' constant guest. And his death was not like

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that of the others. Achilles slew Hector, man to man, and Achilles himself was slain by Paris, but the diner-out needed a god and two men to kill him ; and the last words he uttered were not those of your noble Hector, falling at Achilles' feet, and asking to have his body sent back to his friends, but words worthy of a diner-out. Now, what are these words?—

Though twenty such had faced me in the fight,
They all had fallen, tamed there by my spear.

Ty. So far good ; but try to convince me that Patroclus was more than the friend of Achilles—that he lived on his hospitality.

Sr. Tychiades, I will produce Patroclus himself asserting that he so lived.

Ty. You surprise me.

Sr. Hear the words themselves, then :—

Part not my bones, Achilles, from thine own ;
Your home reared both—together let us lie.

And again, a little further on, he says : “ On this Peleus welcomed me,

Bred me with care, and made of me his squire ”.

In other words, he was maintained by Peleus. If, therefore, he had wished to describe Patroclus as a friend, he would not have called him his squire. Now, Patroclus was a free man. What does he mean by the squires if he does not mean either slaves or freemen ? Obviously, those maintained at his table. In the same way, squire is the name given to Meriones, himself also a squire to Idomeneus. And note, too, in connection with this, it

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is not Idomeneus, the son of Zeus, he presumes to call the equal of Ares, but Meriones, who eats at his board. Then, again, Aristogeiton was poor and a man of the people, as Thucydides says, and Harmodius supported him. He did more than that, he became the friend of his love. For it is only reasonable that those who support us should enjoy our love. Then, again, this man so supported delivered Athens from tyranny, and gave her liberty; and now he stands in brass in the market-place, close to the friend of his love. These, then, we may call diners-out, and this was how they behaved. And how do you imagine they behave in war? Do not they, as soon as they have had their breakfast, go forth to take their place in the line as Ulysses would have them? He will not fail to give entertainment, he says, to a man who fights in battle, though he should have to fight the moment the dawn appears. And while other soldiers are full of alarm—one carefully fitting his helmet, and another putting on his breast-plate, and a third making a timorous forecast of the actual danger threatened by the war—all that time the diner-out, as I call him, is taking his meal with quite a bright face; and, as soon as they have marched out, fights his hardest in the front rank. And he who finds him his dinner is posted behind, while his guest shelters him with his shield, as Ajax did Teucer, and, while the darts are flying, exposes himself and protects his benefactor, whom he is more anxious to save than himself. And, if the diner-out should fall in war, he would do no discredit, I fancy, to captain or soldier—so fine a corpse would he make,

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nobly reclining as at a noble banquet. By his side lies the corpse of the philosopher, and how well worth one's while it is to examine it! It is wretched and dirty, and displays a long, shabby beard—the corpse of a feeble wretch, dead before the battle begins. Who would not feel a contempt for this city when he saw its defenders to be such miserable wretches? Who would not guess from a sight of the pale, long-haired creatures that the city was destitute of allies, and had discharged the criminals in gaol to serve in the war? This is the sort of contrast that diners-out present when compared with rhetoricians and philosophers in time of war. Now turn to the time of peace. The art of the diner-out seems to me as much superior there to the art of the philosopher, as peace itself is to war. And first, if you do not object, let us consider the places which are the natural homes of peace.

Ty. I have not yet grasped your meaning, but let us consider them.

Si. Well, I should call the natural homes of peace the market-place, and the law courts, the wrestling and training schools; hunting grounds and banquets.

Ty. You might certainly so call them.

Si. The diner-out, then, does not appear in the market-place, or the law court, because, I imagine, all those places more properly belong to impostors of all sorts, and because there is nothing respectable in all that goes on there; but wrestling schools, training schools and banquets he attends, and he is the only man who can be said to adorn them. For what fitting comparison

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can be made between a philosopher or rhetorician and a diner-out in point of physique when they are stripped in a wrestling school, or what philosopher or rhetorician in a training school is not something of a disgrace to the place, when he is looked at? And, if in some desert a wild beast rushed out on them, not one of them would stand his ground; but, when these attack the diner-out, he awaits their rush, and makes nothing of being ready for them, for his dinners have taught him the contempt of familiarity. So that neither stag nor boar startles him, or gives him a shudder; even the boar sharpening his tusks for him only makes the diner-out sharpen his teeth for the boar. As for hares, he goes after them quicker than the dogs. But at the banquet what rival could there be to the diner-out either in zest of merriment or zest of appetite? Who can do most to brighten his fellow-guests, this man with his song and his wit, or a fellow without the power of laughing, sitting there in his coarse cloak with his eyes on the ground as if he had come to a house of mourning and not to a banquet? For my part, I find a philosopher at a banquet about as welcome an addition as a dog at the baths.

Let us now quit these things and proceed to the actual life of the diner-out, examining it and comparing it with the other type of life. To begin with, he has a contempt, you may observe, for fame, and does not care in the least for what people think of him; but you will find the rhetoricians and philosophers, without an exception, consumed by vanity and the thought of their reputation; nor is it merely their reputation that

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is the absorbing thought, but what is much worse—money. Now, the feeling of the diner-out about it is one of indifference—it is less to him than the pebbles on the beach are to you ; he is as willing to touch gold' as he is to touch fire ; but the rhetoricians, and, what is stronger, those who pretend to be philosophers,—their attitude towards such things is pitiable. Why, what is the history of the most distinguished philosophers of to-day, for I will not trouble myself with rhetoricians ? One of them, we know, took bribes to decide a suit, and was convicted in the course of the suit. Another asks a king for a salary as being his resident philosopher, and does not blush to go abroad for this, and to stay there even at his age, though as much a hireling as some Indian or Scythian captive ; even the name of hireling gives him no touch of shame. And this is not all you will discover about them ; you will observe, also, other emotions, such as discontent, anger and jealousy, not to speak of the appetites, one and all. But the diner-out knows nothing of all this. He does not get angry, partly because of his tolerance, partly because he has no one to be angry with. And, if he should perhaps feel some indignation, it produces no severity, nor the least sullenness ; it is more likely to end in humorous satire for the entertainment of the company. Less than any one else he knows what grief is, for this is the privilege secured to him by his art, and this is the favour it does him—that he should have nothing to grieve him. He has no money, no house, no servants, no wife, no children, the loss of which to their possessor

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is a grief he cannot avoid ; and, for his desires, the diner-out covets neither fame nor wealth ; no, nor even beauty, which he may call his own.

TY. In all reason, Simo, want of food must grieve him.

SI. You fail to understand, Tychiades, that a man in want of food has not even begun to be a diner-out—a courageous man is not courageous in the absence of courage, nor a wise man wise if he is short of wits. In any other case than ours—in the case of no provision for a dinner—there could not be a diner-out. The question proposed to me is the diner-out as he is, not as he is not. If the courageous man is not to be found save when courage is present, nor the wise man save when wisdom is present, the diner-out, by parity of reasoning, will only deserve his name when there is any dining. For, if you do not assume this to start with, our inquiry will concern some one else, and not a diner-out.

TY. Then at no time will the diner-out be at a loss for food.

SI. The argument points that way ; and, consequently, there is neither this nor anything else to grieve him. Then note that philosophers and rhetoricians alike are so timid, most of them, you may observe, going out with a club. They would not have been armed if they had not been afraid ; and then they close their doors most securely, being in fear of some one plotting their death by night. But the diner-out shuts the door of his room carelessly, just enough to prevent the wind opening

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it, and is not at all disturbed by a noise at night, no more than if there had been no noise; and he never carries a sword on his travels, though the place he walks through be ever so lonely; for, wherever he is, there are no terrors for him. Now, I have often seen philosophers carrying bows, though there was no danger anywhere. They do not forget their clubs, even when they are going to a bath or to a breakfast. But to come to more serious things than fear. No one can charge the diner-out with adultery, with an act of violence, a rape, or, in a word, with any other offence against the laws. Such a man offends against himself, and cannot, therefore, be a diner-out. Why, if he happened to commit adultery, his crime gives him a name other than that of his calling, by the act of his committing it. As there comes to the bad man, not goodness but baseness, so the diner-out, I imagine, loses, by any offence he commits, his actual nature, and takes the nature of his offence. Now, the offences we are talking of are freely committed by philosophers and rhetoricians; and not only are we aware of them to-day, but we also have preserved in books records of their iniquities. Socrates, Æschines, Hyperides and Demosthenes, and, I might say, most of the rhetoricians and wise men, wrote a defence of themselves; but none is on record from the hand of a diner-out, and no man can mention a suit filed against him by any one. Well, heaven knows, the life of the diner-out ranks above that of the rhetoricians and philosophers. And is his death a poorer end than theirs? It is just the contrary. It is far happier. Most philosophers, if

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not all, we know to have died miserably, like the miserable men they are. Some were convicted of the greatest enormities, and sentenced to be poisoned; others had their whole body burnt in a volcano; some died of strangury, and some in exile. But no one can recall a death of this kind happening to a diner-out. It has ever been the happiest of deaths amid his eating and drinking. If it is thought that any of them came to his end by a violent death, it was indigestion he died of.

TY. A most vigorous fight you have fought out here for the diners-out against the philosophers. And all that is left for you is to try to tell me whether this art you have acquired is good and serviceable to the man who furnishes you with the material of it. It looks to me as if the rich, in a charitable, patronising way, give entertainment to those of your calling; and that, I think, is a humiliation to those they entertain.

SI. How silly it is of you, Tychiades, not to be able to recognise that a rich man, though with the wealth of Gyges, is a poor man if he has his meals alone, and looks like a beggar if he goes out without his constant guest to wait on him. A soldier without his uniform, a dress without a purple border, a horse without his trappings, meet with scant attention. In the same way, the rich man, unsupported by his table companion, has a mean and humble appearance. He is an ornament to the rich man, but at no time is the rich man an ornament to him. And, besides, it is no sort of reproach to him to sit at the table of his entertainer, as you insinuate, meaning that a worse man is entertained by

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a better ; for it is a case where the rich man is benefited by entertaining the diner-out ; for, above and beyond his adorning the rich man's table, his attendance is as good as a body-guard, and much protection is in this way afforded his patron. For, in a battle, no one would lightly attempt a violent attack on the rich man when he sees his table companion supporting him ; nor with such a friend at his side would any man be likely to die of poison. For this friend eats first and drinks first, and who would take the risk of plotting against a man so protected ? Thus, you see the rich man is not only adorned by the presence of the diner-out, but even saved by him from the most serious dangers. In this way, his affection makes the diner-out face every danger ; he would not permit the rich man to eat alone, he would rather die of the meal he shares with him.

