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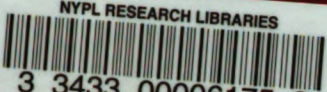
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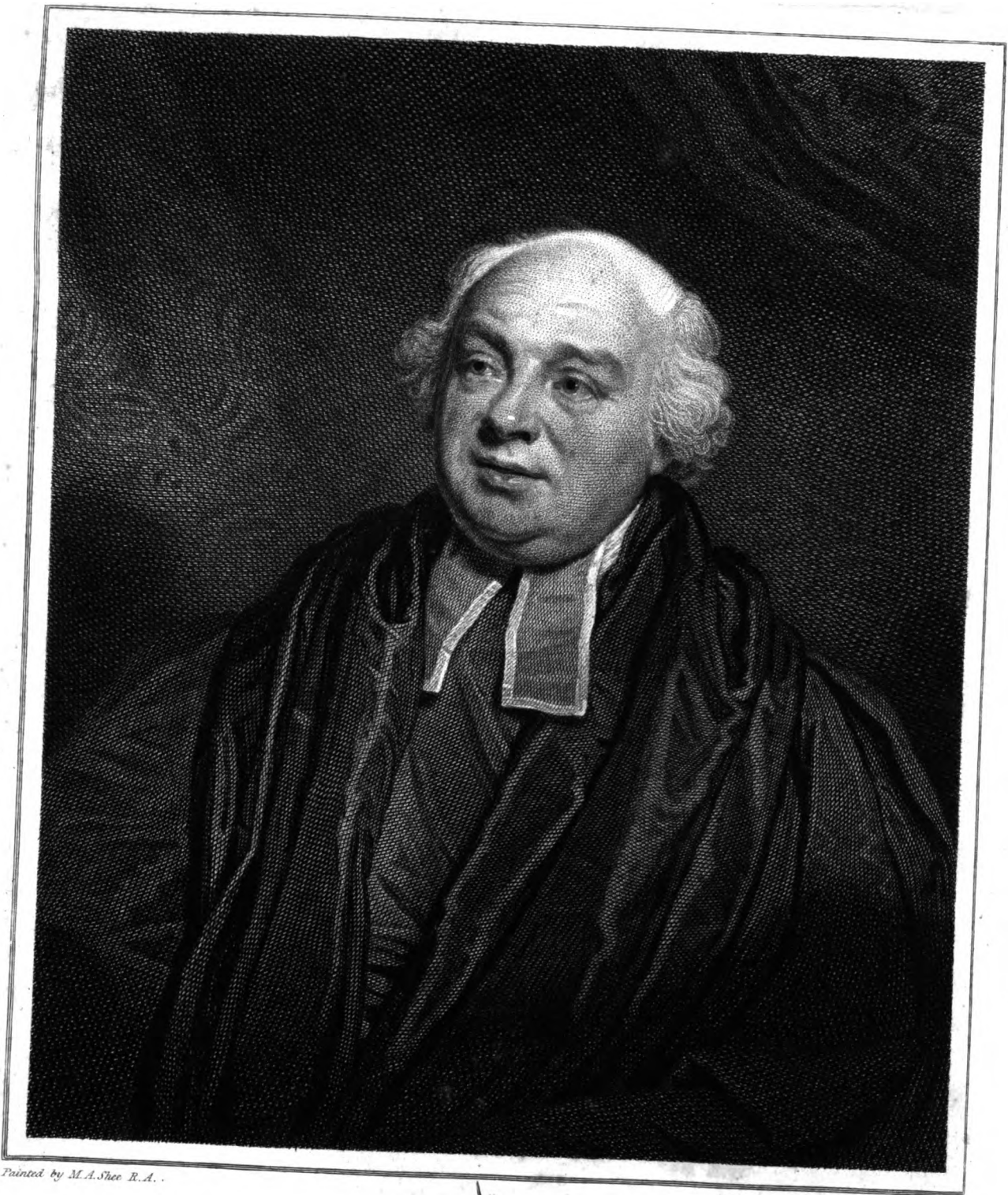


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LUCIAN

OF

SAMOSATA.

From the Greek.

WITH

THE COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

WIELAND

AND OTHERS.

BY WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S.

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ERRATA.

In the First Volume.

- P. xviii. l. 5, read homerican.
 23, l. 2, of the note, for *his*, read *their*.
 43, line 6 from bottom, for *now here*, read
 nowhere; and, in the line below, read, had
 copied the whole figure, &c.
 61, l. of note, read *heifer*.
 73, l. last, read *Phædo*.
 178, l. 2, read part.
 183, l. last, read the.
 210, l. last, before *was self-evident*, insert it.
 214, l. 4 from bottom, for *kind* read kinds.
 219, l. 7 of the note, for *anonymous* read ano-
 nymus.
 290, l. 12, after *belong*, insert to.
 341, l. 8 from bottom, for *Phæactians*, read
 Phæacians.
 344, l. 3, for *pure*, read clear.

- 573, l. 18, for *into*, read in.
 590, l. 18, *dele* to be.
 611, l. 4 from bottom, read schools.

In the Second Volume.

- P. 127, l. 8 of the notes, for *so*, read to.
 214, l. last, for *Sphéristique*, read Sphéristique.
 217, l. 7 from the bottom, efface the accent from
 the final *e*.
 236, l. 3 of the note, for *bow*, read cow.
 250, l. 9, for *terderness* read tenderness.
 267, l. 4 from bottom, read could.
 — l. 5 from bottom, missile.
 272, l. 16, after *well* insert worth.
 446, l. 11, for *Combatus* read Combabus.
 573, l. 2 of the note, *dele* was, and insert it in the
 next line, before the word principally.
 633, l. 1 of the note, for *tragediar*, read tragedian.
 641, l. last, *dele* the.

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427-216

ON THE
CIRCUMSTANCES, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS,
OF
LUCIAN.

ALL that can be with certainty learnt of Lucian's biography must be gathered or conjecturally inferred from the little that he himself has communicated, though but incidentally in his writings, and which is certainly not sufficient to allay the curiosity of such as would fain be acquainted with numerous particulars in the life of a man whose works have excited such very general interest for seventeen centuries since his decease. These scattered lineaments, however, being for the most part of such a nature, as, in connexion with the authentic transcript of his own intellectual character, which every author is unconsciously constrained to imprint in his works, to throw some light upon the history of his mind; it will be not ungrateful to the reader to see them here brought together in the most probable point of view, which a closer acquaintance with what is extant of him appears to afford.

Lucian was born at Samosata, a city of some consideration at that time, situate on the western shore of the Euphrates, in the syrian province of Commagene. This district, before Vespasian made it a province of Syria, had been for a long time the seat of several kings of the family of the Seleucidæ, and on its coins, which were afterwards struck under Hadrian, Severus, and others, still exulted in the appellation of the metropolis of Commagene*.

* Under the christian emperors it became, therefore, the see of a bishop. At present it makes but a poor figure under the denomination of Schemisat, and belongs, together with the whole district of Commagene, to the pashalic of Halep, or Aleppo.

The precise year of Lucian's birth is uncertain ; and after all the pains that Vossius, Johnsius, Dodwell, La Croze, Du Soul, and others have employed to settle his chronology, nothing accurate or probable can be obtained, more than that he was born about the latter end of Trajan's reign, or very early in that of Hadrian * ; that he flourished under both the Antonines, and that under Aurelius Commodus, or shortly after him, he ceased to live.

That he was of mean parentage, and apprenticed out to his maternal uncle, a sculptor, to learn statuary, and by what accident his good genius brought him out of the work-shop almost as soon as he had set his foot in it, and placed him in the career he was destined to pursue, is related by himself in the ingenious Address to his townsmen of Samosata, which stands at the head of his works : but in none of them does he make any mention either of the means whereby he extricated himself from the obstacles which his penury opposed to his studies, or where, and under what masters he qualified himself for the oratory of the bar, which he at first professed.

For a youth of uncommon natural endowments, who in Lucian's slender circumstances would addict himself to literature, in hopes of soon being able not only without support from his family connexions, but trusting entirely to fortunate events, to acquire respect and wealth, there was

* The compiler Suidas says, " he was born in the time of Trajan, and *still earlier* ;" plainly shewing by this mode of expressing himself, that he had not examined the subject. So much the more ridiculous are those writers, who on the authority of such a man as Suidas, place our author in the time of Trajan ; especially as the word *γινώσκει*, which he uses, may signify as well *to be born as to have lived*. They could not have produced a stronger evidence, of their never having read Lucian's writings ; since otherwise it must have struck them, that an author, who at the time when he was speaking of the emperor Marcus Aurelius as already adopted among the deities, was still of so vigorous an intellect as to compose such a work as his Alexander, could not possibly have flourished under the reign of Trajan. — The learned Dodwell fell into the opposite extreme, by placing the nativity of Lucian about the year 134 or 135 of our era. My reader would con me small thanks, were I to engage in a circumstantial refutation of this statement, which is founded altogether on arbitrary surmises and calculations, the fallacy whereof may be easily demonstrated. La Croze and Du Soul have in some measure spared me this trouble, and an attentive reader of Lucian will scarcely need any foreign help, to convince himself that neither earlier nor later than towards the year 116 or 117 he could have come into the world.

at that time no readier way, than either forensic eloquence or the profession of a rhetorician, by which those who determined upon the former were initiated into the mysteries of oratory, and qualified for its practice. Lucian accordingly (as he gives us to understand in his Angler and in the Double Indictment) began pretty early to enter upon the former method; and it is presumable, that he followed the profession of an advocate some years between the ages of twenty and thirty, not without success. However, as it did not so well answer his expectations in Greece (probably on account of the excessive competition and the prejudice which must have been against him at first as a Syrian, *i. e.* a semi-barbarous Greek), as to overcome his natural aversion from this profession, which must be continually increasing as he experienced more of the disagreeable affairs in which it involved him: he resolved to leave Greece, and with it his present means of subsistence, and to settle in Gaul, one of the richest provinces of the roman empire, and in point of civilization and politeness yielded to no other; and where at Lyons, Toulouse, Nismes, but particularly at Marseilles (on which Cicero had already conferred the title of the gallic Athens), the literature and the arts of Greece were held in high estimation.

That he must have already conceived the resolution to abandon forever the temple of chicane, and confine himself entirely to the profession of a teacher of rhetoric, if we had not his own testimony for it, might be concluded from the circumstance, that the latin language, in which he seems never to have made great proficiency, was the only one used in juridical proceedings in Gaul, as in the rest of the roman provinces*.

The name of a sophist, which through Socrates and Plato, had fallen into pretty general contempt, had at this time so far recovered its reputation as to be a title, which even persons of birth, authority and opulence, such men, for instance, as Herodes Atticus, held it an honour to bear. This appellation, which denoted somewhat more than a mere ordinary

* Greece excepted, which was allowed to enjoy certain privileges above the other subjugated nations, as being the parent of the arts and sciences, of elegant manners and graceful accomplishments, for which the Romans, conscious of their own barbarity, entertained always a great respect, which was highly honourable in the masters of the world.

rhetorician, included together with the several species of oratory, and especially the talent of extemporizing with elegance on any subject, those qualifications which are now comprehended under the term polite literature. Whoever gave himself out for a sophist, excited the expectation of his being a choice wit, bel esprit, an acute critic and *arbiter elegantiarum*, conversant with the poets and sages of antiquity, furnished with various kinds of knowledge, and master of all the copiousness of the greek tongue, which had the advantage of being the only language of the learned as well as of the fashionable world; and under the emperor Hadrian, who generally resided in those provinces where greek was vernacular, was in some measure become the language of the court.

Never, even in the brilliant epocha of the famous sophists Prodicus, Gorgias and Hippias, were the talents, that are comprized under this denomination, more highly prized, or better rewarded than in the era of Lucian. "You see," says he, in his *School for Orators*, to the young candidates for celebrity, "how numbers who were originally of the dregs of the people, solely by the art of speaking, have raised themselves to the pinnacle of fame, to opulence, and even to elevated rank and nobility." — Such examples were naturally encouraging; and with a young man, who to excellent dispositions united such indefatigable application to study, as may be fairly inferred to have been the case with our author, from a passage in the treatise above cited, could not fail of that success, with which his labours in Gaul had been crowned, and in behalf of which, in his *Apology for Scholars who engage in the service of great personages*, he appeals to his friend Sabinus as an ocular witness. His residence in that country laid the foundation of the fame, which was afterwards progressively confirmed and extended by his writings, and placed him in such good circumstances as enabled him to spend the greater part of the remainder of his life in an affluent independence, of which all the productions of his genius bear evident marks. It is from the misapprehension of a passage in the above quoted *Apology*, that Reitz has been led to say, that Lucian gives us to understand he was poor: the combination and tenour of the piece throughout indicates a totally different meaning to that passage; and is anything more wanting for expressly telling us himself, that he accepted the public office, the acceptance of which he is justi-

fyng to his friend, not from necessity, but in order to be more at his ease? That as his mode of living was attended with considerable expense, and he had been accustomed to a decent luxury, prudence prompted him in his old age to accept an office, that enabled him with much respect and moderate employment to support and continue his customary way of life.

There is room for surprise, that Philostratus, in his lives of the sophists, who were most of them contemporaries of Lucian, should have passed him by in total silence. How could this have happened if Lucian (as we are informed in the Apology to Sabinus) had made so prominent a figure in Gaul as to be reckoned "among the sophists that were the most amply paid?" Had this performance of Lucian been the only one that we possessed, the silence of the biographer of the sophists might certainly have passed for a tolerably plain testimony against our author; but there is now perhaps no question, that, if one of the two must bear the disgrace of it, it would be Philostratus himself, who probably says nothing at all of Lucian, for the same reason that the wretched compiler Suidas is so lavish in his abuse of him. Philostratus was one of those philosophers, weak in head, but strong in faith, or morosophs (as Lucian calls them), to the whole race of whom our author was an everlasting adversary, and the more odious to them, the more formidable the weapons with which he assailed them. Is it therefore surprising, that he resolved to contribute nothing (at least as far as in him lay) to the immortality of so bitter a foe to his order, of a man who even pronounced his grand hero, the divine Apollonius of Tyana, — a comedian? Besides, the silence of Philostratus may be accounted for in this manner, that Lucian (as plainly appears from putting together what he says of himself in the Hermotimus, in the Angler, in the Apology to Sabinus, and in the Double Indictment), professed rhetoric only in Gaul, but quitted that occupation as soon as he had attained his object, prior to his twentieth year, and thenceforward employed himself, during his sojourn in various parts of Greece and Asia, entirely in composing his treatises, which were of such a nature, that neither the rhetoricians nor the philosophers would allow them to be a sufficient qualification for admission into their brotherhood; the former because they looked upon him as a deserter, the latter because they regarded him as a false friend, who only adhered to them in order to spy out their defects, and then deliver them up to the derision of the profane.

Generally speaking, such a one as Lucian might have been a favourite with all men of sound judgment, and the idol of his auditors and the reading part of the public, (as in all probability this was actually the case), and other writers might have had their reasons for making as if they had never heard of him in all their lives. Even two such persons as Plato and Xenophon seem in their writings to know nothing of one another, though they were not only contemporaries and fellow citizens, but had been the scholars of one master, and from the different tracks they pursued, cannot be suspected of jealousy. And does not our author himself observe with regard to Plutarch, who lived not long before him, the same profound silence?

As far as may be gathered from some incidents mentioned in the Nigrinus and Hermotimus it may be inferred, that Lucian was nigh upon his fortieth year when he left Gaul, where he appears to have tarried between ten and fifteen years. As he took Italy on his return, it was natural that he should not leave Rome unvisited; he seems however to have staid there only so long as was necessary to convince himself of the ineffable corruption of that insolent tyrant of the world by personal inspection, and to enable him to contrast it in one of the finest of his moral pictures (the Nigrinus) with the innocence and simplicity of sober Athens.

At this date a new period of his life commences, that namely, of which his writings, or at least the greater part of them, are at once the fruit, and in a certain sense, the history. I think it probable, that he passed a considerable portion of it in Greece, and principally at Athens, where he informs us that he lived some years with the aged Demonax, his ideal abstract of a genuine sage, and where many of his finest performances (as I trust will evidently be shewn in my annotations) received their existence. On this point the Abbé Massieu, is indeed of a different opinion, but I believe without sufficient grounds; or rather I think I perceive in Lucian's works a number of diminutive circumstances and intimations that appear to contradict his opinion. Massieu assumes, that Lucian immediately upon his arrival from Gaul and Italy, through Macedonia, returned to Samosata, and remained settled in his native place, enjoying in peace the renown he had acquired and the fruits of his labours; till he was called by the emperor Marcus Aurelius, who held him in high estimation, to a splendid and lucrative post, a prefecture in Egypt, which that emperor is said to have conferred upon him. All this is affirmed

without proof. Lucian came back to his own country ; this is an ascertained fact. But in what epocha of his life, and for what length of time ? For ascertaining this no sufficient data are to be found in his writings ; and what is there said about it, so far from supporting the assertion of M. Massieu, makes directly against it. Where is the probability, that a man of Lucian's genius and character, who had been used to the advantages and pleasures of the best company at Massilia and Athens, and the conversation of an extremely cultivated and polished class of people, could have so long endured to remain in a provincial town, so far from the chief seat of the muses, of refined taste and elegant manners, among such a mongrel race of Greeks and barbarians, as, in his Double Indictment, he describes his countrymen to have been ? And who can imagine, that an author like him, since it depended entirely on his own option where he would live, should pitch upon such a place as Samosata, merely because he was born there, and on his return found his next relations still amongst the lowest description of the inhabitants, to be the theatre of his celebrity, the place for composing and rehearsing his works ? For that the greater part and the best of his writings, not excepting even his Confabulations of the Deities and of the Dead, were not composed till after his return from Gaul, must I think be immediately obvious to every attentive reader of his works, and especially those pieces in which he touches upon the several periods of his literary life ; unless his judgment is previously biassed to some contrary notion. From among several similar arguments for this my opinion, to adduce but one, which is, for example, that the Dialogue *Hermotimus*, which must be universally acknowledged as one of the most ingenious and learned of our author's works, and as the production of an understanding arrived at its full maturity, was not composed, according to his own express declaration, till after his fortieth year ; consequently posterior to his having relinquished the profession of a rhetor ; for, that he had entirely given it up when he wrote his Dialogues, he tells us himself in so many words in the Double Indictment, already so often referred to. But that he owed the celebrity which he brought back with him to Samosata, far less to the reputation he had acquired by teaching rhetoric in Gaul, than to the applause attending on his writings, may be pretty safely inferred from his manner of speaking upon it, at the conclusion of his Dream : he could not, without exposing himself to the reproach

of the most ridiculous vanity, speak in such terms of himself and his successes, till after his works had procured him so general and decided a celebrity, that he might think he had expressed himself with perfect modesty on so delicate a point.

All circumstances taken together it appears highly probable, that Lucian, immediately after his return from Gaul, lived some years in Greece, and principally at Athens, where he composed the greater part of his finest Dialogues. Certain it is that he was residing in Greece in the year 165, since he was a spectator of the solemn spontaneous combustion of that crack-brained enthusiast Peregrine. Now those olympic games, as he himself says, were the fourth which he had lived to see. Supposing, as it may well be, that he for the first time was present at these games in his youth, therefore prior to his departure for Gaul, then in order to see the other three, in the years 157, 161, and 165, he must have been come back to Greece, and have remained there upwards of eight whole years. If we add to this, that he was about forty years of age, when he wrote the *Hermitimus*: I believe the following chronology of Lucian, although different from Du Soul's calculation, will come near the truth. Suidas being not always in the wrong, I admit the year of Trajan's death, or of the vulgar era 117, as that of Lucian's birth. He was fourteen or fifteen when his inclination to study got the better of the manual labour to which his family had doomed him. Of the ten or twelve years that composed the interval between them and his twenty-fifth year, he may have spent some in Ionia and Achaia, and in the year 141 have seen for the first time the olympic games. Now putting his journey to Gaul in 142 or 143, I think I cannot allow him less than twelve years for the course he ran through in that country. He may therefore have been thirty-eight or forty when he returned to Athens, where he seems to have staid till the year 165, when Peregrine acted his tragi-comedy at Olympia, and perhaps longer, at least the greater part of that period. We may with good reason admit that he had already attained the zenith of his celebrity towards his fiftieth year, and now found it convenient, or perhaps was moved by family circumstances, to shew himself once more in his native town. Whether his abode in Macedonia, to which his Herodotus refers, was earlier, or at this time took place, cannot be determined: but that the stay which he made at Samosata, at least was not interrupted, is deducible from hence,

that we find him a few years afterwards again on his travels through Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, and Bithynia*, having with him his aged father and his family : a circumstance that would rather lead to the conclusion, that he resolved to take a final leave of the town that gave him birth, than that he intended to make it his permanent residence.

What could induce the abbé Massieu to say, that Lucian received his prefecture in Egypt from the emperor Antoninus the philosopher, as a mark of his peculiar esteem, it would be difficult to divine, unless peradventure he was misled by a particular passage in the Apology to Sabinus, to regard what Lucian says of every roman emperor in general, without reference to the personal character of him who filled that exalted station, as a commendation, which as a commendation, would be very ill suited to the brutal Commodus, but very well to his excellent predecessor. Yet, as before observed, the passage in its entire construction proves neither in behalf of the one nor the other ; and even supposing that Commodus (who perhaps did not spoil his eyes with reading) had happened to see it, and chose to take it for a fine compliment, — then could not Lucian at least be accused of intending to flatter him by it ; for the question is merely concerning the high recompence that an emperor received for the trouble of (well or ill) governing the world, not whether he *deserved* it or not. That Lucian however did not obtain that public office which he bore in the latter years of his life, from Antoninus, but from Commodus, is liable to no doubt, when we hear him affirm himself (in the frequently-mentioned Apology) that at the time he received it he was at a tolerably advanced age, and according to the expression which he puts into the mouth of his censor, had already one foot in Charon's boat. I readily agree, that this expression should not be taken in its strictest sense ; but, if it were not entirely inappropriate, it must at least designate one who was turned of his 65th year. But now Lucian, if he, agreeably to Massieu's assumption, came into the world in the year 120, in the first year of the sole sovereignty of Commodus (180), was only threescore : it is then

* He mentions this journey (without affording us the least light upon its object) towards the conclusion of his Alexander, because on this occasion he fell in with the lying prophet at Aboteichos, and little was wanting to render him the victim of his crafty malice.

clear that he must have obtained the said office, probably on the recommendation of some powerful friend, under the latter emperor. He speaks of it as a very considerable post, with a large salary annexed, and even with the possible expectation of being promoted to the prefecture of all Egypt : but concerning the length of time he enjoyed it, no trace is to be found in all his writings.

That he was married is concluded from the last paragraph in his *Castrates*, where he forms for the benefit of his young son, a curious, but in reality a very rational wish ; farther than this of his domestic circumstances nothing is known. The details I have hitherto been giving, will, I fear, seem to most of my readers too micrological, and I feel it necessary therefore to crave their pardon. It is perhaps with me and my favourite authors (Horace and Lucian) as with a lover who is entertaining a third totally indifferent person about the mistress of his heart, and if this other has no opportunity of an early escape by flight, would keep for some hours teasing him to death, ere it once struck him, that the trifles, which he is describing as matters of moment, could only be interesting to a lover.

I confess, however, that it is not conceivable to me, how a reader of Lucian's writings — with the abatement of Apollonius of Tyana, Peregrine, Alexander, and the whole kin of them — Eucrates, Dinomachus, Ion, Cleodemus and Arignotus*, for I am not so unreasonable as to suppose these gentlemen to be his friends — but how any reader of liberal and sound judgment can make himself acquainted with Lucian from his works, and not be enamoured of him, is to me quite inconceivable. His shining qualities are certainly not without blemishes ; neither the man nor the author are entirely blameless : who will pretend to deny it, or attempt to justify him in all respects ? A head so clear and cool might easily, by his natural abhorrence of everything that bore the appearance of fanaticism, in some cases be led farther than many good people would be inclined to follow him. — Such a lively and spirited wit, in the gaiety of his heart, may likewise be betrayed into a dry jest, and a partial judgment ; or a too keen rebuke may be apt to slip out. — An author of the second century, when good taste was beginning to give way to a passion

* Persons with whom we shall be more acquainted from his *Lie-fancier*.

for being new and original, when the elegant diction of the antients was beginning to be superseded by a cramped, starched and quaint neological style, overloaded with artificial flowers and frippery, must, notwithstanding his nice tact in the true and beautiful, and with all his earnest endeavours to form himself by the most perfect models of better times, here and there have a dash of the present. All the three cases are sometimes, though but seldom, applicable to our author : but these spots are obliterated by so many substantial beauties and merits, that they come into no consideration. Indeed I know not which of all the old writers can be brought in competition with him for fertility of genius, for a union of the several species of ingenuity, for wit, humour, taste and elegance, for the talent of conferring the grace of novelty on the most common and familiar topics, and for combining all these means of pleasing, with a sound judgment, the most diversified and agreeable branches of knowledge, and with all that polish which a happy constitution of nature, nursed by the muses, can only acquire in the great world and in the conversation of select characters. Though it is not to be denied, that after a lapse of seventeen hundred years, from the alterations that have ensued in customs and manners, in religion and the whole constitution of society, from the advantages which in some respects we have over them, brought on by fortunate conjunctures, the progress of culture, extension of science, and other contingencies, his modern readers must lose not a little : yet as after deducting this loss, so much still remains ; since, notwithstanding so many disadvantages, he has always entertainment and charms for almost every kind of reader ; since, after so great an interval of time, his humour is still diverting, his satire still applicable, his pictures of manners still fresh and vivid, his raillery, in general, still fine and agreeable, and (what is not the least surprising) even his inventions so often copied and imitated by modern writers ; since, familiarized therefore as we are with them, they always retain such an air of originality, such an appropriate action and character, — we are enabled to imagine the effects they must have produced upon the people of his time, and how much he must have delighted and enchanted the Greeks, who were so extremely sensible to the charms of genius, and particularly to the siren-strains of wit and eloquence.

The happiest conceits appear to be the easiest, after they have been produced ; everybody thinks he might have produced the same ; and yet

nothing is more certain than that it is the exclusive prerogative of genius to have such conceits, and to know how to employ them properly. To that alone Lucian was beholden for the celebrity which so advantageously distinguished him above the other sophists of that and the succeeding era. Having come into the world somewhat later than Herodes Atticus, Scopelianus, Polemo, Antiochus and twenty others who had acquired a reputation among the sophists; he would probably have succeeded no farther, than — to be one of them, but always remained behind those who were already in possession of the first ranks, had he not found the means to advance himself by a different course from that of the trite declamations of the sophists, extemporaneous or studied. This new way to fame and applause was opened to him by the lucky thought of compounding as it were the socratic dialogue, or the dialogue of the philosophers, with the drama of Eupolis and Aristophanes, and thus producing a new species of composition, which gave him ample scope for displaying the several capacities of his mind, and enabled him the more surely to attain all the ends he proposed to himself as a writer for the politer part of the public; since he should (like the antient comedy) conceal his real purpose, of correcting or lashing them by criticism and satire, under the appearance of only bantering and diverting them. He has explained himself with so much ingenuity and humour, but at the same time so distinctly and satisfactorily, on this contrivance of his, in his Double Indictment, where he makes Rhetoric and Dialogue appear as his accusers, that it would be impossible to set it in a clearer light.

A man of true genius is principally distinguishable by these two points; first, at certain intervals he examines the state of his faculties, and studies to find out that application and direction of them whereby he may produce the most beneficial effects on mankind, particularly his contemporaries; and next, he knows how to form the proper instruments for effecting these ends, with which another, wishing to use them for the same purpose, will never achieve what he does: as, in order to wield Orlando's trusty blade, we should have Orlando's arm. Lucian forms his Dialogue into such an instrument: but he would never have fallen upon this idea, if he had not, so to speak, been conscious that he had the ability to handle the weapon as well for his peculiar gratification, for the exigencies of the time, as for his personal reputation.

As this reflection leads me to some general observations on the character and drift of Lucian's compositions, it seems the more necessary previously to cast a glance on the time and the theatre in which he played his part, the nearer the relation wherein the generality and principal of his works stand to the spirit and particular vices of the age in which he lived.

Lucian's life, as we have already seen, comprizes the whole period of Hadrian and the two Antonines, a series of more than sixty years, which upon the whole was the golden age of the world under the roman Augustuses, and in general formed one of the most brilliant passages in the annals of mankind. The fairest provinces of the empire enjoyed during the better half of that happy age all the advantages of a universal peace and a mild government : Greece in particular, so pre-eminently favoured by Hadrian, and especially his beloved Athens, had recovered so much of its pristine prosperity and lustre, aye in many respects even an increase, that the Greeks in the shade of that liberty they were allowed to enjoy, were in some sort happier than ever, and had little cause to desire a return of the turbulent times of their independence. The learned of all denominations were signally favoured in this memorable period. Hadrian, whose unbounded vanity strove after every species of fame, converted his court into an academy of the arts and sciences, of which he was not only a liberal encourager, but likewise pretended to be a great connoisseur in some, and in several even a consummate master. There were swarms of grammarians, rhetors, poets, musicians, painters, architects, geometricians, astrologers and philosophers of every sect, whom he loaded with riches and preferments, without using much discriminating sagacity with respect to the degree of their merit. Indeed it appears that some of them, particularly the philosophers, were employed in the various functions of those offices which in great families buffoons and parasites usually filled. Through a certain familiarity which he vouchsafed them, a contempt is discernible, by which he apparently intended to repay himself for his condescendence. He took great delight in continually jeering them by subtle and ingenious questions, pretending to understand everything better than they did, to puzzle them by strange and odd objections, and either to strike them dumb with shame, or what was worse, to put them out of temper, and thereby furnish him with matter and pretext for

insulting them more grossly. For mischievously as he jested with them, he would not endure angry looks. To patronize the philosophers in this manner must naturally have been more prejudicial to them, than if he had not troubled his head at all about them. He thus kept men of real merit at a distance from him, who had rather dispense with his favours than play the despicable part of sycophants and court-fools : on the other hand the pensions of which he was so profuse, and the envied honour of being on such a footing of familiarity with the master of the world, allured to him a sorry set of people, pedants and half-witted philosophers, who, in order to partake in the prosperity of his time, were ready to brook any affront ; and as to secure success nothing more was necessary than the gown, the beard and the staff, a little philosophical jargon and a deal of impudence, sophistry and parasitical obsequiousness to the emperor's humour, what was more natural than that the Epictetuses should become scarcer, and the false pretenders to the title of philosophers more numerous from day to day ? The evil of which Hadrian had laid the foundation, was rather increased than diminished under the mild emperor Antoninus Pius and his successor M. Aurelius, notwithstanding the better temper of these Augustuses. Both made it their duty to encourage the sciences, and to endow professorships for the philosophers of all sects, not excepting even the epicurean, with considerable salaries ; but which were therefore the subject of perpetual intrigues and cabals. A man must be a perfect stranger to the ordinary course of the world, not to deem it natural in such conjunctures, that pedants, charlatans, praters and hypocrites, in short, people of the same stamp as those described by Lucian in so many of his productions, should gain precedence over men of real merit, and the beneficial establishments of those praiseworthy sovereigns should fall short of their good intentions, and on the contrary contribute not a little to the corruption of the times and the decline of genuine science.

To these causes of the continual declension of the old philosophical schools, which in better times had arisen out of the socratic, and contributed so much to the enlightening of the Greeks and Romans, was associated the great respect to which, as has been already observed, the profession of the sophists had attained since the time of Hadrian. Its affinity to the philosophy properly so called, could not fail of being

injurious to the latter. The sophists not unfrequently borrowed from the philosophers both matter and resources for their declamations : these, excited to jealousy by the brilliant success of the former, borrowed from them the tricks of an eloquence, more intent upon deceiving, seducing and entertaining, than on informing, convincing and improving their hearers. What wonder then, that this jealousy and this reciprocal borrowing should progressively lessen the distinction between the one and the other ; and that though the sophists were not acknowledged as sages, yet those who pretended to be such, and were even paid for it, became sophists ?

But what peculiarly characterizes the era of our author was a certain giddy propensity to enthusiasm, to wonderful and incredible occurrences, especially if they came from the east, for novel rites of worship, mysteries, religious brotherhoods and the like ; in short, a kind of epidemical distemper of the human understanding, such as is generally rife among a people that under the grinding pressure of a despotic government, by the utmost degree of refinement and luxury, and by all kinds of sensual excesses has lost all vigour of nerve, and which in the upper classes of society is the consequence of that impotence of mind brought on by over exertion and exhaustion of the bodily powers, and with the lower classes is the no less natural result of extreme oppression ; a state where the forced deprivation of all the gratifications indispensably necessary to the comfort of life, produces the same effect as the voluntary mortifications of fanatical bonzes and fakirs. It would carry me too far, were I to engage in the developement of these and other corresponding causes of the above mentioned evil, in order to demonstrate how it gradually increased from the time of Cæsar Augustus ; till under the reign of the Antonines it shewed itself in those sallies described by our author, which would appear almost incredible, were not the possibility of them rendered conceivable by similar phenomena at the present day ; suffice it to say, that the truth of the fact cannot be denied by any that are conversant with the records and monuments of those times. Never was the propensity to supernatural prodigies, and the avidity to accredit them, more vehement than in this otherwise very enlightened age. The priestcraft of the antient Egyptians, the different branches of magic, all kinds of divination and oracles, the pretended occult sciences which associated mankind with a

fabulous world of spirits, and pretended to give them the controul over the powers of nature, were almost universally respected ; persons of all ranks and descriptions, great lords and ladies, statesmen, scholars, openly appointed and paid philosophers of the pythagorean, platonic, stoic, and even of the aristotelian sect, thought on these topics no better than the simplest of the people ; new oracles came into credit, to the prejudice of the old, and exceeded them in the number of their visitors : a firm belief was placed in miraculous images. The genius of the times, like the emperor Hadrian, was made up of all imaginable incongruities ; they believed everything and they believed nothing ; in company they laughed at objects, at which they trembled when alone or in the dark ; and the vanity of passing for one enlightened, could not with a particular class of persons, who were frightened at the smallest exertion of intellect, be better gratified, than by a commodious middle state between scepticism and credulity, where everything is doubted which ought to be believed, and every thing believed which ought to be doubted ; a disposition blind and deaf to the most important truths, when they can only be understood by patient and keen reflexion : whereas they allowed themselves to be deluded by the most absurd chimeras, whenever they presented themselves in a mysterious garb, and promised short north-west passages to sublime all-comprising sciences and superhuman arts.

Enthusiasm and superstition are not only compatible with every degree of mental and moral depravity, of which they are not unfrequently the effects, but again become, by the very nature of the case, abundant sources and powerful means of promoting them. The same imbecility of mind which cannot resist the succussions of a crazy brain and the visions of a distempered fancy, will be overpowered by every impulse of passion, every allurements of sense. Accordingly, the times when dæmonistry and fanaticism have prevailed, have always likewise been distinguished by a high degree of moral corruption : and that this is applicable to the period under consideration, is notorious, and abundantly confirmed by several of our author's pieces, particularly the *Nigrinus* and the *Dialogues of the Dead*.

Such was the posture of affairs then, under the Antonines, the mildest and most benevolent sovereigns the Romans ever had, regarding the greater part of the known world ; so wild and giddy was the appearance of most

heads, and so greatly were they, who took upon them to be medical practitioners for the mind, in want of a physician themselves, when Lucian conceived the resolution to encounter the reeling genius of his age with the only weapons he was afraid of, and against which his enchanted armour could not protect him — the witty derision of cool common sense. Endowed with an upright mind and a sincere love of truth and honesty in all things, the inveterate enemy of all affectation and false pretences, everything overstrained and unnatural, all imposition upon true-hearted simplicity, all usurpations, which a cunning impostor * by artfully disguised methods, or an enthusiastic self-deceiver †, by shining natural talents and the contagious ardour of his intellectual fever, had the art to acquire over the dull mass of the poor and weak in spirit — he made it the business of his life and the principal aim of his writings to unmask all kinds of falsehood, delusion, and imposture — from the theological fictions of the poet to the tales of the ghostseer and necromancer of his time, and from the wiles and cajoleries of the wheedling sisterhood, a *Lais*, a *Phryne* and *Glycera*, to the infinitely more important tricks of the religious jugglers, oracle-coiners and theophany-actors, — but especially, and with the most inexorable severity, the specious wisdom and gravity, the ignorant polymathy, the hypocritical virtue, the low practices and vulgar manners of the trading philosophers of his time, — to represent all these several guilds of the great corporation of cheats in their real shape and nakedness, and thereby to become the greater benefactor to his contemporaries, the less he could reckon upon their gratitude, and the more surely contrariwise upon the hatred and persecution of a many-headed and a thousand-handed party. For the very circumstance that, in order the more certainly to attain his serious purpose, he must so frequently conceal it under an appearance of frivolity, and seem to be merely amusing while he was endeavouring to instruct and improve his reader, must, in the eyes of the sober and judicious, greatly enhance his merits; as for the same reason they would be undervalued in the shallow judgment of the great mass, who are ever prone to be deluded by specious appearances.

* Alexander of Abonoteichos.

† Peregrinos, who publicly burnt himself at Olympia.