Ty. I think, Simo, that your exposition is complete, and that you have done full justice to your art ; but, so far from being an unpractised hand as you pretend, you seem to me to have trained yourself for the task by the most profound studies. I have only one thing left to ask. The art of dining out—that name. I should like to know if it is not the least bit discreditable.

Sr. Mark my answer, and see if you find it satisfactory, and try in your turn to reply to my questions in the way you think best. Come, now, what do the ancients call bread ?

Ty. Nourishment, or food.

Sr. And eating bread, is not that simply eating ?

Ty. It is.

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SI. Then, we agree that eating another's bread, or dining out, is no more than eating?

TY. It is this eating another's bread, Simo, which has a discreditable appearance.

SI. Come, now, answer me. If both were proposed to you, which do you think would be the better, and which would you yourself choose—sailing, or sailing in another's company?

TY. I should say, sailing in company.

SI. And do you prefer running alone, or running in company?

TY. Running in company.

SI. Is riding alone, or riding in company the best?

TY. Riding in company.

SI. What do you say of shooting? Would you sooner be by yourself, or with a friend?

TY. I should prefer to shoot in the company of a friend.

SI. Then, would you not, for the same reasons, like dining out or having company at your meals better than merely eating them?

TY. I cannot choose but admit your reasoning, and henceforth you shall have visits from me, as you might have them from children, in the early morning and after the meal of the day, and you shall teach me your art. I have a claim on you for lessons without stint, for I am the first disciple you have made. Mothers, you know, we are told, keep a tenderer love for their first-born.

THE LOVER OF FALSEHOOD.¹

TYCHIADES. Pray tell me, Philocles, what it can possibly be that inclines the majority of men to such a craving for falsehood that they find pleasure, not only in telling what is opposed to the sober truth, but even in greedily listening to such narratives from others.

PHILOCLES. Men, Tychiades, with their eye on self-

¹ "It would be far beyond the limits of my discourse," says Professor Foerster of Kiel, in an address to his university, "to tell how powerfully Goethe was impressed by the story of the magician Pancrates and his pupil Eucrates, in Lucian's 'Lover of Falsehood'; how it occupied his mind till at length he reproduced his impression of it in the masterly ballad:—

“Ach da kommt der Meister!
Herr, die Noth ist gross!
Die ich rief, die Geister,
Werd' ich nun nicht los.

“In die Ecke
Besen, Besen!
Seid's gewesen.
Denn als Geister
Ruft euch nur, zu seinem Zwecke
Erst hervor der alte Meister.'”

I am indebted to my colleague, Mr. O. Siepmann, for introducing me to Professor Foerster's interesting survey (*Lucian in der Renaissance*, Kiel, 1886) of Lucian's influence in modern times.

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interest find a number of things constraining them to falsehood ; and there is no lack of such people.

TY. That is a long way from the text, as the phrase goes. I never even asked about those who have a purpose to serve in their lying. It is not only pardonable but even praiseworthy for men to outwit their enemies, or employ the bait of deception to secure their own safety. Ulysses did it often enough, and we know what he won by it—his own life and the return of his comrades. No, my good friend, I am talking of quite different people ; of those who, without any necessity for it, attach a high value to falsehood for its own sake, preferring it to truth ; who take real pleasure in the practice of falsehood, and persist in it though they have no serious excuse. Tell me, then, what advantage these people aim at in so doing, for it is of them I want to hear.

PHIL. Have you really observed men of this kind with the craving you speak of—an innate craving for falsehood ?

TY. Indeed, I have. They are a large class.

PHIL. Well, then, the only explanation we can give of their not speaking truth is their want of sense, since they are choosing the worst and refusing the best.

TY. You are quite wrong. I could point out to you many men, on all other points not only shrewd but of admirable judgment, who nevertheless, for some unaccountable reason, are overtaken by this weakness, and quite enamoured of lying—till it distresses me to find persons so thoroughly excellent taking pleasure in

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deluding themselves and their acquaintance. Certain old members of the craft you were familiar with before I was—Herodotus, Ctesias of Cnidus, and before them the poets, and Homer himself—famous men who put their inventions into writing—men with power not only to delude the hearers of their own day but even to make their falsehoods reach to our time ; so faithfully are they handed down and preserved for us in the measured language of beautiful verse. To me, at least, it often occurs to blush for them when they describe the mutilation of Saturn, the fetters of Prometheus, the revolt of the giants, and all the tragic scenes in Hades ; or, again, when they tell how love turned Zeus into a bull or a swan ; or how this or that woman was changed into a bird or a bear. Then there are the beings like Pegasus, or the Chimæra, or the Gorgon, or the Cyclops, not to mention others of the same kind—miserable stories all of them, though wondrous strange and portentous, and forcible enough to thrill the minds of children, not yet relieved from the fear of hobgoblins and witches. But, after all, the proceedings of the poets are perhaps reasonable by comparison ; but how can one help laughing at the numerous falsehoods, for which cities and many nations publicly and officially make themselves responsible ? The Cretans are not ashamed to show the tomb of Zeus, nor the Athenians to say that Ericthonius issued from the earth, and that the first men grew out of the soil of Attica, like so many cabbages. These, however, have rather more self-respect than the Thebans, who tell of some men sprung from serpents' teeth. Yet, if any one

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finds these things ridiculous, and discredits their truth— if he soberly exposes them, and holds that no one but a Corœbus or a Margites would believe that Triptolemus rode through the air on winged dragons, or that Pan came from Arcadia to Marathon as an Athenian ally, or that Oreithyia was carried off by Boreas—why, such a man is thought at once impious and senseless for throwing suspicion on facts so true and obvious. You see what a reach falsehood has, and how powerful it is.

PHIL. But, Tychiades, there might be reasons for excusing poets and states. The first find the pleasure given by fable more attractive than anything else, and so introduce it into their writings as a thing which will most affect their audience ; and the second, whether at Athens, Thebes, or any other place, employ these means to add dignity to their native land. You may be sure that, if you strip Greece of these fables of hers, nothing can save her showmen from dying of starvation ; for strangers are not interested in the bare truth, even if it costs nothing.* But, where there is no such excuse as that of providing for strangers, the people who still continue to be delighted with falsehood must in all reason appear wholly ridiculous.

TY. Quite true. Now I may tell you that I have just come from the house of the great Eucrates, where I listened to a number of fabulous improbabilities—or, rather, I went away in the middle of their recital, for the extravagance of the proceedings was too much for my patience. Indeed, I may say that the furies let

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loose on me by his strange and portentous narrative drove me out.

PHIL. And yet, Tychiades, Eucrates is a man to be credited. No one would believe that a man of sixty, with that full descending beard of his (not to speak of the time he has rubbed shoulders with philosophy), would tolerate another's falsehoods told to his face, much less that he would have the effrontery to tell them himself.

TY. You have no notion, my friend, of the things he said, or the way he guaranteed their truth, offering, in most cases, his children's lives as pledges of his word; he drove me to devise all sorts of explanations for him as I looked at him. Perhaps he was mad, and not in his normal state of health; perhaps he was a quack, and, without my knowing it, a ridiculous ape had all these years been sheltered and decorated with his lion's skin! How else could one account for such absurdities?

PHIL. By all that is most sacred, Tychiades—by the Goddess of the Hearth!—I entreat you to tell me what it is that you mean. I long to hear for what pompous imposture that long beard is a screen.

TY. I have always, Philocles, been in the habit of visiting at his house—that is, whenever I had plenty of leisure—but to-day I wanted to meet Leontichus (you know my friend Leontichus?), and the servant told me he had gone off early to Eucrates to inquire after his health. Accordingly, I present myself there with two objects in view—to meet Leontichus, and to see Eucrates, of whose illness I had not heard. I found I was too late

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for Leontichus. I had only just missed him, the servant said, as he had started but a few minutes before. There were several others there, however. Cleodemus the Aristotelian, and Deinomachus the Stoic, and Ion—you know Ion, of course? He claims our admiration for his Platonic discourses—the one man possessed of an accurate apprehension of the master's meaning, and the ability to expound it to others. Do you realise the sort of men I am speaking of—men comprising all the talents and all the virtues, the head and front of every sect—men of an aspect not merely to be revered, but almost of forbidding virtue? The physician, Antigonus, also was there, for the case, I suppose, required his attendance; however, by the time I arrived, Eucrates appeared to be easier (indeed the malady was a constitutional one), for the humours had by this time travelled to his feet. Eucrates signed to me to sit down by him as soon as he saw me, gently lowering his voice as an indication of his weakness; not but what I heard loud tones from him as I came in, for I interrupted a vehement harangue of his. I used great precautions to avoid touching his feet as I took my seat near him, first offering these conventional apologies: "I did not know," I said, "of your illness, but I tore away here as soon as I heard of it". It happened that they had already delivered themselves to some extent on the subject of the malady, but they were still going on with their advice at the moment of my arrival, each suggesting a different remedy. Here, at any rate, was one from Cleodemus: "Pick off the ground," he said, "using your left hand, the tooth of a

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field mouse just killed (as I before prescribed), and wrap it in a skin just stripped from a lion. If you then tie this round the legs, there follows an immediate cessation of pain." "Not a lion's skin," said Deinomachus, "a doe's, a virgin deer's. This is what I was told, and the thing has more plausibility about it; for the deer is a swift creature, and particularly strong in its feet. Now, the lion's virtue is courage; and I can understand that there would be great efficacy in his fat, and his right paw, and such hairs in his beard as stand out, if one knew how to use them, and were furnished with the proper charm in each case—but what they promise is hardly a cure for the feet." "I, too," said Cleodemus, "held these views formerly—that it should be a deer's skin, because of the deer's swiftness—but the other day a Libyan skilled in such matters taught me better, observing that lions were swifter than deer. Of course they are," he added, "and they run down the deer when they are in pursuit." The words of wisdom that fell from the Libyan met with universal approval! "What," said I, "do you suppose that any charms or amulets hung outside a man can check such complaints, while the mischief has a permanent lodgment inside?" They laughed at my remark, and had evidently pronounced against me as a fool of no common order, since I knew nothing of the most obvious facts, which no sensible man would, they thought, gainsay. Antigonus however, I fancied, seemed gratified by my question. I imagine he had been shelved for some time, in spite of his wish to be of service to Eucrates and to use his professional know-

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ledge; in fact he had recommended abstinence from wine, and a vegetable diet, as well as that in a general way he should avoid all exertion. Whatever Antigonus thought, Cleodemus smiled gently on me and said: "So you really think, Tychiades, that it is incredible diseases should be relieved by such means. Is that what you mean?" "I do," I replied. "I must think so, unless I could be driveller enough to believe that what is outside, and has no communication with the exciting cause of disease inside, could do what you say with the help of mere syllables, empty phrases, and a little quackery. How could you drive the remedy in, by merely hanging things on to a man? You could not get such a result if you wrapped sixteen whole field mice in the skin even of the lion of Nemea. At any rate, the great lion himself may limp from pain while wearing his whole skin with all its virtues—a sight quite familiar to me." "Why, you are an absolute novice," said Deinomachus, "and were never at pains to study such things, nor their application to disease. I don't believe you would accept such obvious proofs as the disappearance of intermittent fevers, the charming of serpents, or cures for swellings in the groin, to say nothing of all the other kinds of relief that have long been in the power even of old women to provide. But if you do concede in every case the results just named, why should you refuse to believe the things of which we are telling you, produced by the like means?" "My good Deinomachus," I said, "yours is 'the conclusion in which nothing is concluded,' and, as our proverb says, to get one nail out, you do but drive

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another in ; for not even the last things you mention are obvious, as they involve a belief in those miraculous powers. If, therefore, you fail to persuade me by arguing from natural causes, and take instead the ground that it is a divine name, or some speech of strange, foreign sound that frightens the fever and the swelling, and that it is this that makes the swelling disappear in such hot haste from the groin—all you tell me is still nothing but old wives' fables." "If you want my opinion of you," cried Deinomachus, "your saying this sort of thing shows me that you don't even believe in the gods, since you think that holy names have no power to produce cures." "Don't speak so strongly, my worthy friend," said I; "for, though gods exist, that is no reason why such things should not be falsehoods. I not only reverence the gods but am witness to their cures and the benefits they confer on the sick, restoring them with the aid of drugs and the healing art. At any rate, Æsculapius and his sons cured the sick by making up soothing medicines, not by hanging lions and field mice on to the patient." "Leave him to his incredulity," said Ion. "Here is a marvel which I am going to recount to you: I was a boy about fourteen when a message came to my father that Midas, our vine-dresser—a labourer constitutionally strong, and hard-working as well—had been bitten by a snake. It was about the hour when the market fills. They said that he was quite prostrate, and that the leg had mortified. As he was fastening up the tendrils and twisting them about the stakes, the snake crawled up to him and bit him in the big toe ; and then, before

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any one could do anything, he had slunk back into his hole. Meanwhile, the man was groaning in mortal agony. This was the message, and we saw Midas himself carried along in a litter by his fellow-slaves. He was swollen all over, of an ashy colour, and in a clammy sweat; to judge by his appearance there was little life left in him. One of my father's friends, witnessing his distress, said: 'Do not despair; I will go at once for a Babylonian—one of those they call Chaldeans—he will cure the man'. Not to make a long story of it, the Babylonian came and restored him, using a particular charm, by which he drove the poison out of his body. I should mention, too, that he fastened to his foot a stone cut from a dead maiden's monument. And this, very likely, is nothing extraordinary; although Midas went off to the farm carrying his bed—that on which they had borne him. All this was achieved by the charm and that stone from the monument. But other things he did of quite divine significance. He went out early on the farm, and after saying over it certain sacred names, seven in number, out of an ancient book, walked round the place three times, and purified it with sulphur, and the flame of a torch, and then drove out all the reptiles within its borders. They came as if the charm drew them to it, serpents and asps and vipers, horned snakes, and snakes with forked heads, toads and newts. There remained, however, one old dragon snake. Old age, I suppose, made it impossible for him to obey the command, and come out. Then said the magician: 'You are not all here,' and he selected

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one—the youngest—and sent him as ambassador to the dragon; and, after a little, the dragon too appeared. When they were assembled, the Babylonian blew upon them; and all were at once scorched up beneath his blast before our wondering eyes.” “Tell me, Ion,” said I, “did the ambassador-snake lead the dragon by the hand—for he had, as you say, reached a great age—or did the dragon have a staff and lean upon it?” “You are ready with your jest,” said Cleodemus. “Well, I used to be more incredulous than yourself about such things. I thought it impossible for any argument to make me believe in their happening. Still, the moment I saw a stranger from a barbarian country—he came from the Hyperboreans, we were told—the moment I saw him flying, I believed and was overpowered, though I had held out against him ever so long. What could one do when one saw a man borne through the air in the day-time, walking on the water, and passing through the fire at a leisurely pace?” “Did you actually see the Hyperborean flying, or walking on the water?” I said. “Of course, I did,” he replied, “with those brogues on his feet which his countrymen habitually wear. There is no need to mention other trifling displays of his. I mean his inspiring people with the passion of love, bringing up spirits, summoning to him those who were mouldering in the grave, putting Hecate before us in visible shape, and drawing down the moon. But, at least, let me tell you of what I saw done by him in the house of Glaucias, son of Alexicles. Glaucias’ father was just dead, and he had just taken over the property,

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when he became enamoured of Chrysis, the daughter of Demænetus. Meantime, I had been his tutor in philosophical study, and, if love had not made him idle, he would by this time have been a perfect Aristotelian. As it was, at eighteen he could solve problems in analysis, and had got to the end of the lectures on physics. But, though he was getting on so well, he became helpless and hopeless, and told me his whole story. Accordingly, taking a proper interest in him, as became his tutor, I introduced him to the magician, my Hyperborean friend. Glaucias paid this man four minæ down, for an advance was necessary for the expense of sacrifices; and he was to give sixteen more if Glaucias won his Chrysis. The magician waited for the waxing of the moon—such rites are, for the most part, only properly completed at that time—and then he dug a ditch in a court of the house open to the sky, the hour being about midnight. As a preliminary, he called up Alexicles, Glaucias' father, though he had now been dead seven months. The old man proved indignant at the love affair, and became very angry; but eventually got over it, and gave his son permission to indulge his passion. And afterwards he brought up Hecate, with Cerberus in her train, and drew down the moon from heaven, appearing now as one thing, and now as another. First, she appeared in the shape of a woman, then as a beautiful heifer, then as a puppy. And at last the Hyperborean made a little cupid of clay, and said to it: 'Go and fetch Chrysis'. Away flew the clay cupid, and in a few minutes Chrysis stood by it before the door

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knocking. The moment she entered she flung her arms round Glaucias, as one quite crazed with love, and remained with him till we heard the cocks crowing. Then the moon flew up into heaven, and all those other visions vanished, and Hecate dived into the earth, and just as the dawn was whitening we sent Chrysis away. If you had seen these things you would not have questioned, Tychiades, the many services rendered by spells." "True," said I. "I would not have questioned them had I seen them; but, as it is, I may be excused if I can't find eyes sharp enough for sights of that description. Only remember I know Chrysis—the lady you speak of—and know her to be both amorous and yielding; and I don't see why you wanted a clay ambassador for her, and the Hyperborean magician, and the very presence of the moon, seeing that for twenty drachmas you might have taken her to the land of the Hyperboreans. For here was a charm she never resists; and her emotions are just the opposite of your visions, for these are off directly they hear the sound of brass or iron (this is another of the things you tell us, is it not?). Now, Chrysis has only to hear the ring of silver anywhere, and she moves at once in the direction of the sound. Among other things your magician himself excites my surprise. Though he could secure the affection of the wealthiest women, and get whole talents out of them, he was quite penuriously eager about those four minæ without which Glaucias could not be made acceptable to his beloved."

"It is absurd," said Ion, "to be always incredulous. I should, though, like to ask you what you say of those

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who deliver from their fears all who are possessed, casting their spells in such an obvious way on the spirits as well as on their victims. There is no necessity for me to speak. Every one knows of the Syrian of Palestine¹ who professes these arts, and of all the patients put into his hands. They would fall down when the moon shone and roll their eyes, their mouths one mass of foam; but, for all that, he can raise them up, and send them away perfectly well, and quit of the horrors, though his cures are very costly. He would stand by the patient lying on the ground, and ask how the spirits came to be in the body; and, though the sick person does not speak, the spirit answers in Greek or in some barbarian tongue, or in his own dialect, and explains how he entered the man and where he came from. Then the Syrian would solemnly adjure it, or threaten it if it were obstinate, and so drive it out. I can only say I saw one, of a black, smoky hue, in the act of vanishing." "It is not much for you, Ion," I said, "to see this sort of thing; for to you even the unsubstantial Ideas are visible when your master, Plato, points them out; while to us at least, who have only a dull and blurred eyesight, that is, indeed, a baffling vision."

"Yes," said Eucrates; "Ion is alone in seeing that

¹ Here and elsewhere Lucian shows but a languid interest in Christianity. The reference to "the costly cures" is a proof that he had taken but little pains to get accurate information about the Syrian of Palestine. He does not seem to have distinguished the Christians from other marvel-mongers, as being in any way a sect of more real importance, though perhaps (as in the *Peregrinus*) more extravagant than the others.