The range of Lucian's genius is of no less circuit than that wherein the genius of lies and sophistry, of hypocrisy and enthusiasm, of chimeras and juggling of all sorts is at work. How then should he, having so universal a plan to destroy the works of this malignant dæmon, only spare the homeric Jupiter and the rest of the legendary deities? Why and wherefore should their absurd and provoking anthropomorphisms and the ridiculous inconsistency of the fables and tricks with which the originally so much nobler and purer religion of a Phoroneus, Orpheus, Eumolpus, was adulterated and disfigured, be sacred and inviolable to him? Why should he, at a time when no man of education and clear intellect any longer believed in these gallimawfries, not take that liberty which the religious Athenians, with all their deisidæmony, allowed their Aristophanes even upon the stage, and for which, as there is every reason to suppose, all sensible people gave him their thanks? Notwithstanding that in modern times it has been made criminal in him to ridicule the mythological stories of the gods; and even Bayle* on that account thinks him abominable, because, I know not from what revelation, he pretends, that Lucian had not (as had the canonized fathers of the church who did the same) the laudable object in view, of opening the eyes of the heathen, but merely to open a field for his natural petulance and wanton wit; where he might revel and riot to his heart's content.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

We will not presume to pry into the innermost replications of the heart, to discover the secret motives that actuated either Lucian or the fathers of the church or Peter Bayle, who here seems paying his court to some of the church-fathers of his time; the only grounds on which we are able to found our opinion of the designs which we do not see, are the actions that we behold. Lucian's Confabulations of the gods (his tragedizing and convicted Jupiter, with others included in the pieces belonging to this department) were calculated to open the eyes of everybody that was not incurably blind, to the absurdity, the inconsistency and immorality of the general faith of the public in his time: why should we, merely because he makes wit and humour the vehicle of his physis, refuse him the

* See Dict. Histor. et Crit. Vol. III. art. PERIERS. B.

design of healing? What right have we to turn an author, only because he jocosely and laughingly speaks the truth, into a *scurra*; and ought we not, for the same reason, to pronounce a like verdict on Horace, Juvenal, Chaucer, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, Sterne, and all comic and satirical poets in general? For, that the charge brought against him by Bayle in the article above quoted, as having shewn no less indifference and aversion to truth than to lies, is a groundless calumny, which could only be expected from the mouth of a Voetius Tillemont and the like of him, I certainly have no need to prove to any impartial reader of Lucian's writings, but appeal to his natural inviolate sense of truth. And, only to notice this one particular, the very earnestness and zeal with which in his *Convicted Jupiter*, in his dissertation on *Sacrifices*, and in other places, he attacks the fundamental errors of the vulgar religion, is the strongest proof how little the truth was indifferent to him. Had he launched his wit purely for diversion at the old popular tales and fictions of the poets, he would have given it the same turn with his smaller dialogues of the gods. But he saw that the axe must be laid to the root, in order to eradicate the evil; and certainly it was no fault of his if his writings did not prepare the way to a religion thoroughly purged from all dæmonism, all magic, all superstition and all priestcraft. That he was not himself one of those who preached that religion cannot reasonably be made a reproach to him. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. Some are ordained to attack, others to defend, some to pull down, others to build up. Lucian unmasked the false idols of erroneous opinion and of deisidæmony, the false prophets and spurious philosophers, the Peregrines and the Alexanders; it was surely no trifling service he thus rendered to the world; with what justice could we condemn him for not rendering more? We should be satisfied with those who employ gifts such as his merely to entertainment agreeable to our taste. Lucian, by doing both, did so much the more! He instructed, while he entertained, — he avenged truth and nature on their most dangerous enemies, — he tore up by the roots the weeds that prevented the growth of wholesome plants, — protected the docile understanding of the rising generation against the aberrations of their progenitors, — warned them of the snares, pitfalls and dens of ambuscade murderers that had proved so fatal to the former, — directed them to the even paths of nature, whereon it is impossible to

miss the object of sound common sense, of which we are all in pursuit, — and we require of him still more? Would that such numbers who are suffered to pass for great teachers of truth, even among those whose brows are ostentatiously decorated with a radiant circle, had done as much service and as little injury to the cause of truth as he! But for counter-acting successfully the moral diseases of those times, a man was wanted precisely of Lucian's temper and principles. A Plutarch and an Epictetus taught wisdom and virtue with a bushy beard in a very serious tone, and were as orthodox as the priests of Jupiter, and all the superior and inferior deities could wish; far be it from me to dispute the merits of these venerable personages! But they and their equals remain unmolested by the Alexanders and the Peregrines, and notwithstanding what they did to the furtherance of wisdom and virtue, those most destructive pests to wisdom and virtue, superstition and enthusiasm, quietly pursued their way. In order to combat these as effectually as Lucian did, a man must be born their enemy, and be provided by nature herself (as Ulysses was by Mercury against the enchantments of Circe) with a *moly* to enervate their magical influence: and whoever is this will indeed attach himself rather, if he is free to chuse, to Democritus and Epicurus, his natural relations, than to Pythagoras and Plato, whose ideas are as little coalescible with his as oil with water.

This may suffice for placing the reader at the point of station, whence I think he may take a just view of the character of Lucian's genius, the tendency of his principal writings, their particular reference to the period in which he lived, and their worth and utility for every succeeding age, especially for one that so much resembles his as the present. Few authors have met with more general and lasting applause, and few have better deserved it; few have been more perversely criticised, more unreasonably slandered, and more grossly abused, than Lucian: the most judicious of all ages have been his friends, and one such admirer as Erasmus of Rotterdam, outweighs a whole legion of snarlers, whether wearing cowls or not.

If I make the highest value of our author to consist in what he himself reckoned his greatest merit, and accordingly not only assign the first place in his works to his proper satirical performances, but likewise appreciate more highly the two historical pieces on Peregrine and Alexander than others perhaps have done; it is by no means my design to

detract from the merits of the other dialogues and treatises, wherein he shews himself in a different and milder light, — now as the man of taste, now as the agreeable and entertaining companion, now as the friend of real merit and the votary of undissembled wisdom and virtue, and now again simply as a philosopher and moralist ; or even those which I look upon merely as remains of his school-exercises in rhetoric. Some of them, — for example, his treatise how to compose history, his caution to the learned, who hold it a piece of great good fortune to become commensals with men of high station, his Dialogue upon Friendship, his Demonax, his Panthea — are undoubtedly to be classed among his most instructive and interesting works. In general, it is hoped that the present translation may contribute somewhat towards dispelling the prejudices that may have been conceived against him, from too little acquaintance with him and from mere hear-says, as a jester by profession, and convince the reader, that in the generality of his writings he delivers true socratic wisdom, pure good sense, and exhibits the most accurate knowledge of the world and mankind, now seasoned with horatian wit, now with aristophanic humour ; and in short, that he — deducting a few effusions of a too careless, luxuriant joviality, and occasionally a prevention trespassing on the aristotelian line of demarcation between the too much and too little, against the founders of sects and their votaries — is a writer not less wise than witty.

Having been as circumstantial as I thought it necessary in my illustrations and notes upon whatever is to be praised, to be justified, and to be blamed, that he may be rightly understood and criticised, and here and there as far as possible prevented the abuse, which thoughtlessness and ignorance might make of him — I should only be obliged to repeat myself, by engaging here in a more particular discussion and confirmation of my foregoing judgment.

Concerning my translation and the pains I have bestowed upon it, I have little to say, since it must speak for itself. It must have been much freer than it is, had my purpose been to have had it read as an original work. The rule I prescribed to myself respecting the epistles and satires of Horace * I have constantly kept in view in the works of Lucian.

* The reader may see these notes and illustrations as translated by me in the *Gent. Mag.* for September 1806 to November 1811.

My principal endeavour has been to do him no injury; and that the beauties which are so much admired in him by the adepts in the greek language might suffer as little as possible under my hands, I have strove to acquire his spirit, his humour, his geniality, and, as far as the nature of our language, so different from his, perspicuity, and other regards would allow, to imitate even his turns and the colouring of his diction. His works being of such diverse kinds and composed in such a difference of style, that every one of them almost demanded in these respects a different treatment. I am conscious of what I wished to perform; but how can I dare to hope, that I have always and everywhere actually accomplished it? The learned, who read him with taste in his own language, alone can judge of the difficulties attending a task which is frequently the most arduous where it seems the easiest; and it is them from whom I promise myself the most candour and indulgence — ardently as I have wished to have no need of the latter. They will therefore perhaps with the former approve of my having, here and there for the same reason, been now briefer, now ampler in expression, than Lucian; that I have everywhere strove to avoid his elegant tautologies (a species of fashionable beauty then prevalent, to which our taste cannot well be adapted), where they would only have been injurious to him; but on the other hand I have sometimes lent him words for the sake of rendering his thoughts more apparent. Perhaps, however, by an excessive care in endeavouring not to stray too far from his manner, I may occasionally have missed somewhat of his elegance: for which reason I could wish, that readers who are strangers to his language, — therefore perhaps the generality of those into whose hands this translation will come, — lest they should sin against the lucianic graces, would rather imagine that he has lost much on this side. So much the seldomer on the contrary I believe I have mistaken the meaning of his words and thoughts, and can the more confidently hope this, but therefore with less merit on my part, since I could not only avail myself of the labours of my predecessors in various languages, but also of the celebrated editor of *Æschylus*, whose ingenuity and taste are no less conspicuous than his knowledge of the greek language and literature, who has such a friendship both for Lucian and for me as to revise the greater part of this translation in manuscript, and to employ some of the few moments left him by the multiplicity of his other affairs, in correcting it.

LUCIAN'S
LITERARY COMPOSITIONS.

LUCIAN'S DREAM.

HAVING lately given over going to school, and attained that age when we are said to have outgrown the boy, my father consulted with his friends what profession would be fittest for me, and the opinion of most was against bringing me up to literature, as requiring much labour, great expense, and consequently a long purse; whereas our means were scanty, and would probably want a speedy supply. If I were put out to some trade, I might soon be able by it to maintain myself, and have no need, now I was grown up, to eat my father's bread; nay, it would not be long before I might even prove a support to my father by assisting him with my earnings.

The next point of consideration was, which of the mechanical professions was the properest; that is, befitting a freeman's son, easy to learn, requiring but moderate charges during the apprenticeship, a small capital to set up, and would bring in a suitable profit. After various opinions had been proposed, as the fancy or experience of each man suggested, my father turned himself to my maternal uncle, who was likewise present on

LUCIAN'S DREAM. This little piece seems to be a sort of prologue by which Lucian opened the first public reading of his works at Samosata, when after travelling for several years, and a long sojourn at Antioch, in Gaul, Macedonia, and principally at Athens, during which he had acquired considerable celebrity, he with that, and, as it appears, a magnificent retinue, now returned to his native town. Methinks he takes this delicate method in order to exhibit himself to his townsmen without boasting in an advantageous point of view, and to obviate the shadow, which his mean parentage and the straightened circumstances in which he was brought up, would otherwise have cast upon him.

the occasion, and passed for an excellent statuary*, and certainly was the most expert of all the stonecutters of our town. It would be affronting, said my father, in your presence to give the preference to any other art: take then the young man home with you, and make of him a dexterous stonecutter and statuary; he is not deficient in abilities, as you know. — This he said in allusion to certain toys, with the making of which while a boy I had amused myself. For after school-hours, I used to scrape together pieces of wax, wherever they fell in my way, and make cows, horses; aye, god forgive me! even men, and very fine likenesses as my father thought. This childish amusement, for which I had got many a box on the ear from my schoolmaster, was now brought as a proof of my natural turn; and the best hopes were conceived, that by this plastic disposition I should in a short time become a great proficient in the art.

As soon therefore as a lucky day † had been pitched upon for entering on my apprenticeship, I was transferred to my uncle, and to say the truth, not much against my will: on the contrary, I thought it would be very diverting, and procure me no small consideration among my comrades, to carve gods and other little images for myself and those lads whom I liked best.

It fell out with me however as is usual with young beginners; for my uncle giving into my hand a chisel ordered me to ply it gently to and fro on a smooth slab of marble which lay upon the ground; adding withal the

* The greek word *hermoglyphos* properly signifies a hermes-carver: it appears however to have been used in Lucian's time generally for a sculptor or statuary. Lucian's uncle was a stonecutter, who occasionally addicted himself to sculpture, as is still customary in country-towns of no greater consequence than Samosata. The figures of Hermes or Mercury, without arms and legs, as they were commonly placed before the gates of houses or temples, were generally of such rude workmanship, that a stonecutter of any dexterity in the art, could easily raise himself to a hermoglyphos.

† The antients were very superstitious about lucky and unlucky days. A day on which some great calamity had befallen a family, a town, a whole people, was ever after to that family, that town, that people, a day of ill omen; on the reverse, in a day that had once brought on some fortunate event, full confidence was placed that it would regularly prove fortunate. In all undertakings therefore, of whatever nature, they selected an auspicious day for it, and avoided such as were of ill-omen.

old saying, "well begun is half done," and then left me to my own direction. But for want of knowing better, striking too roughly the marble broke in two. Upon which he fell into a passion, laid hold on a whip that was lying near him, and ushered me into my new trade with so unfriendly a welcome, as deprived me at once of all inclination to the art. I ran home crying and roaring, related the story of the whip, shewed the marks of the lash, and made vehement complaints of the cruelty of my uncle: I am sure he did it out of pure jealousy, said I, being afraid that I should prove in the end a better workman than himself. My mother at this was very angry, and vented bitter reproaches on her brother. Night coming on however I went to bed, where I passed many tedious hours in grief and vexation, till at length with tearful eyes I fell asleep.

What you have been hearing hitherto, my friends, is indeed nothing but the frivolous story of a boy. What follows however is not of so insignificant a nature, but merits your whole attention *. To speak with Homer :

Late as I slumbered through the ambrosial night,
A dream divine appeared before my sight †,

and I may add, as plain and vivid as though I was awake; insomuch, that even at this distance of time the images of what I saw are still before my eyes, and the words that I heard are still ringing in my ears. Two female figures ‡ laid fast hold of me by the hands, each pulling me with such force and violence to her side, as neither would submit to the disgrace of yielding, that I thought they would have torn me in two between them. Now one got the better and had me almost entirely; a while after I found myself in the arms of the other. They made a sad brawling, and scolded one after another furiously. He is mine, cried one; I have a prior right to him, and will not let him be taken from me. He is no

* Lucian says this from what he knew of the generality of his audience, and in order to prevent a precipitate animadversion. In fact, the Dream was for the great mass, and the story for the nice judge of human characters, if peradventure there might be one such among his auditors.

† Iliad, lib. ii. ver. 56, 57.

‡ That this vision is an imitation of the celebrated narrative of Prodicus concerning the young Hercules, known under the title of the Choice of Hercules, the reader scarcely needs to be reminded. It is recommendable as a pattern to all beginners, how they should imitate.

man for you; cried the other; and all your endeavours to wrest him from me are to no purpose. The one was of a masculine aspect, and seemed formed for drudgery; her hair was dishevelled, her hands full of callous lumps, her gown tuckt up, all over lime and mortar; in short, just like my uncle when at work in his business. The other had a handsome face, was of graceful deportment, and elegantly dressed. In the issue, to my great satisfaction, they agreed to refer the affair to my option, to which of the two I would betake me. First, the hard-favoured sturdy wench began:

My dear boy, said she, I am Statuary, to an acquaintance with whom you were yesterday to be introduced, and who has been long related to your family, and is in a manner consanguineous with you. For your grandfather (here she named my mother's father) was a stonemason, and both your uncles acquired by my means the reputation of excellent artists. If you reject then the toys and fopperies of this simpleton here, and devote yourself to me, I promise you a good maintenance and strong sinews; the plagues of envy shall never come nigh you; you will never have cause to turn your back upon your country and family; fame will find you out at home, and you will acquire universal applause, not by empty words, but by deeds. Be not shocked at the meanness of my appearance, nor this dirty dress. Such at first was Phidias, who gave us to behold Jupiter*. No better beginnings had Polycletus, so renowned for his Juno, the celebrated Myron, the admired Praxiteles, although they now share with the deities the genuflexions of mankind. If therefore you should equal them, how could you fail of acquiring a name in the world, and by it you would even render your father enviable, and attract the eyes of the universe to your country.

This and a great deal more, the most of which I have forgot, Statuary uttered in a tremulous voice and a vulgar provincial dialect †. The good woman was very zealous to persuade me; and it was a long time be-

* Ἐδυξί τὸν Δία; who represented him so that we thought we saw Jupiter immediately himself. Thus speak all the antient writers, greek and latin, who mention this sublime work of art, as from one mouth. — Pausanias.

† Probably as the common people of Samosata used to speak.

fore she could find the end of what she had to say *. At last however she was obliged to give over ; and when she had done, the other thus began :

I, my son, am Learning. In me you behold a person, whose countenance is not strange to you ; though much is still wanting to complete your acquaintance with me. The best you can expect from becoming a stonecutter, you have just been informed by this gentlewoman here. But after all, you will be nothing more than a mechanic, who must found all his hopes of succeeding in the world, upon the work of his hands, without respect, be paid little better than a day-labourer, low and narrow in your disposition, an insignificant being in the commonwealth, alike impotent in profiting by your friends and making yourself feared by your enemies ; in short, as I said before, a mere handicraftsman, one of the vulgar herd, bowing and cringing to his superiors, adopting the opinion of every speaker, living the life of a timid hare, and an easy prey to the powerful. Supposing you should become a Phidias or a Polycletus, and had executed many admirable works, every beholder will indeed extol your skill, but no man in his senses would wish to be in your situation. For, excellent as you might be in your department, you will never rise above the level of such as are forced to earn their bread by labour †.

* Like all untaught people, when once they begin to talk.

† We perceive by the whole of this passage, what must strike every votary of the art, the character of an epocha, when genuine sculpture was already on the decline ; an era that had long since ceased to produce such masters as Phidias, Alcamenes, Praxiteles, Myron, Scopas, Polycletus, Lysippus, and their equals. Greece and Italy were filled with the works of those great artists. Notwithstanding the infinite number of statues that had been brought to Rome from the first wars of the Romans in Greece, the declension must have been scarcely perceptible, as we may be convinced by reading Pausanias, who was a contemporary of Lucian. This incomprehensible quantity of the finest statues that were already produced, was naturally attended with this effect, that the art itself was less practised and encouraged ; especially as under the first emperors, architecture took precedence of all others. Italy, Greece and the principal provinces were covered with the most sumptuous edifices, temples, theatres, gymnasiums, baths, triumphal monuments, palaces and villas ; and these new works of architecture were generally decorated with antient statues. The workers in marble were slaves to architecture : there was still here and there a proper statuary ; but a great many stonecutters, marble-polishers, carvers, workers in mosaic, &c. The reign of Hadrian appears to have seen the last faint glimmering of the expiring art. Under his successors it soon sank entirely into a mechanical handicraft ; and Lucian, though in several places he speaks of works of art like an in-

Whereas, if you follow me, I will, in the first place, make you acquainted with all admirable things that the noblest characters of antiquity have said, done and wrote, and in general with whatever is worth knowing; but more especially it shall be my business to adorn your soul, your better part, with temperance, justice, piety, gentleness, equity, prudence and fortitude, with the love of the beautiful, and the ambitious pursuit of every perfection; for these virtues are the genuine and unfading graces of the mind. None of the famous acts and memorable exploits of former times shall be concealed from you, you shall be enabled to judge of what is doing at present; aye, by me you shall even have an insight into futurity: in one word, I will in a short space give you a thorough knowledge of all things divine and human. And now listen to what will be the consequences of all this. You, the poor lad now standing before me, the son of a mean man, who would bring you up to such an ignoble trade, will shortly be looked upon with envy and jealousy by everybody; for you will be everywhere commended, and honoured, and esteemed as a man of excellent talents, even by those who by birth and opulence are distinguished beyond others. You will be appalled no worse than you see me here, and you will not only be admitted to the chief posts in your own country, but if you should travel into foreign parts, you will be neither unknown nor unrespected: for I will set such marks and tokens upon you, that everyone on seeing you will jog his neighbour, point to you with his finger, and say — there, there he goes! that is the famous —! Whenever your friends, or the body corporate have anything of weight and importance for consideration, all eyes will be turned upon you; and when you present yourself to speak, the gaping crowd will listen with astonishment, and on hearing your commanding eloquence, heap blessings upon you and the father who gave such a son to the world. That immortality which is so much talked of, I will realize in you: for even after your departure from life, you will not cease from dwelling with the learned, and conversing with the noblest of mankind. Think on that great Demosthenes, whose son he was *, and what a man I made of him!

telligent amateur, could not perhaps speak of the manufacture in other terms than he does, especially in the person of the Learning of the times.

* The father of Demosthenes was an armourer, but one of such consequence, that his workshop deserved rather the name of a manufactory. Plut. *in vit.* Demosth.

Was not *Æschines** the son of a woman who played on a kettle-drum? Yet I made him master of such accomplishments, that the great king Philip courted his favour. Socrates, like yourself, was brought up to statuary, but he soon made a better choice, and ever since his coming over from her to me, you know how much he has been magnified by all men. And would you give up men of such worth and excellence, whom you may equal in wisdom and virtue, a life of respectability, honour and renown; in short, all the advantages which through me you cannot fail of attaining, the fine figure you will make in the world, the universal esteem and admiration you will acquire by your eloquence and information; would you reject all this, that you may go sneaking in a miserable coarse canvass frock, follow a servile occupation, be always handling iron crows and carving tools and hammers and chisels, your face continually poring over your work, both body and mind fastened to the ground, and in every respect to be a sordid, abject wretch, never daring to lift up his head like an independent man, nor to entertain any manly and liberal sentiments; but, on the contrary, ever curious to give his figures their exact shape and just proportion, thinks of nothing less than to evince these properties in himself; and therefore is in reality less respectable than the stone he is working upon.

She would have proceeded, when I, without waiting for the termination of her speech, sprang up, turned my back upon that squalid drudge, and with rapture threw myself into the embraces of Learning: a resolution which the recollection of the lashes I had received the day before, as a specimen of what was to follow from our farther acquaintance, mostly perhaps contributed to bring about. The forsaken virago fell into such a passion at the affront she pretended to have received, that she clapped her hands and gnashed her teeth; till at length, stiffening like a second Niobe, she was turned into stone — an event the improbability whereof ought to bring my narrative into suspicion with you; for dreams, you know, are wonder-workers.

It is now time, said the other, looking on me with a smiling countenance, that you should be rewarded for the just decision you have made

* The rival of Demosthenes both in oratory and demagogy, and certainly the next to him. *Æschines* was the head of Philip's party, and pensioned by that king, by way of retaining him as the perpetual antagonist of Demosthenes.

in my behalf. Well then, come and mount this car (pointing to one that stood near, drawn by horses winged like Pegasus), and you shall see what glorious things you had nearly missed, but by declaring for me will be unfolded to your view. I stepped in; and she, seizing the reins, drove off. As we travelled aloft through the air from east to west, I beheld below me an infinite number of countries, cities and empires, and every where as we passed along, like another Triptolemus*, scattered something down upon the earth. What it was I cannot now remember†; I only know this, that the gazing multitude testified their joy at it, and wherever I flew over their heads sent up their praises and good wishes after me.

Having shewn me all these things, and me to those grateful souls below, she brought me back to the very place where she had took me up; not however in my former dress: for I thought I returned in sumptuous attire. It even seemed to me as if she called the attention of my father who stood waiting for me, to the elegant figure I made, and said somewhat to him about what I should have lost had I followed his ill advice. This is all that I can now recollect of the vision that happened to me in my early youth, and probably was the mere effect of that vehement agitation of mind into which the dread of my uncle's whip had thrown me.

While I am relating this, I hear somebody say, — Now, by Jove, this is what I call a long drawling dream! — I suppose it was a winter-night's

* Diodorus Siculus makes Triptolemus a companion of the Egyptian king Osiris on his fabulous or allegorical expedition through the world; which in fact means no more, than that the Greeks received agriculture and most of the other arts from Egypt. Osiris, adds Diodorus, committed to Triptolemus the care of agriculture in Attica. The common tradition, sanctioned by the Eleusinian mysteries, makes Ceres or Demeter (who according to Diodorus is the same with Isis) the introducer of agriculture into Greece, and Triptolemus (the son of a king of Eleusis) her favourite. The fable relates, among other miracles concerning him, that he received in a present from that goddess a chariot drawn by dragons, in order to travel round the globe, and instruct the savage nations in the management of corn. He was accordingly represented by sculptors as travelling over the earth in this dragon-drawn car, and strewing all the way as he went, like a sower, seeds from a quantity of grain in the bosom of his garment. See M. Boze's description of an antient monument in the 6th volume of the *Mem. des Inscris.* p. 430, ed. 12mo. This graphic representation is that to which Lucian here alludes.

† And we will not deprive the reader of the pleasure of guessing what Lucian's modesty has concealed under this emblematical representation.

dream, added another, when the nights are at the longest — or perhaps it employed three nights let into one, as in the affair of Hercules, said a third. But what made him take it into his head, that such entertainment was good enough for us? To teaze us with a dull, tedious, obsolete story of a dream? Or does he take us for interpreters of dreams by profession? — Not so, my friends. — When Xenophon formerly related his dream *, how he thought he heard a sudden clap of thunder, and the lightning dart into his father's house, and so forth (for you know the passage), it certainly was not his intention to entertain his hearers with a story invented only to kill time, at a moment when the enemy had beset them, and their affairs were desperate; but his narrative had a useful purpose in view. In like manner my design in this relation was of no inferior importance in its object, than to encourage young men to make a prudent choice, and addict themselves to study, and adopt a course of life at once useful to others and honourable to themselves; especially if there be one or other among them of good natural parts, who, urged by poverty, is tempted to take to bad courses, and therefore runs the risk of stifling a beautiful disposition in the bud. I am persuaded that such a one will feel himself fortified by my narrative. He will take me for an example, and consider in what circumstances I dedicated myself to Learning, instead of letting my poverty get the better of my resolution, and have raised myself to excellence and honour: to be brief, what I once was, and in what plight I am now come back to you; — at least with not the less celebrity for not being a statuary of our days †.

* See his *'Αναβ. Κύβη*, lib. iii. cap. i. 9. He however says not a word of his having told his dream to anybody.

† Lucian says only in general *εἰς τὸν λιθηγλύφον*; but I give him credit for so much modesty as to advert only at this instant, not to Phidias or Praxiteles, but to the then living statuaries, and trust I have done him no injury by this supplement.

NIGRINUS.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

THE proverb says, "An owl to Athens!" because it would be quite ridiculous to carry owls to Athens, where they are already in such plenty. It would be just as ridiculous in me to write a book, and send it to Nigrinus as a specimen of my abilities in composition: that would indeed be sending owls to Athens! But my design being only to declare my present sentiments, and to shew the certainly not slight impression your oratory made upon me, I may reasonably hope that the sentence of Thucydides, where he says, that ignorance makes us presumptuous, but consideration timid, cannot be applied to me. For it is manifest that not my ignorance alone, but likewise my affection for philosophy is the cause of my presumption.

NIGRINUS. I take this piece to be one of the first, if not the very first of all the works, wrote by Lucian, after he had come to the resolution to addict himself to the composition of that species of dialogue so peculiarly his own, and by means of this in the highest degree popular method of philosophising (calculated to please the Greeks no less by its novelty than by the talents evinced in the execution) to render ridiculous for ever the several fashionable follies, to unmask the various kinds of impostors, and particularly to exhibit the fantastical philosophers who had carried their heads so high under the Antonines in all their nakedness. The present dialogue may be considered as a prelude to the war which he intended to wage with the latter; although they are mentioned in it only by the way, and in the form of a digression. For the main object of the piece is evidently a satire on the depravity and excessive folly of the inhabitants of Rome; and the design of Lucian, to pay the Athenians, to whom he would revert, a compliment, by the contrast of their manners with the roman, seems impossible to be mistaken. Even the delineation of Nigrinus (wherein he is solely intent upon contrasting him in the strongest manner possible with the philosophers of the age) is only an episode; though it serves besides, to give more authority to the panegyric he bestows on

LUCIAN. HIS FRIEND.

FRIEND. Lucian, how unusually solemn you are grown since your return *! You seem as if you were wafted among the clouds. Instead of engaging in discourse with me as you were wont, you scarcely vouchsafe me a look; one might be tempted to think you were metamorphosed into another person, you regard all men with such contempt. I should like to hear what may be the cause of this extraordinary behaviour.

LUCIAN. What other can it be, my friend, but happiness?

FRIEND. Happiness! What do you mean?

LUCIAN. And a happiness which without thinking of it I found as it were at my feet. In short, you behold me, by the most unexpected accident in the world, made the most enviable, blessed, or in the language of the stage, thrice blessed man.

FRIEND. Hercules! and that in so short a time?

LUCIAN. Yes.

FRIEND. What extraordinary occurrence then has happened, for giving you such cause of triumph? Be a little more explicit. For I would not only summarily rejoice with you in your good fortune, but hear the whole of it with all its circumstances.

Athens, and the sharp censure he lets fall, in the person of this real or fictitious roman sage, on the Romans in general. The second title which this dialogue commonly bears, *περὶ φιλοσόφου ἠθῶν*, which the latin translators have made into *de moribus philosophorum*, is accordingly wrong, and is certainly not derived from Lucian: it might far more appositely be inscribed, a moral picture of the city of Rome. The lucky thought of putting this satire into the mouth of a roman philosopher, who had studied at Athens, and is delighted on the visit of a Greek, to be able to relieve himself of his long accumulating gall upon the fashionable follies, and the generally despicable character of the Romans, and thereby to render it more dramatical, — this idea and the whole execution of it announce what may be expected in this novel species of composition, from a man who shews so much wit, humour, sound sense, and ability in the art of clothing his thoughts. In the mean time we perceive that this dialogue is a first essay in a new department, and that the author, who had for many years carried on the profession of a rhetor or sophist (as they were then called), and had not completely, much less all at once, been able to free himself from a certain habitual garrulity, elaboration of periods, and, if I may so say, rhetorical luxury. We see, that he is not yet quite firm in his manner, and that this Nigrinus was therefore still halting between the dialogue of the Socratics and his own: not that herein I mean to deny that he merits a conspicuous place among the works of our author; and particularly as contributing to the history of the reigning manners of Athens and Rome is very interesting.

* The scene of this dialogue is not marked; we see only that it is not Rome.

LUCIAN. By Jupiter! is it nothing marvellous, for a slave to be made all at once free and even rich, and from a silly, frivolous fellow, to become exactly the reverse *?

FRIEND. Marvellous indeed. But cannot you tell what you would have me to understand by it?

LUCIAN. I went into the city † to inquire for a certain oculist, as the disorder in my eyes was growing worse.

FRIEND. All this I know, and I wished from my heart that you might fall into the hands of a skilful practitioner.

LUCIAN. Having purposed to pay a visit to the platonic philosopher Nigrinus ‡, whom I had not seen for a long time, I rose early and repaired to his lodging. Having knocked at the door, a servant announced me, and I was instantly admitted. On entering I found him with a book in his hand, surrounded by numerous busts of antient sages, sitting before a table, on which was lying a board chalked with geometrical diagrams and figures, and a sphere contrived of reeds, which I believe was to represent the system of the universe. He accosted me with uncommon civility, and inquired after my welfare. Having given him a circumstantial account of everything, I took the liberty in return to ask him how

* The haughty pretensions of the Stoics are well known, and how scornfully they looked down upon all that were not of their order, or at least had not received their education in it, and were not partial to it, as poor idiots, slaves and fools. Lucian appears by the tone in which he speaks of his pretended philosophical conversion, to be covertly bantering them for this pompous arrogance. For I find neither in his character, nor in his subsequent tracts, nor even in the present piece, any inducement to believe that he was in earnest upon the enthusiasm which he here affects, or that he ever would have employed his wit in making so great a public compliment to a platonic philosopher at the expense of his self-love. I take therefore this to be as much ironical raillery, as it is in Horace, when in the utmost seriousness he beseeches the culinary philosopher Cadius, to conduct him to the true art of life and happiness.

† It is evident from the context that Rome is here meant.

‡ Whether this Nigrinus was a real person or only feigned by our author, for giving more grace to his panegyric on Athens, and greater weight and appearance of impartiality to the satire upon Rome, cannot with certainty be decided. The latter in my opinion is much the most probable. Lucian is the only author that speaks of this philosopher Nigrinus; and how should a man, whom he describes as the abstract idea of a sage, possibly have lain concealed during the reign of a Marcus Aurelius; especially as he himself must have known of him by this piece of our author?

it fared with him, and whether he was meditating another journey into Greece. This brought him to the right subject. He ran out into an ample discourse upon his principles and notions, and talked so beautifully and — divinely, I might almost say, that I imbibed his speech, as it had been pure ambrosia, with a pleasure that far exceeded the enchantment attributed by the poets to their sirens and nightingales, and Homer to his lotos *. For he proceeded to such lengths in his panegyrics upon philosophy and the liberty that springs out of it, and in ridiculing all that the great multitude reckon among the blessings of life — a large estate, fame, posts of honour, supreme authority over entire provinces, gold and purple ; in short, all that in the eyes of the generality, and hitherto likewise in mine, was of value — as very contemptible things. I listened to him with an attention strained to the height of eagerness : but how I felt myself at the time, it would puzzle me to say, so many thoughts were running through my head. It now made me quite melancholy to hear what had always been the most dear to me so highly disparaged ; and I could have almost wept, on seeing them so trod under foot : then these objects appeared to me really contemptible and ridiculous, and my mind was as light as though I had come out of a dark cave, in which I had till now past my life, and was on a sudden transported into the purest air, and looked about me in a world of light and sunshine †. What is most curious, I quite forgot my sore eyes, while my intellectual optics became sharp sighted in the same proportion in which, without my knowing it, they had before been blind. I gradually came at length into that state for

* A verbal translation of this sentence would have turned into sheer nonsense what in the original is a very fine though for prose an almost too poetical metaphor. To the lotos (a fruit unknown to us) Homer ascribes (Odys. ix. 94.) the surprising virtue of effacing from the memory of him that has ate of it all his former relations and habitudes, and communicating to him an irresistible desire to remain in the country where it is the ordinary food.

† Lucian's design here, as it should seem, is to present to us, in his own person, a just and masterly image of the momentary effect which an eloquent philosopher or a philosophising orator had the art of producing upon ordinary people, especially on the tender and susceptible minds of the Greeks, so easily moved by the charms of eloquence. Similar effects are experienced at present from eloquent and well-delivered pulpit-discourses. Moreover he seems to have had in his eye the famous story of the sudden conversion of young Polemon by an oration of the platonic philosopher Xenocrates.

which you just now took me to task. I take a loftier flight, and am absolutely incapable of thinking of anything low and little; in a word, I thought philosophy had about the same effect upon me, as wine is said to have had upon the Indians. For they being warmer in constitution than other men, had but tasted of so inflaming a liquor *, when they incontinently became drunk, and raved twice as enthusiastically as the rest. Just so do I appear to you, rapt and reeling about as if intoxicated by the discourses of my philosopher.

FRIEND. And you call that intoxication! In my view of it, it is soberness and discretion. How greatly do I wish, if it were possible, to hear the whole of this speech from your mouth! And in truth it would not be fair in you to refuse compliance with such a wish to a friend whose temper and inclination so much accords to your own.

LUCIAN. Be easy, my dearest! you are not more desirous to hear than I am to rehearse it; and if you had not prevented me, I should myself have asked you to lend me your ears. I would set you up as a witness against the great bulk of society, that I am not mad without reason. Besides, it is pleasing to myself frequently to call to mind what I heard; and I am already tolerably expert in it: for even when nobody is within hearing, I repeat to myself twice or thrice a day what he said to me: and here I am in the same predicament as lovers, who in the absence of the beloved person, make it their sole delight, to recall to their minds all their speeches and actions precisely as if the favourite was present, by this agreeable deception to beguile their grief. In some instances it is carried so far, that they even think they are conversing with them, and on topics which they have heard from them before to fall into the same raptures, as if at that moment they were hearing them for the first time; in short, they so entirely occupy the mind with the recollection of the past, that they have no time for any sentiment of the present. In like manner, seeing that philosophy has withdrawn her presence from me, I procure myself no small consolation by recollecting and unfolding afresh to my mind what I then heard. As a mariner buffeted by the billows in a dark tempestuous night, I keep my eyes continually fixt on this lighthouse; in whatever I propose, I conceive that man to be present, and

* An allusion to the famous expedition of Bacchus into India.

think him perpetually telling me what he then said; nay, sometimes, particularly if I studiously exert my imagination, I behold his visage before me, and the tone of his voice sounds in my ears*. For I may with justice apply to myself what the comedian † said of Pericles — that he had left a sting in his hearers.

FRIEND. Spare farther preface, my much admired friend! Or rather step a pace or two backwards, and indulge me with hearing your philosopher speak for himself: for you cannot think how much you torment me by this circumlocution.

LUCIAN. You say well. I begin; — but first tell me one thing. Have you ever been at a play when a miserably bad actor had a tragical, or perhaps, a comic part to perform? I speak of such as are inured to hissing, and who sometimes so cruelly spoil a play, as ultimately to be hunted off the stage, though the piece itself might be good and even a prize performance.

FRIEND. I know more than too many of them: but what of that?

LUCIAN. Nothing: only I am afraid lest you should find me acting no better with my author; whether I may not deliver this or that out of its proper order and combination; even perhaps out of ignorance spoil the sense of the speech; so that you will find yourself often unconsciously necessitated to condemn the piece ‡. As to what concerns my part, I

* As our author in Nigrinus presents us with the picture of a genuine philosopher, so in his own person he delineates a genuine disciple of wisdom as its companion; yet he cannot help letting his concealed satyr peep out from beneath the philosophic mantle, and making little humorous grimaces at philosophy herself.