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sort of thing. But a number of others have had interviews with spirits, have they not, some by day and some by night? I myself have had any number of them. At first they disturbed me, but now I have come to regard such sights as nothing out of the way—and especially since the Arabian gave me my ring made of the iron taken from gibbets, and taught me the charm with all the names in it—only you will give me no credence, Tychiades.” “What,” said I, “I refuse credence to Eucrates, the son of Deinon, a man of real wisdom, frankly telling me what he has seen, and speaking in his own house with a sense of responsibility?” “Well, then,” said Eucrates, “of the doings of the statue, visible night after night to my whole house, to young men and old, no less than to children, you will hear not merely from me but from all my family.” “What statue?” I said. “Did you not notice a very beautiful one as you entered standing in the hall, the work of Demetrius, the sculptor?” “Do you mean the man with the quoit?” I answered. “He is stooping in the attitude of one ready to let fly, and turning to the person who is handing him the quoit, one knee half bent; and he is evidently preparing to rise as he makes the throw.” “No, not that one; you mean Myron’s quoit-thrower; nor do I refer to the one next it—a beautiful figure of a boy wreathing his head with a garland. That is a bit of Polycleitus’ work. But pass over those who are on the right as visitors enter—the group which includes the tyrant-killers moulded by Critias and Nesiotes. Beyond

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where the water flows into the fountain did you not see another statue? If you noticed an obese, bald-headed figure, with his cloak half off, the wind stirring some hairs in his beard, and his veins standing out conspicuously—a genuine piece of living humanity—that figure is supposed to be the Corinthian general, Pelichus.” “I did notice one,” I answered, “to the right of the Cronos, with his garlands and wreaths withered, and gold leaves adorning his breast.” “I gilded those for him,” said Eucrates, “when he cured me, for I was brought to death’s door after three days’ ague and shivering fits.” “Was the good Pelichus a doctor, then?” said I. “Do not speak of him as dead, and do not jest,” said Eucrates; “for the man will pay you a visit before very long. I have reason to know the power of this statue that you laugh at. Don’t you suppose that he who has power to take away shivering fits can give them also to whomsoever he chooses?” “May this counterfeit of man,” I said, “be not too manly to show grace and mercy! But what else did he do that all the family saw?” “As soon as night comes on,” he said, “he comes down from the pedestal on which he stands, and walks all round the house. Every one meets him. Sometimes he is actually singing, but not a soul has he injured; all we have to do is to get out of the way, and he never annoys those who look at him as he passes. Moreover, he is constantly bathing, playing in the water the whole night through, so that we hear it splashing.” “Then, perhaps,” said I, “this is not Pelichus the

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statue, but Talos the Cretan, the son of Minos, for he was a man all of brass that went his rounds in Crete. And if, Eucrates, he had only been made of wood instead of brass, we must have thought him one of the inventions of Dædalus, not a work of Demetrius; at any rate, from your account, he is not unlike Dædalus, for he too shifts his footing, and tries to get away." "Beware, Tychiades," he replied, "of regretting your jest hereafter. I do not forget the punishment of the fellow who stole the obols we offer the statue every new moon." "He deserved a terrible punishment," said Ion, "for it was nothing less than sacrilege. How did the statue get satisfaction from him, Eucrates? I should like to hear, though Tychiades should vaunt his incredulity louder than ever." "A number of obols lay at his feet," he replied, "with other coins (some of them silver) stuck to his thigh with wax, and some silver leaves as well—somebody's votive offerings, or else a return for the cure of those who had had fever, and who through his grace were relieved. Now, we had an African servant, an unprincipled scoundrel of a groom, who tried to steal all the things I have told you of. He carefully waited till the statue got down from his pedestal, and then stole them. Now, mark the vengeance of Pelichus, and his detection of the African, the moment he returned and found the theft had been committed. The miserable thief wandered round the hall the whole night through, for he appeared to have got into a sort of labyrinth, and at last, when morning dawned, he was taken red-handed. At the time he

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was caught he received a severe flogging, but he only lived a short time afterwards, and died the evil death of an evil man—for every night he said he had a flogging; and, indeed, the weals were visible on his body the next day. So jest away, Tychiades, and regard me henceforth as no less crazy than the contemporary of Minos.” “But, Eucrates,” said I, “as long as brass is brass, and Demetrius of Alopecæ has fashioned the work, no maker of gods, but of men, I will not fear the statue of Pelichus, for even during his life I had not been much afraid of his threats.” Here the doctor broke in: “I too, Eucrates, have a brazen Hippocrates, about a foot and a half high; and he (though not before the lights are out) goes his rounds in the house, making a noise, and upsetting my medicine chest, and mixing my drugs, and turning the handle of my door. And he is most careful to do this if we have delayed the yearly sacrifice we offer him.” “Why,” said I, “does Hippocrates, the physician, already insist on having a regular sacrifice in his honour, and does he resent it if he misses a proper banquet at the proper time, and unblemished victims? It should have sufficed him if he got an ordinary funeral offering, or somebody gave him a libation of honey and milk, or a garland for his head!” “Listen, now,” said Eucrates, “to something supported by evidence—something I saw five years ago. The time of the year happened to be harvest. I was in the field about noon, and I had just dismissed my workmen from their work. I walked away into the wood alone, for there was something my mind was

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pondering and reflecting on ; and, when I got into the shade of the wood, first there came a barking of dogs, and I fancied my son, Mnason, was pursuing his usual sport, and that, having reached a thick covert, he was hunting there with his companions. It was not so ; a sort of earthquake followed, and a voice like that of thunder, and directly after I saw a woman approaching, an appalling figure more than six hundred feet high ; and she had a torch in her left hand, and a sword in her right, about thirty feet long. Below, her feet became snakes, and in her upper parts she was like a Gorgon—I mean in her look and terrifying aspect. In the place of hair she had serpents twisting all about her neck, like curls, and some even coiled on her shoulder. Do you notice, my friends, how I shudder over my description ?” and, as he spoke, Eucrates showed every one the hair on his arms, bristling straight up from fright. Ion, however, Deinomachus, Cleodemus, and the rest, old as they were, listened to him with earnest faces and mouths wide open—literally led by the nose—as they paid their cool and deliberate worship to this fanciful colossus, the six hundred-foot woman, in her double aspect of giant and hobgoblin. But, for my part, I was asking myself all the time—What is there in these men, whose wisdom brings youth into their company, and who enjoy the admiring respect of every one ? Surely there is nothing—nothing to distinguish them from babes but their grey hair and their beards. For the rest, not even babes are more easily persuaded to falsehood ! Then Deinomachus put in : “Tell me, Eucrates, what was the size of the dogs

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that the goddess had with her?" "They were taller," said he, "than Indian elephants, black in colour, but their shaggy hair was all dirty and matted. I stood still when I saw them, and turned the seal of the ring the Arab gave me to the inside; and Hecate then struck the ground with her snaky foot, and made a huge chasm as deep as Tartarus, into which she presently disappeared at a bound. But I got bolder, and stooped over the chasm, taking hold of a tree that grew near lest I should get dizzy and fall in head foremost. Then I saw everything in Hades, the river of fire and the lake, and Cerberus and the dead—well enough, indeed, to recognise some of them; at any rate, I saw my father distinctly, and he was still wearing the grave-clothes in which we had buried him." "What were the spirits doing, Eucrates?" said Ion. "Doing? Why, enjoying themselves with their friends and kinsfolk, as they lay stretched along the asphodel meadow—whole tribes and clans of them." "Well," said Ion, "after this, I give the Epicureans free leave to go on contradicting the divine Plato, and his view of the spirits! But did you see Socrates himself, and Plato too, among the dead?" "Socrates, I did," he replied, "but not clearly, though I guessed it was he from seeing an obese and bald-headed figure; but Plato I did not recognise, for I suppose one is bound to stick to the exact truth before friends. I had just seen everything distinctly, the chasm being on the point of closing, when some of my servants (Pyrrhias, here, being one of them and looking about for me with the rest) came and stood by

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my side before it had quite closed. Is not this the truth, Pyrrhias?" "Unquestionably," said Pyrrhias; "and I heard a barking through the chasm, and thought I saw a gleam of fire from the torch as well." And, as the witness added these extra touches of the barking and the gleam of fire, I laughed.

"Why," Cleodemus burst out, "what you saw was not new, nor denied to others. A little while ago, when I was ill, a similar spectacle was vouchsafed to me. Our friend Antigonus attended me, and I was under his care. It was the seventh day, and the violence of my fever was something beyond any ordinary heat. I was alone, for every one had left me; they had shut the door, and were waiting outside. For these were your orders, Antigonus, in the hope that I might possibly get to sleep. At that time, however, I was wide awake, when a young and very handsome man stood over me, clad in a white robe; he then raised me up, and took me through a hole in the earth to Hades. And at one moment I saw and recognised Tantalus, and Tityos, and Sisyphus, and all the other sights there is no need to tell of. When I was brought up for judgment, Æacus being present and Charon, and the Fates, and the Furies, some one (a sort of king—I think it was Pluto) sat there, and went over the names of those who were shortly to die—those who had already, it seemed, over-stayed their time of life by a day. Now, the youth put me beside him; but Pluto showed some irritation, and said to my conductor: 'His thread is not yet spun out, let him go; but bring the coppersmith, Demylus,

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for he is already over the time the spindle gives him'. Thereupon I ran back cheerfully, for I no longer had any fever, and solemnly announced to every one that Demylus would shortly be dead. Now, Demylus was staying with some neighbours of ours, and was himself ill at the time, as we were told; and shortly afterwards we heard the last wail of his friends as they mourned for him." "Where is the wonder?" said Antigonus. "I know a man raised from the dead twenty days after his burial, for I attended him both before his death and after his resurrection." "And how was it," said I, "that the body, after twenty days, did not putrefy, nor was wasted at all by inanition—unless, indeed, it was Epimenides that you attended?"

While we were talking, Eucrates' two sons came in from the wrestling school. One of them is quite a young man, and the other about fifteen. After paying their respects to us, they sat down on the bed near their father, and a chair was brought in for me. Then Eucrates spoke to me, the sight of his sons apparently bringing back something to his mind. "Tychiades," he said, and he put his hands on their heads as he spoke, "may these boys never be a blessing to me if what I am going to tell you is not the truth. Every one knows how I loved their sainted mother, my wife—and I proved my love by the way I treated her—not only in her lifetime, but even after her death; for I burnt with her all her ornaments and the dresses which gave her so much happiness in life. On the seventh day after her death, I was lying here on my bed as I am now, trying

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to lighten my sorrow. In fact, I was peacefully reading Plato's book on the soul. In the middle of my reading, in comes Demænete and sits as close to me as Eucratides," pointing to his younger son, "is sitting now" (the boy shivered with childish terror—indeed, he had been pale for some minutes, from the time his father began his narrative). "As soon as I saw her I threw my arms round her, and wept and groaned aloud, but she would not suffer me to cry out; indeed, she reproached me. Though I had gratified her in all other ways, I had omitted, she said, to burn one of her two slippers—and they were gold slippers—with the rest of her clothes. She added that it had fallen under the chest, and that therefore we had not found it, and had only burnt one. We were still talking when an abominable little Maltese puppy gave a yelp under the bed, and she vanished at the sound. We found the slipper, though, under the chest, and burnt it afterwards. These things, Tychiades, are patent—are being seen every day of our lives; and is it still reasonable to be incredulous about them?" "Of course not," said I. "Those who could be so incredulous—so shamelessly obstinate in the face of truth—would, at the least, deserve the golden slipper—deserve to be whipped with it, as children are."

After this there came in Arignotus, the long-haired Pythagorean, with gravity written on his face. You know the man they call the divine Arignotus, the praises of whose wisdom are everywhere sung? As soon as I saw him I breathed more freely, for I thought I had now got what I wanted—an axe to

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lay to the root of falsehood. The man of wisdom, I said, will stop their mouths, and put an end to their recital of portents. Fortune, I thought, had wheeled him out on the stage for me like "a god from the machine," as the phrase goes. When he had sat down, for Cleodemus gave up his place to him, he first asked about Eucrates' illness, and when he told him he was better: "Now, tell me," said he, "what have you been philosophising about, for I overheard you as I came in, and I think you were on the point of nicely settling your discussion?" "We were merely trying to convert this brazen unbeliever," said Eucrates, pointing to me, "trying to make him believe in the existence of a certain type of spirits, and that phantoms and souls of the dead walk about over the earth, and appear to any one they choose." (I blushed and held down my head out of respect for Arignotus.) "Perhaps, Eucrates, what Tychiades says is this, that only the spirits of those who die violent deaths walk about; I mean when any one has hanged himself, or been beheaded, or impaled, or by some other death of the kind has quitted this life; but he contends, at the same time, that there is no further lease of life for those who die natural deaths. If this is his meaning, his view will not be one that we can absolutely reject." "No, indeed," said Deinomachus; "he denies such things altogether, and thinks that they have never been seen in concrete shape." "What do you mean?" said Arignotus, with a severe look at me. "Do you deny the existence of these things, and that, too, when they occur before the eyes of the whole world, as we may say?"

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"You have made my defence," I replied; "I do not believe, because, unlike the rest of the world, I do not even see the things. If I had seen, of course I would have believed, like the rest of you." "Well," said he, "if you come to Corinth, ask for the house of Eubatides; and when they show it you, near the Craneum, go in and tell the porter, Tibias, that you want to see the place where Arignotus, the Pythagorean, made the digging and drove away the spirit, and caused the house to be habitable ever after." "What was this, Arignotus?" Eucrates asked. "It had been long uninhabited," he replied, "because of people's fears; and when any one did inhabit it, he was scared and fled, chased away by some fearful and distressing vision. The building was already in ruins, and beginning to fall in, and there was then absolutely no one who had courage enough to enter it. When I heard this I took my books—for I had a large number of Egyptian volumes on the subject—and I came into the house about midnight. All the time my host was trying to make me turn back, and almost laid violent hands on me, so convinced was he that I was bent on sheer destruction when he heard where I was going. But I took my lamp and entered alone, and, putting it down in the largest room in the house, I sat on the floor and calmly began to read. Up comes the spirit, thinking he had to do with one of the vulgar, and hoping to scare me as he had everybody else. He wore long hair, had a squalid, dried-up look, and was blacker than the land of night. He stood before me and tried every sort of encounter in the hope that some transformation might

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give him a triumph. One moment he became a dog, another a bull, and another a lion; but I was ready, apostrophising him in the most appalling manner, and using the Egyptian tongue; and finally I drove him into a corner of the dark chamber, overwhelming him with my incantations. I saw where he had sunk down, and after that I rested; but in the morning when all were in despair—for they expected to find me a corpse, as they had found everybody else—I came forward, to the surprise of every one, and approached Eubatides with my good news. ‘Henceforward,’ I said, ‘you will have your house so that you can live in it—empty, and purged of horrors.’ Then I took with me the master of the house and several of the rest of the company, for the extraordinary news moved them to follow us; and, when I had brought them to the place where I had seen the spirit sink down, I bade them take spades and mattocks and dig. On this being done there was discovered, about a fathom down, a mouldering corpse, holding together as a mere frame of bones. Accordingly, we dug it up and buried it. And never since has the house been troubled by phantoms.”

When Arignotus said this—a man remarkable for his wisdom, and generally revered—every one present freely charged me with folly for ridiculing such things, and that, too, when they came from the lips of Arignotus. But, for all that, neither his long hair nor their good opinion inspired me with any awe of him. “What is this, Arignotus?” I said. “You—the sole hope of truth, as I once thought you—are you, just like

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the rest, wrapped in the smoke and mist of visions? You illustrate the old proverb: 'Our treasure has turned into ashes before our eyes.' "It is your part to speak now," said Arignotus. "If you do not believe my words, or Deinomachus, or Cleodemus here, or Eucrates himself, on such matters, what authority contradicting ours do you find more trustworthy?" "By heaven!" said I, "I have a marvellously weighty one. Democritus, the philosopher of Abdera, was so thoroughly persuaded that nothing of the kind could have a concrete existence that he shut himself up in a tomb outside the city walls, and continued writing and systematising night and day. Then, as some youths wished to make him ridiculous and give him a fright, they dressed themselves up as corpses, wearing black clothes and masks made to look like skulls; they stood round him, and danced about him, jumping up and down, and making a great shuffling of the feet. But so little was he disturbed by the aspect they presented, so wholly did he ignore them, that he went on writing, merely saying: 'Have done with your jest!' so fixed was his conviction that souls separated from bodies could have no real existence." "All that this comes to," said Eucrates, "is that Democritus, like many others, was a good bit of a fool, if these were his real opinions. But I will relate to you something else of my own experience—no second-hand narrative. Even you, Ty-chiades, will perhaps be won over to believe in my story as a true one when you hear it. While I was still a youth, I lived in Egypt. My father sent me there for my education, he said. Being there, I had a great wish

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to make a voyage to Coptus, and from there to go on a visit to Memnon, and hear the wonderful notes he utters at sunrise. What I heard was something better than falls to the lot of the ordinary tourist, a mere unintelligible sound. To me he opened his mouth, and gave me an oracle of seven lines. It would be superfluous to repeat them to you, or I could have given you the very words. On the voyage back I happened to have as a fellow-passenger a man of Memphis, one of the sacred scribes, a man of marvellous insight, and learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. For twenty-three years they said he had lived underground in the shrines, taking lessons in magic from Isis." ("It is the holy man, Pancrates," exclaimed Arignotus, "my tutor!") "His head was shaved, and he was clothed in a garment of fine linen—a man much given to musing, and speaking Greek a little imperfectly. He was tall, with a snub nose and projecting lips, and his legs were a trifle thin." ("Pancrates to the life!" said the other.) "At first I did not know who he was, but, whenever we put in anywhere, I observed him performing a variety of miracles, riding on crocodiles, and swimming with the creatures, while they cowered before him, or wagged their tails fawningly; and I at once concluded that he was some holy man. Insensibly I grew fond of him, and became his intimate friend, so that he communicated to me all his secrets. And at last he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis. We should have no lack of people to wait on us, he said; and after this we spent our time together, as he suggested. Whenever

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we entered an inn the man would take the bolt off the door, or it might be the broom, or the pestle, dress it up and say a charm over it, and make it walk off, so that every one else thought it was a man. It would go off and draw water, and get food and cook it, waiting on us like a clever servant in every sort of way ; and, when he had had enough of waiting, Pancrates would say another charm over it, and the broom would become a broom again, and the pestle a pestle. Anxious as I was to acquire this secret, I could never learn it from him, for he grudged it to me, though so communicative in everything else ; but one day, unknown to him, I overheard the charm—a charm of three syllables—for I was standing close behind him in the dark ; he then went off to the market, after telling the pestle what it had to do. The next day, as he had some business in the market, I took the pestle and dressed it up, said over it the three syllables in imitation of him, and bade it fetch water. It filled the pitcher, brought it, and then I said : ‘ Stop, fetch no more water, but be a pestle again ! ’ But I was no longer master of it, and it continued to fetch water till it filled the house with all the water it had drawn. In despair at what had happened (for I was afraid of Pancrates’ return and his displeasure—I had good reason to fear it, as it proved) I took an axe and cut the pestle in two ; but each of the two parts took pitchers and fetched water, so that now I had two water-carriers instead of one. At this point Pancrates appeared, and at once, knowing what had happened, turned them into the wooden things they had been before I uttered the

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charm ; but he left me without my noticing it, disappearing somewhere, and making himself invisible." "At any rate," said Deinomachus, "you now know the first thing—how to turn the pestle into a man." "True," said he, "though it is only half-knowledge ; for it is impossible for me to go on, and bring the thing back to its original condition after it once becomes a water-carrier. No, as soon as we have got our water-carrier, there will be nothing for it but for the drawing of water to go on, and our house to be flooded." "Are you never going to stop this marvel-mongering," I said, "and at your age, too? But, if you persist, at least keep for some other time, if you have any regard for these striplings, those unnatural and frightful stories ; otherwise you will have them steeped in strange and fabulous terrors before you know where you are. You are bound to consider them, and not to habituate them to the hearing of such things ; for all their life through they will abide with them and trouble them, making them nervous and staining their minds with every variety of superstition." "Your mention of superstition, Tychiades, is a good reminder," said Eucrates. "Now, what is your view of such things as oracles and divine intimations, the cries of those possessed by the gods, or the sounds heard from the shrines ; or, say, a prophecy of the future delivered in verse by a maiden ? Of course, these will be equally beyond your belief, will they not ? But I can tell you I have a sacred ring, with the head of the Pythian Apollo in relief on the seal ; and I only forbear to mention it, and to say that this Apollo speaks

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to me, for fear of seeming at the same time to boast of myself, and to exhaust your belief. I wish to tell you, however, of what I heard at Mallus in the shrine of Amphilochus (where the hero discoursed with me in an open vision, and advised me about my affairs), and also of what I myself saw. I will next go on to describe to you what I saw at Pergamus, and heard at Patara. When I returned home from Egypt I heard that the shrine at Mallus was most famous for its veracity, and gave a distinct message, answering word for word to whatever one wrote down on the slate and gave to the prophet. Accordingly, I thought it would be as well to take it on my way and to give it a trial, and to consult with the god about coming events."