† Eupolis, one of the principal poets of the antient comedy, of the nature whereof most of the pieces of Aristophanes may afford us the most adequate idea. Of more than twenty comedies, that were wrote by Eupolis, only the names and a few fragments are come down to us; among those is found the passage from Diodorus to which Lucian here makes allusion. This is the translation of it:

With an invisible angling-rod sat
On his lips a Peitho §, and he alone
Of all orators left a sting behind
In every hearer's breast.

Diod. Sic. lib. xii. cap. 40.

‡ The usual way of writing down or repeating the discourse of a public lecturer or celebrated person.

§ The Goddess of Persuasion.

shall readily resign it to your pleasure ; but it will not a little vex me, if the master-piece of another should fall with me and be disgraced by my fault. During the whole of this repetition then, never for a moment forget, that our poet himself is guiltless of all these sins ; and far distant from the stage, cares nothing about what happens in the theatre *. Consider me absolutely as a player, desirous to give you a proof of his memory ; for I here actually perform the part of an ambassador † in a tragedy. If therefore at times you think I might say something better, immediately suppose that it was better, and that the poet without doubt has said it differently. After this you may hiss me as much as you will ; I shall not be offended.

FRIEND. Excellent, by Hercules ! You have spun as fine a syntagmatical proemium such as no professor of rhetoric could compose more artificially. Probably you would wish to add that your conversation together was a mere *impromptu* ; that you were unprepared ; that he might have made himself better understood ; that I should have had greater pleasure in hearing him himself ; that I should take in good part all that you could possibly cram into your memory ; and the like. Is it not true ? — But you may spare me all this. Fancy yourself to have said all that is proper to be said in an exordium to a thesis, and that nobody can be more ready and willing to clap and cry bravo than I am : only I beseech you do begin. For I protest to you, if you make any longer delay, I shall remember it when you come to the main point, and hiss you with all my might.

LUCIAN. Not only all that you have touched upon would I have said, but farther : that I shall neither confine myself to the order of his discourse nor to his words ; because either would be utterly impossible. Nor shall I put the speech into his mouth, for fear of resembling the aforesaid actors in another respect, who when they have undertaken the part of an Agamemnon, or Creon, or Hercules, strutting about in regal ornaments, and with a grim heroic countenance, menace outrageous vengeance, and straining to speak big, come off in a slender, squeaking, womanish voice,

* According to my hypothesis this is all mere affectation, in order the better to make the reader believe his Nigrinus to be a real person.

† Who speaks merely in the name of another, and repeats only what he has heard.

smaller than would become a Hecuba, or her daughter Polyxena*. Therefore lest I should put on a mask too large for my head, and disgrace the part I present, I will speak without a mask at all, simply in my own person, that should I perchance fall, I may not draw the hero I represent after me.

FRIEND, *impatiently*. This fellow with his similes of tragedians and players I see will wear out the day before he begins.

LUCIAN. I have done; and now to the business. Nigrinus then commenced his discourse with an encomium on Greece, and particularly on the Athenians, to whom he ascribed the signal merit of having bred them to philosophy and poverty; and so far from regarding it with complacency, that anyone, whether native or foreigner, should attempt to introduce luxury among them, they rather transform and unteach those who come to them with such dispositions, and by degrees accustom them to other manners and their own simple mode of life. As an instance he cited one of those glittering sparks, who came to Athens, with a whole host of retainers and servants, and in a rich gaudy dress, and had no doubt that the whole city would regard him as one of the most enviable and happy of mortals, and look up to him with profound veneration. The Athenians, however, thought that perhaps it was not quite so becoming in the spruce gentleman; and from compassion they made it their business to give him a better education. They did not proceed so harshly with him as to hinder him from living as he pleased in a free city: but when he was troublesome to them in walking on the parade or in the public baths, by taking up too much room with his numerous retinue, so that the pedestrians found it difficult to pass, he heard some one in a low tone of voice, and as if he had no particular design in it, saying, "All is quiet in the baths; and yet he seems to think his life not safe there; else what need of bringing such an army with him?" — This he heard, and applied the lesson. With the same goodnatured urbanity they made him take off his embroidered purple garment, by wit-

* It should here be recollected that the tragic masks of the ancients were contrived to excite terror and affright, and to use the expression of Pollux (and our author in his treatise on Dancing) had such monstrous open mouths, as though they would swallow the spectators. However it was probably in this place purposely adapted to some ridiculous tragedian then living.

tily jeering its flowers and various colours. — “ We are got again into the spring !” they said, — or, “ Oh the beautiful peacock !” — or, “ He has borrowed it perhaps of his mother,” — and more of the like. In this manner they made game of his other distinctions: at one time the numerous rings that covered his fingers, at another his affected frisure, then the extravagant expense of his table; and by this procedure they succeeded so far, that he imperceptibly adopted a more rational disposition; and, thanks to the public education he had enjoyed at Athens! departed much better than when he arrived. — As a proof, however, that it is no disgrace with them to make an open avowal of poverty, he mentioned an expression that he remembered to have heard uttered publicly at the panathenæan games from the united voice of the whole people. A citizen was taken up and carried before the judge presiding at the celebration. The bystanders pitied him, and begged the judge to pardon him; and when the crier pronounced, “ this man has acted contrary to law, by being present at the games in such a garment” — the spectators exclaimed with one consent *; he ought to be pardoned for wearing this dress, since *he has no other*. — This passage he commended highly, and spoke much in praise of the liberty that reigns at Athens, which allows every man to live there as he chuses, and of the quiet and vacancy from business so observable there. In short, for an honest man who would retain the purity of his manners, and has learnt to contemn riches, and to make unsophisticated nature the rule of his life; in one word, for a philosopher, nothing can be more convenient and desirable than a residence at Athens. On the contrary, he that is fond of luxury, allows himself to be inveigled by the lustre of gold, and measures his happiness by the relation it bears to his purple robe, — his influence and authority; he that has never tasted the sweets of liberty, and has grown up among flatterers and slaves, has never made himself conversant with true beauty and excellence; or he that has surrendered his soul to the servitude of pleasure, and deceived by her artful witcheries and cousenage, places the supreme felicity of life in the joys of Comus, of Bacchus and

* The addition ὡσπερ ἰσοκρίμεις, — as though they had consulted upon it, or had previously agreed upon it — would, since we cannot, like the Greeks, give it in a couple of words, only serve to clog the narrative.

Venus; or, if the tinkling of musical instruments, and the excitement of the loose lascivious dance and voluptuous songs make him happy — let such a one pitch his residence at Rome*. For there all the streets and squares abound in what they are fond of; there pleasure can be every where taken in, through all the avenues to the soul, through eyes and ears, through nose and palate, and every other passage. Here it perpetually flows in one constant full and turbid stream, widening all the way, in such sort, that adultery and avarice and perjury and all other vices that are bred from its fertile slime, at once crawl forth, which overwhelm and violently carry away the soul with every sentiment of shame, integrity and virtue; but when once these are lost, the mind is left empty and void, a thirsty and arid soil, wherein all kinds of wild desires quickly shoot up, and let no wholesome plant grow near them†. — Such is the representation he made to me of the city, and of what a foreigner might learn in it. Therefore on my return from Greece, continued he, and again approached that city, I made a halt, and took myself to task concerning the reason why I came hither, repeating the words of Homer ‡: “Wretch as thou art! wherefore leavest thou Greece, all sunshine, where thou mightest bask in liberty, to visit this place of hurry and disorder, of splendid slavery, of servile attendances, of entertainments and feasts, of sycophants, and flatterers, and poisoners, and legacy-hunters, and false-friends? Or what wilt thou do, who canst neither reform these people nor live after their fashion?” Reasoning then with myself, I came to the resolution of leaving them, as Jupiter did Hector; so I withdrew

“Beyond the reach of darts and din of war §,”

kept close at home, and adopted a mode of life, that, however inactive

* I name Rome merely for the sake of perspicuity; for Lucian avoids naming the city of which he makes his philosopher say so much ill, though from the whole context it is evident that he can be speaking of no other than the then capital of the world.

† If any one should arraign me at the bar of taste, for having here allowed myself more periphrasis than usual, I hope to stand acquitted. Those alone who are conversant with the original can feel in its utmost extent the difficulty, or perceive the impossibility of rendering such passages into any modern language, without taking a certain free scope, — presuming always that a man would write — in order to be read.

‡ Parody of the speech of Tiresias to Ulysses, when the latter was descended to the realms of the dead. *Odyss.* xi. 92.

§ *Hom. Il.* xi 164.

and womanish it may seem to most men, where philosophy and Plato and truth, were my daily companions. Besides, I have here the best opportunity for observing, as from a lofty watch-tower, what is passing in this crowded city below me; where there is much to entertain the beholder, much to provoke his laughter, and also much so seductive as to put the firmness of a man seriously inclined to wisdom, to the severest trial. For, since in speaking of the ill, we ought likewise to take some notice of the good that is mixed with it, be assured there is no better fencing-school for virtue, nor any better opportunity for trying the strength of our principles and preserving our constancy in goodness, than is furnished by this city, and the manner of living in it. It is no trifling affair, to be continually resisting so many alluring objects that are incessantly exciting our appetites through the organs of sight and hearing. There is here no escape; we must, like Ulysses, absolutely sail by these sirens, and that not with hands bound and ears stopt with wax, like him, but loose and free, with open senses, and with that genuine bravery that confident in its strength bids defiance to danger. And where could a man more fully convince himself of the worth of philosophy, than where he has such a world of folly continually before his eyes? Where could he learn more heartily to despise all that fortune is able to bestow, than where, as in a great drama consisting of a vast diversity of characters, he sees now a slave become a master, now a rich man changed to a beggar, from a beggar again into a viceroy or a king, and in the shifting of a few scenes, friends turned into foes, and favourites into fugitives? But the thing most astonishing is, that though fortune so loudly testifies, that there is no stability in her favours, notwithstanding this, mankind, who every day witness it with their eyes, pursue riches and power with the most ardent cupidity, and ramble about buoyed up with hopes that are never realized. — I observed above, that the objects to be seen here daily leave the unprejudiced spectator in no want of aliment for mirth and laughter. Because how could one help laughing to see a wealthy blockhead, affectedly displaying before you his purple borders *, spreading his fingers that you may observe

* The *latus clavus*, as it was called, or the broad stripe of purple, which hung down, or rather was sewed over the breast on the *tunica*, and denoted the senator or person of the first quality. — Perhaps however, the above may refer to the narrower purple stripe, *angustus clavus*, with which those of the equestrian order bordered their *tunica*.

his rings, and from pure politeness commit a hundred other vulgarities? The thing however the most absurd is, that when they would salute respectable persons they meet in the streets, it is their custom to speak by deputy *, and think that we ought to take it as a great favour when they deign in passing to cast a look upon us. Others there are who take a higher tone, even to the point of genuflexion, and that from a distance, as is the practice with the Persians: you must go up to them with a profound obeisance, and in fashioning your address before you come near, you are to signify the humility of your mind by the posture of your body; then, with downcast eyes and a submissive countenance, you are admitted to kiss the gown or the hand; an honour that, by such as have not yet been able to reach it, is regarded with envious eyes: in the mean time the imaginary great personage there stands and takes pleasure in prolonging the duration of so flattering an illusion. However, I commend them for one thing, that they account us common people too vile to be admitted to their lips †. But still more ridiculous are those that make their court to them, and by constant attendance seek to obtain their favour. The poor people rise soon after midnight, run about the town, and besiege the doors; where they must submit to be refused admittance by a surly porter ‡, and are frequently saluted with the epithets dogs, lick-trenchers, or some other such titles of distinction, which they patiently brook. And what is got at last by this toilsome round of life? Nothing but the burdensome happiness, pregnant with so many miseries, of obtaining a seat at the table of their haughty patron. And oh! what must they not there submit to! What must they not swallow! How much often drink more than they are inclined to do! and how much idle preposterous babble must they hear! — At length the hour arrives, when they depart sullen and dispirited, finding fault with the miserable entertainment, or complaining of the vulgarity and insolence of the host. In every corner and blind alley are now seen people discharging their

* This passage shews that the *nomenclators* at the time of Lucian, not only named the greeting persons to their master, but his duty was to greet them likewise in his name.

† Namely, because they who feed too high and eat too much often have a strong breath. If the reader is curious for other reasons, he may find them in his Juvenal, Martial, &c.

‡ That is, till the hour or minute is arrived when he usually goes to dress.

overloaded stomachs, and the street-nymphs at the doors of the brothels pulling one another by the hair. Most of them the next day are fain to keep their beds, and send to the doctor to take them in his circular visits, though, what is most diverting of all, some of them cannot spare time to be sick. For my part, I think this crew of trenchermen even a baser brood than they that suffer themselves to be flattered by them; since one might almost affirm that they alone are guilty of all the vanity and conceit of the latter. For as they hear themselves praised by those wretches on account of their riches, and see their antechambers filled every morning with people, who approach them no otherwise than as slaves to their masters, what after all must they think of themselves? Whereas, if by common agreement they would forbear, if it were but for awhile, this voluntary servitude, do not you think that the rich would come begging to poor men's doors, and make suit to them not to let their felicity be without spectators and witnesses, and their superb palaces and grand eating-rooms * stand useless and unadmired? For what is it that gives value to riches? Not surely the pleasure of being rich, but of being esteemed happy by others on their account; and the most magnificent mansion and the most costly furniture of gold and ivory would be of no consequence to their possessors, if nobody came to admire them. This privilege of contempt should therefore be employed as a dam to their riches, and thus serve as an abatement of their estimation and a check to their pride: instead of all combining to turn their heads by an excessive reverence and undue complaisance. — However, for men unlettered and without education, who openly avow their ignorance and stupidity, to behave in this manner might perhaps be endured: but that so many, who make profession of philosophy, conduct themselves still more ridiculously †, — this is truly abominable. How much think you, must I be grieved to the very

* In the original: their beautiful tables. The luxury of the Romans in all the furniture belonging to the *cœnaculum* is known to everyone.

† Nigrinus is speaking of the Greeks, who by the mode of life here described rendered themselves despicable. Long-bearded *Græculi* of this sort abounded in swarms, especially in the time of the Antonines, and every great man had, as the fashion then was, his *domestic philosopher*, who, as we may easily imagine, was not in his proper place in the luxurious family of a wealthy Roman, and must of necessity play a very equivocal part there.

soul, on sometimes seeing a man of reverend years mingled among a troop of led captains, where from his habit and aspect his figure is more conspicuous, giving his fawning attendance to some great officer, or talking familiarly with the servants and other retainers? But what frets me most, is, that such men do not lay aside their beard and mantle, seeing they play the same parts in the comedy as the rest of the performers — or perhaps even outdo them *. For where is the parasite that would not be wronged by being drawn into comparison with the character these men act at the table of their lordly patrons? Do not they cram themselves more clownishly than they? Are they not far more visibly drunk? Are they not always the last to get up from table; and who are more eager than they to stuff their wallet with the remains of the feast? Some, who pretend to more politeness than the rest, will even offer to sing. All this now Nigrinus thought highly ridiculous. He particularly mentioned philosophers who offered virtue, like other marketable commodities, for sale, therefore calling their schools, shops and public houses. In his opinion, they who preached up the contempt of riches ought first to shew that they themselves were above all thoughts of lucre. He, for his part, acted upon these principles. He gave his time gratuitously to all who expressed a desire to converse with him; he assisted those who were in want of his aid, and was a professed enemy to all superfluity and luxury. Far from coveting the property of other men, he neglected the proper care to prevent his own from decay. He had, for instance, an estate, and though it lies not far from town, he has never had any desire to visit it. He even went so far as to assert that he is not the owner of it, probably insinuating thereby that nature gives us no exclusive right to any such thing †, but that by law, and succession or transfer, we obtain the usufruct of such possession for an indefinite period, and are called owners of it, till on the expiration of our term we must relinquish it to some other, who enjoys that title on the same condition. In general, it must be said,

* These half dozen words are not in the original; they however appear to be necessary to the transition and better combination.

† A pretty plain allusion to the verse in the *Ofellus* of Horace :

*Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam statuit.*

that with respect to his moderation, his neatness and simplicity in apparel, with whatever relates to personal exterior and manner of life, — but above all, his equal temper and serenity of mind, self consistency and the most engaging affability, — he is truly excellent and worthy of imitation. His manner is, to admonish those who resort to him, not to put off their amendment, as the generality do, by fixing some particular festival or other solemn day, as the epocha when he will begin to leave off dishonesty and discharge his obligations. The pursuit of virtue, says he, admits of not a minute's delay. He likewise blamed certain philosophers who place the exercises of virtue in accustoming young folks to resist corporal sufferings and penances, commanding them to be bound and scourged *, or perhaps even, in order to render them delicate †, to have all the hair of the body scraped off with an iron scraper, affirming, that the ground of this hardness and indifference to bodily pain should be laid in the mind, and in the forming of mankind we should have regard partly to the natural disposition of mind, partly to the bodily constitution, partly to their age and their previous education, that we may avoid falling into the error of enjoining them a task that is above their ability to execute. For instances are not wanting, he said, of some that being treated in this irrational manner even died in consequence; and I myself saw a youth of Nigrinus's family, who having tasted this discipline, but afterwards had an opportunity of hearing juster principles, immediately ran away from

* Whoever was desirous of being a philosopher by profession, must submit (at least among the Stoics) to pass through a very severe noviciate. Indeed this method of training young people to virtue appears to have been of a much earlier date than the Stoic philosophy. *Strepsiades*, the new scholar of the sham Socrates, in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, declares himself (as he was free from debt) prepared for whatever the philosopher meant to make of him :

“ The gentlemen may now proceed with me as harshly as they please! — I willingly submit my body to the lash, to hunger and to thirst, to dirt and cold; and let them even strip my skin over my ears, so I can escape thereby my creditors, I am content.” *Νεφέλα*, ver. 38.

Pythagoras was obliged to submit to the greatest hardships and mortifications, previous to his being initiated by the ægyptian priests into their mysteries: and the Stoics tried at least, by the like practices, whether or not they could bring their novices to deem pain no evil.

† This stroke of satire refers to the custom with certain effeminate voluptuaries and instruments of effeminacy among the Greeks and Romans, of causing all the hair of the body to be either eradicated or scraped off.

his former master, and took refuge in Nigrinus's house; where, as if he had then come to himself, he lived ever after very contentedly.

Leaving that subject, he descanted upon other topics, particularly the everlasting bustle of the city, and the perpetual riot and confusion of the inhabitants, and the theatre, and the circus*, and the statues of famous charioteers that are there to be seen, and on the names of the race-horses, and how in all the lanes and alleys nothing was talked of but these things. For it must be owned, this immoderate fondness for horses is a real frenzy, which seizes upon even persons that have hitherto been reckoned among the most respectable.

After this, beginning as it were another chapter, he touched upon the mighty business that was made of their funerals and last wills; when he took notice by the way, that the Romans spoke truth only once in their lives, namely in their testaments; that being the only conjuncture, when it could no longer do them harm to declare their real sentiments. However I was unable to refrain from laughing, on his adding: they seem to be so enamoured of their preposterous vanity, that they have nothing more at heart than to take it along with them into the grave, and, as if this were not enough, to leave behind them a record in writing of their folly. One, for example, in his testament ordains, that his best cloaths, or what besides was of most value to him, shall be burnt with him on the same pile. Others, lest they should feel the want of attendants after death, order some of their slaves to keep watch near the sepulchre; others again command their tomb-stones to be successively decorated with garlands of fresh flowers. It would be difficult to imagine, said he, what they in their lifetime must have done, who make such provisions for what shall be done after their death. For these are the great men, who buy rare dainties at a great expense, sprinkle their floors with costly essences, fill their houses in winter with roses, which in their view are only of value by reason of their unseasonableness and scarcity, whereas those are disdained that are of timely and natural growth, as vulgar. In short these are the people, who must have the very wine they drink perfumed. Then, what he carped at the most, was that they do not under-

* The *circus maximus*, which was principally used for the purpose of horse-racing.

stand how to order and use their pleasures, but preposterously confound them by exceeding the bounds of nature, and, when they have blunted their senses by all kinds of excess, they even (as our poets have it) would violently force an entrance *beside the door* *. This he called a solecism in pleasure; and for that reason thought it ridiculous in people to wear their flowery chaplets in the wrong place; for, said he, if they wear the wreath of violets and roses, because the fragrance of them is agreeable, they should wear the flowers not on the head, but as near as possible below the nose †, for being able to inhale this pleasure. Here the thought of Momus occurred to me, who censured Neptune for not having placed the horns of the bull before his eyes. No less ridiculous in his sight were they, who make it the great business of their lives to study the art of eating, always having their table spread with a vast variety of high-seasoned ragouts and delicious pastry. In his opinion it was not worth while, for the sake of four inches, which is about the measure of the longest gullet, to make so much ado. All the enjoyment these dainty-chops have of their dear-bought dishes, is confined to the moment of eating; as soon as that is over, a bellyful of the costliest food yields no more pleasure than the coarsest diet; and yet this transient gratification is what so many purchase at the expense of a large estate. Into such follies, continued he, do they fall who do not understand those true pleasures which philosophy abundantly supplies to those who can resolve to earn them by labour.

Next to these, he adverted to the frequenters of the public baths, giving me a circumstantial description of these amusements; where one has the gratification of being pushed about by the multitude of servants waiting on their masters, of being abused and insulted by them in all kinds of rudeness, and at every moment being obliged to get out of the way for some reeking lubber, carried from the bath on the shoulders of his servants like a corpse. What he appeared most to abominate, and which

* This with Brodæus and Hemsterhuys I conceive to be the natural import of the expression *παρὰ θύρας εισελάττωμαι*, in which some expositors have found a difficulty to me unaccountable. Lucian appeals in behalf of this very comic metaphor to tragedians and comedians who have employed it. To my knowledge it is nowhere found in any greek writer whose works are now extant.

† This therefore is at least a point, in which with a safe conscience we may pretend to be wiser than the ancients.

yet is so common both in the city and in the baths, was the custom of having several slaves walking before, who at every loose stone or little gutter that is to be stepped over, must call out, mind how you go, or keep on this side; instructing their noble masters how to tread. He found it absolutely shocking, that people, who in eating can make their own hands and mouths suffice, and in hearing are content to use their own ears, with good eyes should want those of others to see the way before them, and that even persons of the first class *, should endure in the public squares and in broad day-light, to be led by the ears like blind men and cripples.

After descanting upon these and many other topics of the like nature, — but it is time, that I — should follow his example by breaking off. I had thus far listened to him immoveably, like one that is spell-bound, so great was my dread of accelerating the moment that was to reduce him to silence. However, when he had done I found myself in the state of the Phæaceans in Homer: I looked at him a while in a sort of silent rapture †; presently after I was seized with a kind of giddiness or stupor; the sweat ran down my face; I would have spoke, but the words stuck in my throat; even the power of articulation forsook me; my tongue could bring out only faltering accents, and at last I burst into tears from very vexation. For his discourse had not only in a manner casually grazed my skin: the wound was deep and rankling; in short, he had taken his aim so well, that so to speak, he shot me through the soul. For if I may be permitted to deliver my opinion of philosophical discourses, it is this. I compare the soul of a good-natured man to a butt of a soft yielding substance, at which the philosopher aims just so many bow-shots. Now there are some who have their quiver filled with arrows of all possible forms: but therefore all do not hit the mark. Some tug the string too hard, and send the shaft with greater force than is wanted; it flies home it is true, but it does not stick, and instead of that, it pierces through, leaving behind a wide gaping wound, which

* In the original, men who are appointed over whole cities and provinces — and this the Greeks express with two words.

† *Odyss.* xi. 332.

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

nobody cares about curing. Others draw their bow with so little strength that the string is hardly strained, and the consequence is, that either their arrows, languishing in the flight, fall to the ground midway; or if they chance to reach the mark, they do but superficially touch it and make no impression. But an expert bowman, such as ours, examines before all things the mark whereat he designs to shoot, whether it is soft, or perhaps even harder than the arrow itself; for there are such as no arrow can have hold upon. After having well examined this, he dips his arrow — not in poison, as the Scythians are wont to do, nor in the milky sap of the fig-tree*, like the Cretans, — but smears it with a sovereign, gently-poignant medicine, and then shoots it with a keen eye and firm hand, so that it penetrates just deep enough to remain sticking, and to pervade the whole soul with the balsamic virtue which it diffuses †. Thence it is, that the hearers presently feel a sort of delicious pain, which forces voluptuous tears from their eyes; as was the case with me, on feeling the virtue of the medicine flowing gently through my soul, so that I was fain to address him in the words of Homer's Agamemnon to Teucer:

Thus ever speed its flight,
For every arrow is a ray of light ‡!

Not indeed every. For as they that hear the phrygian pipe are not all seized with enthusiasm and madness, but those only who are possess'd with the mother of the gods §, and who whenever they hear the same melody, fall

* The word *δρῶς*, here used by Lucian, has given his interpreters much trouble. I am at a loss to discover how it has happened that none of them should hit upon the evident meaning of the word from Homer, Aristotle, and others, which I have adopted. So early as the time of Homer the milky sap of the fig-tree was used for curdling milk. *Iliad*, v. 902. Might it not likewise assist the coagulation of the blood, and this be the reason, why the antient Cretans smeared their arrows with it?

† There is a lofty meaning in this comparison, formed into a beautiful, and I am tempted — as Mr. Tristram Shandy advises our orators to meditate upon corporal Trim's hat — to advise our pulpit-orators to meditate profoundly and diligently on Lucian's archery.

‡ *Il.* viii. 282. The verse requires to be somewhat altered in the translation to make it fit this place. Lucian evidently plays with the word *φῶς* [light], which he takes in a very different sense from Agamemnon's; and that alone can and must be expressed in the English.

§ Alluding to the real or pretended fanatical possession and madness, with which the priests of Cybele, who from ages extremely remote was especially worshipped in Phrygia, were seized when they performed the corybantic dance, to the noisy sound of the phrygian cornet, which formed a part of their religious worship.

again by the bare recollection into a similar paroxysm ; so neither do all who hear a philosopher go away possessed and wounded, but they alone who have brought into the world with them a certain natural congeniality with philosophy.

FRIEND. What noble, wonderful and divine matters you have now been relating to us, my friend ! Now I begin to perceive how much reason you had for saying, that you were satiated with ambrosia and lotos. For I myself experienced something of the same nature whilst you were speaking, and ever since you left off I feel heavy at heart ; or, to use your own expression, I feel that I am as deeply wounded as yourself. Nor need you wonder at it. Because you know, that they who are bit by mad dogs, not only run mad themselves, but that this kind of madness is propagated through the bite of the bitten, and so may be communicated to a number of others.

LUCIAN. You frankly own then, that you rave as well as myself ?

FRIEND. Certainly ; and I beseech you to find out some common remedy for us both.

LUCIAN. I think we must do just as Telephus * did.

FRIEND. How was that ?

LUCIAN. Go and apply to him for a cure who gave us the wound.

* This Telephus was one of the most admirable personages of the heroic age of Greece ; every event in his history, from his procreation and birth to his death, is extraordinary, and calculated for a tale of chivalry. The mention of him here points to an adventure that he encountered, when the combined Greeks on their first voyage to Troy landed on the coast of Mœsia, where he at that time acted the part of a roitelet, or petty king. He opposed the landing, and was on that occasion wounded by Achilles in the left hip with a spear he had received from the centaur Chiron. The wound gradually grew so bad, that Telephus, fearing for his life, found it advisable to consult Apollo, how he might be cured. The oracle answered : only by what had inflicted the wound. Telephus therefore repaired to Achilles, requesting in pursuance of the oracle to be healed by him. Achilles protested that he had not the least skill in surgery ; but Ulysses, who immediately discovered the true interpretation of the oracle, helped him to the track ; and no sooner had they stripped off a small shaving from the said spear, and laid it upon the wound, but he grew better and was perfectly healed. Hygin. *Fab.* 99, 100 and 101. Philostr. *Herac.* cap. ii. 14.

T I M O N .

TIMON. JUPITER. MERCURY. PLUTUS. PENIA. GNATHONIDES.
PHILIADES. DEMEA. THRASYCLES.

TIMON.

O JUPITER, tutelar deity of friendship, of sociability and of domestic happiness, guardian of the stranger, avenger of perjury, cloud-compeller,

TIMON. I conceive this dialogue, which might with equal propriety be styled a little prosaic drama, to have been one of the first works composed by Lucian during his sojourn at Athens. That it is one of his finest, is the unanimous opinion of all competent judges. Le Beau, the younger, in his treatise on the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, has drawn a comparison between that comedy and the *Timon* of Lucian. [See the 51st volume of *Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript.*] Whence, as he justly remarks, greater similarity of the genius of the authors is seen, than of the two performances. But whether or not Aristophanes furnishes Lucian with the first thought of writing his *Timon*; *Timon* is nevertheless in invention, composition, design and execution an original work; and I think, without being unjust to Aristophanes, we may allow it the advantage of greater interest to readers of the present day. Lucian has a far greater object in view as his principal aim, and connects more collateral objects with it, than Aristophanes. The satire that prevails in *Timon*, is of a larger scope, hits more classes of people, and pretends, like the greater and more important of Lucian's writings, to no inferior purpose than to dispel the cloud which prevents mankind from seeing their most momentous concern in a proper point of view, to unmask the impostor, to open the eyes of the deluded, and more particularly to represent the deities and the philosophers of his time, in all their emptiness and vanity. The famous misanthrope *Timon* afforded too happy a subject, and contained too great abundance of materials for his satire, to escape our author, who, as it should seem, during his stay at Athens, was upon the look out for such a subject. To conclude, what little we know from other grecian writers, as Aristophanes, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius and Pausanias, of this singular character, agrees perfectly well with the lineaments represented in this ingenious composition; only the circumstance, that *Timon*, after having by thoughtlessness and indiscriminate good nature run through a great revenue, afterwards by some accident came into pos-

lightning-darter *, or by whatever other name the thunder-struck, crack-brained poets — especially when they are at a loss for filling out a verse — greet thee : where are now thy swift-consuming lightning, thy sense-appalling thunder, and thy vengeful, blasting, horrible bolts? — All apparently dwindled to nothing, were it not for the clattering and rumbling of the terms, absolutely nothing but pure bombast and poetic vapour. Thy famous far-reaching, wide-wasting, red-hot artillery is, I know not how, all on a sudden entirely quenched and cooled, and no longer contains the least spark of indignation ever ready to be hurled at the heads of the wicked. Any scoundrel going to perjure himself, would now as soon dread the snuff of a last-night's candle, as thy all-consuming flashes. In short, you seem to fling at them, instead of the tremendous thunderbolt, a burnt-out link, from which they have to fear neither fire nor smoke ; the worst that can befall them, if it hits, is to get a smutty face. Are we to wonder then at the impudence of a Salmeus †, who took upon him to thunder against you ; an enterprise in which so hot and audacious a man might well hope to be a match for such a white-livered Jupiter ? For why should he not, since you were as sound asleep as if you had taken a dose of opium, and had neither ears for perjuries nor eyes for other delinquencies and crimes of mankind ? What else can we think of it, but that you are grown purblind and hard of hearing with age ? For in your youth you were not to be trifled with ; your blood was soon up, and the sallies of your wrath were terrible. You then granted no truce to the guilty and oppressive. Your bolt was in full practice ; your ægis ‡ always

session of an ample fortune, by no means appears to me so ascertained a fact as the abbé du Resnel, in his *Recherches sur Timon le misanthrope*, from very weak arguments assumes. Nor is Lucian in want of it, in order to justify the fiction which forms the ground-plot of his *Timon*.

* These several titles and epithets, applied here and in the sequel of this apostrophe to Jupiter, are taken from Homer and other poets : viz. Philius, Xenius, Hetærius, Epheatus, Astropetes, Hercius, Nephelegeretes, Erigdupus, &c.

† A king of Elis in the fabulous ages, who mocked Jupiter, and imitated thunder and lightning by the clattering noise of brass pots and pans and throwing up torches, till Jupiter with real lightning hurled him down to Tartarus. — Apollodorus. lib. I. cap. ix. § 7.

‡ The ægis was the shield of Jupiter, made out of the skin of a prodigious goat, which suckled him in his babyhood. The breastplate of Minerva also bears this appellation, from a fire-spitting monster of that name, which this goddess is reported to have slain.

in motion ; your thunder was always bellowing, and your lightning continually flashing hither and thither like darts in a skirmish. The earth quaked as if it had been shook in a sieve, the snow fell in lumps, it hailed rocky fragments, and, to express myself in a truly tragical style, the rain then poured down in torrents, every drop a river ! Witness the great deluge in Deucalion's time, when, ere a man could turn him round, such a horrible inundation ensued, that all the ships, on which mankind had cursed and swore, went to the bottom, and with difficulty a little skiff escaped to Mount Lycoris* and contained one living spark, for giving existence to a new human race still worse than the former. They therefore now requite you properly for your indolence. For who sacrifices to you now, or so much as brings you a garland of flowers, unless it be perhaps some inhabitant of Olympia, at the games †, who does it not as thinking it a matter of obligation, but without thinking of it at all, out of mere habit, as an old custom ? In short, they make so little ceremony with you, that, o most glorious of the gods ! you are like to play the part of a second Saturn ‡. I forbear to tell how often they have pillaged your temples ; have not they dared even to lay hands on yourself at Olympus ! While you, the high and mighty thunderer §, suffer yourself to be abused so grossly, without even taking the trouble to awaken the dog, or rouse the neighbours to assist in apprehending the robbers before they escape with their booty : but the redoubted giant-queller and Titan-tamer sat still, holding a thunder-bolt ten yards long in his hand, and quietly lets himself be shorn of his golden tresses by thieves ||. When will the hour arrive, my magnanimous lord, that shall see you wake from your slumber, and no longer behold such grievances with apathy and indifference ? When will

* A mountain on which Deucalion and Pyrrha were supposed to land. For more of this matter, see our author's *Dea Syria*.

† The olympic games were celebrated in honour of Jupiter, at or near the city Olympia, otherwise called Pisa, upon the river Alpheus, in Peloponnesus.

‡ That is, will be deposed like Saturn, from the government of the world.

§ *Υπερηχέτης*, an epithet frequently given by Homer to Jupiter.

|| This jocose rebuke unquestionably refers to a robbery committed in Lucian's time of the grand and sumptuous statue of Jupiter at Olympia, whereof the hair, the beard, the mantle, and the sandals were of pure gold. The anachronism is strong ; but Lucian avails himself of a privilege which may not be refused to comic poets, whether they write in verse or prose.

you at length put a stop to such enormities? How often must this wicked world be burned or drowned * before mankind are chastised according to their deservings?

But to dwell no longer at present on the common cause, and come directly to my own — how have I been served? I, who have set up so many Athenians, who have raised so many sorry beggars to ease and affluence, who have relieved everyone that was in want of my assistance; aye, and I may be allowed to say, have squandered immense wealth only from the vehement desire to benefit my friends. Since by these means I am become poor, nobody will any longer know me; and the very same people who formerly dropped their looks to the ground in respect to me, and almost laid themselves flat before me, now will scarce deign me a regard. If by chance I meet them in the street, they pass by me as we pass by the dilapidated monument of a man long since dead and forgot; without so much as stopping to read the inscription. Nay, several, if they spy me at a distance, take a different way, as if they were fearful of encountering some horrible and portentous object, in meeting me, — me whom they so lately styled their patron and benefactor. Thus am I driven by necessity to this extreme point of the attic shore; where in this wretched garb, and for wages of two pence a-day †, I dig the ground and philosophize with my spade and these solitary rocks. I gain one advantage at least by it, that I am not forced to see before me those scoundrels, who are battenning in the prosperity they so ill deserve. For I own that would be insupportable. Be graciously pleased then, o son of Chronos and Rhea, at length to shake off this long and profound sleep, in which you have outslept Epimenides himself ‡; blow your extinguished thunderbolt again into flame, or light it afresh at Ætna, and by a tremendous flash of indignation, shew yourself once more that lusty and vigorous Jupiter you were when young; — unless you are minded to have the fiction of the Cretans believed, who even shew strangers your sepulchre on their island.

* In the original: How many Phaëtons and Deucalions will suffice to, &c.

† Four oboli. An obolus, being the sixth part of a drachma, was equal to somewhat more than five farthings.

‡ Epimenides of Crete passed among the Greeks for a prophet and a great saint, and one of the least miracles related of him in his legend was, that in his youth he slept in a certain cave seven and fifty years at a stretch. Diog. Laert. lib. i. 109.

JUPITER [*looking down from the sky, to Mercury*]. Mercury, who is that dirty fellow below in Attica at the foot of Hymettus, with a goatskin about his loins, bawling up to us? — By the posture of his body he seems to be digging. Some talkative, saucy clown! Probably a philosopher too! otherwise he would never have dared to blurt out such blasphemies against us.

MERCURY. What, father, do not you know Timon, the son of Eche-
cratides of Colyttos * who has so often regaled us with festive offerings; who was lately so opulent, as to sacrifice whole hecatombs † to us at once, and who used to celebrate the diasia ‡ with so much splendour!

JUPITER. So things are strangely altered with him. What! he that was worth so much money, who had always such a retinue of friends about him? What has happened then, to have reduced him to such a miserable condition? For to judge by that heavy mattock in his hands, he can be no better than a day-labourer.

MERCURY. I might say, his goodnature and general philanthropy, his commiseration towards all the necessitous, have brought the poor man to ruin; the plain truth however is, that it is his folly, his excessive complaisance and his imprudence in the choice of his friends, that has done it. The simple man did not perceive, that he was lavishing his favours on crows and wolves, and mistook all the vultures that were preying upon his liver, for friends, who kept him company merely from kindness and good will, while they only came to gormandize. What followed therefore may be easily imagined. They quietly gnawed all the flesh from his bones, and having then sucked out all the marrow that remained, they flew away and left him a dry skeleton § unknown and disregarded; for what would they have now got by acting otherwise, not to say assisting him and affording him some small restitution of what they had received?