While Eucrates was still speaking I took note of the length to which the thing would probably run, and that the drama of the oracle he was now entering on would be no trifle; and, thinking that mine ought not to be the only voice raised in opposition to the company, I left him still pursuing his voyage from Egypt to Mallus. I was conscious that they were tired of having me there in the rôle of a sophist, denouncing their inventions. "Well," said I, "I will go and look for Leontichus, for I want some conversation with him; and as for you, since humanity is not enough for you, by all means proceed at once to call in the gods to lend a helping hand to your fables." With these words I departed, and they clutched their liberty gladly, and feasted one another, I suppose, till they were gorged with falsehood.

This is what I heard, Philocles, in Eucrates' house;

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and I am come back with the sense of repletion known to those who drink new wine, and I yearn to be rid of it. I would gladly find some means of buying, at ever such a cost, an opiate to make me forget all I heard, for fear my memory should dwell on it, and do me a mischief. I am sure I have got portents and spirits and Hecates on the retina of my eye.

PHIL. Your narrative, Tychiades, has left me in some such condition. They say that those who are bitten by mad dogs go mad and dread water; but if a man be bitten and bites, his bite is as bad as the dog's, and his victim has the same terrors. You seem to me to have been bitten in Eucrates' house by these many lies, and to have given me a share in your sensation of being bitten, so phantom-ridden have you left my mind!

TY. Take courage, my friend; with truth and right reason to direct everything, we have a powerful antidote against such terrors; and, if we avail ourselves of it, there is no fear of our being disturbed by these vain and idle imaginations.

NIGRINUS.

THE LETTER TO NIGRINUS.

LUCIAN TO NIGRINUS, GREETING,—

The proverb says: "Owls to Athens!" assuming it to be an absurdity to bring owls to a place where there are already plenty of them. Now, if, from a desire to make a display of my command of words, I had proceeded to write a book and send it to Nigrinus, I should have been a genuine trafficker in owls, and guilty of the absurdity implied in the proverb. As it is, I only wish to make known to you what I really think of my present state of mind, and to prove that it was no passing impression your words made on me; and, therefore, I may reasonably hope to escape the reproof of Thucydides where he says that, while presumption is due to ignorance, a reasoned opinion produces diffidence; for the boldness of which I am guilty is not caused by my ignorance merely, but by my enthusiasm for rational discourse. Farewell.

FRIEND. What a great seriousness and what an exaltation there is about you since your return to us. Why, you no longer deign to look at us; we are not admitted to your company; you don't share with us the give and

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take of ordinary conversation ; I find you changed all of a sudden, and your manner generally has a touch of contempt in it. I should like to hear from you whence this strange alteration proceeds, and what is the cause of it.

LUC. What should it be, my friend, but my good fortune ?

FR. What do you mean ?

LUC. It is an accident of my journey that has brought me to you in a state of felicity and blessedness, or, to borrow the phrase from the stage, " thrice happy ".

FR. Portentous ! Was it as sudden as that ?

LUC. It was, indeed.

FR. Now, what is this great fortune which makes you so proud ? Let me not enjoy it only in abstract. Let me hear everything so that I can have some accurate knowledge of it.

LUC. By heaven, don't you call it a marvellous thing to exchange slavery for freedom, poverty for real riches, senseless conceit for some degree of sobriety ?

FR. A very great thing, indeed ; but I have not yet caught your meaning distinctly.

LUC. Well, I made straight for the city, as I wanted to see an oculist ; for the pain in my eye was getting rather severe.

FR. I know all about that ; and I hoped you might light upon some real expert.

LUC. I should tell you, though, that for a long time past I had intended to call on Nigrinus, the Platonist ; so I started early, got to his house, and knocked at the door. His servant then announced me, and I was

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admitted. On entering, I found the philosopher with a book in his hands, and all about the room were placed a number of statues of the wise men of old. In the middle, a board was set up inscribed with mathematical figures, and a sphere constructed of reeds, intended, it seemed, to represent the universe. He received me with great warmth, and asked me how I was getting on. I told him everything about myself, and then, in my turn, begged to be told what he was doing, and if he had resolved on another voyage to Greece. And then, when he began to talk of it, and to expound his ideas—oh, my friend, he poured such an ambrosial flood of discourse upon me as to recall the Sirens of old, if one may assume that any Sirens ever came into being, and Pindar's mystical charmers, and brought up Homer's lotus from the obscure past. There was all this inspiration in his words. For he was carried beyond my questions to speak in praise of philosophy and the liberty it gave, and to ridicule the things which pass for blessings with the multitude—wealth, fame, sovereignty, honour; gold was added to the list, and purple, and all that proves so strong an attraction to most men, and was by me also for a time so regarded. My spirit was braced to catch all this, and my soul opened wide to receive his words; but at the time I could not even make a guess at how I felt, for I experienced every conceivable change of feeling. One moment I was grieved at his exposing the things I idolised—wealth, and money, and fame—and I almost wept to see them dragged down from their pedestal;

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and the next I was satisfied that they were both mean and ridiculous. I rejoiced to be quit of the sort of murky atmosphere that encircled my former life, and to be looking at a clear sky and a great light; till at last—perhaps the greatest novelty among my sensations—I forgot all about my eye, and the weakness in it, while my soul was gradually acquiring a keener sight. I had never noticed till then, you may observe, that that part of me was quite blind. In due course, I reached that condition which you resented finding me in just now. For his discourse has left me elevated and excited, and, in a word, has raised me above all humble thoughts. I seem to be affected in the same way by philosophy that the Indians are said to have been by wine when they first drank it. Being naturally of a warmer temperament they at once raved like Bacchanals the moment they had taken such strong drink, and the undiluted spirit made them twice as mad as other people. So it is with myself, you see, after the sage's words. I go about in a sort of divine enthusiasm and intoxication.

FR. Ah, no; this is not intoxication, but sobriety and temperance. If possible, I should like to hear the actual words, for I am sure it cannot be right to make light of them, or of the duty of imparting them, especially when he who wants to hear is a friend, and has an intense interest in such subjects.

LUC. Never fear, my dear sir. Mine is the Homeric case, you spur a willing horse; had you not been beforehand with your request, I should have begged you to

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listen to my narrative. I want to produce you before the world as evidence that there is a method in my madness. On every ground, I take pleasure in going back again and again to the words I heard, but I have already made a practice of it as well ; though no one be with me, I repeat to myself, two or three times a day, all he said to me. You know how lovers, when the beloved are absent, recall particular acts of theirs, and words they have said, and dwell on them, and so beguile their pain, as if those they love were at their side. Some even think they hold conversations with them, and are as delighted as if the words spoken to them in old days were repeated at the moment. They fasten their souls on the recollection of the past, and have no leisure to be troubled by the immediate present. In the same way, though philosophy is not by me, I gather up the words I heard when with the philosopher ; and unroll before myself, so to say, the scroll on which they were written, and find no small consolation. In a word, it is like being at sea, or travelling in the depth of night. I fix my eyes on this man as though he were some beacon fire, thinking my old friend is with me in all I do, and seeming always to hear him saying the same things to me. And sometimes, when my feeling is most intense, his face comes before me, and the tones of his voice linger in my ears ; for what the comic poet says is quite true of him : " What he left with his hearers was a kind of sting ".

FR. Easy, my wonderful oarsman, and just back-water a bit. Go back to the beginning, and tell me straight

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on what he said; your manner of taking one about is uncommonly aggravating.

LUC. I am properly rebuked, and must do as you say; but one other remark, my friend, permit me. You have seen tragic, or, for that matter, comic, actors of an inferior sort, I have no doubt. I mean actors of the sort generally hissed—those who murder the poet's work, and are at last driven from the stage; yet often the plays they act are good enough to have won a prize.

FR. I know a number of such actors; but what of that?

LUC. What I am afraid of is that, in the middle of my narrative, it should strike you as a ridiculous imitation; that I should be inconsecutive in arranging my points, or that my poor powers should in some places distort the sense itself, and that you might at last be induced by degrees actually to pronounce against the piece. As to myself, I am not seriously disturbed; but, if the subject shared my failure, and were discredited—thanks to me—I should be extremely distressed. This, then, I would not suffer you to forget throughout my discourse. For such slips the poet is not responsible; his seat is nowhere near the stage, for he takes no interest in what goes on in the theatre. I permit you to put me to the proof, and to see how far my memory qualifies me to be an actor; but, in every other point, I shall be about as capable as the messengers in a tragedy. So, whenever you note a deficiency, let it be taken for granted that the original was better, and that the poet no doubt made it look quite different. But for me, even

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if you dismiss me with hisses, I shall not greatly feel it.

FR. Ye Powers of Eloquence ! What a prelude is here, and how completely have you followed the fashion of the rhetoricians ! I know you were going to add that your interview did not last long, that you were not yourself prepared for his discourse when you came, and that it would have been much better if I could have heard it from his own lips ; for it happens that you have only carried away a few things, just what it was possible to retain ; was not this what you were going to say ? Well, save yourself all that trouble as far as I am concerned. Consider that, for that matter, your preface is over and done with. I am quite ready to clap and clamorously applaud. Only, if you keep me waiting any longer, I shall bear you a grudge throughout the performance, and the shrillest of hissing shall disconcert you.

LUC. I wish I had mentioned all the points you have gone through ; I wish I had added that I am not going to rehearse, consecutively, just such a finished discourse as he delivered. That is quite out of the question for me. Nor, when I speak, shall I father upon him my words, for fear of resembling the actors in another point. How often do they clothe themselves in golden robes, and put on the masks of Agamemnon or Creon, or even of Hercules himself, with its grim look and ferocious mouth ; while they speak in tones which are weak, and thin, and womanish, far more diffident than Hecuba's or Polyxena's. So, in order to avoid exposure, as wearing a mask much too big for my head, and bringing disgrace upon my attire,

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I wish to strip off the mask from my face, and speak in my own person, for fear I should fall and pull down with me the hero I am representing.

FR. Will this go on the whole day through? Will the fellow never cease making this lavish display of stage and tragedy at my expense?

Luc. See, I am ready to bring it to an end. I will go back at once to the start. He began his talk with praises of Hellas, and the men of Athens. "They are reared," he said, "in philosophic poverty, and find no pleasure in seeing any citizen or stranger who tries to force on them the introduction of luxury; so far are they from being pleased with any one of this sort, who has paid them a visit, that they gently try to mould him, supplying aids to his education, and to convert him to simplicity of life." He remembered an instance: "One of the very wealthy, conspicuous for his bad taste shown in the extravagance of his retinue, and the varied splendour of his dress and golden ornaments, came to Athens. This man hoped to excite envy in the breast of every Athenian, and to be the object of that marked regard which prosperity can generally command. But they thought of him as a poor creature in an unhappy condition, and tried to educate him without showing any harshness, or, as the city was a free one, directly forbidding his living after the fashion he preferred. Only when he annoyed them at the baths and gymnasiums, his retinue crowding and cramping all who came in contact with him, some one used to make a quiet remark in an undertone, as though it were an aside, and he were

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not speaking directly to the stranger: 'The fellow is afraid of being made away with while he is bathing. *We* know the bath has enjoyed a long period of peace, so we don't want a camp here,' and in the meantime the stranger was learning a lesson by hearing the truth. In the same way, they made him get rid of his embroidered clothes and robes of purple, by jesting with good-humoured wit at his blossoming out into bright colours. 'Spring is with us already,' they would say; or, 'Whence have we this peacock?' or, again, 'Perhaps all this belongs to his mother'; or other things of a similar sort. And in this way, too, they made fun of everything else—the number of his rings, or the elaborate fashion in which he wore his hair, or his reckless style of living. Thus he came to be sobered by degrees, and the public instruction he received made a far better man of him." To prove that the Athenians did not mind admitting their poverty, Nigrinus told me of certain words of theirs which he heard delivered as the public voice at the Panathenaic games. One of the citizens was arrested and taken before the president for appearing among the spectators in a garment of coloured cloth. The bystanders were sorry and interested for him, and, when the public crier announced that he had broken the law in coming to the show in such clothes, all the people called out together, as though they had considered the case: "He must be pardoned for appearing in this dress; he has no other!" This was the sort of thing he commended, and he also dwelt upon the freedom they enjoyed—the absence of effusive ostentation in their style of living, their quiet

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life with its freedom from worry ; all this they had in full measure. He went on to show how it chimed in with philosophy to spend one's days with such men ; the power it had to keep the character unsullied where a man was in earnest, and had schooled himself to despise wealth ; adding that life at Athens was exactly suited for one who had made his choice to live with his eye on things which were lovely—to live a natural life. But it is quite otherwise, he would urge, with one who longs for wealth, and feels the spell of gold, and measures his happiness by the purple of great place, without asking for a taste of liberty, an experience of free speech, or a glimpse of truth, content to live in an atmosphere of slavish flattery ; quite otherwise with one who has committed his whole soul to pleasure, and resolved to serve her alone—given up to exquisitely prepared dainties, to intemperance and sensual pleasures, choked with quackery, deception and falsehood ; or, with one who takes delight in immoral songs, with their titillating airs and tunes. “ Life in a place like Rome is made,” he said, “ for such persons. Why, of the things they love best—

The streets are full and full the market-place.

They can admit pleasure at every gate—one moment at the eye, the next at the ear, and the next at the nose, not to speak of the gate of the palate, and the other appetites ; and, when the unebbing turbid tide of pleasure streams in through that widened channel, then the high-roads are everywhere broken up. Then these vices enter together—adultery, and covetousness, and perjury,

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and the whole tribe of corrupt affections; they come in like a flood upon the soul, and, from every corner, modesty, virtue and justice are swept away. The place is emptied of them, and cursed with a continual thirst, and there shoots up from the soil a rich crop of fierce desires." This was how he described Rome, and the many attractive things which it taught one to love. "I can tell you," he said, "that the first time I was returning from Greece I stopped somewhere near the city to ask myself the reason of my coming hither, using the well-known words of Homer :—

Why, wretched man, hast thou the sunlight left ?

(It was Greece I was thinking of, the old happiness, and the old liberty)—

What wouldst thou see ?

Was it the uproar in the city, its impostors, its insolent greetings, its feasting and flattery, its bloodshed, its legacy hunting, its feigned friendships? Have you made up your mind what to do when you can neither escape from, nor follow, the prevailing tone? Thus I pondered, and, withdrawing myself, as Zeus did Hector from the darts, or, as he says—

From slaughter, and from blood, from clamorous war,
I determined for the future to keep at home, and, putting before myself a life of this sort, regarded by most as feminine and unenterprising, I now converse only with philosophy, with Plato, and with truth. Now that I am set down in what I may call a theatre, with its myriad spectators, I examine all that goes on before me; for, not

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only can it provide much diversion and mirth, but it can also furnish the proof of a really consistent man. Indeed, if it is proper to express approval even of bad things, I would not have you believe that there is any greater school of virtue, or any more real trial of the spirit, than this city and the life led in the midst of it. For where desires are so many, where there are things to tempt eye and ear, inviting you on every side, it is no slight resistance you must offer when violent hands are laid on you. You must sail past the enemy as Ulysses did, imitating him closely, except that you must not have your hands tied (that would be cowardly), or your ears stopped with wax ; unfettered, and with open ears shall you listen, and with pride that deserves the name. Here also you can cherish your admiration of philosophy, and observe, at the same time, all these many follies, without losing your contempt for the gifts of fortune ; for what you will see is a sort of stage, and a play employing many masks. Here one comes forward as a master who has been a slave, and there a man has exchanged riches for poverty, and there again a poor man becomes a satrap or a king ; and one is that king's friend, and another is his enemy, and a third some one he has dismissed to banishment. And here is the strangest thing of all : Fortune may protest as she will that she makes sport of human affairs, she may admit that there is no security about them ; but nothing will prevent them, one and all, day after day, fixing their gaze on her prizes, reaching after wealth and sovereignty, and going about the world full of unrealised hopes. I will proceed

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to explain the point I insisted on above—the mirth and diversion to be got from what goes on around you. How can the rich avoid making themselves ridiculous, with their display of purple robes, just when they are uttering their loud indictments against vulgarity, delivered with the pointed finger? What strikes one as so novel is the strange tone in which they salute all they meet, expecting that a man has every reason to be satisfied if he gets a mere glance from them. The more magnificent people, who wait for an obeisance to be made, must not be saluted from a distance, or in the Persian fashion; you must come close to them, stoop to them, and, after humiliating your soul till its misery is evidenced by a corresponding abjectness in the body, you must kiss the breast or the hand, and those who cannot get even this will envy and admire you; and yet the envied one has been standing exposed to this disappointment for ever so long. For my part, I am obliged to the great for this piece of inhumanity which refuses us a kiss.¹ But far more ludicrous than these men's position is the attitude of those who visit and pay court to them. They get up while it is still the middle of the night, and hurriedly make the round of the whole city, the servants shut the doors in their faces, and they have to tolerate being called dogs, and flatterers, and other pretty names. And what is the reward for this distasteful

¹ See Cowley's essay on "Liberty": "The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with the little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door".

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round of visits? Why, that poor dinner to which they attribute many of their misfortunes. Think of all they eat there, of all they drink, in defiance of their better judgment; of all the subjects, better left alone, of which they prate. They will leave at last in critical or resentful mood, either abusing the dinner or indignant at the host's insolent meanness. Then their dinners make them sick, and the lanes are full of them in this condition, or else crowding at the doors of brothels. Most go to bed at midday, and thus give occupation to the doctors, who include them in their round of visits, though some courtiers are so absolutely without leisure (here is a startling fact) that they cannot even afford the time to be ill. The flatterers, after all, in my opinion, are a more abandoned set than the flattered, and the insolence which they have to bear is almost certainly their own fault. What idea must the patrons have of them when they see the wonder their affluence excites, hear the praises of their gold, watch men crowding their porticoes and approaching them with a salute due only to lords and masters? But, had they agreed together to give up only for a little time their voluntary servitude, should we not have witnessed the very opposite of all this? Would not the rich have come to the doors of the poor, and begged them not to leave their prosperity without a spectator or a witness; begged them not to let it be seen how useless and unprofitable are their handsome tables and their spacious houses? What the rich care for is not their riches, but the congratulations riches bring. Moreover, it is a fact that a beautiful house,

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with its decoration of gold and ivory, is no advantage to the man who lives in it, once the admirers of such things come to an end. What men should have done was to use this method of pulling down the influence and importance of the rich, and making it cheap; their contempt would then have been a kind of fortress to intimidate wealth, and wealth only—as it is, they make themselves the slaves of it, and tempt the rich to their senseless pride. It might reasonably be thought no very serious thing for laymen (making an open confession of their imperfect education) to act like this, but it is really very surprising that men who pretend to philosophy should be guilty of these and even much greater absurdities. Why, how do you think I feel on seeing one of these—especially one advanced in life—mingling in the crowd of flatterers; on seeing a man, with some consciousness of worth, serving among a troop of satellites, and trying to be intimate with those who could give him invitations to their dinners; and that though his appearance makes him conspicuous—quite obviously conspicuous among his fellows? And why does he not alter his dress to suit his company, especially as the correspondence is complete in everything else—in all other parts of the piece they are acting? This irritates me beyond everything.