* Collyttos was the denomination of one division of the athenian citizens whom they termed *demos*, and who resorted to the villages and hamlets, wherein the inhabitants of Attica lived dispersed, ere Theseus congregated them all in the metropolis.

† A hecatomb was the solemn sacrifice of a hundred (or as some affirm five and twenty) victims, as oxen, sheep, hogs, &c. See Jul. Capitolin. in Balbino.

‡ So the festival of Jupiter Meilichius was called; a principal feast of the Athenians.

§ In the original, dry and cut down to the roots; a figure not suited to what goes before. There is often a redundancy of words, as well as a confusion of images to be found in Lucian.

This has now reduced him to such extremities, that with the only remainder of his property, a couple of goatskins thrown over his shoulders and a spade in his hand, he from shame turns his back upon the city, and here works in labours of the field for day-wages, where he gives vent to his grief and frets almost to madness, on observing how the people who have been enriched by him, pass by, with their noses in the air, and have no recollection that his name is Timon.

JUPITER. The man must by no means be longer overlooked and neglected, or he might justly take it ill of us if we treated him as those execrable sycophants have done, and should we be careless of a man, who has burnt upon our altars so many hind-quarters of beef and mutton, the delicious smell whereof I have still in my nostrils. Besides, I must confess, that, for want of leisure, on account of the prodigious number of false swearers, and footpads, and particularly for fear of the church-robbers, who now commit such frequent depredations that I cannot venture to take my eyes off them for a moment; I say I have had no leisure to look down upon Attica this great while: especially since philosophy and contentious argumentation have been so much in vogue there. For these people keep such a pother with their squabbles and wranglings that I cannot hear the prayers of the pious for them; so that one must either sit with his fingers in his ears, or be stunned and stupified by the din the fellows make in declaiming with all their might about what they call virtue *, and incorporeal natures †, and such like stuff. For this reason it is that this honest man has so long been left out of sight by us. Therefore, that no more time may be lost, Mercury, take Plutus ‡ with you, and repair to him with all speed. Let Plutus bring Thesaurus § along with

* There is no cause of offence in this manner of speaking with reference to virtue, which will frequently appear as we proceed with our author. The tone of contempt applies not to virtue, but to that fanciful chimera about which the sophists and philosophers were continually quarrelling, under that appellation. For terms, obscure ideas and words without meaning, not the thing or substance itself, have ever been the mighty object, for the sake whereof mankind have always been most outrageously fighting, hereticizing and persecuting one another.

† A wipe at the philosophers Anaxagoras and Plato.

‡ The god of riches.

§ This personification of Thesaurus or Treasure (which Timon is to find in the earth) is a humorous imitation of Aristophanes, who personifies the Clouds, Poverty [Penia,] War and Rebellion. Lucian's Thesaurus however only plays the part of a mute.

with him also, and let both of them pitch their abode with Timon, and not lightly depart from him, unless he by means of his old acquaintance Goodnature, turns them out of doors again. As to his flatterers, and the ingratitude they have expressed towards him, we shall take cognizance of them at another time. They shall be sure to smart for it, as soon as I can get my thunderbolt repaired. For the two great rays of it were broke, and the whole of its edge entirely blunted, when I lately launched it a little too furiously at the head of the sophist Anaxagoras *, who wanted to persuade his scholars, that we gods were absolutely nothing in the world. I missed him it is true ; for Pericles held his hand over him ; and the lightning unfortunately struck the temple of the Dioscures †, and burnt it to the ground ; but in destroying that, it was itself almost broke to shatters against a huge block of marble. However, it will be sufficient punishment for them, to see Timon a rich man again.

MERCURY [*to himself while he is fetching Plutus*]. Thus it is to be clamorous, importunate and abusive ! I find it is not only successful to lawyers in pleading at the bar, but also to men in their prayers. Timon is now in an instant from a beggar become princely rich, solely by dint of clamour and provocation, and has the insolence to throw the coarsest invectives in Jupiter's face. Had he patiently continued digging with his bent back in silence, he might have dug long enough before anybody had cared about him.

PLUTUS. For my part, Jupiter, I am resolved not to go to him.

JUPITER. But why so, my dear Plutus ‡, knowing it is my pleasure ?

PLUTUS. Why ? By Jupiter, because he has insulted me ! Because he drove me out of doors ; not indeed with a pitchfork, nor by suddenly throwing at me something that burnt his hand, but in perfect cold blood cut

* Anaxagoras was properly what is at present termed a deist, and accordingly entertained opinions respecting the popular deities, somewhat heterodox. According to Diogenes Laertius, for his belief in one sole God, he was fined by the Athenians in five talents and banished Athens. Whereas we are informed by Plutarch, that Pericles who had uniformly been the friend and patron of the philosopher, conveyed him out of the city in time, before the storm broke out : and to this circumstance Lucian's Timon here seems to allude.

† Castor and Pollux. Lucian here probably refers to a real event.

‡ Observe this politeness of Jupiter (so prone to be angry at other times), to the god of riches. It is one of those fine satirical touches so peculiar to Lucian, and in which this piece abounds.

me in numberless fragments, and thus piecemeal scattered me all abroad, and that notwithstanding I had been the friend of his family from father to son. And shall I go to him again ! to be frittered away among parasites, flatterers and harlots ? Send me rather to folks who know how to value your bounties, and long for me, and receive me with open arms and honour me. Such stupid dolts as Timon may retain their darling Penia, having once given her the preference to me ; let them be content with the sheepskin and spade, it is all she has to give them, and with their four oboli per day ; the ninnies, that have so thoughtlessly squandered their money by ten talents at a time !

JUPITER. You have nothing of the sort to apprehend in future from Timon. The spade has by this time taught him to prefer thee to poverty, or his hips must be absolutely insensible to pain. Methinks however you are out of humour to-day, you are so querulous about Timon for opening his doors and permitting you to ramble about, instead of keeping you locked up at home, like a jealous lover. Formerly it was just the contrary. You were angry at the rich for confining you under locks and bolts, nay even under seals, so that you could not get a glimpse of daylight through a chink. But above all, you complained bitterly of me, lamenting that you were left almost stifled in pitchy darkness ; that you looked pale and sickly, had got stiff fingers by perpetually counting and reckoning, and even threatened on the first opportunity that offered, to run away. In short, it appeared to you horrible treatment to be for ever shut up in an iron or brazen closet, untouched, like another Danaë*, and to be kept under the discipline of such rigorous pedagogues as Usury and Arithmetic. Nothing could be more absurd, said you, than the conduct of those who were furiously in love with you, yet would not venture to enjoy you, though no one hindered nor dared to hinder them, since they were your masters : but, on the contrary, never for a moment turned away their eyes from the seals and the bolts under which they kept you confined, sitting up the whole night with you, and thinking it sufficient enjoyment, if they could prevent others from fruition. Like the dog in the manger, who, though

* An apt allusion to the brazen tower in which, according to the fable, Acrisius kept his daughter Danaë close shut up, to prevent all access to gallants.

he left the provender untouched, yet would not let the hungry horse have any of it *. At times, you would laugh at all these absurdities of your admirers, and nothing appeared more diverting to you, than that they, not satisfied with being jealous of others, were even jealous of themselves, without once dreaming that, while the poor devil of a master was denying himself sleep to calculate his interest in the darkness visible of a starvling dying lamp, some pilfering slave, steward, or house-keeper, was finding means to come at his hoards, and laugh at the odious curmudgeon behind his back. With such upbraidings as these you were wont, o Plutus, to load the rich : how in all equity can you now charge the reverse of such conduct upon Timon as a crime ?

PLUTUS. If you saw it in the proper light, Jupiter, you would discover me to have reason on my side in both cases. That Timon's negligent and careless behaviour towards me, was a strong argument of his want of attachment, there can be no question. But as for those who imprison me, and whose sole care is to fatten me and increase my corpulence, without either touching me themselves, or bringing me out into daylight, that I might be seen by nobody : so I have perhaps good reason for accounting them fools and myself injured by them in suffering me, who never did them any wrong, to be corroded with rust, not considering that they must shortly go out of the world, and leave me to some other who does not want me. I can neither therefore commend those, who know not how to employ me, nor those that hold me constantly in a firm grasp : but only such as make a moderate use of me, and to the best purposes. The case will easily be illustrated, o Jupiter, by a familiar instance. By Jupiter ! I thus consider it †. If a man should take to wife a beautiful young girl, and then keep no eye upon her, nor be in the least jealous of her, but give her leave to gad about day and night and pass the time with whom she pleased ; nay more, introduce gallants to her acquaintancè, keep his doors always open, play himself the go-between, and invite as many as would to visit her — could it be said, that he loved his

* Alluding to a fable of Æsop known at that time, but which is not found in the collection that is come down to us.

† Swearing by Jupiter, while speaking to Jupiter himself, must surely have had somewhat diverting in it to the Greeks, since it so frequently occurs in Lucian's dialogues.

wife? Verily, Jupiter, you who are so well versed in love intrigues will not say it. On the other hand, if a man marries a fair blooming maid, in the laudable view of enjoying the comfort arising from having a family about him; and having brought her home, shuts her up in an inner apartment from the sight of all men, there keeps her a virgin her whole life long, like a priestess of Ceres, and suffers the fine lovely creature to pine and wither in unfruitful loneliness, though assuring her all the while that he is burning with love of her, and actually shews it by his sallow complexion, his hourly wasting flesh, and his hollow eyes: would not every one deem him crazy? — But now am I in the one or the other of these predicaments? Either I must submit to be scurvily kicked out of doors, spent and exhausted; or they stigmatize* and bind me like a slave, and this it is that so much raises my indignation.

JUPITER. There is no necessity for being so angry. Are not both descriptions sufficiently punished for their conduct? The one sort are snapping like so many Tantaluses, with ever open but ever dry and parched jaws at their gold, without still being able to seize it: the others, like Phineus have their meat snatched out of their mouths by harpies, just when on the point of swallowing it. But of what use is all this chattering †? Get you gone, I say; you will find Timon altogether changed from the man he was.

PLUTUS. How? Do you think he will ever cease from pouring me into a basket full of holes, for fear he might be drowned in riches, unless he let me run out at once? I am persuaded that he will act just as if I poured water into the tubs of the Danaids. The hole is too large; I might pour and pour, the vessel would still be empty, since it would run out faster than I could pour in.

JUPITER. He will contrive how to stop the leak. However, if he again let thee run out, he will at least find his sheep-skin and his spade at the bottom of the cask. — But go, I say once more; do as I bid you.

* It was customary with the Greeks and Romans to brand-mark the slaves who were not trust-worthy, whereby they and their owner might be cognizable, in case they ran away.

† Lucian seems to snatch this question out of the mouth of his reader; for truly this dialogue abounds more than the rest in the verbose babble of the rhetors and sophists of his time.

And, Mercury, do you on your way back bring the Cyclops from Ætna, that they may repair and point my lightning for me, as sharp as possible, as I shall presently have occasion for it.

MERCURY. Come, Plutus, let us be gone. — But how? what is this? You limp, my good sir! I knew that you were blind: but that you were lame too, I was not aware.

PLUTUS. I am not always so, Mercury, but only when I am sent by Jupiter on an errand to somebody. Then, I know not how it happens, but it is all at once as if I had no bones in my legs: I halt on both feet, and walk so slowly that he who is waiting for me is grown an old man before I arrive. Whereas on taking my departure, you would suppose I had got wings, and make such speed, that no bird could overtake me. The race-course is no sooner opened to me *, but the crier proclaims me victor; so rapidly have I bounded over the whole stadium, that the spectators could not follow me with their eyes.

MERCURY. Nay, there, Plutus, I cannot tell how to believe you. For I could name some, who yesterday had not so much money as would buy them a halter, and to day are suddenly become rich, live at great expense, and drive about with a pair of milk-white horses, though in all their life before they had not even an ass in the stable. I think these people must find great difficulty in persuading themselves that their wealth is no dream: and that may perhaps be the reason that they always strut about in purple garments, and with so many gold rings upon their fingers †.

PLUTUS. That is another affair, Mercury. On such occasions I travel not upon my own feet; for I am dispatched on these errands not by Jupiter, but by the infernal deity Pluto, he being likewise a bestower of riches, as, to omit other epithets, his bare name imports. When therefore, on Pluto's behalf I travel from one master to another, the matter stands thus. First they throw me into a waxen tablet, then seal me with

* In the original: the rope is scarcely fallen; namely, the rope stretched across the race-course, the dropping of which was a signal for the racers to start. Pausan in *Eliacis*, lib. vi. cap. 20.

† Though it might not have been the prevailing fashion in the era of Timon, it was perhaps in Lucian's, as a mark of consequence, to wear gold rings on all the fingers of both hands. Lucian allows himself (as already observed) several of the like anachronisms in this piece.

great care, and with much formality convey me home. The defunct lies all the while in some obscure corner of the house, with an old rag wrapped about the knees, a prey to the cats, squalling and clawing around him: while the expectant heirs wait for me with gaping mouths, like a brood of young swallows twittering for their dam, that hovers over them *. Having broke the seal, cut the ribbon that tied it, opened the testament, and the new proprietary openly declared, whether it be a relation or a parasite of the testator, or one of his pages, an old favourite who had got into his good graces by servilities of all kinds, or a servant preferred before the rest for his fawning and insinuating compliances †, that has merited this rich reward ‡. This child of fortune, whoever he be, has nothing farther to do, but to cram me and the will together in his pouch, and hie away to his now freehold mansion, where he was formerly called Pyrrhus, or Dromo, or Tibius §, and now immediately directs himself to be saluted as Megacles or Megabyzus or Protarchus; while the rest, who had been cawing with wide open beaks in vain, stare at each other with undissembled grief, and lamenting bitterly, as is but reasonable, that such a fine huge fish has broke loose and escaped from their net, without leaving any legacy in compensation for the many baits it had gorged at their expense ||. What wonder that a silly spark, who thus runs headlong into me, such a dull vulgar fellow, without breeding and delicacy of sentiment, who, if a passenger by chance smacks a whip, pricks up his ears, and passes by a mill-house Δ with as much holy awe as by a temple; in short, is always dreaming of fetters and hand-mills. —

* Lucian had certain favourite metaphors, which more frequently than others appear in his works. This is one of them, and in fact in the comic style it has a very good effect.

† The expressions in the original are too coarse for present use.

‡ That this is ironically said, the greek reader needs not to be told.

§ The ordinary appellatives of slaves; as Megacles, Megabyzus, or Protarchus, were those proper only to persons of high station.

|| One would almost think, that Lucian (though he now here gives us to perceive that the existence of Horace was known to him) that this whole figure was copied from the fifth satire of the second book of that roman poet. The similarity is really surprising.

Δ *Μύλων*, *pistrinum*, the place where the hand-mill stood, at which it was usual to employ only the lowest sort of slaves. The others were never set to grind, excepting as a punishment for mis-behaviour or on having any way incurred the displeasure of the owner.

I

→ Indeed! how
filthy is our
pride today!!

What wonder, I say, if such a fellow is intolerable to all who have to do with him, rude and insolent to those whom he now regards as his equals, and cruel to his former fellow slaves, whom he causes to be scourged, merely as a proof that he now has a right to do so: till at last some artful little hussy wheedles him into her clutches, or he takes it into his head to keep a fine stud of horses, or gives himself up to be led by a pack of parasites, who swear that he is handsomer than Nireus*, more nobly descended than Cecrops or Codrus†, craftier than Ulysses, and sixteen times richer than Cræsus; and thus the wretched wight in the twinkling of an eye squanders away what had been scraped together by his testator, in a long course of perjuries, base artifices, and all manner of iniquities.

MERCURY. What you say is pretty near the truth. But when you go on your own feet, how do you manage to find the way, since you are so blind? Or how do you come to know, when Jupiter sends you to some persons, whether they are deserving of his bounty and the very individuals he means to enrich?

PLUTUS. Do you think that I can find that out?

MERCURY. No, by Jupiter! you would not otherwise pass by such a man as Aristides, and attach yourself to an Hipponicus or Callias‡, and a number of other Athenians who are not deserving of a farthing. But what course do you take upon these occasions?

PLUTUS. I will tell you my method. I stroll up and down, to and fro, till by chance I meet somebody, who without farther inquiries, takes me home with him, and makes a sacrifice to you, Mercury, in gratitude for the unexpected good fortune §.

* Nireus in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the grecian race;
Pelides only matched his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms. II. ii. line 817.

† The former the original founder of Athens, the other the last of the attic kings.

‡ Aristides is not unknown to the reader. Hipponicus and Callias, father and son, were of a noble family at Athens, whose wealth was proverbial among the Greeks, as that of Fugger at Augsburg was a couple of centuries ago. Callias, a stepson of the great Pericles, is severely lashed by Aristophanes, in more than one place, on account of the profligate manner in which both himself and his estate were ruined by parasites and women. See his *Frogs*, ver. 431, *et seq.* and his *Birds*, 284.

§ All accidental and unexpected gains or acquisitions of property were ascribed to Mercury.

MERCURY. Jupiter then is deceived all the while, in imagining that you enrich those alone, whom he deemed worthy of it.

PLUTUS. As it is fitting he should be, for employing me, whom he knows to be stone blind, to examine into an affair which the sharp-sighted Lynceus* himself would find it difficult to do. For since so few good men are to be found and such swarms of bad who play the master, what wonder that in groping about I am apt to stumble upon the latter and be laid hold of by them.

MERCURY. But when you are to forsake them how do you escape, unable as you are to see your way?

PLUTUS. At the time of my departure I recover the use of my eyes and my feet.

MERCURY. While we are upon this subject I would fain ask you one question more. Being blind (as you must own you are) how comes it notwithstanding that, and moreover being sallow-visaged and rather weak in the ancles, you are by all so mightily admired, that when they possess you they esteem themselves superabundantly fortunate; whereas when they lose you, they think life no longer supportable? I myself have been acquainted with some, and not a few, who were so lamentably infatuated with you, that (to speak with the poet) they have leaped from the top of a rock into the fathomless depths of the ocean†, simply because they thought you scornfully glanced at them as you passed, as if you had not seen them. And you must in justice confess, that one must be infected with the corybantic fury‡ to be so desperately besotted with such a minion.

PLUTUS. I perceive you imagine that they see me as I am, thus blind, thus lame, in short, with all my infirmities?

* The Greeks relate great marvels about the eyes of this Lynceus, who was one of the heroes that belonged to the famous caledonian hunt, and took part in the argonautic expedition to Colchis. The acuteness of his sight was proverbial, and the proverb naturally gave occasion to the hyperboles of the poets. Thus Pindar, for instance, affirms that he saw through an oak; and the author of the poem on the Argonauts ascribed to Orpheus, says that he could see through the earth and the sea as far as Tartarus.

† In allusion to an epigram of Theognis, wherein he very gravely advises us to run away from poverty even though we should break our neck or rush into the depths of the sea.

‡ The Corybantes, whose fanatical rage our author here makes use of for presenting to the reader a very lively image in one single word, were a sort of priests of Rhea or Cybele. See the twelfth of the *Confabulations of the gods*.

MERCURY. How should they not? They must otherwise be altogether blind themselves.

PLUTUS. Blind they are not, my dear friend; but that ignorance and delusion that are now so predominant in the world obnubilates their understanding; and to be free with you, I myself assist the deception, by putting on a lovely vizor, sparkling with gold and thick beset with pearls, and clothing myself in costly garments when I come to them. The poor fools, who fancy they behold me in my real aspect, are out of their wits at my imaginary beauty, and fall into despair if they cannot possess me. Whereas if any man were to shew me to them in my true visage they would doubtless condemn themselves for their fond affection for such an unlovely and misshapen object.

MERCURY. But when they are actually become rich and have themselves put on the said vizor, that they should still be deceived; that, if a man should attempt to take it off, they would then rather leave the head behind than the mask — that is however inconceivable! For who can imagine, that having a view of the inside, they should not know that all the beauty is laid on with the pencil?

PLUTUS. Various circumstances come in to my aid.

MERCURY. I long to know them.

PLUTUS. As soon as a man whom I have just met opens his doors to me, pride, folly, presumption, effeminacy, self-conceit, delusion, and a thousand others of the same stamp, privily slip in with me. Scarcely have these got possession of his mind, but he admires what merits no admiration, and eagerly covets what he ought to shun; but on me, the parent of this unhallowed band, he absolutely dotes, as long as I am environed by them, and would rather endure the most grievous sufferings than voluntarily separate from me.

MERCURY. And yet, my good Plutus, you are so smooth and slippery that it is almost impossible to lay hold of you; and so nimble in running away, that before a man can be aware of it, you slip like an eel* from between his fingers. Penia on the contrary is as sticky as if she was made entirely of bird-lime, and throws out from all parts of her body various crooked and barbed hooks with which she catches so fast hold on such as

* In the original, "or a snake," which is superfluous.

come near her, that it is no easy matter to get away. — But while we are here chatting away the time, we forget the main business.

PLUTUS. What is that?

MERCURY. We have not taken up Thesaurus to go along with us, who is the principal requisite of the party.

PLUTUS. Give yourself no trouble about that. For I always leave him under ground, when I ascend to you in the upper regions, with orders to keep the house door well fastened; and open it to no one, unless he hear me call.

MERCURY. We have now reached the confines of Attica. Lay hold on the skirts of my coat and stick fast, till I have discovered Timon's solitary retreat.

PLUTUS. Your circumspection is well applied: I might otherwise be apt to alight on Hyperbolus or Cleon*, if I were left to find my way without a guide. But what noise is that I hear? it is like iron striking against stone.

MERCURY. We are nigh the place where Timon is digging in a hard and stony soil. — Ah! I see along with him Penia and her ordinary companions, Labour, Perseverance, Wisdom, and Fortitude, with the whole troop that generally serve under the banner of Hunger. These are very different figures, Plutus, from your feeble-minded satellites, whom you lately mentioned.

PLUTUS. The safest way will be to keep aloof, Mercury. We shall not reap much glory from an encounter with a man defended by such a body-guard.

MERCURY. Jupiter is of a different opinion. We should not let our courage be cast down.

PENIA. Mercury, whither are you leading this blind friend of your's.

MERCURY. Jupiter has sent us to Timon yonder.

PENIA. How! Plutus is sent to Timon; whom I entertained when in the miserable circumstances to which luxury had reduced him, and with the assistance of my two sisters, Sophia and Ponos†, have made an honest

* Again a couple of characters that are roughly handled, though not worse than they are said to have deserved, in the comedies of Aristophanes. The readers of Plutarch are acquainted with them from his Themistocles, Alcibiades, &c.

† Wisdom and Labour.

and useful man of him? You think then that humble Penia is only fit to be trampled upon, affronted and jested with at pleasure? I possess nothing in the world but this Timon; and after I have taken all possible pains to reform and accomplish him in virtue, you come and tear him away from me, that Plutus may again take him into his tuition; and when he and his associates have rendered him as effeminate and foolish and worthless as he was before, then at last, when he is good for nothing like as an old rag, you turn him back upon my hands.

MERCURY. Such, o Penia, is the will of Jove!

PENIA. Then I have nothing farther here to do. Do you, Sophia, and you, Ponos, follow me. He will soon learn what a useful fellow-labourer and instructress in all good qualities he has lost in me. While he dwelt with me, I kept him healthy both in body and mind; he lived the life of a man, learnt to respect himself, and to regard all the rest as superfluous and nothing to him, as in reality it is. — It will be seen what he has got by the exchange!

MERCURY. They are going away, Plutus. Now we will go up to him.

TIMON. What execrable figures are these! What do you want? What brings you hither, to disturb an honest labourer at his work? However you shall not come for nothing, scoundrels as you are, all of you! I will pelt you with clods and stones, till I have not left a whole bone in your skin.

MERCURY. Let that alone, Timon. We are not the people you take us for. I am Mercury, and this is the god of riches. Jupiter has heard your prayer, and sends us to you. Accept then, in an auspicious hour, plenty and prosperity at our hand, and desist from such toilsome labour.

TIMON. You will not fare the better for it, if you are the deities you pretend. I hate both gods and men; they are all one to me. And as for this blind buzzard, whoever he be, I shall split his scull with my spade.

PLUTUS. For Jupiter's sake, Mercury, let us go! I see the fellow is out of his senses, and his madness is of the raving kind. I will go, or he will do me a mischief.

MERCURY. Be calm, Timon! Lay aside this wild and churlish disposition, and embrace your good fortune with open arms; be rich again and the chief of the Athenians; but be now prosperous for yourself, and regard those ungrateful wretches with contempt!

TIMON. I want nothing of you! Leave me unmolested! My spade is wealth enough for me. As for the rest, I think myself best at ease when nobody comes near me.

MERCURY. Why so uncivil, my friend? Shall I carry this harsh and unmannerly answer to Jupiter? I comprehend that you may have some cause to hate mankind, after having received so many and such monstrous injuries from them: but I cannot comprehend why you should be a hater of the gods, since they are so ready to relieve you.

TIMON. To you, Mercury, and to Jupiter I am heartily thankful: but with this Plutus here I will have nothing to do.

MERCURY. And why so?

TIMON. Because he formerly heaped innumerable evils upon me. For was it not he who betrayed me into the hands of flatterers and parasites, delivered me up to artful and designing friends, raised up hatred and envy against me, corrupted me by luxury and voluptuousness, and at last abandoned me in my distress, like a false traitor, as he is? On the contrary how generously the kind-hearted Penia acted by me! She restored me by manual labour and proper bodily exercise, to my pristine vigour. Her converse was always fraught with wisdom and sincerity. By labour she procured me the necessaries of life, and taught me to despise all else that voluptuousness and folly render necessary to the rich; made all hopes of sustenance to depend upon myself, and shewed me what those riches were, which I had in reality to consider as mine; because no fawner could wheedle me out of them, no sycophant obtain of me by importunity; in short could by no infuriate mob, nor by any vapouring demagogue, nor by one of my charming tyrants, be ravished from me. And now, being thus confirmed in health by labour, I patiently cultivate this field, where none of those disorders so frequent in the city, offend my sight. I am now contented; for my spade procures me a competent and sure subsistence. Therefore, Mercury, go back, the sooner the better, and convey Plutus to Jupiter with you. If he would do me a signal favour, he will send everything that bears the name of man, young and old, collectively and individually — to the gallows*.

* The greek phraseology usual in such cases *οἰμὸν ποιῆσαι*, cannot otherwise be expressed in English so as to produce the same effect.

MERCURY. There, I must say, you are to blame. But for once leave off this pettish and childish talk, good Timon, and give a friendly reception to Plutus; the gifts sent us by Jupiter are not to be thus rejected.

PLUTUS. If you will give me leave, I will reply to your charges against me. Or must you fly into a passion on hearing me speak?

TIMON. Speak then: but be short, and no circumlocutory preamble, like those of your cursed public orators. To please Mercury here I will force myself to listen to you a little.

PLUTUS. It would be but fair dealing however if you allowed me to reply somewhat at large, to the numerous accusations you have brought against me. In the mean time judge yourself, whether I have so scurvily treated you as you represent; I, who have bestowed upon you every thing that mankind hold dear, honours, rank, public rewards and general marks of respect; in short, whatever is reckoned a necessary ingredient to compose the height of prosperity and affluence? It is owing to me that you were esteemed and honoured, that all men vied with each other to shew you respect and to afford you service. If you have been cajoled by false friends, it was not my fault; on the contrary, I have to complain of you, that with so little consideration you delivered me up to the vilest of mankind, whose dissembled and insidious friendship was nothing but a trap into which they wanted to allure both you and me. You say, that at last I treacherously deserted you: I can with greater justice retort the charge, since you had recourse to all the devices you could imagine for getting rid of me, and in the properest sense of the expression thrusting me out of your house by head and shoulders. Wherefore, instead of the fine robe you were used to wear, your dearly beloved Penia has decorated you with this goatskin pelice! — Besides, Mercury here can witness, I instantly intreated Jupiter not to send me again to a man that had dealt so injuriously by me.

MERCURY. You now see, Plutus, how he is changed; let that incline you to pity. To the business then! — You, Timon, dig on! — And do you command Thesaurus to lay himself under his spade; for he will infallibly hear you, if you exert your lungs.

TIMON. Well, since there is no alternative but to comply and become rich once more, so let it be! What is to be done when the deities employ their power against one! I wish you however to consider, Mercury,

into what critical conjunctures you are going to plunge a poor creature, — me, who but now was so happy, and now without any fault of my own to have such heaps of gold thrust upon me, and with them so many cares!

MERCURY. For my sake, Timon, endure the burden, irksome and unwelcome as it may be. At least you will have the pleasure to see your fawning dissemblers burst with envy. I now take my leave, and flying over Ætna shall return to heaven.

PLUTUS. So, he is gone then! for methinks I hear the fluttering of his wings. Do you, Timon, remain here! I will go and send Thesaurus to you in my stead. Push your spade a little deeper into the ground. — And you, golden Thesaurus, recognize this Timon for your master, and deliver yourself into his hands! — Dig away, Timon! strike deeper in! I will now make room for you.

TIMON. Come on then, my dear spade, redouble your force, and let you and I be never weary, till we have dragged this treasure from the bowels of the earth into daylight *! — O wonder-working Jupiter with all thy corybantes! And thou, o wealth-dispensing Mercury, whence all this quantity of gold! — Or is it but a dream, and shall I on waking find the treasure turned into coals? — But no! It is real, stamped, ruddy, shining, massy gold! What a charming sight!

O gold, supreme delight of mortal eyes †!
Like the flickering flame thou shinest bright
Resplendent thou by day and night ‡!

Welcome thou dearest and most lovely of all things! I can now believe, that Jupiter in days of yore transformed himself into a shower of gold. What fair maiden would not receive into her lap so amiable a lover dropping through the tiles? O Midas, o Cræsus, o treasures of the delphic temple, how ye sink into nothing before Timon and Timon's wealth! Even eastern monarchs cannot be compared with him. — My darling spade, and thou once valued goat-skin, ye shall first of all be hung as a votive offering to this Pan §. The next thing I will do, shall be to buy

* This is an exquisite stroke, and a sign that Lucian well knew the human heart, by making his Timon, notwithstanding he had just before been so averse from riches, unconsciously regain his desire to be rich, although he intends to make no use of his treasure.

† A verse from the Bellerophon of Euripides.

‡ From Pindar's first Olympic ode.

§ That is: on this statue of Pan, the guardian of fields and flocks.

the whole of this promontory, and build a tower over my treasure*, with no more rooms in it than I shall want for my own accommodation; this shall be my dwelling place, and I design it to be my sepulchre. And I hereby enact and ordain as a fundamental law for the regulation of my future life, to have no intercourse with any, to be acquainted with none, but to keep aloof from all mankind.— The terms friend, guest, companion and altar of mercy †, shall be without meaning in my language, and to sympathize with a mourner or relieve the necessitous shall be criminal and contrary to good manners. I will live solely and alone for myself like the wolves ‡, and have no other friend in the world except Timon. All the rest shall pass with me for enemies, thieves and murderers, and to speak to one of them, a contamination. The day on which I shall only have spied a man, shall be noted down as inauspicious. It shall not be allowed me to receive an ambassador from them, nor enter into any alliance with them: in short, there shall be no more communication between me and them than as if they were statues of stone or brass. This solitude shall be the bounds of separation from them. To be of the same tribe, the same fraternity, the same people, the same country, to be a fellow-citizen §, shall henceforth be empty expressions, only respected by men void of understanding! Be Timon rich for himself alone, let him stand well with himself alone, far from all flatterers and exaggerating encomiasts; alone, even when he sacrifices and makes festive offerings to the gods, since he has no other neighbour at home or abroad but himself, having shook off all the rest. Aye, even in death he will bid adieu to no man but himself, and with his own hand put on the chaplet, which is usually put on the dying

* Pausanias in his description of Attica mentions this tower, as a monument still standing in his time, and therefore in Lucian's. *Attic*. lib. i. cap. 30.

† This altar which does honour to the humanity of the Athenians, stood in the new Forum. The date of its erection is lost in the dark ages of antiquity, but it remained till the death of the emperor Julian. Meursius, without any reason, distinguishes it from the altar of humanity, which owes its existence entirely to the customary haste of that laborious compiler in reading. See his *Ceramicus geminus*, cap. xvi.

‡ Our author has been unreasonably attacked with reference to this passage. The ingenious and eloquent historian of nature, Buffon, in his description of the wolf, confirms what Lucian makes his Timon say, respecting the unsociableness of that ravenous beast.

§ The several denominations here employed, *φυλίται*, *φρατορες* and *δημίται*, as peculiarly appropriate to the athenian constitution, admit of no closer translation.

by their friends. I will glory in bearing the elegant title of man-hater; and sullenness, moroseness, brutality and inhumanity, shall be the distinctive marks of my character. Should I see a man ready to perish by fire, and implore me to extinguish the flames, I will with all my might extinguish them — with pitch and oil; and if a furious wintry flood should be overwhelming a man before my eyes, and he should call to me with outstretched arms for help, I will make it my duty to shove down his head, and with all my force prevent him from ever raising it again*. For only in this manner can I retaliate their behaviour to me. This law has Timon, the son of Echekratides, of the Colyttean district, decreed and published; and the said Timon, having united the president and the community in his sole person, has ratified the same. And therefore it shall now stand fast, and it shall in virtue of these presents, receive the full force and authority of an irrevocable law, and we resolve manfully to uphold it! Now it would do my heart good, if I could propagate it among all Athenians, that I am become again excessively rich; as I am sure the news would make them hang themselves. — But, how? What means all this? Here they are; running hither from all sides, quite covered with dust, and out of breath! They must have got scent, by some means or other, of my wealth. — What is now to be done? Shall I clamber up yon steep hill, and from that secure post welcome them with a heavy shower of stones? Or shall we for a little time suspend our law, and for once admit a parley with them, in order to make

* Plutarch, in his life of M. Anthony, relates an anecdote which may serve to justify our author in attributing to Timon this shocking degree of misanthropy. Young Alcibiades was about that time become a great favourite with the people of Athens; and this same Alcibiades was likewise the only human being, for whom Timon discovered some sort of affection. The exception was thought so curious, that at length a certain Apemantus asked him the reason of it. I have a liking to this young man, answered Timon, because I foresee that he will bring upon the Athenians some great misfortune. Another time Timon appeared in the general assembly of the people, and mounted the rostrum, as though he had somewhat to communicate. Every one expected in profound silence and amazement what was to be the issue of this portent. Ye men of Athens, said Timon, in a little plot of ground adjoining my dwelling there stands an old fig-tree on which several citizens have hanged themselves. Now, as I intend shortly to build upon this spot, I have thought proper to inform the public of it, that all such as have any inclination that way, may still hang themselves, ere the fig-tree is cut down.

the contemptuous treatment that shall succeed affect them more keenly? The latter method will be best. I will therefore stand still, and let them advance. — Let us then see who this brave man is running before the rest. Verily the same Gnathonides, who lately when I asked him some slight assistance, held me out a halter; though the rascal has ere now swilled some hogsheads of wine at my house. He does well to come first, for he is the first that shall repent it!

GNATHONIDES. Have I not always said, the gods would never abandon so kind-hearted a man as Timon? Good day, thou flower of courtesy, dearest Timon! How fares it, my old jovial companion!

TIMON. Good day to you, Gnathonides, you — of all vultures the most voracious, and of all mankind the most worthless!

GNATHONIDES. You are always the same I see, still fond of a joke. But why is not the table spread? Where is the entertainment? I have brought with me a famous drinking-song I have just learnt, fresh as it came out of the poet's brainpan.

TIMON. My spade shall teach you to sing an elegy, and that a very doleful one! [*strikes him.*]

GNATHONIDES. What do you mean by that, Timon? You have struck me! I will bring witnesses — o Hercules! ah me! ah me! I will cite you to appear for this at the Areopagus; you have broke my head!

TIMON. Only stay a moment longer, and you may charge me with having killed you.

GNATHONIDES. That would be going a little too far. My wound will quickly heal, if you apply to it a plaister of gold; gold is a sovereign remedy for staunching of blood.

TIMON. What; are not you gone?

GNATHONIDES. Yes, I will, I will go. But it will do you no good, to change yourself from so courteous and obliging a gentleman into such a churlish fellow! [*He goes away.*]

TIMON. Who is that bald-pate, coming up now? — Ah, I know him; it is Philiades, the most shameless of all my former trencherflies. This is the scoundrel to whom I gave a whole manor, besides two talents [*£317 13s.*] as his daughter's dowry, merely as a reward for having extolled my singing to the skies, while the rest of the company were silent, and cursed his poor soul if any dying swan ever sang so sweet: and when

lately I was sick and in distress, on applying to him for relief, he was liberal in nothing but fisty-cuffs.

PHILIADES. What an impudent set these people are! So, now you are willing to renew your acquaintance with Timon! Now Gnathonides is again his friend, and ready to drink out his stock of wine! He is rightly served; the ungrateful wretch! We, Timon's old acquaintance, the friends of his youth, members of the same guild, though we have a greater right, yet use some reserve, and are too discreet so rudely to obtrude ourselves upon him. — Much happiness, honoured sir! Be on your guard, I beseech you, against these execrable parasites, this ravenous crew, who are your friends only as long as you give enough to batten upon. In our days nobody knows whom to trust! All the world is a cheat! — I was just bringing a talent [*£193 15s.*] along with me, to help towards furnishing you with necessaries; when not far off I was told, that you had again come into the possession of immense wealth; and so I knew not how I could better testify my goodwill towards you than by giving you this friendly caution, though so prudent a man as you, one of whom Nestor might take advice, was in no want of admonition from such as I.

TIMON. That is all very well, PhiliaDES. Come a little nearer, that I may testify my obligation to you — with my spade.

PHILIADES. Help; help, good people! The ungrateful monster has almost split my scull only because I counselled him for his good!

TIMON. Oh, here comes a third, the orator Demeas, with a decree in his hand! He will now again be my kinsman! He once owed the republic sixteen talents, and being unable to pay the debt was on the point of being shut up in prison. Pitying his condition I paid the whole sum at once for him. Lately, when it came to his turn to distribute the benevolence for the games* to those belonging to the Erichthean guild, on my going up to receive my proper share, the fellow had the impudence to tell me to my face: — that he did not know that I was a citizen!

* Τὸ Θεισμὸν means the donation of two or three oboli, which were distributed to each of the poor citizens of Athens on the great annual festivals from the public treasury to enable them to pay for a seat in the theatre. Pericles is said to have been the first author of this institution; for which he was greatly censured by his wise and virtuous countrymen, who foresaw the effects it would have.

DEMEAS. Health to you, o Timon, the great ornament of your race; the column of Athens and bulwark of all Greece! Both of the councils* and the whole corporate assembly have been long anxiously waiting for your return. First of all however permit me to read the decree which I have penned down for you :

“ Forasmuch as Timon, the son of Echecratides, of the commonalty of Colyttos, — a man, who, whether for probity, politeness and sagacity has scarcely his equal in all Greece, — has constantly and in various ways rendered conspicuous services to the commonwealth; and has moreover signalized himself by gaining the prize in one day at Olympia in boxing, in wrestling, in running and in driving both with a pair of horses, and with four in hand;” —

TIMON. I! who have never seen Olympia in all my life?

DEMEAS. What matters that? You will see it some time or other. The more of this sort you insert in a decree, the better. — “ Moreover he fought with great gallantry last year for the republic against the Acharnensians, and cut to pieces two whole battalions of the Peloponnesian troops; —”

TIMON. How could that be; since for want of arms I was not even admitted upon the muster-roll?

DEMEAS. From modesty you are pleased to say so: but we should be justly deemed ungrateful, if we were capable of forgetting it. — “ Not fewer have been the extraordinary services that on other occasions by counsel and facts, both in peace and war, he has rendered to the republic: for all which considerations, it has been thought fit and decreed by the council and the commonalty, as well in the great multitude as in the respective guilds, in the first place to cause to be erected a golden statue † of the said Timon in the Acropolis ‡, near that of Minerva, with rays of glory encircling his head, and grasping a thunderbolt in his right hand; farther, to crown him with seven golden crowns, and cause proclamation to be made of this merited reward, in the Dionysia § to be celebrated this very

* Namely, the Areopagus and the senate of five hundred.

† For the sake of euphony, gilded statues were generally so called by the Greeks.

‡ The citadel of Athens, antiently denominated Cecropia.

§ The festival of Bacchus, on which it was the custom to give new tragedies, or at least new plays, for the entertainment of the public. An extraordinary feast of Bacchus appointed ex-

day in honour of him with new tragedies. This decree was proposed by Demeas the rhetor, Timon's next of kin and pupil; for Timon is the first of orators, as he excels in everything else that he gives his mind to." — Thus runs the decree. I intend to present my son to you, whom I have called Timon after your name.

TIMON. How is that, Demeas; since to my knowledge you have never been married?

DEMEAS. I hope however, so good luck betide me, to take a wife next year, and to have a family of children; and this being already as good as done, and as my first-born will infallibly be a son, I call him now by anticipation Timon.

TIMON. [*Aiming a blow at him.*] Whether this may not make a breach in your marriage, my sweet gentleman, is what I cannot vouch for.

DEMEAS. Mercy on me! What is that for? Do you think to play the tyrant hero, by presuming to beat free people? you, whose free birth and citizenship are questionable! But depend upon it, I will be even with you! You shall smart for this, and for setting the Acropolis on fire too!

TIMON. When was the citadel set on fire, you sycophant?

DEMEAS. You may well be rich: you have broke open the treasury.

TIMON. Neither will that serve your turn: everybody knows that the treasury has not been broke open.

DEMEAS. If it is not broke open it may be hereafter: at any rate you have got into your hands all the cash that was in it.

TIMON. [*Strikes him again.*] Take one more blow for that.

DEMEAS. Oh, my back, my back!

TIMON. Let me have none of your bawling; unless you have a mind for another of the same sort. It would be a shame for one, who could cut two battalions of Lacedemonians in pieces, not to be able to break the bones of one such miserable fellow as you! I should then have been conqueror in boxing and in wrestling at Olympia to very little purpose indeed! [*Demeas retires.*] Better and better! Is not he whom I see

pressly in honour of Timon was the highest mark of distinction that could be shewn him, and undoubtedly, at the time when Timon lived, without precedent.

coming yonder the philosopher Thrasyclus? It can be no other. How the fellow marches forward stroking his long beard and wrinkling up his brows in pompous self-complacency, with the audacious looks of a Titan, and with the hair of his forehead blown back, as Zeuxis generally paints his Boreas or Triton! This is the man who on one and the same day represents two several persons. In the morning his decent dress, demure countenance, and sober gait bespeak the moralist. How glibly he talks when discoursing on virtue! How severely he lashes the votaries of pleasure! How beautifully will he descant upon frugality, and the happiness of wanting but little! But, as soon as he comes out of the bath, to go to a feast, and (which is always his principal care) orders a large beaker to be given him by the servants, one would suppose he drank only of the water of Lethe, though he drinks nothing but pure wine, so entirely the reverse is now his conduct of what he had preached in his morning lectures. Then he pounces on the viands, like a hungry kite on its prey, snatches all to him, jostles away his neighbour with his elbows, perpetually bending his head over the dishes as though he was looking to the bottom of them for his sovereign good, and stuffs himself to repletion, with such canine voracity, that the gravy trickles down over his chin, as he sweeps together with his forefinger what adheres to the trencher, lest he should leave a drop of sauce behind him; and after all complains of short commons, though he has finished with securing to himself all the pastry, and if a delicate morsel is left, he is sure to snap it up. He now drinks, not only till he sings and leaps from the exuberance of joy, but pours down the wine till he grows abusive and quarrelsome; or with the goblet in his hand he begins to harangue, and has the effrontery with giddy head and faltering tongue to chant the praises of temperance and the moral graces, till he is interrupted by a not very graceful operation of his over-loaded stomach. The end of it is, that a couple of slaves are called in to take him neck and heels, and though he clings with both hands to the girl that plays the flute*, carry him by force out of the room†. To conclude,

* A person whose company could never be dispensed with at a grecian entertainment.

† That the whole of this picture, which none but a Hogarth could copy after our author, is aimed at the spurious philosophers of Lucian's time, admits of no doubt. At the era of Pericles and Socrates even the most despicable of the sophists had more good breeding than the pedants and philosophical mountebanks of that in which Lucian lived.

even when sober he would not easily yield precedence to anybody in lying, in boasting and in covetousness : in the arts of wheedling and cajoling he can never meet with his equal, and whoever wants a false oath to be sworn, will always find him ready : dissimulation and fraud are his pioneers, and impudence sticks close by his side ; in a word, the man is a decided and complete master of his arts. Come on, my worthy sir ! You too shall have your reward ! [*To Thrasycles advancing.*] What do I see ? Ey, here comes Thrasycles, as if called !

THRASYCLES. [*In a declamatory tone.*] But not from the selfish motive, o Timon, not with a longing glance at your gold and silver and your sumptuous table, as these people have come fawning upon and cringing to you, who are in love with your riches, hoping by their flattering artifices to be entertained by a man of your honest and generous temper. For me, as you know, a bit of bread is a sufficient repast, an onion and a few cresses the daintiest dish, a sallad with a little salt my favourite dessert, my beverage water from the public fountain ; and this old cloak is dearer to me than the gaudiest purple robe. What should I do with the gold, that in my eyes is of no more value than the pebbles on yonder shore ? I come purely on your own account, and if possible to guard you against that worst and most fatal of all things, wealth ; lest riches, which have proved to such numbers the cause of the greatest misfortunes and calamities, should also plunge you into ruin. If therefore you will hearken to good advice, throw incontinently all your gold into the sea, as unnecessary and useless to a good man, to whom all the treasures of wisdom are open. It is not necessary to go out far into the sea ; you need only step knee-deep into the water, just over the beach, when nobody is present except myself. Should you not however be inclined to take this method, there is still another and perhaps a more eligible way of getting rid of your gold to the very last mite. Distribute it among the poor ; give to one man five drachmas, to another a pound, to a third a talent. A philosopher may reasonably expect twice or thrice as much. I, for my part, crave nothing for myself but to plead for my friends that are in want ; I shall therefore be content if you will only fill this wallet of mine, which does not hold quite two ægina bushels. For it behoves a philosopher to have but few wants and to be moderate in his desires, and to care for nothing beyond his knapsack.

TIMON. I very much commend this way of thinking in you, Thrasycles; but before we proceed to the wallet, I shall first cover your head with rubies in the shape of bumps, fitted to it by my spade.

THRASYCLES. Oh, democracy and laws! what are become of you? What! in a free state must we submit to be insulted by blows from such a ruffian?

TIMON. Why do you put yourself in such a passion, good Thrasycles? I have perhaps given you short measure? If you think I have wronged you, I will give you four measures over and above to make you amends. [*Strikes him again. Thrasycles runs off.*] But, heyday! what is all this? I see a whole rabble running hither together! — Honest Blepsias, Laches, and Gniphon, a leash of varlets well matched, who cry for the cudgel. — But I will give my poor battered spade some rest, after its hard work. The best way will be to climb this rocky summit, where I will collect a heap of loose stones, and salute them with a shower of hail as they approach.

BLEPSIAS. Hold, hold, Timon: stop your hand! we are going as fast as we can.

TIMON. [*Pelting them with stones, as they run.*] But it shall be my fault if you carry home with you no broken heads.

THE
DREAM OF MICYLLUS,
OR
THE COCK.

THE COBLER MICYLLUS, AND HIS DOMESTIC COCK.

MICYLLUS.

A MURRAIN seize you with your cursed clarion! May the great Jupiter twist your squalling throat, you spiteful beast! for waking me out of the pleasantest dream in the world, a dream that made me a rich man, with your shrill piercing watch-voice, so that I cannot escape poverty, which is still more odious to me than yourself, even in my sleep! Besides, by the general stillness that prevails, and as I am not yet pinched by the

THE COCK. Among the epistles that bear the name of Alciphron, there is one (the tenth in the third book, by Bergler's edition) wherein a day-labourer, named Jophon, relates to his neighbour a dream, the same in general import with the dream of our cobbler, who curses the house-cock for crowing him up in the midst of his felicity, likewise under all manner of epithets. But that therefore Lucian must have ploughed with Alciphron's heifer, as Bergler supposes, is as little demonstrable, as the real author of the dissimilar letters that pass under Alciphron's name, and the period in which he lived. Admitting however that Lucian got the idea of making Micyllus become rich in a dream, and borrowed two or three expressions at the beginning of this piece, from Alciphron, he would owe very little to the latter: and it would be no more reasonable to contrast such a composition as that is of the Cock with the little letter of Alciphron, than to draw a comparison between a rhapsody of Homer and one of Æsop's fables. — If Alciphron, says Dr. Jortin, be a more antient writer than Lucian, which is probable, but not certain, it will follow that the latter took the hint and ground work of his dialogue, intitled "*The Banquet, or the Lapithæ,*" from an epistle of the former; but he has so wrought it up, that it may fairly be called his own. Alciphron is short and jejune;

chillness of the morning, which is the infallible fore-runner of coming day, it is scarcely turned of midnight. What then does the sleepless goblin want, with his crowing so early, as if he had to watch the famous golden fleece? But wait a little; you shall pay for this. I will beat your brains out as soon as it is day-light; for you would lead me a pretty dance to catch you if I were to get up in the dark.

The Cock. Micyllus, my dear lord and master, I imagined I was rendering you a signal piece of service, by making you a very short night, that you might go to your work the earlier and be able sooner to leave off. For if you go out before sunrise with only one slipper on, you have earnt so much for your next day's support. However, if you had rather prolong your nap, I will be silent, and no fish shall be more mute than I. But then have a care, lest in order to be rich in a dream, you must starve when awake.

MICYLLUS. O wonder-working Jupiter! o averter of evils, Hercules, assist me! What misfortune does this portend! My cock talks like one of us!

The Cock. Is that such a mighty miracle that I should speak your language?

MICYLLUS. Heaven preserve me! That no miracle!

The Cock. I perceive, my good Micyllus, that you are not much of a scholar, and have not even read Homer, in whose verses, Xanthus, a horse belonging to Achilles, in the midst of the battle stood talking as if he had never in his life known what it was to neigh; and not in vulgar prose, as I do now: it declaimed a long tirade of hexameters, and told

Lucian is copious, varied, artful and sprightly; and the characters of the actors are kept up from the beginning to the end. Indeed he is, on this occasion, what the French call *outré*, as comic writers often are; and to heighten the ridicule, he goes beyond the bounds of probability. Alciphron is the author of several epistles, under the names of Fishermen, Husbandmen, Courtezans, and Parasites. As a greek writer he deserves to be perused; but he who shall expect much entertainment from his compositions will find himself disappointed. They are for the most part uninteresting and frivolous; though admired and commended by Bergler, the editor, and by some of the learned. Perhaps Alciphron, who was a professor of rhetoric, drew up these epistles for the use of his scholars, to teach them to read and write greek with purity and facility. Therefore he scruples not to make his ploughmen and fisherwomen talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lysias.

his master things to come, as well as the best prophet, and not a man was surprised at it as something unnatural. Nor did Achilles, as you do, invoke heaven to avert the omen *. What would you have done, if you had heard the keel of the ship Argo talk, or the famous beech of Dodona's grove deliver oracles in a clear and distinct voice, or had seen the hides of the slaughtered oxen of the sun crawling about, and heard the meat in the pot and on the spit, half boiled and half roasted, lowing †? As for myself, I being the attendant on the most loquacious and eloquent of all the deities, Mercury ‡, and moreover always dwelling among mankind as a familiar inmate, it should not be thought so very difficult for me to learn to speak your language. However, if you will solemnly promise me not to divulge it, I will make no scruple to reveal to you the true cause of this my faculty of human speech, and how I came by it.

MICYLLUS. But is it then possible that this may not be a dream? A cock, that engages in a regular conversation with me! Well then, since it is no otherwise, my worthy Mr. Cock, be so obliging as to disclose to me what is that true cause of your affability. That I should speak of it to anybody, you have no reason to apprehend; for who would believe me, if I said I heard it from a cock?

The Cock. Listen then. I know very well, that I am telling what is

* Ilias, xix. 404 et seq.

† The keel of the ship Argo, on board of which Jason and his companions sailed on the famous expedition to Colchis, was hewn from an oak or a beech of the grove of Dodona, the trees whereof, according to an antient tradition, which no orthodox heathen ever doubted, delivered oracles in a human voice; and in consequence of that origin the said timber even in that form retained its hereditary prophetic gift. Apollod. Argonaut. iv. 582. The amazing miracle of the oxen of the sun is related by Homer in the twelfth book of the Odyssey. The passage runs thus:

Heaven gave signs of wrath: along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs, the burning entrails groan'd.

This fiction of Homer's is to be sure, as Dr. Francklin observes, a pretty bold one; Lucian has made the most of it, by telling us, that the oxen lowed upon the spit. The ridicule is at least as strong as the absurdity.

‡ Mercury is usually represented with a cock by the side of him, as a symbol of vigilance; he being considered as the most active and industrious of all the deities. He had indeed more business to do than any of them.

extremely incredible; but it is even so: I, who appear to you a cock, not long since was a man.

MICYLLUS. I remember to have heard when I was a boy somewhat about you. A certain young man, named Alector, it was reported, was a particular favourite of the war-god, had feasted and caroused with him, and had been of service to him in his amours. For as often as Mars made a secret visit to the goddess of love, the young Alector stood sentinel in the antechamber, ready to advertise his master of the appearance of the sun-god, by whom Mars was always afraid of being discovered and exposed. As ill-luck would have it, poor Alector once fell asleep on his post; the sun-god unexpectedly surprised the two lovers, who relied upon their guard, and immediately informed Vulcan of it, who secured them both in a net he had long provided for that purpose, and made them a laughing-stock to all heaven. Mars, however, as soon as he was let loose, in his rage metamorphosed Alector into a cock; and thence it proceeds, that, in order to avoid blame (though it can do no good at present) when you cocks perceive that the sun will shortly rise you begin to crow.

The Cock. There is an old story of that sort; I know the tale, Micyllus. But mine is quite another affair: for I was from a man transformed into a cock but a little while since.

MICYLLUS. Now I should be extremely glad to know how that happened.

The Cock. You probably are acquainted with Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, of Samos?

MICYLLUS. Perhaps you mean the sophist, the foolish fellow who forbade the eating of animal food, and banished beans, my favourite dish, from the table, and persuaded people not to speak a word to one another for five whole years together?

The Cock. You probably then know likewise, that before he was Pythagoras, he had been Euphorbus?

MICYLLUS. He must have been a great charlatan and a conjurer*!

The Cock. That very same Pythagoras — I am; therefore no hard

* This popular idea of Pythagoras seems to have been principally occasioned by Apollonius of Tyana, who wanted to be a second Pythagoras: conclusions were drawn from the imitator to the pretended original.

speeches, I pray. Especially as it appears you have a very slight knowledge of my former character.

MICYLLUS. Better still! A philosopher turned into a crowing cock! this is the oddest of all! Explain to us then, o son of Mnesarchus, how from a man you are become a fowl, from a Samian a Tanagrian*? For what you now say is neither probable, nor by any means easy to believe; especially as I have already remarked two things in you which do not at all suit with Pythagoras.

The Cock. And what may they be?

MICYLLUS. In the first place, you are given to prate and babble; and that but ill agrees with the five years' silence, to which he engaged his people. Secondly, you violate his commandments; for no longer ago than yesterday, having nothing else to give you, you eagerly pecked up the horsebeans that I brought home for you. Therefore, of two things one: either you lie, by pretending to be Pythagoras, or you have transgressed your own laws and committed a very wicked act in eating the horsebeans, *since it is just as much as if you had devoured your father's head* †.

The Cock. I perceive that you are ignorant of the occult meaning of that prohibition; and then you do not consider, that what may be very proper for a cock, would not be convenient for a philosopher. Formerly I ate no beans, because I was a philosopher: now, that I am a cock, I eat them as the ordinary and unforbidden diet of birds of my species. But if you desire it, I will relate, how from Pythagoras I am become what I now appear to you, how many modes of existence I have passed through, and what I have reaped from each of my foregoing lives.

MICYLLUS. Talk as you will; I listen to you with the greatest pleasure: and truly if it were left to my option, whether I would prefer to hear you thus chatter and tell your own story, or to continue dreaming my late blissful dream, I should not know which to chuse.

* The cocks of Tanagra in Bœotia were reckoned the strongest, and that place was famous, as well as Rhodes, for its generally excellent breed of game-cocks.

† The verse of Pythagoras to this effect is:

Ἴσον τοῖς πιάμοις τρώγων κεφαλῆς τὸ τοκῆον.

The Cock. You cannot, I see, beat that dream out of your head, which, however pleasant, was nothing but an airy vision of an unsubstantial felicity, that, while you were snatching at it, slipped shadow-like out of your hands.

MICYLLUS. No, my sweet cockey! My dream I shall never forget the longest day I have to live. On fitting away, it left such delicious honey on my eye-lids, that I can hardly open them for it, they do so immediately draw together to sleep again: and what it shewed me, gave such an agreeable titillation to my eyes, as when somebody tickles one's ears with a feather.

The Cock. You make me exceedingly curious to learn what sort of a dream that was of which you are so highly enamoured.

MICYLLUS. The recollection of it is so delightful, that I will gladly relate it to you. But where hitches the story of your transformations?

The Cock. It will be time enough for that, Micyllus, when you leave off dreaming, and have wiped off the honey from your eyelids. Begin then at once, that I may understand whether your dream came flying to you through the ivory or horny gate*.

MICYLLUS. By neither the one nor the other, Pythagoras.

The Cock. Homer, however, speaks of only these two †.

MICYLLUS. Let alone these old fabulous bards; what should they know about dreams! Yes; perhaps the poor vulgar sort of dreams may go out by those gates; as for example the dreams that he saw himself; though being blind it is not probable that he saw them distinctly. But mine came through a golden gate, and itself was entirely gold, and was cloathed over and over with gold, and brought besides a heap of gold with it. —

The Cock. No more of this everlasting gold, I beseech you, you

* I have been here obliged to leave out a little witticism of the cock on the two metaphors that Micyllus had just employed, because I found it impossible to render it by an equivalent expression in our language. The thought (if it may be so called) is of as delicate a texture as those tiny flies which we cannot lay hold upon without instantaneously crushing them. Besides, in the original there is somewhat solœcistical in the expression, whence the gentlemen critics justly suspect that either the copyist or the author himself must have made a little slip of the pen.

† *Odyssey*, xix. 560 et seq.

second Midas; for I suppose your dream is like his wish, in which all was turned to gold.

MICYLLUS. In fact I did see much gold, Pythagoras; a vast quantity of gold! Oh how beautiful it was! How it sparkled and glittered!— How is that in Pindar, in the song where he chants the praises of gold!— Just at the beginning.— Where he calls water the most excellent.— It is the finest of all his songs.— Help me to it, if you can.

The Cock. Belike you mean this :

Water is the chiefest thing,
But gold is far more bright
Than any riches else beside,
And gives a fairer light
Than doth the clear and flaming fire
Within the darksome night.

MICYLLUS. That is it, by Jupiter, that is it! One would think Pindar had had my dream, he so much praises gold! However, that I may no longer keep your beak watering, I obey you, o most sapient of all house-cocks! You know that yesterday I did not sup at home: for the opulent Eucrates, whom I accidentally met in the market place, invited me after bathing, for his usual hour of sitting down to table.

The Cock. What I very well know is, that I was forced to fast all day, till you came home late, and pretty far gone in your cups, and brought me the five horsebeans; a scanty meal for a cock that had been formerly an athletic combatant, and gained no little glory at Olympia*.

MICYLLUS. I went straight to bed, and had scarcely fallen asleep, when, to speak with Homer,

While I lay slumbering in the ambrosial night,
A dream divine appeared before my sight.

The Cock. Before you proceed any farther, Micyllus, tell me how the entertainment went off; how Eucrates treated you; and, in short, the whole history of the feast: as I see no reason why you should not give

* The cock here points to the uncommon voracity of the athletes in consequence of the vigour of body requisite to their profession. They were particularly *par regime* great beef-eaters, in order to increase their muscular strength and their fleshy habit of body. In this respect they yielded in nothing to the heroes of Homer, or rather the latter were such great eaters, because they were in reality nothing but athletes.

yourself the pleasure of reiterating the repast by ruminating it in a sort of waking-dream.

MICYLLUS. I was afraid that the recital of so many particulars might be tiresome to you ; but since you desire it, you shall be obeyed. I, who in my whole life had never sat at a rich man's table, by chance met Eucrates. I saluted him with great respect, as is my custom when I happen to encounter a grandee, and would have slunk aside, in order not to disgrace a person of his figure in being seen talking with me in my mean threadbare coat. But he called after me : Micyllus, said he, I celebrate today the birthday of my daughter, and have invited some friends on the occasion. Now I learn that one of them is indisposed, and cannot come : you may therefore, if you previously go into the bath, conveniently supply his place ; unless he should find himself better, and come himself, which at present however is very uncertain.—I made him a low bow, and went my way, putting up fervent prayers to all the gods that they would be pleased to visit him whose substitute I was nominated, with some convenient fever, pleurisy or podagra ! The interval between this and the bath I thought an eternity ; I was continually calculating to myself how much of it was already elapsed, and peeped every moment at the sundial, to see whether it was not time to make ready. At length the wished for hour arrived, and I set out with all speed, having first turned my coat inside out, that I might make as decent an appearance as I could. On reaching the house, I found among several others, the guest whose substitute I was to be, borne in a litter on the shoulders of four men, the very same that was reported to be sick ; and in truth he was evidently not well : for he groaned and coughed at such a rate, and ejected his tough phlegm with vehemence, so that none ventured to come near him ; his countenance was pale and his body swoln, and he was withal a sexagenarian. He was said to be one of those babbling philosophers who put off to young gentlemen their baubles and children's rattles for pure gold. As one requisite at least to a philosopher there was no deficiency of beard ; it was a genuine goat's beard, which stood in great need of the scissors. And when the physician Archibius jocularly remarked upon his coming under such circumstances, I heard him say : Duty is paramount to every other consideration, especially with one that professes philosophy, and six hundred maladies should not have detained me : Eucrates might have thought

I was wanting in respect for him. — On the contrary, said I, he would have commended you for chusing rather to cough yourself to death at home than at his table*. The philosopher had the magnanimity to make as if he did not feel the raillery. Eucrates presently came out of the bath, and on seeing Thesmopolis (such was the name of the philosopher) he said to him: This is exceedingly handsome of you, doctor, to come yourself; you would have lost nothing, however, by staying away: I should have sent your portion of everything to your house. Hereupon, giving him his hand, and with the aid of some servants, he led him in. I was now on the point of turning about, when Eucrates perceiving me, and seeing that I stood there with a pretty dismal countenance, said: You may remain, Micyllus, and make one of the company; I will tell my son to make room for you by dining with his mother in her apartment. — Accordingly I entered the saloon, with the looks of one who was near upon gaping in vain, like the wolf in the fable †. It now being the time for sitting down to table, first of all, five stout young slaves came laboriously hoisting in the sage Thesmopolis, whom they laid with pillows stuffed under his head, on a couch and bolsters on either side to make him sit upright; and because nobody chose to sit near him, they shoved me up and assigned me a place by his side. Then, my dear Pythagoras, we fell to! What an abundance and variety of dishes! All shining with gold and silver! Our drinking-cups were all of gold ‡, and the room swarmed with beautiful attendants, musicians § and jesters ||: to be brief, it was the most delightful entertainment in the world, one thing only excepted, that Thesmopolis

* Observe, this discourteous kind of civility in giving the philosopher to understand, that he might as well have staid at home, is a characteristic feature of the manners of the noble and opulent Athenians.

† The wolf, having lost his prey, runs gaping up and down; and hence grew the proverb, *λυκὸς χατῶν*, a gaping wolf, and is applied to them that are disappointed of their purpose, *Lupus hiat*.

‡ Probably of silver gilt.

§ The word *μουσικοί*, as a generic term, includes singers, harpers and flute-players, dancers, pantomimics, *et hoc genus omne*, that are endowed with any talent connected with music. At festive entertainments there were generally young girls who combined with this profession other agreeable arts.

|| *Γελοποιοί*, a sort of facetious characters, who were hired by agitating the midriff to promote the digestion of the company by all kinds of buffoonery and harlequinades.

annoyed me with his clack about heaven knows what, of virtue*, and in doctrinating me, that two negatives make an affirmative, and that by I know not what arguments it may be proved, that when it is day it cannot be night. He even proved to me that I had horns †, and continued prating in this manner, as if he would force me to be a philosopher whether I would or not; so that I could not attend to the music, and therefore lost a great part of the diversion. — Such, my charming Chanticleer, was the entertainment of which I promised you the description.

The Cock. It might have been much more diverting to you; and would have been so, had it not been your hard fate to have such a disgusting, silly chatterer at your elbow.

MICYLLUS. But now hearken to my dream. It seemed to me, that Eucrates, I know not how, was at the point of death, had sent for me to his bedside, and, for want of issue, had in his will appointed me sole heir to all he had. Presently after this he died. Then I, taking possession of the inheritance, found such heaps of coin both in gold and silver, that it gave me great trouble to take account of them; money without end. All his other property came to me likewise, wardrobe, table furniture, service of plate, vessels of all kinds, slaves, everything that had belonged to him. Now I drove in a magnificent chariot with milk-white steeds, wherein I sat aloft, to the astonishment and envy of all that saw me. I was preceded by a number of runners, many rode by the side of me, and a still greater number followed behind. I myself was dressed in gay, sumptuous habiliments, had fine golden rings on all my fingers, prodigious heavy, and no fewer than sixteen in number, and ordered immediately a splendid entertainment to be prepared, at which to regale my

* Probably of the stoical.

† The pedants of the stoic sect, especially at that time, vaunted much of their subtilty in dialectics and syllogistics. Amongst other of their sophisms, with which they took delight in puzzling the illiterate, was the captious proposition which they called, the *horned*. — “What you have not lost, Micyllus, that have you still?” says Thesmopolis. — Certainly, replies Micyllus. — You have not lost horns — No! — Therefore you have horns, answers the learned gentleman, bursting into a loud laugh at having thus pozed the honest cobbler. In the century before the last, this species of wit was called *cloister wit*, for likewise in that accomplishment the monks succeeded to the philosophers, whom Lucian so frequently made to smart under the satirical lash.

friends. All this as is usual in dreams was immediately ready. The viands were served up, the beakers were filled, I was now going to drink the health of all present in a golden goblet to be sent round the guests, and the large cakes * were just bringing in : when you with your cursed untimely screams interrupted our jollity, overturned the tables, and scattered all my riches in the air. And have I not cause to be angry with you for having disturbed me in a dream which I would gladly have continued dreaming for three nights in one ?

The Cock. Are you then so passionately fond of gold and riches, that in your view nothing can be more estimable, and that you would fancy yourself perfectly happy if you possessed a great abundance of gold ?

MICYLLUS. Verily, my good Pythagoras, I am not the only one who has taken that fancy into his head. You yourself must have thought in that manner when you were Euphorbus, otherwise you would not, when you went to war against the Achæans, have decked your braided locks with gold and silver †, since, in fighting, iron is commonly worn in preference to gold. But you could not refrain, even in an affair that touched your life, from having gold in your hair, and, if I am not much mistaken, this very circumstance was the reason that Homer bestows on your locks the epithet of *grace-like* †; since doubtless it has a more graceful and lovely appearance to have gold plaited in the hair. However, it is nothing peculiarly remarkable that you, who after all were only a son of Panthus ‡, should have gold in such high honour : but even the great father of gods and men, the son of Saturn and Rhea, being enamoured of a fair argolic maid §, assumed the form of gold as the surest way to please her, and knew no better means to bribe her guards than by dropping in a golden shower through the roof into the lap of his beloved. What need I more

* Which formed the conclusion of the repast, and was the signal for beginning the drinking bout.

† In allusion to *Iliad*, xvii. 51, 52.

And blood his grace-like tresses did besmear,
The shining circlets of his golden hair.

‡ This Panthus, though he had been a priest of Apollo at Delphi, and been carried off by Antenor on account of his beauty, was again constituted priest of Apollo in Troy by old Priam, who had more respect for his station than Antenor and Micyllus.

§ Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos.

than such instances as these, to prove to you the power and properties of gold? How it suddenly renders those who are furnished with it, beautiful, valiant, and wise! How it crowns them, who before were ever so obscure and mean, with honour and renown, procuring them in all places votaries and panegyrists! You know my neighbour and fellow-workman, the cobbler Simon; for it is not long ago that I treated him at the Saturnalia with pease-porridge, with a couple of sliced sausages floating in it.

The Cock. I know him very well; a little shrimp of a fellow, with the hook nose, who out of gratitude, after his treat, sneaked away with the only earthen pipkin we had in the house, under his cloak. I saw him do it.

MICYLLUS. He was then the thief at last, though he swore down all the gods from heaven that he was innocent? But you, master Chanticleer, why did not you give the alarm when you saw that we were robbed?

The Cock. I crowed with all my might; at that time I could do no more. — But what of him; you were going to say somewhat about this Simon?

MICYLLUS. He had a mighty rich cousin, named Drimylus, but who while he lived would not give him a farthing; and who could have supposed he would, since he had not the heart even to touch his money? But when of late this cousin died, my Simon, that same dirty, ragged cobbler that supped up our broth, as heir at law came into possession of all he was worth. And now the fellow dresses in purple, keeps a train of servants and a splendid equipage, has golden cups, and ivory feet to his table; is accosted by every one with bows down to the ground; and does not deign to bestow a look upon us*! Lately seeing him pass I greeted him by his name, Simon; this he took amiss: Tell then that beggar, said he to his people, not to clip my name! I am called Simonides, not Simon. — What is worse, even the pretty girls are in love with him; though he returns them a cold look, and they must think themselves happy on whom he graciously smiles, while others threaten to do themselves a mischief in despair at his indifference. You see therefore what miracles gold performs,

* *Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum. Claud.*

since it alters the shape of the most deformed, and like that poetic girdle* makes them amiable. Accordingly you hear the poets say :

and,
 O gold, thou best of all that mortals own !
 Gold ever bears o'er men resistless sway †.

What do you laugh at, good master Cock ?

The Cock. That from sheer ignorance you are as horridly deceived on this point, as the bulk of mankind. Know then that the rich lead a far more miserable life than you and your equals. I am best able to inform you of that, since I have been both poor and rich, and therefore understand from my own experience both kinds of life; as you shall in a moment circumstantially hear.

MICYLLUS. Oh, by Jupiter, it is just the time for you to relate, as you promised, the history of your several transformations.

The Cock. Hearken then. But before I begin, I must tell you, that I have never seen a person that lived a happier life than you.

MICYLLUS. Than I! Then heaven send you such a life! I cannot call down a sadder curse upon you, though you anger me ever so much. But without more ado, begin at once. From Euphorbus to Pythagoras, and so on to the cock. You may teach me a great deal, from the experiments you have made of so many courses of life.

The Cock. To begin by going up to the origin of the whole affair, to relate how my soul at first flew down from Apollo to the earth ‡, and how in expiation of a particular crime was forced to put on a human body, would be too tiresome. But how I became Euphorbus —

MICYLLUS. First I would fain know what I myself have been. Have I been likewise metamorphosed as you have ?

The Cock. There is no doubt of it.

* The girdle that Juno borrowed of Venus for inducing somnolency on the father of the gods.

† These two verses are from some lost compositions of Euripides.

‡ The Pythagoreans, as it appears, had long deceived themselves by the tradition that their holy father had originally been a spirit of a superior order of the class or regimen of Apollo. The priest Jamblichus (who was about 150 years later than Lucian) says accordingly in his life of Pythagoras: this point is so completely ascertained, that no man can doubt of it. — The wings of the soul, and the reason why it must migrate in human and animal bodies, are orphic and pythagoric dogmas, which likewise Plato in his *Phædo* and *Cratylus* has promulgated.

MICYLLUS. What was I then? Can you tell me?

The Cock. An indian emmet of a particular species, whose business it is to dig up gold out of the earth*.

MICYLLUS. What an improvident blockhead must I have been, for not bringing away with me a few grains into this life, where I should have found so many uses for them!—But since you so much abound in knowledge, what will become of me in the next life? If anything good, I will get up directly and hang myself on the very beam which you are now perched upon.

The Cock. You may lay aside this idle curiosity: in the present life you will never know that.—Therefore, to go on with my story: when I was Euphorbus, I fought before Troy, and died by the hand of Menelaus. Thenceforward I roamed about for a considerable time without house or home, till Mnesarchus prepared me a lodging, and so I was Pythagoras.

MICYLLUS. Did you live all that time without eating and drinking?

The Cock. Certainly: I had no need of them all the while I was without a body.

MICYLLUS. Before you proceed any farther, tell me then, was all the affair about Troy really as Homer relates it?

The Cock. How should he know anything of it; he, who was at that time a camel in Bactria? I shall only say: that things went on then just as naturally as they do at present, and Ajax was neither so big, nor Helen so handsome as is generally imagined. I saw her more than once: she was tolerably fair, and long-necked enough to enable her to pass for the daughter of a swan; besides, she was then an old woman †, not much younger than old Hecuba. How could it be otherwise, since she had been carried off in her younger days by Theseus, and lived with him at Aphidna. Now Theseus was a contemporary of Hercules, and had conquered Troy for the first time, when our then father was scarcely born;

* Notwithstanding that the existence of these gold-digging indian ants rests on the testimony of the most respectable naturalists and geographers of antiquity, Strabo, Ælian, Pliny, Mela, &c. yet our feathered Pythagoras seems to make only a ludicrous use of them, to banter Micyllus on his great passion for gold.

† By Bayle's calculation, Helen (if we may credit the stories we are told of her juvenile adventures) was at least fifty years old when she was carried off by Paris. *Art. Helene.*

for I have it from my father's own mouth, that he remembered to have seen Hercules when a boy.

MICYLLUS. But what sort of a man was Achilles? Was he really such an extraordinary character as he is described; or is it all a romance?

The Cock. With him I never had any acquaintance, Micyllus. Besides, I know little of what passed among the Greeks, I being of the hostile party. However, it cost me no great trouble to despatch his friend Patroclus. I thrust him through with a spear.

MICYLLUS. And Menelaus still less to make an end of you. But enough of that. Therefore how you came to be Pythagoras?

The Cock. Upon the whole, to say the truth, I was a sophist as well as the rest. However, I had a fine education, and was not unlearned in the higher sciences. I made a journey to Egypt, in a view to be instructed in the wisdom of the prophets there; I procured access to the recesses of their temple, where I studied the writings of Horus and of Isis*. From thence I came by ship to Italy, and the Greeks in the upper part of that country entertained such high notions of my sagacity, that they took me for a god.

MICYLLUS. I have heard the whole of this, and that it was thought that you had begun to live again after your death, and that you once let them see your thigh, to shew that it was of gold†. But tell me then how it came into your head, to make laws against eating flesh and beans?