“As for their goings on at the banquet, I know no scyphant I can compare with them; though they have not a more vulgar way of gorging themselves, they get drunk more openly, they are the last to leave the table, and they insist on their right to carry away more than any one else. The more lively spirits can often be

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induced even to sing." But, though he thought all this matter for mirth, those whom he talked most of were the men who philosophised for a fee, and put a price upon virtue as though it were on sale in the market-place. He called their lecture-rooms resorts of traders and hucksters. The man who was preparing to teach contempt for wealth must, he thought, begin by showing he had a soul above gain.

But, to say no more of Nigrinus' talk, his practice never ceased to support his precepts; he would not only associate gratuitously with those that desired it, but, in the help he gave the needy, and the contempt he showed for every form of superfluity, he was so far from coveting what did not belong to him that he took no care to prevent damage done to his own property; for, though he had a farm at no great distance from the city, he thought it wrong to set foot in it for a number of years, not even admitting that it was his at all. His idea, I suppose, was that nature gave us no right over any of these things, but that succession, which custom approves, delivers to us the use of them for a time not defined, and that we are regarded as enjoying a short period of ownership; and that, as soon as her statute of limitations comes into force, nature bids us hand over our possessions to another, to whom the name of owner passes. And there are other things of no small importance in which Nigrinus offers an example to those who are desirous of imitating him—his simple diet, his reasonable use of exercise, his modest expression, and the plainness of his dress; and, above and beyond all, his well-balanced mind, and gentle

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manners. He used to beg his associates not to put off making virtue their own. "Most men do this," he said, "fixing some public holiday or solemn festival as the term of their procrastination, as though, after that date, they would begin to refrain from falsehood, and to do their duty. No," he would say; "the pursuit of a noble life brooks no delay." And he unreservedly condemned a certain type of philosopher—those who imagined it to be a training in virtue if they educated the young in endurance by a course of severities and labours. Most of them recommended putting them in chains, though others advised the use of the scourge; while the advocates of a new refinement in discipline would make the youths scratch their faces with a knife to disfigure their appearance. Nigrinus, however, thought there was something which should come long before this. "It was in the mind," he said, "that this steadiness and indifference should first take root. The man who sets himself to educate mankind in the best way should have used his imagination to gauge, now the body, now the mind, of his pupil, without forgetting either time of life or the first opportunities for guidance, for then he cannot be blamed for imposing duties beyond the pupil's strength." At any rate, the strain of this irrational discipline which he described he knew to have been fatal to many. Indeed, I myself saw a man who, after a taste of the hardships of those other schools, the moment he heard real, rational discourse, came to him forthwith, and took refuge with him, and obviously enjoyed a more considerate treatment. His next topic was at some distance from

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philosophy, for he spoke of ordinary men, detailing the crowded confusion of the city, and the way they jostled one another for places. He described the theatres and the circus with the statues of charioteers, the interest in the horses' names, and the way men talked of them in the lanes and alleys. Indeed, there is no doubt about the rage for horse-racing; a number of men, with quite a reputation for seriousness, have been overtaken by it. After this, he treated of another spectacle, afforded by those who busy themselves with the rites of the dead, and with wills. "The Romans," he would add, "only get out one word of truth their whole life through"—meaning the declaration required for wills—"and that only when too late to derive any advantage from their veracity." While he was in the middle of all this talk, I could not help laughing as he described their anxiety to have their uneducated taste buried with them, and the way they set their hand and seal to their want of sensitiveness. Some leave directions for their clothes to be burnt with them; others, some valuable they have prized in life; others, again, direct that particular servants shall always be in attendance at their graves, or that the columns of their monument shall be wreathed with flowers—carrying their simple vanities even beyond their life's end. "Come," he would say, "you ought to be able to infer what their life has been, if, in what follows life, these are the things they are so careful to provide for. These are the people who purchase the costly dainty, and pour out the wine at their banquets, flavoured with saffron and spices; others fill their houses

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with roses in the midst of winter, caring only for their being scarce and unseasonable, and despising them as a cheap decoration when nature sends them in her proper season. These are the people who even drink perfumes (nothing they did provoked his sarcasm more than this) just because they actually fail to understand how to gratify their own desires; here, as elsewhere, they know no law, and confound the distinctions of things, permitting luxury to come in at every gate, and trample on their soul, and, without a moment's hesitation, forcing the door for her, if I may borrow the current phrase of tragedy and comedy." This kind of thing he would describe as a solecism in pleasures. And there was another remark, to the same effect, which he was fond of making, a close imitation of the saying of Momus. He, you may remember, blamed the author of nature for not putting the bull's horns in front of his eyes; in the same way, my friend would criticise those who wore garlands, because they did not know the right place for a garland. "If," he would say, "we are to believe in the delight they get from the breath of violets and roses, the garland should have found a place just under the nose—as close as possible to the organ of respiration—then they would have received all the pleasure possible." He went on to speak of those who carried their interest in dinners to an extraordinary height, and great fun he made of them, with their varieties of subtle flavours, and their curiosities of pastry; and he would insist on the many annoyances to which such persons submitted in their eagerness for a pleasure

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as slight as it was short-lived. At any rate, he proved all the toil they endured was for a four-inch gratification—four inches being the length of the longest human gullet. The luxuries they purchase give them no pleasure before eating, and, after they are eaten, the satisfaction derived from the more costly dainties proves no more delightful than common fare. We must conclude, then, that what they buy for those vast sums is only the passing pleasure afforded them; and this he called a just fate for men too uneducated to recognise the truer forms of pleasure, with all of which philosophy can provide those who are resolved to labour for her. On another occasion he spoke at some length of what went on in the baths. He described the numerous attendants, the insolent manners, and the people who leant on their servants, or were carried home from the baths like dead men; for it looked almost like that. One thing he seemed to find specially offensive, not uncommon in the city, and quite usual at the baths. Special servants had to go in front, and call out injunctions to their masters to look before them, where there was any tall obstacle they had to pass, or any hole they had to cross, reminding them of the startling fact that they were actually moving; it astonished him, and made him indignant, that though they could dine without another's mouth, or another's hands, and hear without employing some one else's ears—that good health did not prevent their wanting other eyes besides their own to notice for them. "They are not ashamed," he said, "to listen to words of caution, which could only have been in place had they met with an accident, or been

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deformed. You may see even governors of cities in this helpless condition, and see them in open day, and in the public square."

These were the descriptions he gave me, with a number of others like them, and then his discourse came to an end. For a while I listened to him in astonishment, though not without a fear lest he should reach the end. When he ceased, my condition was pretty much that of the Phæacians listening to Ulysses. Long I gazed on him, for his spell was on me; then I felt greatly disturbed, and was seized with giddiness. The sweat streamed down my face, and, for all my desire to speak, I was so upset that I stopped short. My voice failed and my tongue missed its office, and at last I wept helplessly. His discourse went beneath the surface; it did not affect me in any trifling way, for the blow struck deep, and reached a vital part. It was very carefully aimed, that discourse, and cut into my very soul, if the phrase is permissible; for, if I too must deal in philosophers' phrases, this is my *conception* of what happened to me. The soul of a finely-tempered man seems to me closely to resemble a mark for archers made of some yielding substance. In the lists of life the bowmen are many, and the quivers they carry are filled with every variety of argument; but all do not shoot well. Some give a very strong pull to the string, and let fly more vigorously than they ought; and, while they get the right direction, instead of their arrows striking the mark, their violence drives them through; and so they pass, leaving only a gaping wound

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in the soul. Others, again, are the very opposite of this. They are too weak, they have too little vigour even for their arrows to reach the mark ; for they are often discharged only to drop before they have travelled half the distance. And if, occasionally, they do travel so far, they do no more than touch the surface, without making any deep impression ; for the hand whence they issued lacked the strength of authority. But a good archer, like my friend, will first take an accurate survey of the mark, to see whether it is very soft, or whether it is past the power of his dart to penetrate. (Do not forget there are marks which it is beyond our power to pierce). Having noted these facts, he will proceed to dip his arrow, not in poison, after the Scythian fashion, nor in bitter juice, after the fashion of the Curetes, but in some sweet drug which has a mild pungency ; and it is his custom never to shoot without dipping it in this way. The arrow takes a vigorous flight, piercing the mark and penetrating it. There it stays, and there discharges a large part of the drug, which is thus dispersed, and travels all over the soul. This is the tearful joy people feel as they listen—the sensation I myself experienced. It proves that the drug is coursing through our souls' veins, though we are not conscious of it. It came over me to repeat to him that verse—

So aim thy shaft, and give men of thy light.

You know that not all who hear the Phrygian flute are affected by it, but only those who are possessed by the Phrygian goddess ; for the sound of the music reminds

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them of their condition. So it is when men listen to philosophers; not every one catches the divine enthusiasm, or feels the piercing dart before he goes away—this is reserved for those whose nature contains some hidden affinity with philosophy.

FR. Oh, my friend, what a marvellous and divine solemnity there is about all your discourse! 'Tis the literal truth that you are bathed in an atmosphere of ambrosia and lotus, though I had never noticed it; while you were speaking I felt a thrill in the depths of my soul, and, now you have ceased, I am in pain, and "feel my wounds," as you say. And this is not surprising. You know that those who are bitten by mad dogs are not only mad themselves, but also cause others to lose their reason if they are bitten by them during their season of madness, for some part of the condition goes with the bite; the malady is fruitful, and a general power of spreading the madness is the result.

LUC. Do you admit, then, that you yourself feel the philosophic yearning?

FR. Indeed, I do; and I must further beg you to devise some general principles of treatment for my case.

LUC. Well, then, you must do as Telephus did.

FR. To what treatment do you refer?

LUC. Why, we must all go to the man who wounded us, and ask him for a cure.

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