The Cock. Make no inquiries about such things, Micyllus.

MICYLLUS. And why not, Mr. Cock?

The Cock. Because I am ashamed to tell you the truth of it.

MICYLLUS. I see no reason why you should be abashed before a friend and inmate; for I ought no longer to call myself your master.

The Cock. It was not so much a matter of sound discretion. But I was aware that it would have no effect upon the great multitude, if they saw nothing but what was common in my laws: whereas the more strangely

* That is, which were ascribed to these divinities by the priest, but, of course, were their own work.

† Pythagoras is positively said to have shewn his golden thigh to Abaris, the Scythian, so celebrated in the philosophical mythology of the Greeks. This story likewise has for its vouchers and believers, a cloud of witnesses, and amongst them very respectable persons.

my ordinances sounded, the more extraordinary should I myself appear in their eyes. For these reasons I devised such singular precepts, and purposely made them a secret, that people might puzzle their brains about them, some guessing this and some that, without ever guessing the right; as it commonly fares with the unintelligible oracles.

MICYLLUS. Hark you; I perceive you are making game of me, as you did of the Crotoniates and Metapontines and Tarentines, and others who followed you with their mouths shut, and set their feet very obsequiously in your step-marks. — But, when you put off Pythagoras, whom did you put on *?

The COCK. The famous milesian Aspasia.

MICYLLUS. Good lack! Pythagoras was then once a fair lady? And there was a time, when you, most illustrious of all tame cocks — laid eggs? When Aspasia you were therefore the mistress of Pericles, and were pregnant by him, and spun and carded and wove, and kept a gynaceum † of lovely lasses?

The COCK. All that did I; however not I alone; but Tiresias and Cœneus, the son of Elates ‡, did the same before me. Your jibes therefore hit them as well as me.

MICYLLUS. Between ourselves; which was the pleasantest state of the two: when you were a man, or when you were caressed by Pericles?

The COCK. You know what the answer to such a question cost Tiresias §.

MICYLLUS. If you do not chuse to tell me, Euripides will; who has decided the question long ago, where he says:

Three times I should prefer to bear a shield
Amidst the horrors of the ensanguined field,
To suffering once the pangs of labour ||.

* By this jocular application of his question Micyllus shews that he bore in mind the pythagoric expression of putting on a body (as a garment of the soul) which the cock had above made use of.

† What is called by the Turks and Arabs a *haram*.

‡ The grecian legend relates of the theban prophet Tiresias, that (from a cause, as singular as the effect) he was metamorphosed into a maid, and after some time again into a man. *Apollodor.* iii. cap. 6, § 7. See also the xxviiith of the Dialogues of the Dead. The story of Cœneus, who had before been a maid, named Cœnis, is related by Hyginus in his 14th fable.

§ Juno punished his excessive sincerity by the loss of his sight — says the legend.

|| Medea, in Euripides, ver. 250, 251.

The Cock. You will shortly know by experience what the pangs of childbirth are; for of this I can certify you, that you too hereafter will become a woman, and more than once ere you have run the round of your transformations.

MICYLLUS. You be hanged with your prophecies! Do you imagine that all people must be Milesians or Samians *? Besides, you might have spared yourself the transformation; for it is said, that while Pythagoras in your youth you were pretty often Aspasia to the tyrant †. — But after being the consort of Pericles what were you?

The Cock. Crates, the cynic.

MICYLLUS. O Castor and Pollux! what a leap, from a woman of gallantry to a philosopher!

The Cock. Next to this I was a king, then a beggar, then again a persian satrap; afterwards a horse, a jay, a frog, and a thousand other things; of which it would be too tedious to rehearse the whole register. Most frequently I have been a cock; for I am fond of that kind of life; and after having in this shape served many others, kings and private persons, poor and rich, I am now at last living with you, and laughing at you, to hear you day by day complaining of your poverty, and envying the rich from ignorance of the plagues with which they are encompassed. For if you did but know the cares of these people, you would laugh at yourself for being so silly as to think, that in order to be perfectly and perpetually happy, we need only a great quantity of gold.

MICYLLUS. Accordingly, my dear Pythagoras, or by whatever other name you rather please to be called, that no confusion may ensue, if I address you sometimes by one and sometimes by another —

The Cock. No matter which, whether Euphorbus or Pythagoras, or Aspasia or Crates, for I am all of them. However, your best way will be to call me what I at present am in your view, were it only to shew, that you do not despise a bird that has so many souls in his body.

MICYLLUS. Therefore, my dear Cock, since you are experimentally acquainted with almost all kinds of lives, tell me honestly what you think

* Because Aspasia was of Miletus and Pythagoras of Samos. It is observable that Lucian here purposely makes Micyllus joke a little cobbler-like.

† The prince to whose account the *chronique scandaleuse* puts down this vile anecdote, was the renowned Polycrates of Samos, with whose time the youth of Pythagoras coincides.

? Strange assertion this, when we do not know Pythagoras's birth-place, time, nor even if he existed at all as a person!

of riches and poverty, and of the advantages and disadvantages of these two conditions, that I may see, whether you have a right to assert, that I, poor as I am, am as happy as if I were rich.

The Cock. Contemplate the matter then in this light: Suppose we were engaged in a war, and that we were alarmed by a hostile invasion of the country: that regards you but little; since you have no need to fear the devastation of your fields, the destruction of your orchards, and vineyards, or the burning of your granaries and farms: but immediately on hearing the trumpet (provided however you do hear it), all you have to do is only to look for a place of safety to your person. Whereas the rich are afraid not only for themselves, but are agonized on looking down from the battlements of the ramparts to see all they have upon their estates going to wreck and ruin: must be put under contributions, pay burdensome imposts, war-taxes, and as sudden emergencies arise they alone are distrained for supplies. If an attack is made, they are first exposed to danger, either as commanders or officers. You, in the mean time, behind your wicker shield can easily bestir yourself, and if affairs take an adverse turn, save yourself by flight, and be ready if victorious to join the feast given by the commander at his thank-offerings to the gods. In peace, the greater advantage is again on your side. You, as one of the commonalty, go to the popular assembly, where you domineer over the rich: while they shake for fear of you, and endeavour by gratifications from the public exchequer to keep you in good humour. Then you have baths, prize-games, and pageants in abundance; for all which you leave them to provide; where you sit at the head and keep them in awe, censuring them sharply, when they fail to please you; in one word, you lord it over them, sometimes scarcely deigning to address them in measured terms, or perhaps even regaling them, when you are so disposed, with a hail-storm of paving stones, and the confiscation of their estates*. Meanwhile you have no cause to fear lest a crafty advocate should lead you into

* From this masterly picture of the situation and privileges of a common citizen in a democratic republic it seems easy to infer, that Lucian intended to antedate this dialogue between Micyllus and his cock by some centuries: since under the emperors they had no longer any wars among themselves, and the commonalty had no longer that influence on the municipal government of the cities which they formerly had.

scrapes ; you are under no alarms lest a thief should break into the house and steal your gold ; you are relieved from the trouble of examining your accounts, of getting in your debts, or wrangling with a knave of a steward. Free from all these solitudes, you cobble a pair of soles, earn your seven oboli by the job, and when evening comes hie away to the bath, if you are inclined to it, buy a red-herring or a couple of anchovies and a few onions, sit down to them with a relish, and sing merrily ; in short, you live in your happy poverty like a genuine philosopher, who can dispense with many things and is satisfied with all things. Hence it is that you are healthy and robust, and can endure the inclemencies of the weather : for persevering labour enables you to combat and conquer a thousand hardships which appear to the effeminate invincible. Hence it proceeds that you know none of those complicate diseases which haunt the rich ; and if by chance you are attacked by a slight fever, you require no other physician than yourself, cure yourself by fasting, and in a couple of days run about again brisk and merry. Or perhaps the fever will run before you, when it sees how you quaff whole bumpers of cold water, and so do not much care about the periodical days of the doctor. Whereas the rich, who are enervated by intemperance, what malady can you name with which they are not afflicted ? Gout, consumption, imposthume of the lungs and dropsy are the natural offspring of their luxurious feastings. Hence it is, that like Icarus they still soar aloft and reach an altitude too near the sun, not remembering that their artificial wings are only fixed on with wax, and suddenly tumble headlong, frequently with a tremendous splash, into the sea. While they who, like Dædalus, venture not to such a height, but flutter near the ground that their pinions may be wetted with the vapours of the ocean, those men for the most part fly in safety.

MICYLLUS. Such sedate and judicious people are indeed extremely rare.

The Cock. In return, we have such numerous instances of the miserable end your fancied happy ones have come to. For example, **Cræsus**, who being stripped by the Persians of all his soaring plumage, was at last an object of derision on a scaffold to his enemies, or **Dionysius of Syracuse**, who so long performed the part of a great monarch, at length in his old age was reduced to play that of a schoolmaster at Corinth, and teach children their letters.

MICYLLUS. Apropos, my dear Cock ; since, as you pretend, you likewise have been a king, how did you like that mode of life? you must then have been completely happy, when at the pinnacle of all human wishes.

The Cock. Put me not in mind of it, I pray you, Micyllus ; I was never more miserable than then. While in all external respects I seemed as you say, nearly equal to the gods, I bore in my breast unnumbered vexations and woes.

MICYLLUS. As for example? — For I have no conception of it.

The Cock. I reigned over a very considerable and fertile country, which in point of population and its number of fair cities had few equals, with navigable rivers flowing through it and convenient harbours along its coasts. I had a numerous army, an excellent cavalry, a respectable navy, a brilliant court, inexpressibly much hard cash, a prodigious quantity of gold plate, and all other things belonging to the power and pomp of a great kingdom in abundance. When I condescended to shew myself in public, the populace fell prostrate on the ground and fancied they beheld a god ; all that could run, ran together in crowds that they might partake in that felicity ; many even climbed upon the housetops, thinking it a great matter to get a full view of the horses that were harnessed to my chariot, my diadem and those that rode before me and behind me, that they might be able to describe the sight when at home. I, in the mean time, who best knew how many cares and disquietudes inwardly oppressed and tormented me, beheld myself with a sort of pity, comparing myself with those famous colossal statues of a Phidias, Myron and Praxiteles, which severally are as to outward effect wonderfully wrought of ivory or gold, a superb Jupiter or Neptune, who in a majestic attitude grasps in his right hand the thunderbolt or the mighty trident : but, on looking within we see nothing except the cross bars and wedges and nails that are inserted to hold the several parts together, and mingled with a quantity of pitch, clay and mortar* ; in short presenting a shapeless dis-

* Why this passage has been left unexplained by the learned expositors of Lucian I am at a loss to understand, since it is obvious enough that it stands in need of some explanation. After bestowing great pains in endeavouring to discover in some ancient or modern author anything that could afford me a little light on this matter, I find nothing except the description that Pausanias (*in Eliac. cap. xi.*) gives of the statue and the throne of Jupiter at Olympia, whence we may in some degree form a judgment how this astonishing colossus,

gusting sight; to say nothing of the mice and rats, who frequently keep house and carry on their business there.

MICYLLUS. Your comparison perfectly accords with what externally strikes the eye; but the nails and cross-bars and the cement and all that ugly stuff, which disfigures the regal dignity, you still owe me an account of.

The Cock. Oh, my good Micyllus, there is so much of that, that I know not where to begin — incessant alarms, stings of conscience, suspicions, hatred and plottings of those that are nearest the prince's person; by reason of all this, little sleep, and even that little not tranquil, but interrupted by anxious dreams, harassing thoughts and solicitous views into futurity; by day not a peaceful moment for cabinet affairs, audiences, courts of justice, levying and reviewing the troops, negotiations, state-revenues, &c. — in short, you cannot conceive a more vexatious situation than that of a man who must have an eye to all things, has a thousand affairs to despatch at once, and attending for ever to these cannot lay his head on his pillow in any hope of refreshment or rest. For, while so many thousand Achæans were all comfortably asleep, the great Agamemnon,

The son of Atreus found in sleep no rest

For cares eternal filled his labouring breast. Il. x. 3, 4.

To these must be added domestic troubles! — Cræsus was plagued with a dumb son; Artaxerxes by the rebellion of his brother Cyrus; Dionysius was afflicted on seeing his son-in-law Dio whispering with a noble Syracusan; the great Alexander on hearing his friend Parmeno praised; the life of Perdiccas was embittered by Ptolemy, as was that of Ptolemy by Seleucus*. Causes of such importance however are not always neces-

which with its throne and its appertaining figures composed a mass that filled the whole recess of the temple, from the ground to the ceiling, which rendered necessary all that frame work of timber, with all the pitch and mortar that Lucian speaks of, in order to keep it properly together, and enable it to bid defiance to the attacks of time. This may be the more easily imagined, if we consider, that the colossus, the throne and the several figures connected with it, were formed in separate pieces and composed into one whole, and with the ivory and gold of which they seemed to consist, were only overlaid and decorated, but within were hollow, and therefore contained ample space for the rats and mice, with which Lucian peoples them.

* Plutarch's lives, together with those of Herodotus and Xenophon, were at the time when Lucian wrote in everybody's hands, and he might therefore very well suppose, that the historical descriptions here only hinted at were unknown to none.

sary. A favourite unseasonably out of humour, a mistress looking tenderly on another, a court cabal*, or if two or four satellites are seen buzzing in the ears of one another, any such trifle is quite sufficient to create uneasy hours to his majesty. But the worst is, the not daring to trust his bosom friends and nearest relations; but always to be agitated by fears, of some coming mischief; since there are so many examples of kings having been poisoned by their most confidential favourites or even by their own sons.

MICYLLUS. Enough, enough! this is a terrible account! let me hear no more of it. If all this is true I will rather break my back in stooping over my lap-stone and cut thongs and straps, than drink to my own health wolf-bane and hemloc out of a golden goblet. The worst that can happen to me is to cut my finger by the slipping of my paring knife, and that I can cure with a cobweb: whereas these kings, according to your account, are never secure of their lives even at their most sumptuous tables, and always harbouring a thousand anxieties and distresses. And when they fall, it is exactly with them as with the tragic actors who for a time strut about as Cecrops or Sisyphus or Telephus, with their gorgeous diadems and ivory-hilted swords, their plumed crest nodding in the air, and in the embroidered robe of a captain: if however, as not seldom happens, one of them inadvertently in the middle of the scene makes a false step, and tumbles down below the stage†, a universal burst of laughter among the spectators ensues, when the mask with the diadem is broke in pieces, and the poor Cecrops lies with a bloody head, and his legs sprawling in the air,

* According to the greek: "when it is rumoured that some (great ones of the kingdom) are in rebellion." The question however is only concerning a bare rumour or suspicion.

† I prefer the lection *κινεσάρησας* to the common one. This passage cannot be rendered thoroughly intelligible without an exact representation of the structure of the stage in the theatres of the ancients (in which we may be somewhat assisted from the 10th chapter of the fourth book of Pollux Onomasticon). Thus much however is clear from Lucian's own words, that a tragic actor in a moment of forgetfulness, by stepping too far forward and in full view of the audience, might tumble down from the proscenium, which with the Greeks was ten feet high, and therefore high enough to break his head by the fall, and exhibit himself to the spectators in a very deplorable attitude. An accident that by a few steps too many might the more easily happen, as such an actor in his colossal attire, with his long-trained talar, his high-heeled cothurni and his monstrous mask, could not conveniently regulate the motions of his own small person, nor distinctly perceive what was before his feet.

and all the old rags, with which his golden buskins were stuffed out in order to fit them to his feet, are exposed to view. You see, my dear Cock, you have taught me to make similes. — The trade of a king then, according to your account, is none of the best. But when you were a horse, a dog, a fish, or a frog, how did you like that manner of life?

The Cock. There you come to a chapter that at this time would lead us too far. Suffice it to say, that at any rate I found the very worst of these modes of existence far less disagreeable and troublesome than the human life; and for this reason: because the brutes keep within the limits of their natural instincts and wants. You never I think see a horse a money-lender, a frog a pettifogger, a jay a sophist, a gnat a cook, nor a cock a pimp.

MICYLLUS. Now all this may very well be as you say. Nevertheless I am not ashamed frankly to confess, that I cannot get the desire to be rich, which has accompanied me from my boyhood, out of my body. My dream is constantly before me, with all that quantity of gold glittering in my eyes. But above all, it grieves me to the heart to see that rascal Simon battenning in such wealth, and enjoying it with so much self-complacency.

The Cock. Of that disease, Micyllus, I will presently cure you; and since it is still night, get up and follow me. I will conduct you to this same Simon, and into the houses of some other rich people, that you may have ocular demonstration of the state of affairs with them.

MICYLLUS. How is that possible; since at this time all doors are locked? Or do you intend to break into the houses?

The Cock. Not at all; but Mercury, to whom I am consecrated, has endowed me with a peculiar faculty. Let anyone but lay hold of the longest feather in my tail, which by its thinness is bent, —

MICYLLUS. There are two of them, my good friend —

The Cock. That then on the right side: if I voluntarily let any person pluck that out, with it he can open every door however fastened, and see all things within and not be seen himself*.

* Absurd as this miraculous gift possessed by the longest feather in the tail of our Cock may be, it is not more so than a thousand other miraculous implements which the sectarian philo-

MICYLLUS. I never could have imagined, Mr. Cock, that you were expert in witchcraft. Only lend me that feather for once, and you shall soon see all that Simon has marching hither to us, and him reduced to cobble soles as heretofore.

The Cock. No; that would not be right. Mercury expressly enjoined me, if anyone should make an attempt of that sort, to crow immediately, and thereby have him caught in the fact.

MICYLLUS. That is scarcely credible; for is it to be believed, that Mercury, who is himself a thief, should be unpropitious to other thieves. But let us go at all events. I promise you I will keep my fingers from the gold — if I can.

The Cock. But first pluck out the feather — Hold! what are you about? you are pulling both.

MICYLLUS. Only to be sure that I have the right one; and that you might be the less disfigured, and not obliged to hop on one side.

The Cock. Well; let that be. — To whom shall we make our first visit? To Simon, or to some such other curmudgeon?

MICYLLUS. To Simon, who from the two-syllable man that he was, now that he is grown rich will positively be a four-syllable gentleman. — Here is his door. — What is next to be done?

The Cock. Touch the lock with the feather.

MICYLLUS. Oh marvellous! the door opens as if it was unlocked with the key.

The Cock. Go on. You see him sitting yonder wide awake, and poring over his accounts.

MICYLLUS. I see him by Jupiter sitting by a dim thirsty lamp. — Why so pale and wan? — He must be consumed by care; for I have not heard of his being sick.

sappers used to carry about them, as we shall see in the following dialogue. Lucian, in several of his compositions makes himself merry with these teratologers, where he holds them up in their own manner. By the way, we here perceive the source whence the spanish author of what was so admirably imitated by Le Sage, under the title of *Le Diable Boiteux*, seems to have drawn the first idea of his invention; for his improvement should not mislead us. By making his devil clandestinely uncover the roofs he indeed adapted it more to modern houses, than by employing a cock's feather instead of a magical key.

The Cock. Hush! let us hear what he is saying to himself; it will let us into the whole affair.

SIMON. [*Thinking himself alone, to himself.*] The seventy talents I have stowed safe beneath my bed; for I am certain that nobody saw me at the time. But the sixteen talents, I am afraid Sosylus saw me hide under the manger. The fellow of late has always somewhat to do in the stable, though he is in general a negligent, loitering idle cur. Probably they have already robbed me of a great deal more than that: else how could Tibius * yesterday have got so much salt-fish for his supper? They say, he has even bought his wife a pair of ear-rings, which cost him five good drachmas. These villains will make an end of me, poor man, and spend all I have to support their extravagance! — My plate, my tankards and goblets are not safe in this cupboard. I am afraid they will break a hole in the wall, and carry away all at once. I have a great many enemies and enviers, who would be glad of an opportunity to ruin me; in particular I would not trust that neighbour of mine Micyllus.

MICYLLUS. By Jupiter! then you suppose me like yourself, running away with your pipkin under my arm.

The Cock. Hush! he will discover that somebody is here.

SIMON. My best way will be not to sleep any more. I will get up and make the round of my house. [*He stumbles against a statue.*] Who is here! Ah! you house-breaker, have I caught you? [*He strikes the statue and perceives his mistake.*] Oh, since you are only of stone, there is nothing more to be said. — I will however dig up my gold and count it over again; I might have miscounted it the last time. [*He disinters the gold under his bed, and counts it.*] There again! something stirred close to me. By heavens! I am besieged in form. There is a general conspiracy against me. — Where is my dagger? — If I catch one of them! — Now, once more to your hiding-place, my precious ingots!

The Cock. You see now, Micyllus, what sort of a life this Simon leads. Now let us hie to another, if what is left of the night will allow of it.

MICYLLUS. Oh the miserable wretch! What a life he has of it! On

* Another of his slaves.

these conditions I would that all my enemies were rich! — I will only give him a slap on the face, and then away.

SIMON. Ah! who was that that struck me? — Woe is me! there must be thieves in the house — oh I am robbed! I am robbed!

MICYLLUS. [*At his departure.*] Howl and watch till you are as yellow as your gold, and amalgamated with it! — Let us next pay a visit to the usurer Gniphon; he lives just by.

The Cock. The door is open. He too is sleepless with care. There he sits, counting upon his shrivelled fingers, how much *per cent.* he expects to gain to morrow, never once thinking in how short a space he must leave all his money-bags, to become a moth, a snail, or a fly.

MICYLLUS. How miserable the man looks! The fool, who lives at present little better than a moth or snail! He likewise by his calculations is dwindled to a mere skeleton. — Let us go on to some other.

The Cock. To Eucrates, if you like. — Lo, this door also opens to us. Let us go in.

MICYLLUS. [*With a sigh.*] All that was lately mine*!

The Cock. What! still pursuing your dream; still hankering after riches! — There you see Eucrates — with one of his slaves. — A man of his years!

MICYLLUS. By Jupiter! this is too bad! This is not to be endured. — And yonder, in that corner stands his wife — in the arms of the cook †!

The Cock. Would you now, for all the wealth of Eucrates, be the heir to such manners?

MICYLLUS. Rather starve, than inherit such infamies! The devil fetch his gold and dainty fare! Rather be two oboli the whole of my substance, than be pillaged by my domestics. —

The Cock. Let us return home, Micyllus; the day begins to dawn — another time you shall see more.

* What a deep insight into human nature is discoverable in this continual relapse of Micyllus.

† It is obvious that this night-piece in the original is strongly enlightened after the manner of Aristophanes.

THE LIE-FANCIER,

OR THE

UNBELIEVER.

TYCHIADES and PHILOCLES.

TYCHIADES.

CAN you tell me, Philocles, what in all the world may be the reason, why the generality of mankind are such great lovers of lies, that they not only take pleasure themselves in relating incredible stories, but are all ear, when others bring the same wares to market?

The LIE-FANCIER. The subject of this very entertaining tract is the narrative made by Lucian, under the name of Tychiades, to his friend, of a conversation that passed beside the sick-bed of an athenian nobleman, concerning the belief in miracles, magic, ghost-seeing and the like. We have only to transport ourselves in imagination, about fifty years back, into the chamber of some old adle-pated count or baron in Swabia, Bavaria, or Austria, engaged in conversation on such edifying topics, not with the pretended philosophers Ion, Dinomachus, Cleodemus, Arignotus; but in their stead, with a goat-bearded capuchin, a well-fed præmonstratensian, or a fresh-coloured Bernhardine, a meagre hawk-nosed jesuit, and by all means a staunch believing carmelite, seated round him on the occasion of several millions of devils being recently driven out of some lunatic country-wench, and we shall have an excellent companion to this painting of Lucian's. Since that period, however, things are much altered: we may now see ourselves amidst a company of pure protestants in the chamber of Eucrates; and the ghost-seers, conjurers, mystagogues, hermetic students, magnetizers, disorganizers and exaltizers of the human nature; in short all kinds of adepts and wonder-workers playing under various forms and appellations, such great parts towards the commencement of the present century, that Ion and Eucrates and Dinomachus, &c. if they were to return to our world, would be constrained humbly to acknowledge the superiority of the moderns over the antients, and in this particular the advantage of our enlightened times above the era of the Antonines.

PHILOCLEES. There are numerous cases when men are obliged to tell lies in behalf of their own interest.

TYCHIADES. The question at present is not about them. In such predicaments the untruth is venial; aye, sometimes even laudable: for example, when in war we deceive the enemy by a false report, or contrive by this nostrum to rescue one from imminent danger, as Ulysses did to save himself and his companions. But I speak of those, my friend, who without the least apparent utility prefer lies to truth, and make it their peculiar pleasure, aye even a sort of business to lie, though absolutely they cannot assign any necessary cause for it. They must however think to gain somewhat by it, and that is just what I fain would comprehend.

PHILOCLEES. You know therefore, as it should seem, some whose love of falsity is as it were implanted in them.

TYCHIADES. Very many.

PHILOCLEES. I can assign no other cause for it than their stupidity; for he must be sadly deficient in understanding who prefers the worst to the best.

TYCHIADES. Neither is that it. For I could produce many persons of discernment, aye even some that are admired for their understanding, who, heaven knows how, are infected with this distemper, and are such lovers of lies, that it often grieves me to the heart, to see men who in every other respect are to be ranked among the best, take so great delight in deceiving themselves and others*. And indeed, as to those ancient

* Our farmers in these degenerate days are shockingly plagued with vermin, as caterpillars, mice, moles, &c. in their fields, orchards, and gardens, but all such marauders were formerly driven away either by exorcism *in nomine patris, et filii*, &c. or by a holy staff stuck in the ground, or simply by word of command, *Abite, maledicti!* Of a bishop Bonifacius it is recorded by Gregorius †, that he chased away all the caterpillars that devoured the cabbages, so that none remained in all the garden. A fox was in the habit of paying frequent visits to his mother's hen-roost, where he made sad havoc: Bonifacius, while yet a boy (a material part of the story) ran into the church and prayed thus: "Am I then doomed to eat nothing of the fowls which my mother rears!" Presently the fox returned, bringing back the hen in his chops; then, laying it down, fell dead upon the spot. *Quadam vero die dum in eodem vestibulo*

† *In Dialog. lib. 1. cap. 9.* containing facts, which were eagerly listened to by the rustics, and would fain have heard more of them.

historians, Herodotus and Ctesias of Cnidos*, and even before them, the poet and great bard Homer himself, as you know better than I do, these celebrated personages even wrote down their lies, and therefore not

puer Bonifacius staret, vulpes ex more venit, et gallinam abstulit; ipse autem concitus ecclesiam intravit, et se in orationem prosternens apertis vocibus dixit; Placet tibi, Domine, ut de nutrimentis matris meae manducare non possim? ecce enim gallinas quas nutrit vulpes comedit. Qui ab oratione surgens ecclesiam est egressus. Mox autem vulpes rediit, gallinam quam ore tenebat dimisit, atque ipsa moriens ante ejus oculos in terram cecidit. The brother gardiner Felix observed, to his great vexation, that a thief had made a way over the fence, and stole vegetables of various kinds. Searching about the spot, he saw a snake, whom he ordered to keep watch at the place where the thief had climbed over, and not suffer him to come in. At noon, whilst the brethren were taking their post-meridian nap, the thief came again, put one foot over the fence, but instantly fell backwards with afright, and remained hanging behind by one foot; until the gardiner came up. He now dismissed the snake, and gave the thief what he wanted, accompanied with a gentle admonition. — The brethren were extremely desirous to have a huge rock dug out, to make room for planting cabbages; but the stone was too vast for their powers. Fifty yoke of oxen could not have moved it. Nonnosus therefore prayed the whole night through upon the subject; on the morrow early, when they came to their work, they saw that the rock had been transported to a great distance. — He was in the act of cleaning some glass lamps; one of them slipped out of his hand and broke into innumerable pieces; he carefully gathered up the scattered fragments; laid them upon the altar, and repeated a prayer. On getting up from his kneeling posture, the lamp was entirely whole. [S. Gregorii, *Dial. lib. i. cap. 7.*] — Maurus, like another Peter, ran upon the surface of the water, as if it had been dry ground. — While the masons were raising an edifice, the devil threw down a great wall, as St. Benedict had predicted, by which the legs of a young monk were smashed; the bones were broke in two. At a prayer of the saint he was so perfectly well, that in the same hour he was able to proceed with his work. — Benedict had threatened two nuns with the ban (the sentence of excommunication had not yet been formally pronounced), for having too little respect for their priest. They died, and were buried in the church. Mass being celebrated as usual, and the deacon having called out; “Let those who do not communicate depart,” their old nurse, the fittest person alive, (that being evidence enough, for she surely must have known them), saw these nuns come out of the grave and leave the church. This she afterwards divulged, and Benedict sent an offering for them, *oblationem dedit, dicens: Ite, et hanc oblationem pro eis offerri Domino facite; et ulterius excommunicatæ non erunt;* and so they remained quietly in the grave. Another time Benedict sent some bread of the sacrament, to be laid on the breast of a corpse which the grave ejected as often as it had been interred. It now retained the body. *Cum multis aliis.*

* Both are in the satire on the lying historians, or as it is entitled, The true history, more severely chastized for it; though as to lies, Ctesias takes precedence of the homerizing Herodotus, and almost out-does the poet himself.

only deceived their contemporary hearers by them, but by the charms of their beautiful style and the music of their verse have propagated them to us. I confess that I sometimes inwardly blush, when they circumstantially relate to us the dismemberment of Uranus, the binding of Prometheus, the rebellion of the giants, and the whole tragedy of the subterranean world, and how Jupiter, in love, acted the bull or the swan, or how one girl or other was metamorphosed into a bird or a she-bear; to say nothing of their winged horses, chimæras, gorgons, cyclops and other the like incredibly marvelous tales, which are fit for nothing but to amuse little children who are yet frightened at fairies and hobgoblins. The lies of the poets, however, might be passed over: but that whole republics and nations should lie for reasons of state and from patriotic obligations as it were, is not that ridiculous? If the Cretans are not ashamed to shew Jupiter's tomb *; or if the Athenians with perfect seriousness assure us that their Erichthonius sprang out of the earth, and that the first men shot up like mushrooms from the attic soil; are we more able to retain our gravity, than when the Thebans talk of I know not what Spartans that rose from dragons' teeth † sown in the ground? And though some one should not pledge himself for the truth of such ridiculous stuff, but insinuate that he must be a numskull who could believe that Triptolemus was conveyed through the air by winged dragons, or that Pan came from

* Had the Cretans honestly said it was the tomb of one of their aboriginal kings, who was named Jupiter, no objection could be made to it: but that the tomb they showed should be the tomb of the very god, to whom they sacrificed, whom they adored as the father and king of gods and men: this was ridiculous, or rather something still worse.

† Ovid relates this story in the first fable of the third book of his metamorphoses. A dragon had devoured the companions of the phœnician adventurer Cadmus, in the district where he afterwards built Thebes, while they were in search of water. Cadmus revenged their death on the dragon, and having, by the advice of Minerva, sown his teeth in the ground, behold! there started up just as many armed men, who fell to fighting with one another with their slashing swords, and did not cease, till their whole number was reduced to five, whom Minerva inspired with the prudent thought, to conclude a peace together, and to become the founders of the five oldest families of Thebes. The *true* in this and every other legend of the heathen Greeks was as easily discernible from the feigned, as in those, which afterwards the greek and latin christendom cherished for so many centuries and in part still cherishes. But the great mass held fast to the letter; and where is the nation in the world, that has reason in this particular to deride the rest?

Arcadia to assist the Greeks in conquering at Marathon, or that the lovely Orithyia was ravished by the north wind, and by him became mother of the winged twins Zetes and Calais. Thus a man must be content to pass with such people for a stupid and impious fellow for not believing facts so notorious and indubitable. So great is the power of lies over common sense!

PHILOCLÉS. All this notwithstanding, Tychiades, somewhat may be said in favour of poets and republics: of the former, since it is incumbent on them to render their performances as agreeable as possible to their hearers, for whom the marvelous has always so great a charm; the Athenians and Thebans, and all others in similar predicaments, because they hope by such miraculous stories to obtain greater splendour and respect for their country. Besides, were we to banish these old fables from Greece, all those honest folks who live by shewing travellers the curiosities of the place, must die of hunger. But people who should, without any such inducement, take pleasure in relating lies as facts done, would be unquestionably in the highest degree ridiculous*.

TYCHIADES. And from one such worthy character I come straightway to you. You know the celebrated Eucrates? Would you think it; I have just heard from his mouth the most incredible things — things that

* The lie-lovers, with whom Lucian in this tract has to do, have in fact a double motive but too well founded in human nature. One is, the delight in wonderful representations, which with some is carried so far that they wish to deceive themselves by such relations, and perhaps even while they relate them actually do deceive themselves: the other a certain flattering sentiment of mental superiority, which naturally is so much the greater the more numerous and consequential the persons are whose imagination we overpower by our lies, and the more astonishing the matters of which we inform them. A certain Jesuit had laboured twenty years in the missions to Canada with fervent zeal, and been twenty times in imminent danger of being forced to seal the religion he preached with his blood, notwithstanding (as he himself confessed in the ear of a friend) he did not even believe in God. His friend remonstrated with him on the inconsistency of his zeal. "Ah, my friend, answered the missionary, if you could but represent to yourself, how great a pleasure it is, to see twenty thousand persons before one, who are come, with gaping mouths, to hear him persuade them of things which he does not believe himself!" I cannot indeed produce any more authentic voucher for this anecdote, than him who among writers is just as much the *unique* as Frederick II. of Prussia is among kings: but the thing in itself is so credible and natural, that we may safely give credit to it upon the bare word of one who was so well acquainted with the world as he was.

surpass all the nursery tales in the world? It grew at last so shocking that I could no longer support it, but ran away in the middle of his extravagant and prodigious stories, as if the furies had drove me out of the house.

PHILOCLEES. Eucrates! can it be possible? Who could be believed if Eucrates cannot? How? A man with such a venerable beard, a man of threescore years, always so much addicted to philosophy, who, so far from being capable of lying himself, should not so much as suffer any one to tell lies in his presence! That nobody will credit?

TYCHIADES. If you had only heard what things he uttered! What pains he took to obtain belief! What oaths and asseverations he made to confirm what he said! How he even pledged the lives of his own children in confirmation of it! — He carried it so far, and ran on with such miserable stupid stuff, that I could not help staring at him with astonishment, and could not determine within myself whether he was in his right mind, or whether he was an arrant cheat that had hitherto eluded discovery, and how it was possible that after so long an acquaintance I had not perceived the ridiculous ape beneath the lion's skin.

PHILOCLEES. Now, by heaven! Tychiades, you must give me an account of it. It is worth the while to know how much silliness such a bushy beard may cover.

TYCHIADES. Then I must tell you, that I am in the habit of visiting him sometimes, when I have nothing more material to do. To-day, however, having somewhat to say to my friend Leontichus, and being informed by his servant that he had gone out early to visit Eucrates, who was unwell, I had a double reason for calling on him: namely to speak to my friend, and to pay my visit to Eucrates, of whose indisposition I had no previous knowledge. Now, though I failed of meeting with Leontichus, there were several other people, and among them the peripatetic Cleodemus, the stoic Dinomachus, and Ion, who, you know, claims the merit of being so well versed in the writings of Plato, that he is better able than any to explain them. I mention by name, as you perceive only great men, of the first eminence for wisdom and virtue, and what is a capital circumstance, one of each sect; all of a very reverend and almost formidable exterior! Besides these, the physician Antigonus was also present, who probably had been called in for his advice. Eucrates seemed

to be on the mending hand, and to live on a footing of familiarity with his disorder; as the gouty humour had gone down again into the feet. He therefore called me to sit beside him on the couch, and that in a voice which on perceiving me he dropped into a sickly tone, though at my first entering I had heard him roar angrily and shrill enough. After the usual compliments — that I knew nothing of his indisposition, but, as soon as I was informed of it I ran to him post — I placed myself beside him, taking great care not to come too near his feet.

The topic of conversation was his malady; and the company were delivering their opinions upon it, each prescribing his own remedy for the disorder. If then the patient, continued Cleodemus, in the speech which my arrival had interrupted, will take up the tooth of a weazel from the ground with his left hand, wrapped up in a piece of lion-skin newly drawn off, and lay it on the foot, the pain will instantly cease. — Pardon me; not in a lion's skin, interrupted Dinomachus: I have heard that it should be the skin of a doe that has never had young; and that is likewise the more probable, since the doe is a very nimble creature, and its greatest strength lies in the feet. The lion certainly possesses great strength, and his fat, his right paw, and the straight hair of his beard are of singular efficacy, if skilfully applied, and accompanied with the prayer appropriate to each; but hardly I think in diseases of the feet. — I was formerly of opinion, returned Cleodemus, that it must be a doe-skin; because a doe is such a swift-footed creature; but I was lately instructed by an African, who is well skilled in these matters, to adopt another, by assuring me, that lions were swifter than does; for, said he, the lion pursues and catches the doe, not the doe the lion. — All present agreed, that what the African said was perfectly right.

The gentlemen then believe, said I, that by charms and incantations and external applications a man may be cured of internal diseases?

This question excited a universal fit of laughter, and my philosopher discovered clearly that he thought it unpardonable to be so ignorant, as not to know what was so manifest that no reasonable man could make the smallest objection to it. The physician Antigonus alone seemed pleased with my question, probably because his advice was at first but little heeded, when he prescribed to his patient, according to the rules of his art, for putting a stop to the disorder in time, to abstain from wine, to live

entirely on vegetables, and in general to avoid all exertion and irritation.

Upon this, Cleodemus, turning to me with a sneering smile, said: it appears then to you incredible, that medicines of this sort may be of some service in the cure of diseases?

Undoubtedly, rejoined I; or my nose must be mightily stuffed up*, if I were to believe that outward applications, which have no affinity with the inward springs of the disease, could possess an occult faculty of instilling as it were a cure into the patient. I am convinced that that would not ensue, though you were to sew up a whole score of weazels in the skin of the nemean lion †. At least I have seen more than one lion in a whole skin limp with pain.

That proves nothing, returned Dinomachus, except that you absolutely know nothing of the matter, and have never thought it worth the trouble to acquire information about it. You do not, I suppose, give credit to what is known to the commonest understandings, that intermitting fevers may be remedied, the bite of venomous animals rendered harmless, malignant ulcers dispersed, by vulgar applications which are comprehended in the successful practice of every old woman?

You here draw conclusions from things that have no analogy in nature, I replied; and as the proverb has it, drive out one nail with another. That all these maladies may be cured, is an ascertained fact: but whether it can be done by the efficacy of such spells as we are now speaking of, is by no means proved; and until you can persuade me that a fever or an imposthume is suddenly thrown into a terrible fright at certain divine names, or certain barbarous words ‡, and takes to its wings or

* The greek expression here runs counter to our notions of propriety and decorum.

† The monstrous supernatural lion which Hercules, being invulnerable, squeezed to death between his arms, and the skin whereof afterwards served him for a cloak.

‡ Such, for example, were the ephesian words, *ἰφίσια γράμματα*, *aski*, *kataski*, *air*, *tetrax*, *damnameneus*, *aision* (according to Hesychius) and the milesian, *bedy*, *zaps*, *eyton*, *chton*, *plectron*, *sphinx*, *knarzbi*, *chtyptis*, *phlegmos*, *drops*, with which various kinds of senseless superstitions were carried on. *Clemens Alexandr. Strom. v.* The Ægyptians had six and thirty such sacred words: each of which was the name of a genius, the bare invocation of whom was a specific against some particular distemper. *Orig. contra Cels. i.* All the Orientals were and still are to this day fraught with this superstition.

its heels, and flies or runs away, I must be so frank as to tell you that I hold what you say for nothing better than old-wives' tales.

It is plain, said Dinomachus, that a man who talks thus, and cannot bring himself to believe that divine names have the virtue to heal diseases, does not believe there are gods.

Say not so, my friend! I replied. The existence of gods may be true, yet all this be a lie. I, for my own part, have a devout reverence for the gods, and behold them daily work excellent cures, and restore the sick to health, by means of the medical art and drugs from the apothecary. Æsculapius and his sons recovered their patients by efficacious compounds, not by wrappers of lions' skins and weazels.

Let him believe what he pleases, said Ion; I will tell you an astonishing fact. I was a boy of about fourteen; when somebody came and told my father, that his vine-dresser Midas, one of our stoutest and most laborious servants, lay in a deplorable condition about the time of full market, bit by a viper, and his legs were beginning to mortify. It seems, while he was industriously at work, tying his vines to their trellices, the reptile crawled up to him, bit him by the great toe, and instantly slipt away and retired into his hole; in a word, the poor fellow now lay there, crying out and ready to expire with pain. While the man was stating these particulars, we saw the poor Midas borne on a plank by two of his fellow-labourers; he was swelled all over, discoloured black and blue, apparently gangrenous and panting for breath. One of the standers by, seeing my father much concerned at this accident, said to him: Take heart! I will go and fetch in a moment a Babylonian, one of those who pass under the name of Chaldeans; he shall presently set the man upon his legs again. To be brief; the Babylonian came, and recovered Midas: this he positively did by means of a charm, which drew the venom out of the body, and a scrap that he had broke off the tomb-stone of a virgin lately deceased, which he tied about the bad foot *. There may perhaps be nothing extraordinary in it; however, it is certain, that Midas took the same plank on which he had been carried, upon his shoulder; and

* Observe this affected extenuation of the miracle, of which he pretends to have been the eye-witness: it is highly characteristic of a man like Ion.

walked back to our estate, brisk and alert in perfect health. So powerful was the charm and the piece of tombstone! Besides this however I know several other facts of this Babylonian, which may with truth be called supernatural. One morning early he came to our estate, and after having walked thrice round the field with a torch in his hand and purified it with sulphur, he pronounced seven sacred names out of an old book *, strange to us, with a loud voice, and thereby immediately drove all the snakes and reptiles and every other species of vermin, how many soever they were, out of our inclosures. Attracted by the force of his conjuration, as if drawn by a rope, there came about him innumerable asps, serpents, vipers, efts, adders, darters, cow-suckers and toads. One old dragon staid behind, probably because, from extreme age and decrepitude, he was no longer able to creep out of his cave, and therefore did not obey the mandate. Ye are not all here, said the magician. He then nodded to one of the youngest serpents to come forward, and dispatched him to the old dragon; who not long after came. Being now all collected, the Babylonian blowed upon them, and instantaneously by one puff of his breath, they were all burnt to ashes †. You may imagine how we all stared ‡.

Pray, Ion, said I, may one ask you a question? This young dragon that was sent on the embassy to the old one, who as you say was no longer able to go — did he lead him by the hand, or did he come supported on crutches?

You are disposed to be jocular, I perceive, said Cleodemus. There was a time when I was still more incredulous respecting such matters than you are, and held it absolutely impossible, that I should ever be brought to believe anything of them. But, on seeing a certain foreigner (he gave

* For such an operation it is necessary to be provided with an old mouldy dogs-eared book. One neatly bound would by no means serve the purpose.

† It is very probable, that Lucian took this fine story, as well as a couple of the following, from some philosopher of his time, eminently endowed with faith. However that be, the opinion that serpents and other reptiles might be put under ban or interdiction was always very common among christians as well as heathens.

‡ The reader will have remarked the work-house style adopted by Ion in what he relates. It needs scarcely to be mentioned, that Lucian thus places these Platonists in their proper light. Whoever thinks and believes like a baby-nurse should talk like one of them.

himself out for a Hyperborean *) fly in the air, then I believed, and after a long struggle yielded to conviction. What could I do, since I saw him in broad daylight travelling through the air, walking on the water, and with an easy pace promenading in the fire?

How! cried I, you see a Hyperborean fly and walk upon the water!

Most assuredly, returned he, and that with shoes made of the raw hide, after the fashion of his country. I forbear to trouble you with the recital of his more ordinary performances: for instance, how by his potent spells he made people fall in love, cited spirits to appear, resuscitated the dead already beginning to putrefy, placed Hecate herself in person before us, drew down Luna from the sky, and more of the like nature. In lieu of them, I will only report to you what I saw him do in the house of Glaucias the son of Alexicles. This Glaucias was, upon the death of his father, just come into possession of his estate, when he became enamoured of the charming Chrysis the daughter of Democænetus. I was at that time his preceptor in the speculative philosophy, and if passion had not so entirely engrossed his thoughts, he would certainly have become master of our whole Encyclopædia; for he had already begun to analyse in his eighteenth year, and had gone through physics from beginning to end. Being however perplexed with this love affair, and now at his wit's end, he opened to me the state of his mind. I took him therefore (as in

* Lybians or Africans, Chaldeans, Ægyptians, Hyperboreans! — Such were people thought to be by the Greeks, who were dealers in theurgy, or at least who gave themselves out for such; the grecian vulgar connected with the bare names of these remote countries the idea of the marvelous. They had particularly derived from days of yore extraordinary notions of the Hyperboreans, as they were called; that is, a people who dwelt beyond the north wind, and whose country they imagined the finest in the world, a real paradise, elysium and dshininstan. The felicity of the Hyperboreans was proverbial with the Greeks. Pliny styles them, a people famous for romantic miracles; to be brief, the less that was known of them, the greater the inclination to believe the most wonderful accounts of them. Whoever therefore in Lucian's time, which was tolerably fertile in thaumaturges, gave himself out for a Hyperborean, had won the game. He, to whom Cleodemus here ascribes his conversion, seems to have been no clumsy juggler, but good at his legerdemain. He flew; this the hyperborean Abaris had done before him; for did not he come into Greece upon a talismanic arrow, and thence obtain the name of Air-walker, ἀεροβάτης? But to fly, though one is not the first to do so, is always a very fine art, and he that can practise it will find it an easy matter to walk through fire and water.

duty bound, being his tutor) to the said hyperborean inchanter, after I had put four minæ into the hand of the latter; for it was necessary to advance somewhat towards defraying the expense of the sacrifice *. Sixteen minæ more he was to receive when Glaucias had obtained the object of his wishes of Chrysis. Observing the moon to be at the full (that being the proper time for such enchantments), he began his operations by digging a pit in the court-yard, under the open sky, and called up to us about midnight first the father of Glaucias, who had been dead seven months. The old man was sadly vexed and angry at hearing of his son's passion, but was at length appeased and gave his consent to the match. He next raised Hecate, who was accompanied by her three-headed dog, and thereupon he drew down Luna from heaven. It was an amazing spectacle, where one apparition successively trod on the heels of another. For first she presented herself in a female form, afterwards she was turned into a marvelous beautiful cow, and at last became a little puppy †. This done, the Hyperborean took a small piece of clay, fashioned it into a little Cupid, and said to him: Go, and bring Chrysis hither. The clay flew at his command, and presently after Chrysis knocked at the door; on its being opened, she ran distractedly enamoured up to Glaucias, threw her arms about his neck, and remained with him till we heard the cocks crow. For then Luna flew back to the sky, Hecate dived under ground, the other phenomena vanished, and at break of

* This little ceremony is essentially necessary, and of such general notoriety, in all mystical scenes of this sort, that it would not be easy to adduce an instance where it has been omitted: The four minæ, at the rate of our money amounted to £12 18s. 4d.

† On the supposition, that the Hyperborean (as it may reasonably be supposed of such a wonderful personage) had a little invisible company of actors in his service, and that the chart was agreed upon between him and the fair and virtuous Chrysis, the whole juggling trick, by means of the proper decorations, and the due distance it was played off before the eyes of the simple lover and his still more silly tutor, may easily and very naturally be explained. Tychiades therefore enters into no explication, by which no end was to be obtained with such dolts as he had before him; he even agrees that he, like them, should have believed, if he like them had seen; but as a proof that his sight was not sharp enough to see through the delusion, which had been practised before their noses, he subjoins a couple of annotations which render all farther explanation superfluous. — To conclude, we see from this story that the jugglers of those days understood their art as well as those of ours; the refinement of the present age requires perhaps at times a rather more refined artifice; but in the main they amount to the same thing.

day we let Chrysis depart. Had you been an eye-witness of all this, Tychiades, you would certainly no longer doubt the controuling efficacy of incantations.

There you spoke like a wise man, replied I; most assuredly I should believe, if I had actually seen all this: but otherwise I am to be pardoned, methinks, for not being quite so sharpsighted on these matters as you are. Besides, I know this Chrysis to be one of the most tender and complying of her sex, and I cannot see wherefore it was necessary to employ an argillaceous negociator, a magician from the hyperborean regions, and to draw down Luna, as for twenty drachmas she would go of her own accord to the Hyperboreans themselves. For with that charm the kind nymph is immediately fascinated, and with her it is directly the reverse of the nature of sprights. They vanish, as you gentlemen say, at the sound of metals; whereas, if she hears the least tinkling of silver she runs to you immediately. Besides, I cannot but wonder at the magician, why he, since it depends solely on himself to make the richest woman in love with him, and thereby provide himself with thousands, is nevertheless contented with exercising his art in helping Glaucias out of his amorous distress for the pitiful sum of four minæ.

It is extremely ridiculous in you, said Ion, to affect the unbeliever in everything. I should however be glad to ask you, what you say to them who have the talent to liberate the possessed, since they by their incantations drive the devil visibly out of the body? It is however needless to waste many words upon that subject: for who is a stranger to the Syrian from Palæstine*, who is so great a master in that art? and who can be ignorant of the fact that great numbers, at the bare sight of the moon, fall to the ground, rolling their eyes about, foaming at the mouth, in short, how many lunatics this man recovered and sent to their homes perfectly cured, after having for a slight pecuniary reward drove the evil spirits

* I cannot see why some commentators affect to know more than what Lucian says. — Why should he, by this Syrian from Palæstine, have directly meant a christian, and that even a scholar of the apostles? And whence have these gentlemen got it, that the christians made a traffic of the gift of expelling the devil? Were there not at that time impostors enough who addicted themselves to such practices? And what reason could Lucian have had for not directly saying so, if by the Palæstinian he had understood a christian?

*and is not any
christian impostor?*

out of them? For as they lie on the ground before him, he asks the devil, from whence he came into this body? The patient speaks not a word: but the devil answers in greek or in some barbarous tongue, specifying both who he is and how and whence he came into the man; and then by conjuration, or if that will not do, by menaces he drives him out*. I myself once saw one of these devils jump out; he looked all black, and as if smoke-dried†.

I am not at all surprised, Ion, said I, that such a one as you can see such objects, since to you even those ideas are visible, which your father Plato shews you, though we dim-sighted folks find still less to see in them than in a decayed picture.

Ion then, you think, is the only one who has seen such things! said Eucrates. Are there not many others who either by day or by night have had the opportunity to see sprights? I myself have seen spectres, not once, but thousands of times. At first, I must own the sight frightened me; but now I am so accustomed to it, that I absolutely think I see nothing extraordinary in it. Especially since a certain Arabian gave me a ring made from the iron of a gibbet‡, and taught me the conjuration

* There were certain minatory charms of such potency that the spirits were forced instantly to obey them. Jamblichus, *de myster. Ægypt.* § vi. cap. 4. therefore styles them βιασικὰς ἀπιλάς. The ægyptian priests had minatory charms of such force that they even made the gods of the first rank to tremble. Porphyr. *epist ad Aneb.*

† His holiness St. Gregory the great, relates that many a person having accidentally forgot to make a cross with their finger over a salad, have swallowed a devil, who for his own pleasure and not with any design of that nature (at least Gregorius makes this excuse for him), was sitting on a lettuce; which stories likewise appear in *Clementinis*, and thus betray the roman stamp. One other case. During a very high wind, the unclean spirit (who is a prince and governs in the air) flew, in *specie vespertilionis*, or in the shape of a bat, down the throat of an unbelieving *diaconus*, who doubted the miracles of St. Virgilius, and would not let the people perform their devotions to his reliques. But of quoting examples of this nature from this holy pontiff there would be no end, and his book might properly serve as a supplement to the *Facetia Venales Josephi Milleri*, or those of the famous doctor of the black art, Faustus.—Here is ample need and scope for the entire prostration of the understanding and the will so earnestly recommended by a prelate of our day in a primary charge to his clergy. *Ohe! auferte ab aspectu nostro!*

‡ The superstitious notions attached to such magical rings have, to the benefit of the hon. Mr. Ketch, been retained among the populace in some countries to the present day.

with the several names belonging to it — though perhaps you will not even believe me, Tychiades*?

Pardon me, answered I: how should I ever think of such a thing as not to believe Eucrates the son of Dinon, so wise and learned a person, using the privilege of hospitality, and of saying freely what he pleases between his own four walls?

The story of the statue, continued Eucrates, you may not only hear from me, but from all my family: since there are none of my inmates, young or old, that have not been eye-witnesses of it, nights without number. Which statue? I asked.

Have you never noticed, replied he, in the entrance-hall the wondrous fine image, from the chisel of the famous Demetrius?

The discobolus, I suppose you mean, in a wryed posture, with the hand reversed, and one knee bent, as if intending to vary his gesture and rise with his throw, at the same time having his head turned to the girl who hands him the discus?

Not that, said he; the discobolus you speak of is one of Myron's figures †. Nor do I mean that other close by it, with the wreath on the head — likewise a beautiful piece — that is by Polyctetus ‡. But leaving

* Matters were not at all mended after the introduction of the new religion. St. Gregory's lies, and the legends of saints and martyrs, miracles and exorcisms, were as current in support of a blind and stupid submission to *clerici* and their *ecclesia*, as they had ever been before in aid of paganism. But what did these *clerici* teach? Ever more and more animal occupation for the common people. Diligent adoration of the martyrs and their reliques; especially of Maria, the *magna mater*, the mother of the supreme deity, *mater Dei*; sacrifices for the dead. Wherefore? The holy martyrs, their reliques, their merits and powerful intercession, were of great avail to the fertility of the country, in producing good weather, in obtaining riches, finding hid treasure; they preserved from sickness, delivered from diseases; defended against fire and water, against the devil, &c.; they helped out of purgatory and into heaven. Where was the difference in the notions of the heathens? They hoped and feared all this. If they had not reliques, crucifixes, &c. they had no want of amulets, of *probrii*, *alexiterii*, *dii apotropæi*, &c.

† Mention is made by Quintilian of a discobolus by Myron. Instit. ii. 13.

‡ It is observable with how many masterly strokes Lucian in this dialogue delineates the character of a wealthy Athenian, making pretensions to every branch of science, leading the fashion in everything, and speaking always in lofty terms; whatever he has is better, or he understands it better than others, and always authoritatively, as it were, gives the word of command; in brief, unites in himself all kinds of precedence and merit, personates the man of fashion,

the images that stand to the right as you enter, amongst which are a couple by Critias the Nesistan, of the tyrannicides. But if you have observed a statue standing almost close to the well, having somewhat of a prominent belly, bald, only half clothed, with a beard, some of the hairs of which seem to be agitated by the wind, and with very strongly marked veins, in short is so perfectly the man it represents — that is it to which I advert. It is thought to be the old corinthian commander Pelichus.

By Jupiter, exclaimed I, I took notice of that statue! It stands next to Saturn on his right hand, ornamented with a withered wreath and fillet on his head, and gilt plates on his breast.

Aye, I caused them to be gilt, said Eucrates, for curing me of a third relapse in a quotidian fever, of which I was just at death's door.

What then, I asked rather hastily, was this brave general Pelichus also a physician?

That he is; and I advise you not to laugh at it, replied Eucrates: it may perhaps cost you dear! I know what that statue, which you laugh at, is able to do. Or do you imagine, that he who can chase an everyday fever, cannot also inflict one?

I humbly beg pardon of the statue, rejoined I; as it is stout I hope it will likewise be merciful. But what else then have all the people in your house seen him do?

As soon as ever the night comes on, added he, it steps down from its pedestal and stalks round about the house, sometimes silently, sometimes singing; and there is not one in the house that has not frequently met it, but it does no harm to anybody. All we have to do is to step out of its way; then it passes on without molesting any. It not unfrequently bathes, and thus diverts itself the whole night through, so that the splashing of the water may be distinctly heard.

the philosopher, the connoisseur, the travelled man, the man who has met with a number of marvelous adventures; aye, (as we shall presently see) the tender husband and indulgent father, with the most arrogant self-complacency, and yet in reality is but a hollow, boasting Pantaloon to the consequential Athenians. His vain ostentation with the statues in his pavilion, and his naming the artificer of each, and the secret triumph over the uninformed Tychiades, who mistook a figure by Myron for the workmanship of Demetrius, and twenty other such observable lineaments, which represent the man so much to the life, that the reader must fancy he sees and hears him.

What if it should perhaps turn out at last, said I, that this statue is not Pelichus, but Talus an officer belonging to Minos of Crete*; seeing he was in a certain sense brazen, and travelled up and down the country. If, instead of bronze, it had been of wood, I know not why it might not be the workmanship of Demetrius, and not rather one of the famed performances of Dædalus †, since it, as you say, runs from its station as well as that.

Have a care, Tychiades, replied he; your flouts may draw upon you disagreeable consequences. I know how ill it fared with him who stole the oboli we offer as an oblation to him every new moon.

It could not fare bad enough with such a sacrilegious wretch, said Ion. Pray tell us how it was, Eucrates; for I am very desirous to hear it, though Tychiades here will again play the part of an unbeliever.

There lay, said he, a number of oboli at the feet of the image; some silver coins were likewise fastened with wax to his knees with divers silver plates besides, probably the offering of persons in gratitude for their re-

* The office of this Talus (as Plato tells us in his *Minos*) was to travel the circuit of Crete thrice every year with the brazen tablets inscribed with the laws of Minos. This procured him the surname of the brazen man. The later poets could not possibly be satisfied with this. They made of him a man really from head to foot of brass; for the rest however he was a man resembling others, excepting only that he had but one artery, and which ran from the head to the heel, and was stopped with a brass plug. Minos had received this marvelous person, the work of Vulcan, by Europa, as a present from Jupiter, and appointed him warden of the Cretan coast. In pursuance of which Talus three times a day perambulated the whole island, to prevent strangers whom he suspected to have no good designs from landing. On his refusing however in a brutal manner to let the Argonauts take in a supply of fresh water and provisions from the island, Medea, as it appears (for Apollonius, although he had formerly moved heaven and hell to set the enchantress against poor Talus, did not explain himself so clearly upon it as became a poet), found means to knock out the plug which served him instead of an ancle, against a stone, so that all the deity-blood, ἰχθυή, that he had in his body ran out like melted lead, and Talus therefore fell to the ground, never more to rise up. Apollon. *Argon.* iv. 1635-88.

† Dædalus is reported to have been the first grecian artist that gave a sort of feet to the images of the deities, or hermes, which before him had been mere pillars with heads. The Greeks, whose imagination embellished everything, found it therefore in later ages very agreeable to cozen themselves with the pretext that he made statues that required to be fastened in order to prevent them from running away. All his figures were of wood.

covery by the statue, from fevers*. It happened that we had then a groom, a good-for-nothing fellow, from Africa; he once had the impudence under favour of the night to steal all this away; having waited for the time when the image went the usual round. Pelichus at his return immediately perceived that he had been robbed, — observe now, how he was up with the African! The poor devil was forced to run round and round in a circle the whole night, and could no more get out of the hall than if he had got into a labyrinth, till the morning, when he was apprehended with all the stolen articles upon him, and handsomely cudgelled. However the matter did not rest here: for according to his own confession, he was every night so severely flogged by an invisible hand, that he could shew the weals on his back the following day, and, as his merited reward, languished for a short time, and at last died miserably. Now, Tychiades, make your game of Pelichus, if you dare, and continue to think that I am such a dotard as to fancy myself as old as king Minos!

For all that, my dear Eucrates, returned I, as long as brass is brass, and this image the workmanship of Demetrius of Alopœcia, who was not a god-maker but a statue-maker, I shall not be frightened at the statue of Pelichus, whom I should not have feared if he were alive, nor regarded his threats.

Here the physician Antigonus, turning to Eucrates, said: I also, Eucrates, have at home a Hippocrates of bronze, two spans high, which, whenever the wick of the lamp before him is burnt out, walks about the house, making a great clatter, bursting open the doors, overturning the boxes, and jumbling the gallipots together. He haunts us thus especially when we inadvertently omit to offer him the sacrifices of the victims we regularly slay every year on a particular day.

How? exclaimed I; does even the physician Hippocrates require victims to be sacrificed to him, and is angry if he cannot feast on his ap-

* Here then we have a true pagan miraculous image, a statue that cures fevers, richly stuck over and hung round with silver and waxen *ex votis*. Besides, this Pelichus was not the only wonderworking image of its kind. The statue of Theagenes the athletic, at Thasos, had the gift of curing the fevers and diseases of those who had faith in it. Paus. in *Æliac.* cap. xi. The same is affirmed by our author in a passage of his Council of the gods, respecting the statue of Polydamas, another famous athletic, at Olympia.

pointed day, like a god of the first quality? I should have thought he would be glad to be presented with at most a black cock, or a libation of mead, or even with a simple wreath of flowers about his head.

Now I will tell you, said Eucrates, something that can be well attested which I saw five years ago*. It was during the vintage. About noon,

* To enumerate all the lies recorded by the holy pontiff Gregory the great, *vicarius filii Dei*, and withal a saint, would fill a volume. How, for instance [Dial. lib. i. cap. 4.] the sorcerer Basilius (who by the bye was a christian, by his order) having fled to a monastery for refuge from the magistrate, was in company with himself, to wit St. Gregory, and several other friars in the cell of St. Equitius, which, together with them that were in it was several times by magic lifted up in the air and set down again without hurting anybody. The devil, according to him, is the author of storms, of thunder, lightning and hail, and it is particularly stated that praying, *Deum invocare*, and all other means will avail nothing against him. It happened once, on the feast of St. Hidulphus, that a dreadful storm came on; it was thought the sky would fall in. The monks ran to the altar for fear; some held up crosses, others fetched out reliques and the least heavy saints, others brought out the sacred altar clothes, *corporalia*, into the open air, others rang the bells, others called upon God: the more they did all this, the worse it was. When the monks perceived that prayer had no power against the disaster, they had their usual recourse to their patron St. Hidulphus. They brought out the bier on which his holy body lay, and invoked it with a loud voice, *altisonis vocibus ipsum* (for God would do nothing till Hidulphus came) *inclamantes*. No otherwise than as if these clouds were intelligent creatures, they obeyed the command of the servant of God; the storm separated into four parts; all was calm and serene. Overjoyed the brethren return and celebrate a great mass, *massam majorem*. They had not finished, however, ere all was again wrapt in clouds as bad as before the exposure of the sacred reliques had dispersed them. Lightning and thunder were now more tremendous than ever. The monks therefore again fetched out their old ally, *glebam Sancti contra aëris tempestates pugnaturam*, with crosses and censors in abundance. What happened? As soon as this appeared, and the soul of the saint in heaven had said his prayer, (this author designs to shew that God listens more readily to those in heaven, than to men upon earth) all was again clear and bright. At this they were glad, and the monks carried back the shrine, and praised God with all their might. Now after such hard work and so much affright, they sat down to a late dinner. But before they rose from table, the peals of thunder were again heard, the lightning flashed hither and thither, and the hail beat terribly upon the roof — What should the monks now do? Death stared them in the face; they left off eating; called the people together, quickly brought out the holy helper: all was calm and serene. But now as this storm had so greatly terrified the brethren, by its frequent recurrence, they judged it best to leave the holy coffin standing out all night, with watchmen, that it might not return; and so at length they went to bed. And the *tempestatum ductor* (a name, it seems, of the devil) could do nothing against the exposure of his holy adversary; however he was resolved to shew what he would have done, if he could. During this night such a quan-

having dismissed the labourers from their work, I rambled all alone in the wood, absorbed in profound thought about some particular affairs. Advancing farther into the bosom of it, I heard the barking of dogs. I thought my son Mnason might be pursuing his accustomed sport, hunting with some companions of his own age in the thickest retreats of the forest. But that was not the case: for soon afterwards the earth began to quake. I heard a noise as if it thundered, and looking up, I beheld a woman of horrible aspect, nearly half a stadium of stature*, walking up to me. In her left hand she carried a torch, and in the right a sword about twenty yards in length. Her nether parts terminated in the dragon form instead of feet, and upwards she appeared like a real Medusa; she had something hideous and terrific in her eyes and in the whole of her appearance; and instead of hair she had snakes, some in knots twisted about her neck, some curled in waving tresses fell over her shoulders. At the bare relation my blood this very moment runs cold in my veins. See, my friends, added he; and shewed us the hairs on his arms stiff and erect from terror †.

Ion, Dinomachus, and Cleodemus, with several others that were standing round, all of them advanced in years, stared while they listened to him with their mouths half open, and paid their private devotions to the incredible colossus of a woman half a stadium in height, and fit to strike terror into a giant. I for my part could not help reflecting, what rare people these were to be intrusted with the instruction of youth in wisdom, and who inspired the vulgar with reverence; whereas, deducting their hoary head and grey beard, they are really children in understanding, and are even more easily cajoled by such lies and impostures than mere infants.

tity of hail came down, *demissa est*, in perfect silence, *cum summo silentio*, as the author had it from written accounts, *prout scriptum reperi*, that in a sultry summer heat of fifteen entire days, the heaps of hailstones could not be melted; but without the walls of the monastery there was not a single hailstone. I shall only observe here that in *concilio Bracarensi*, in the sixth century, tom. iii. *Harduini*, canone 8. it is expressly forbid, under pain of anathema, not to believe that the devil makes lightning, thunder and hail.

* Three hundred feet.

† Eucrates had, it appears, the proper talent of relating miraculous stories; the present ghostseers cannot form themselves upon a better model.

Pray now, Eucrates, said Dinomachus, how big were the dogs of the goddess*?

Bigger than the elephants of the East Indies, black, covered with shaggy, long, clotted hair. At the sight of this apparition I stood fixed to the spot, and secretly turned the ring I had received from the Arab, to the inside of my hand. Upon this, Hecate immediately stamped with her dragon-feet upon the ground, and a cleft ensued, of such prodigious magnitude that all Tartarus seemed to be uncovered. She leaped into it, and gradually disappeared. I however plucked up courage, and, stooping down, looked into the abyss, holding with my arm round a tree that grew near, to prevent my falling in, in case I should be seized with giddiness. And now I saw all that is to be seen in Tartarus, the fiery billows of Phlegethon, the stygian lake, cerberus, the souls of the departed, so distinctly, that I recognized among them several of my acquaintance. My father I could not mistake, because he was dressed precisely in the same garments in which we buried him.

But what were the souls doing, dear Eucrates? interrogated Ion †.

What were they doing? returned the former: they were lying according to their families and guilds ‡ upon flowery beds of asphodel, and passing the time agreeably with their friends and relations.

Henceforth, said Ion, let the Epicureans no more dispute against the divine Plato and his doctrine! But did not you see Socrates and Plato among the dead?

Socrates, yes; though not clearly. I only conjectured it to be him, by his shining pate and protuberance of belly. But Plato I could not discern; for I should be sorry to tell my friends anything more than the bare truth §. Whilst I was thus standing and carefully taking a survey of

* This question is put with great propriety into the mouth of the stoic Dinomachus; as the stoics piqued themselves on being great dogmatizers in the vulgar theology, and he thinks it no trifling acquisition if he can inform himself of the proper size of the dogs of Hecate from the mouth of so credible an eye-witness.

† The platonist, probably in order to complete his Phædo.

‡ In the usual manner of the Athenians at a triumphal banquet. — The asphodel flowers he had got from Homer.

§ Another feature in proof of Lucian's having drawn his picture of Eucrates from real life. This conscientiousness in lying indicates a great master. How credible in the view of such

everything, the gap began to close; and some of my servants who were come in search of me, among whom was this Pyrrhias here, were standing near me, before the cleft was completely shut. Speak, Pyrrhias; say whether or not what I advance is true.

Most true, by Jupiter, said the fellow; for I myself heard the barking from the chasm below, and it was as if I saw the flame of a burning torch swung to and fro.

I could not but smile at the officiousness of the witness, in giving us the barking and the flame into the bargain. Upon this, Cleodemus began: the vision which you saw, was nothing strange, several others have seen the like. I myself, during my late illness, saw something of a similar nature. Antigonus here present, was my physician. It was the seventh day, and the fever was so violent that I lay as in a glowing furnace. I was quite alone: for Antigonus had sent all my attendants out of the room and locked the door, in order to try if I could get a little sleep. All at once, while still wide awake, there stood before me a wonderful fine youth in white raiment, who bade me get up, and conducted me through just such a cleft into the subterranean world, where I immediately at the first glance descried Tantalus, Tityus, and Sisyphus. I imperceptibly came to the judgment-seat, upon which I saw one that looked like a king (Pluto without doubt), attended by Æacus and Charon, and surrounded by the fates and the furies, in order to rehearse the names of those who were to die, without farther respite; having already over-lived their appointed time, and, so to say, were superannuated. The youth presented me; but Pluto was displeased at it, and said to my conductor: his thread is not yet spun out; therefore let him go. But fetch hither the coppersmith Demylus, who has lived beyond his distaff. I accordingly ran back, delighted, and found myself rid of the fever, but told my people, that neighbour Demylus would shortly die. I received intelligence that he was indisposed, and presently after, hearing a lamentable cry, we concluded that he was really dead.

There is nothing very extraordinary in all this, said Antigonus. I know an instance of one, who on the twentieth day after his burial got

hearers as Eucrates had, is one who can resist so fair an opportunity and such strong temptation.

up again — and know him intimately, since both before and after his death he has always been my patient.

But how, I asked, is it possible, that a man, if he were really dead, in the course of twenty days should not putrefy; or, if still alive in the grave, not die of hunger? Your patient must surely have been a second Epimenides*.

While we were thus discoursing, the two sons of Eucrates came in from the palæstra. One of them was just come of age, the other might be about fifteen. After making their bows to the company, they placed themselves on the couch of their father, and an elbow chair was set for me. Eucrates at once began, as if the sight of his sons had brought to his recollection a new miraculous story: — so may I have comfort of these two, as that is true which I am going to relate, Tychiades! How much I loved my dear departed wife, their mother, is known to everyone; I have sufficiently shewn it, by my carriage to her both during life and after her death, in having burnt with her all her jewels, and the dress she most delighted in when alive. On the seventh day after her decease I was lying on this identical couch, trying to console myself under my affliction by reading Plato's treatise on the soul. All was still and solitary around me. All at once I beheld my Demæneta sitting by me in the very same place where now Eucratides is seated. At these words he pointed to his younger son, who, as may be easily imagined of a boy of his age, had turned pale before at the very beginning of his father's recital, was now quite aghast. On seeing her, continued Eucrates, I embraced her, and wept like a child. She stopped my cries, but gently complained, that I, who was wont to do everything to please her, had neglected to burn with her one of her golden sandals. It had fallen down, she said, behind a clothes-chest — and that was the reason that I could not find it, and therefore had burnt only one. While we were thus talking together, my little sporting-dog of the miletan breed, that lay under the couch, began to bark, and immediately she vanished. The sandal, however, was afterwards found under the clothes-chest, and on the following day burnt. Now, Tychiades, is it possible for you to withhold your belief from such evident facts, and which, so to speak, are of daily occurrence?

* That is in a supernatural trance. See the note upon Timon, p. 35.

Heaven forefend! cried I; they certainly deserved to be slapped with a golden sandal, as we chastise little children *, who do not believe and saucily laugh truth in the face!

As we were thus conversing, in came Arignotus, the pythagorean, the man with the fine spiral curls †, and of grave and venerable aspect, who is renowned for his wisdom, and is by many styled the holy Arignotus. At the sight of him I felt myself somewhat cheered: he, thought I, could not have come more opportunely to my relief; for such a wise man as this will surely stop the mouths of these windy miracle-mongers! In short, I was inclined to believe that he was sent as a deity from the clouds to succour me in my distress, since I had already given up all hope. Cleodemus immediately rose up to make place for him, and as soon as he was seated, and had made his inquiries about the malady, from which he learnt that Eucrates was considerably easier, he began: have not your company been philosophizing together? On entering I overheard something of the sort, and the conversation seemed to be on a very entertaining subject.

Nothing of smaller account, said Eucrates, than to convince this adamantine man here (nodding towards me) that there are ghosts and apparitions and spectres, and that the souls of the dead roam about the earth and become visible whenever they please. I blushed at these words, and fixed my eyes upon the ground from reverence to Arignotus.

Perhaps, replied he, it is the opinion of Tychiades, that only the souls of those wander up and down, who have died by a violent death; for example, those who have hanged themselves, or have been decapitated, crucified, or have been despatched out of the world in some manner of a like kind; but not those who have died a natural death. If he asserts this, he may not be so much in the wrong.

No such matter, by Jupiter! cried Dinomachus; he denies all such things absolutely and altogether, and is of opinion that nothing of the sort is possible.

* In the greek: deserves to have his breech slapped. Lucian is apt to speak plain.

† Flowing curls and ringlets made a part of the costume of a pythagorean, because their holy father Pythagoras distinguished himself by them. They had a sort of precedence among the other philosophical orders, particularly since Apollonius of Tyana had given the pythagoric a new impulse.

How? said Arignotus, casting a stern look at me; you deny the reality of what the whole human race, as it were, are witnesses!

The charge of unbelief, replied I, is at the same time my justification: I believe not, because I am the only one that sees nothing. Had I seen something, I should doubtless believe as well as you.

If then you ever go to Corinth, said Arignotus, inquire for the house of Eubatides; and when it is shewn you, not far from the Cranæum, go in, and tell the porter Tibius, that you would fain see the place from whence the pythagorean Arignotus expelled the dæmon by digging up the earth, and rendered the house habitable from that day forward*.

How was that, Arignotus? questioned Eucrates.

The house, replied the former, being haunted, was for a long time uninhabited: for whoever ventured into it was sure to be scared and persecuted away by a horrid, doleful, and extremely restless apparition. So that it already began to fall to ruin, and the roof had nearly dropped in; for no man had the courage to set a foot in it. The moment I had intelligence of it, I snatched up my books (I have several ægyptian volumes upon such subjects) and repaired an hour before midnight to the house, though the owner of it endeavoured to dissuade me by every argument he could think of from my purpose, and almost used violence to hold me back, he having heard that I meant to try some expedients that would inevitably be my destruction. I however persisted in my design, entered with a lamp quite alone into the house, set down the light in the great hall, seated myself on the floor, and read silently to myself. The dæmon, imagining that he had to deal with a man, who, like all others of the vulgar sort, would suffer himself to be frightened, appeared in a horrible garb. A rough and shaggy fiend he was; blacker than darkness. Approaching me nearer and nearer, he tried by making an orbicular assault, and various other stratagems, to put me off my guard: now turning himself into a dog, now into a bull, now into a lion. But having in readiness the most dire and dreadful incantation I was provided with, I pro-

* The lying story which Arignotus is here telling us, agrees in all material circumstances with those that the younger Pliny (but as one who believed in such things more vividly) relates in his epistles (*lib. vii. ep. 27*). The only difference is in the name of the city and of the philosopher. In Pliny, Athens is the scene of action, and the exorcist is called Athenodorus.

nounced it in the ægyptian language, and finally drove him by the potency of my spells into the darkest corner of the house. I well observed the place where he sank, and slept the rest of the night in perfect tranquillity. In the morning, when everybody had given me up for lost, and believed for certain that the dæmon had twisted my neck as he had served my predecessors, behold, I come forth, contrary to the expectation of all, go to Eubatides, and carry him the joyful tidings, that he may henceforth inhabit his house free from all apprehension. I brought him himself, in company with some others whom the strangeness of the event had drawn together, to the spot where I had seen the dæmon sink, and ordered the ground to be dug up. At the depth of about a fathom we found an old carcase, with the bones that formed the skeleton, in their natural connexion, in high conservation. This we took up, and re-interred in due form: and from that time to this the house has been free from ghosts.

When Arignotus, a man who for wisdom seemed almost a divinity, and was regarded with reverence by all the world, had finished this relation, there was not one of the company who did not take me for a consummate fool, if I were capable of still holding out against such positive evidence for a matter of fact, related by a person of so much discernment as Arignotus. But without being at all abashed, either by his pythagoric head of hair or his great celebrity, — is it possible, said I, that you, Arignotus, who have staked your whole hope of comfort on the truth, that you too should be fraught with vapours and chimæras of the brain? Thus even in you is the old saying verified, that all that glitters is not gold!

But, returned Arignotus, since neither I nor Dinomachus nor Cleodemus nor Eucrates are worthy to be believed, name to us, if you can, a person more creditable than we are, who maintains the contrary!

One will I name to you, by Jupiter! and that a great and generally-admired person, in a word, the celebrated Democritus of Abdera, who was so firmly persuaded that nothing of the like sort was possible, that — for the sake of avoiding interruption in his thoughts, having shut himself up in an antient sepulchre, without the city-gates; where he passed whole days and nights in meditation, and when a pack of graceless boys, in order to scare him, wrapped themselves in black funereal cloaks, and with masks on their faces representing death's heads, ap-

peared with many antic gesticulations dancing and jumping about him ; — he was so little disturbed by this masquerade, that he did not once look up ; but continuing to write, he at last merely said : Leave off playing the fool ! — So firmly did he believe, that souls were nothing after their departure from the body.

That, said Eucrates, proves nothing but that Democritus was a fool for believing so. I will however relate to you something else, that I have not from mere hear-say, but which occurred to myself. Perhaps, Tychiades, even you will be forced to subscribe to the truth, on hearing this story. — While I resided in Ægypt, whither I was sent very young by my father, for the purposes of study, I conceived a desire to go up the Nile to Coptos, for the sake of hearing Memnon *, who at sunrise utters such surprising tones. I did hear him ; not as the generality do, yielding a bare sound without meaning, but I heard a real oracle out of Memnon's own mouth, in seven verses, which I could repeat, if it would not be digressing too far from our subject. On our return, there happened to be in the same ship with me a man of Memphis, a person of amazing wisdom, and a real adept in all the learning of the Ægyptians. It was reported, that he had lived no less than three and twenty years in a cave under ground, and during that time was instructed by Isis herself in magic.

You speak, interrupted Arignotus, of my old tutor Pancrates ? Was not it a man of the sacerdotal order, with a shaven crown, dressed entirely in linen — always absorbed in profound meditation — spoke pure greek — a tall, lean man, with a pendulous under-lip, and somewhat spindle-shanked ?

Of that very same Pancrates, replied he. At first I knew not who he was. When I saw him however, as often as we went on shore, among

* The statue of Memnon, here referred to, was seen by Pausanias, according to his own assertion, not at Coptos, but farther up at Theba, where likewise it is placed by every other writer that mentions it. The statue was colossal, of black marble, and gave, as currently reported, every morning at sunrise on being touched, a sound like the snapping of an overstrained lute-string. At the time of Lucian and Pausanias, the upper part of this statue lay in ruins at the foot of the trunk still standing, exactly in the same state in which it is said to have been removed by order of Cambyses.

other surprising feats, ride upon crocodiles, and swim about among these and other aquatic animals, and perceived what respect they had for him by wagging their tails, I concluded that the man must be somewhat extraordinary, and strove to ingratiate myself with him by an attentive and complaisant behaviour. This succeeded so well, that he soon treated me on the footing of an old friend, and communicated to me all his mysteries. At length he persuaded me to leave my people at Memphis, and accompany him quite alone; we should never want for attendance, he said. I complied with his advice, and ever since this has been our manner of life. When we came to an inn, he would take the wooden bar of the door, or a broom, or the pestle of a wooden mortar, put clothes upon it, and speak a couple of magical words to it. Immediately the broom, or whatever else it was, was taken by all the people for a man like themselves; he went out, drew water, ordered our victuals, and waited upon us in every respect as handily as the completest domestic. When his attendance was no longer necessary, my companion spoke a couple of other words, and the broom was again a broom, the pestle again a pestle, as before *. This art, with all I could do, I was never able to learn from him; it was the only secret he would not impart to me; though in all other respects he was the most obliging man in the world. At last however I found an opportunity to hide me in an obscure corner, and overheard his charm, which I snapped up immediately, as it consisted of only three syllables. After giving his necessary orders to the pestle, without observing me, he went out to the market. The following day, when he was gone out about business, I took the pestle, clothed it, pronounced the three syllables, and bid it fetch me some water. He directly brought me a large pitcher full. Good, said I, I want no more water; be again a pestle! He did not however mind what I said; but went on fetching water, and continued bringing it, till at length the room was overflowed. Not knowing what to do; for I was afraid lest Pancrates at his return should be angry (as indeed was the case), and having no alternative, I took an axe, and split the pestle in two. But this made bad worse; for now each of the halves snatched up a pitcher

* There are more things in heaven and earth, than our philosophy ever dreamt of. — Hamlet.

and fetched water ; so that for one water-carrier I now had two. Meantime in came Pancrates ; and understanding what had happened, turned them into their pristine form : he however privily took himself away, and I have never set eyes on him since.

You therefore probably still understand the secret, how to make a man out of a wooden-pestle ? said Dinomachus.

By Jupiter ! out of the half of one, answered Eucrates. But when it is once become a water-bearer, since I cannot restore it to its pristine form, we should lay the whole house under water by his officiousness *.

Here my patience began to give way. Will you never, cried I, have done talking such nonsensical stuff, so ill becoming a person of your years ? But though you may have so little respect for yourself, you should at least spare these young folks, and make it a matter of conscience not to fill their heads with such absurd and frightful tales, which, if they once lay hold on their imagination, may disquiet their whole lives, make them shudder at every sound of rustling leaves, and surrender them a prey to all kinds of superstition and visionary horrors arising from the dread of ghosts.

Oh, there you bring me to the proper point, said Eucrates, by speaking of the dread of ghosts. What say you then to the auguries and oracles and prophecies of future events, uttered either from sacred caves, or by divine impulse from inspired persons, or predictions in poetic strains from the heaving breast of a prophetic virgin ? All these, no doubt, will obtain no credit with you ? Nevertheless — but I forbear to tell you of a talismanic ring with the figure of the delphic Apollo that I myself possess, which from time to time gives forth prophetic sounds, lest you imagine that from vain glory I pretend to have such a curiosity ; however, what I both heard and saw at Mallus in the temple of Amphilochus †,

* And of course at last inundate the whole city and the whole country, aye the whole earth ; so that we are greatly obliged to the good-natured Eucrates for his moderation ! For how easy would it have been for him farther to shew his eagerness to convince the incredulous Tychiades in all these regards.

† This Amphilochus was descended from a prophetic family ; for his father was the soothsayer Amphiarus, and his grandfather Apollo himself. He was one of the thirty suitors of Helena, assisted in the conquest of Troy, and after his return built the city Amphilochium in Epirus. Both father and son were after their death adored among the gods, and the son

where that demigod in person conversed with me, and communicated to me his advice touching my affairs, as also what I afterwards saw at Pergamus and heard at Patara, I will not scruple to relate. While on my passage home from Ægypt, being informed that the oracle at Mallus was famous for its infallibility, and answered word for word every question delivered in writing to the prophet: I thought I could not do better, as I sailed by, than to make trial of this oracle, and consult the god concerning my future fortunes. —

Eucrates, as you may perceive by this preamble, was in a fair way to begin a long tragedy of oracles, of which I had no inclination to wait the catastrophe. Seeing therefore what a fresh impulse the conversation had acquired, and not thinking it expedient for me to be the only one to contradict the rest to their faces, and could perceive plain enough, that my presence was burdensome: I thought fit to leave him to continue his voyage from Ægypt to Mallus without me, and said: I must go in quest of Leontichus, with whom I have some business to transact. You, gentlemen, who think you have not enough to do with human affairs, may call in the gods to supply you with fresh materials for your marvelous stories. — Saying this, I took my departure, and left them, to their great satisfaction, at full liberty to treat one another, and cram themselves up to the throat with alternate lies.

Thus, dear Philocles, you have a slight specimen of the pretty stories, which my visit to Eucrates procured me. I declare, I am just like one that has surfeited himself with new wine, and am in want of a powerful emetic. I would give any money for an oblivious potion, to wash clean from my memory what I have heard this morning, that I may not be harmed by it one way or other. I seem as if I had always before my eyes nothing but signs and wonders, hobgoblins and infernal goddesses sixty yards in height.

PHILOCLES. Your bare recital of them has had almost the same effect on me. It is a common saying, that they who are bit by a mad dog not only are seized with hydrophobia themselves, but that even the bite of

had at Mallus an oracle, of which the credulous Pausanias (*Attic. cap. xxxiv.*) boasts, as being the most infallible of all the oracles then existing. Mallus was a city in Cilicia Campestris, situate near the sea coast.

one bitten is attended with the same effects as the bite of a mad dog itself *. Both of us, methinks, are exactly in that predicament, since you were bit by such a pack of lies at the house of Eucrates; and your recital must have communicated to me some portion of the virus; so entirely have you filled my fancy with dæmons.

TYCHIADES. However, let us not be disturbed about that; we have an excellent antidote to it, truth and sound judgment, by the application whereof none of these empty and vain chimæras will annoy us.

* Lucian makes no scruple to employ the same simile more than once. This that occurs here we have met with before in the Nigrinus.

ICAROMENIPPUS,

OR THE

AËRIAL JAUNT.

MENIPPUS AND HIS FRIEND.

MENIPPUS. [*Talking to himself.*]

THREE thousand stadia, from the earth to the moon. The first station. — From thence to the sun about five hundred parasangs*. From the sun to Jupitersburg in the sky, though there is no high road, yet a stout eagle perhaps might reach it in a day.

ICAROMENIPPUS. Of all Lucian's compositions, the spirit of Aristophanes appears to me to be the most abundantly poured out upon this. It is in my judgment (a few passages subtracted) a master-piece of the most urbane dicacity and the wittiest persiflage, and is distinguished from most of the others chiefly by this, that in it are employed scarcely any but popular notions, for bantering the philosophers and deities, and the latter while he seems to avenge them on the former. With the Menippus whom he makes to take this ludicrous aërial journey we shall be better acquainted when we come to the Dialogues of the dead. So little is known of him, that even the circumstance of his having been a disciple of Diogenes of Sinopè, is merely conjectural: this however we do know, that his disposition to view in a ridiculous light, what the generality of mankind pursue with the greatest ardour and avidity, drew upon him the surname of *σκυδογλαῖος*. Various writings were circulated under his name, which Terentius Varro, the most erudite and easy writer of all the Romans, in his Menippic satires (as he styles them) took for his model. All these however being lost, the use which Lucian makes of this philosophical harlequin has alone been the means of transmitting his character and his memory down to posterity.

* Persian miles [*farsang*]; five and twenty whereof amount by computation to a degree. Or, supposing the persian parasang equal to 30 stadia, the distance will be 1875 miles. The an-

FRIEND. What, in the name of all the graces! are you astronomizing and calculating there between your teeth, Menippus? I have been listening to you a good while as you were talking over to yourself a journal of some strange journey, and about suns and moons and stations and parasangs.

MENIPPUS. Marvel not, my comrade, if I appear talking to you on superterrestrial and aerial topics; the short of the matter is, that I was just recounting the journal of a voyage I have lately made.

FRIEND. How? Did you then, like the phœnician mariners*, take the stars for your guides †?

MENIPPUS. Not so: but I have travelled in the stars.

FRIEND. By Hercules! you have had a long dream of it, if you have slept away whole parasangs.

MENIPPUS. You think I speak of a dream, my good sir! but there you are mistaken; I come direct from Jupiter.

FRIEND. How say you?

MENIPPUS. Verily so. Immediately from that far-famed Jupiter, after having both seen and heard what exceeds all imagination. If you do not believe me; so much the better! as what has happened to me surpasses belief. That is precisely what in the affair most delights me.

FRIEND. How should I, o glorious and olympic Menippus, I, poor son of earth, presume to refuse my belief to a man who comes imme-

tient greek stadium is computed to have contained a hundred and twenty-five geometrical paces, or six hundred and twenty-five roman feet, corresponding to our furlong. Eight stadia make a geometrical, or italian mile; and twenty, according to Dacier, a french league. It is observed notwithstanding by Guilletiere, a celebrated french writer, that the stadium was only six hundred athenian feet, six hundred and four english feet, or a hundred and three geometrical paces. The Greeks measured all their distances by stadia, which, after all we can discover concerning them, are different in different times and places.

* The Phœnicians were very skilful navigators. Without the aid of the compass they found their way to our islands, then called the Cassiterides, or Tin islands, and in Cornwall left several greek words which remain there to this day. The inhabitants of that country (as is supposed) not submitting patiently to be plundered of their tin, these adventurers thought it very uncivil, and carried back such a character of them as Horace afterwards expressed by *Britannos hospitibus feros*.

† The jest lies clearly, in supposing that the friend must conclude, from the parasangs and stages, that the affair in question, was a journey by land.

diately from the clouds! But tell me then, if you will be so condescending, how you contrived to climb so high, and whence you procured such a monstrous ladder? Because, to imagine that you were caught up by an eagle, in order to relieve Ganymede in his office of cup-bearer; for that, with your permission, you are not handsome enough*.

MENIPPUS. You are still jocular, I perceive; and it is no wonder if you believe my strange reports to be all a fable. But in my ascent I had no need of a ladder nor of an admiring eagle: I had my own wings.

FRIEND. Well; this outdoes even Dædalus! So, while the rest of us knew nothing of the matter, you were metamorphosed into a hawk or a kite!

MENIPPUS. You come somewhat nearer the mark, neighbour! In fact I tried the same device that Dædalus hit upon; I made myself wings.

FRIEND. Most daring of all mortals! You were not afraid of encountering the fate of his son, and designating some Menippic sea by your name, as the Icarian was called after his!

MENIPPUS. No fear of that. Icarus, who cemented his feathers with wax, might have foreseen, that the sun would melt it: I used no wax in the fabrication of my wings.

FRIEND. How did you manage it then? For by insensible degrees you have screwed me up, I cannot tell how, to believe there may be some reality in this aerial journey.

MENIPPUS. Thus I did. Having caught a huge eagle and a powerful vulture, I cut off their wings, at the first joint, and — If you have time however I would rather relate to you my whole plan, from the very beginning.

FRIEND. My time cannot be better employed. For really, at your narration it is with me just as if I was wafted among the clouds; or

* This single circumstance is sufficient to shew the error of the scholiast, who confounds Lucian's Menippus with another of that name, mentioned by Philostratus in the life of Apollonius. This Menippus, born in Lycia, somewhat more than 400 years later, was so beautiful that an empuse (a sort of spright or evil spirit in the distaff-philosophy of the Greeks) fell in love with him; and as she appeared to him in the form of a fair and wealthy dame, he returned her passion with mutual ardour. The whole history, and how the grand ghostseer and ghost-layer Apollonius carried on the affair between the beautiful Menippus and his fantastic Dulcinea to the wedding, and how he forced the empuse at the proper time to shew herself in her real character, is so edifying, that it deserves to be read, with all its accompaniments, in the 25th chapter of the fourth book of the Life of Apollonius.

rather, as though, by your keeping me thus in suspense, I were hanging by the ears.

MENIPPUS. Be all attention then *. From the time when I began to take a nearer survey of human life, and observed the emptiness of those things on which mankind set the highest value, in which they seek to satisfy their avarice, their ambition, their lust of domination, how ridiculous, petty and insecure they are; since that time all such things are to me become utterly contemptible. I considered all endeavours after their attainment just so much lost time for that which is truly deserving the trouble, and therefore essayed to give my mind a nobler aim, and apply all my attention to the contemplation of the whole. Here however I found myself thrown into no small perplexity at the very outset; what conception was I to form of what in the language of the wise is termed the universe or the all? For I could not possibly make out, how this said all originated, or who was the artificer of it, or what the beginning of it was, or what may be the end of it. But on attempting to examine it in detail, my perplexity was continually increased; since the more I pondered, for example, the stars which seem scattered at random about the sky, and the sun itself, the less possibility I saw of fathoming what these really are. But what puzzled me most was the moon, whose properties were to me altogether strange and unaccountable, and its alternate aspects I thought must involve some mysterious and inexplicable cause. The all-pervading lightning and the sudden bursts of thunder, the rain, the snow and the hail, all these things were so singular and surprising to me, that I could not tell what to make of them. Unable by my own reflexions to extricate myself from these difficulties, I thought my best way would be, to consult our philosophers, and be instructed by them touching these mat-

* The whole of the ensuing narration by Menippus apparently represents the peculiar turn of mind which procured this cynic the surname of *σπυδογελαιος*, i. e. Laughter at all that is treated seriously by other men. We ought not, in justice, to set down everything that Menippus produces in this history of his philosophical course of school-exercises, to Lucian's account. He doubtless avails himself of this opportunity for putting into the mouth of Menippus many things which he could not directly affirm in his own person: some things however he must make him say, for adhering strictly to his known character. Lucian in several of his dialogues is a dramatic poet; and the rule, *servetur ad inum qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet*, is as obligatory upon him as on any other.

ters, article by article. For I doubted not, that it depended solely on their inclination, to tell me the simple truth upon these several points. I accordingly looked about for the principal among them; that is, for such as were distinguished by the gloomiest countenance, the sallowest complexion and the dirtiest beard; it cannot otherwise be, thought I*, than that men, who in speech and appearance differ so much from the common dwellers upon earth, must understand more than other people of the affairs of heaven. So then to them I went for instruction, paid hard money before hand, bound myself to pay the like sum afterwards, when I should have ascended the summit of sapience, hoping to learn the theory of superterrestrial matters and the whole order and construction of the universe to the very bottom. But so far were these gentlemen from helping me out of my former ignorance, that by their causalities and finalities, their atoms and empty spaces, and matters and forms and ideas, and the rest of the terms in their jargon with which I was daily overwhelmed, they plunged me into greater doubts and difficulties than I had to encounter before. But what appeared to me least of all to be endured, was that notwithstanding they could not agree in any one point, and were perpetually thwarting and overthwarting one another, each wanted to persuade me that he was in the right, and to lead me to the obedience of his system.

FRIEND. Absurd enough! that people who pretend to be masters of science should contradict one another, and not have the same conceptions of the same things.

MENIPPUS. How ridiculous would it appear to you, my friend, if you had heard their arrogance and vaunting sermocinations; if you had heard how these people, who after all walk upon the earth like the rest of us, and instead of being more sharpsighted than ourselves, nay, some of them either through age or laziness are decrepid and purblind, nevertheless profess to see beyond the boundaries of heaven, to measure the sun, to expatiate upon objects above the moon, and precisely as if they had dropped from the stars, compose a dissertation on their bulk and fashion, state exactly the height of the atmosphere, the depth of the ocean and

* Namely, with the great bulk of mankind, to whom this covert stroke of satire may be properly applied.

the circumference of the earth; in short by means of god knows what circles, triangles, quadrangles and spheres, parcel out the sky as they would lots of land, and presume to say how many yards the moon is distant from the sun, though they frequently do not know how many stadia you have to go from Megara to Athens*. Then, how preposterously and insupportably insolent it is to discourse of such uncertain and inaccessible objects not as upon likelihood or probability, but leave to others no possibility to outspoke them, but are almost ready to make oath, that the sun is a glowing mass of fire †, that the moon is inhabited ‡, that the stars drink water, while the sun draws up the vapour as with a bucket §, and then regularly measures out its portion to each. But how very opposite these gentlemen are in their assertions, I will give a few instances to shew you. In the first place, they cannot agree in their opinion respecting the world; for one maintains that it never began and will never cease: another on the contrary presumes so far as even to name its architect and accurately to state how he went to work ||. These latter I find particularly admirable, inasmuch as while they make at least a god to have been the artificer of the whole, it had never occurred

* I would not venture to excuse Menippus for this attack upon the naturalists and astronomers of his time; and I am much afraid that a pretty large portion of the contempt he will draw upon himself on that account from ours, will even fall upon good Lucian. At least should he with difficulty escape the reproach of having found it more convenient, to deride subjects which he did not understand, than to take the trouble and pains to acquire those branches of knowledge which led a Parmenides, Eudoxus, Philolaus, Anaxagoras, and others to some opinions, which nonsensical as they appeared to Menippus and his equals, have in our times by observation and demonstration been elevated to the rank of irrefragable truths. In the mean time, it cannot be denied, that the philosophers, upon whom he is so jocose, gave so many openings to his raillery, and with all their lofty pretensions and institutions had so little satisfactory to say on the *inaccessible* objects, that it is not to be taken very much amiss of such jokers as Menippus and Lucian (who moreover were attached to the old socratic tenet, *quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*) if they made themselves a little merry with them.

† *Μῶδεςον*. Anaxagoras is said to have first maintained this among the Greeks.

‡ A pythagoric opinion.

§ A piece of menippic buffoonery, on a perhaps misunderstood doctrine of Heraclitus. See Plutarch. *de Plac. Philos.* ii. 17.

|| This is applicable to the divine Plato, and particularly to the Timæus.

to them to be prepared with an answer, if they were asked whence he came, and where he stood while he was about his work; since prior to the existence of the whole neither time nor place is conceivable.

FRIEND. The people of whom you speak must be arrant braggadocios, posture-masters and tumblers!

MENIPPUS. If you had but heard them dispute about ideas and incorporalities and finites and infinites! For on these topics they scold one another like blackguards; some hedging in the whole with a ring fence, others being of opinion that it is without end. A third party give out that there are a great many worlds, and take it very ill of those who speak of the world in the singular number. Another again, not the most peaceable man upon earth I presume, takes it into his head to make war upon the author of all things*. As to their opinions respecting the deities, nothing can positively be affirmed; since with one a specific number is god †, another swears by dogs, geese and plane-trees ‡, others again make a riddance of the rest of the gods, and ascribe the government to one sole §: so that it frequently appeared to me truly pitiable for the poor world to be left with such a scarcity of gods: whereas others are so lavish as to set up an infinite multitude, and then sort them, so that one is the first, while the rest must be content with the second and third rank ||. Moreover, some maintain, that the deity is without body and without shape ζ; others on the contrary conceive it as somewhat corporeal θ. Again, all do not make it appear, that the deities do not charge themselves with providing for our affairs, but there were some who subtract from them all such concerns, and, as we commonly act by old servants, exempt them from work, and set them as it were at rest ξ; so that in the mundane comedy of these gentlemen the deities, so to speak, play the mutes. To conclude, there were some who surpassed all the rest, and point blank

* Again a *mauvaise plaisanterie* upon a very true position of Heraclitus so often misunderstood by his countrymen.

† Pythagoras.

‡ Socrates.

§ The pythagoreans and Anaxagoras.

ζ Plato, Aristotle, and others.

|| The platonists and stoics.

θ Parmenides, the stoics, &c.

ξ Democritus and Epicurus.

affirmed there were no gods at all * ; but that the world was left without governors and without government, to go on as well as it could. — Now, upon hearing all this, though I could not attempt to urge anything against these high-bawling † and well-bearded personages, yet could not, after turning and twisting it every way, find one of their affirmations against which I had not many things to object, and which had not been upset by one or other of themselves. I was directly in the same predicament with the homeric Ulysses : the thought sometimes struck me to throw myself blindfold into the faith of some one of them,

But still a different thought drew back my mind.

Now, not knowing how to help myself in these critical conjunctures, and having lost all hope of discovering the truth of such matters upon earth : there seemed but one method left for extricating myself out of these difficulties ; and that was, to procure wings of some kind or other, and by their assistance to ascend in my own person to heaven ‡. The hope of being able to effect this, was principally excited by the vehemency of my desire, and next by the encouragement of Æsop, the fable-maker, who tells us of eagles and chafers, aye even of camels that have gone up to heaven. That even feathers and wings would grow out of my back, I thought pure impossibility : if however I should find out the art of grafting eagle-wings or vulture-wings, which appear to be of proportionate magnitude, to the human body, I had no doubt that I should succeed in the attempt. Whereupon I caught those two birds, and dexterously cutting off the right wing of the eagle and the left wing of the vulture, I next fastened them with proper thongs about my shoulders, and fixed to the extremities of the long-feathers a sort of handle, by which I designed to regulate the wings §. This done, I made a trial of what I could do, by leaping upwards, and began with my winged arms to steer, and by degrees, as is

* Theodorus, Diagoras, Melius, and others. *ἑπικυριός*.

† A poetical epithet of Jupiter [*ὕψις*], which by being applied to the philosophers produces a very comic effect.

‡ This certainly would be the shortest way of getting out of all our metaphysical and hyper-physical perplexities.

§ An invention in the taste of Aristophanes, not unworthy of the physical and mathematical science of our Menippus.

usual with geese, raised myself above the ground, endeavouring by constantly striving upwards to bring all the muscles into exertion for aiding the flight. Perceiving now that the project succeeded, I grew bolder after every experiment, and getting up to the extreme pinnacle of the citadel, I threw myself headlong down and alighted in the theatre. Having at this time escaped without danger, I began now to conceive loftier and superterrestrial imaginations. I elevated myself from Hymettus, and flew to Geronea; from thence to the top of the castle at Corinth, then over mount Pholoë and Erymanthus all the way to Taygetus. And, as my courage increased with my dexterity, and I now might pass for a perfect master in the art of flying, I determined no longer to confine myself to essays, only fit for the cawing brood, but ascended Olympus*; and, having first as lightly as possible provisioned myself, steered my course direct for heaven. At first I became a little dizzy; when I looked down on the abyss below; however I soon was accustomed to it. Having already made my way through an infinite number of clouds, and being now come quite close to the moon, I felt myself, by long exertion, particularly in the left wing of the vulture, somewhat faint. I therefore landed on it; and sitting down to rest awhile, I amused myself with contemplating the subjacent earth from that elevated station; and, like the homeric Jupiter, turning my eyes now to

Where the brave Mycians prove their martial force
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse †;

then upon Greece, Persia, India, and wherever I pleased; a survey which yielded me great and manifold delight.

FRIEND. You would oblige me much, dear Menippus, by omitting nothing of what you observed upon your travels, however trivial; for I expect to learn from you many curious particulars touching the figure of the earth, and how everything upon it must have appeared to you from so lofty a situation.

MENIPPUS. Nor will you be entirely disappointed. Transport yourself then as well as you can in thought, with me up to the moon, and travel

* Supposed to be the loftiest mountain in Greece.

† Iliad. xiii. 4.

after me, and observe how the objects upon the earth will look from thence. In the first place, imagine you see the earth as an extremely diminutive orb; I mean, still less than the moon; so that, stooping down I could not at first discern where all the lofty mountains and the vast ocean were: and I assure you, had I not descried the colossus at Rhodes and the lighthouse of Pharos, I should not have found out the earth at all*; at last however that high-towering work of art, and the glittering of the ocean by the reflection of the sun-beams playing upon it, enabled me to conclude, that what I beheld was the earth. Then, after fixing my eyes more steadfastly upon it, everything was so plain, that I could not only see distinctly nations and cities, but even the individuals in them, some sailing upon the sea, others engaged in war, others tilling the ground, and others again trying causes; I discerned even men and women and beasts, and in general all

That lives and moves upon the fruitful earth †.

FRIEND. What you tell me now, Menippus, with your permission, is incredible, since it does not properly chime with what you said before. For how is it possible, that you, who found the earth so small that you were obliged to look narrowly for it; and if the colossus at Rhodes had not served you as a pointer, you would have mistaken it for something else: how I say could you now be suddenly metamorphosed into such a lynx-eyed creature as to spy out everything upon the earth, men, beasts, and almost distinguish the little flies in the atmosphere?

MENIPPUS. Well remembered! For what is the best of all, and what

* After the proofs that Menippus has already given of his strength in the higher sciences, it was to be hoped that we should not be shocked by any new assurance of his ignorance. As to our author, to whose account all the absurdities of his *Arlequin philosophe* might be brought, I think his grecian readers or hearers would freely grant him the liberty to regulate them according to his good liking, and as appeared most suited to his purpose, in a burlesque fiction constructed purely upon popular prejudices and idle conceits throughout. Besides, the ludicrous incident, that, unless he had descried the colossus of Rhodes he should not have even perceived the earth from its very littleness, is perfectly in the same taste with the assurance of Sancho in *Don Quixote*, in his famous aerial jaunt on the palfrey of the fair Magellone, that the earth appeared only like a mustard seed and the men upon it hardly so big as hazle-nuts.

† Again an homeric parody.

I should have mentioned first, had well nigh slipt out of my memory. When I first began to discern the earth, by reason of the vast depth, and because my sight would not reach so far, I could distinguish nothing, I found myself in no small perplexity, and was so vexed that I almost began to weep. All at once I perceived standing at my back a figure, as black as a coal-heaver, covered with ashes, and in his whole appearance as if he had been broiled. I cannot deny that at this sight I was aghast, thinking I beheld some lunar dæmon: but the figure bade me take courage. Compose thyself, Menippus, said it;

I am no god, nor to th' immortals like*;

I am the renowned naturalist Empedocles, who having leaped into the crater of Ætna †, was carried up with the ascending smoke and conducted hither. Being aware how sadly you were grieved at being unable to discern clearly the objects of the earth, I come to your relief. That is very kind of you, dearest Empedocles, returned I; and as soon as I have flown back to the earth, I will not forget to present you with a libation up the flue of my chimney, and thrice every new moon, in honour of you, devoutly gaze upon that planet. — No, by Endymion ‡, replied he; I did not come with any mercenary view, but purely because it pained me to the soul, to see you so dejected. Do you know what you must do to amend your sight and make it sharper? — No, by Jupiter! answered I, unless

Thou from these films canst purge my visual orbs §;

for at present methinks I am not much better than blind. — You will have no need of my assistance, he rejoined; for you have brought the best eye-salve with you from the earth. — As I could not conceive what he meant by that, he continued: have not you strapped an eagle's wing about your right shoulder? — And what then has that to do with my eyes? said I. — This; that of all living beings the eagle is by far the

* *Odys.* xvi. 167.

† According to vulgar report. The truth of the matter was, without all doubt, that Empedocles, by venturing for observation's sake too far into the crater, tumbled down against his intention.

‡ A comic asseveration, by the famous favourite of Luna.

§ Allusion to the 127th verse of the fifth book of the *Iliad*.

most sharp-sighted : so that he alone can look direct against the sun ; and an eagle that can behold the bright sun without winking, is legitimated as a true born eagle and king of birds.— So it is said * ; I replied : and now I am sorry, that when I was preparing for my journey I did not pluck out both my eyes, and insert a pair of eagle-eyes, instead of coming hither so badly equipped, and resembling those ejected bastards. — It depends entirely upon yourself to procure this other royal eye in its place. For if you will but rise a little, and without moving the vulture's wing, flap the other wing alone, you will see as clear with the right eye as an eagle ; whereas the left, do what you can, will remain dim, because it is on the defective side †. I shall be perfectly satisfied with only one eagle-eye, I said : I shall lose nothing by it. For I have frequently observed, that carpenters by means of one eye, work by the level as true as if they used both eyes. — With these words I set about the business in pursuance of the advice I had received. In the mean time Empedocles gradually vanished from my sight, and was dissolved in smoke. I had scarcely begun to flap my right wing, when I was suddenly surrounded by a great light, and all that till now was concealed from me, immediately became visible. Looking down upon the earth, I plainly discerned cities and men, and everything that was done, not only in the open air, but even what was transacting in private houses, where all seemed safe from observation. I saw king Ptolemy ‡ commit-

* On the credit of an antient popular saying, the eagle makes this trial of its young, rejecting those as spurious which cannot look full at the sun without blinking. Of the great or royal eagle it is affirmed by Aristotle § and Buffon, that it turns out and chases forth of the nest the eaglets as soon as they are able to fly : whereas the common eagle takes no particular pains in the education of the brood. Probably both those statements were not unknown to the Greeks ; but as they did not properly discriminate these two sorts of eagles, so as to give each its due, they devised that fable, in order to explain the reason of such unequal behaviour of the parents to their offspring.

† We have only to compare this passage with the miraculous powers imputed by a certain philosopher in the Philopseudes to shrew-mice sewed up in a piece of fresh flayed lion's skin, for perceiving that Lucian is ridiculing the superstitious notion cherished at that time even among many who would pass for enlightened men, respecting such pretended occult qualities, sympathies, and other latent properties in nature, then in vogue.

‡ Ptolemæus Philopator, openly espoused his sister Arsinoë.

§ Hist. Animal, ix. cap. 41. p. 229. ed. Scal. *And in Pliny's N. History.*

ting incest with his sister, the son of Lysimachus plotting against his father *, and Antiochus, the son of Seleucus, casting stolen glances at his mother-in-law Stratonice †. I saw how Alexander of Thessaly ‡ was murdered by his own wife, Antigonus seducing his daughter-in-law, and Attalus § drinking a cup of poison presented him by his son. On another side I beheld how Arsaces, raging with jealousy, fell upon his concubine with a drawn sword; and how Arbaces, her chamberlain, coming to her assistance, attacked Arsaces with a naked sabre, while the handsome Mede, Spartinus, who being wounded on the forehead with a golden cup, was dragged out by the heels by some of the satellites. The like was to be seen in Africa, and among the Scythians and Thracians in the palaces of kings; everywhere nothing but princes living in perpetual terror, surrounded by robbery and perjury, and betrayed by their most confidential favourites. In this manner I entertained myself a while with the affairs of kings. But the acts of private persons were still more comical. There I saw the epicurean Hermodicus forswearing himself for a thousand drachmas, the stoic Agathocles suing his scholars for payment of his tuition, the rhetor Clinias stealing a silver patera from the temple of Æsculapius, and Herophilus the cynic passing the night in a filthy brothel. To sum up all, the various scenes I beheld of house-breakers, pettifoggers, cheats of all descriptions, unconscious of such an attentive spectator, afforded me a most variable and diverting comedy.

* Lysimachus, successor to Alexander the great in Macedonia, at the instigation of his second wife Arsinoë, had poison administered to him by his eldest son Agathocles.

† This is a story which our author will relate at large in his treatise on the Syrian goddess.

‡ Possibly the tyrant of Pheræ of that name, whom we read of in Diodorus, *lib. xv. cap. 80.* and in Plutarch's Pelopidas. There is indeed a half-century wanting for rendering this Alexander and the three fore-named princes contemporaries: yet it is not more difficult to conceive how Menippus could know what had passed fifty years backwards, as present, than how he could see from the moon into the bed-chamber of king Ptolemy. In a dream all that is extremely possible, and more may not perhaps be required of a journey in the moon and to Jupitersburg.

§ Of what Antigonus and Attalus mention is here made, is just as uncertain and unknown, as who the Arsaces is whom Menippus sees, with a drawn sword, perhaps from jealousy of the handsome Spartinus, attacking his concubine. It has all the appearance as if some picture, to which a persian anecdote had furnished the subject, was the foundation of it: as is often the case with Lucian's sketches.

FRIEND. It would not be amiss to hear all the particulars of it. At least it seems to have yielded you much pleasure.

MENIPPUS. To go articulately through the whole of it, my friend, would be impracticable. It was as much as ever I could do to stand the sight of it. However, to cut the matter short, imagine you were viewing the scenes described on Homer's shield: in one compartment feasting and weddings; in another courts of justice and popular assemblies; here is one offering up a sacrifice on account of his good fortune, while not far off is another rending the air with his lamentations. Looking towards the country of the Getes, I beheld them with arms in their hands; proceeding to the Scythians I saw them travelling about, with bag and baggage, in caravans; turning my eye a little to the other side, I found the Ægyptians engaged in tilling their land; the Phœnicians merchandizing, the Cilicians plundering, the Spartans being flogged*, and the Athenians were litigating†. All these being in action at one instant, you may imagine what a mishmash it made. Figure to yourself a great choir of singers brought together upon a stage, and commanded not to sing in unison, but each one his peculiar tune, without caring about the rest; and now let them begin all at once, every one to sing his own song with all his might, and striving, as if it were for a wager, who should vociferate the loudest; what think you of the harmony this concert would produce? And yet all the dwellers upon earth are such choristers; and of such inharmonious and discordant notes is human life composed; and not only of unmusical tones, but of dissonant and incongruous movements; a drama, wherein the persons harmonize neither externally nor internally, but in language, figure, complexion, manners, and habits of life, are infinitely variable and incoherent; ever thwarting and counteracting one another, and by thought or inclination never agreeing in one point; till at length the master of the band being wearied out, drives them one after another off the stage. They are then all at once struck dumb; and the harsh and jarring discord is at an end. To

* A humorous allusion to a custom of the Spartans of scourging their sons, on the festival of Diana Orchia, round the altar of the goddess, even to blood.

† Menippus here characterizes five celebrated nations ludicrously, each by a single expression. That the Athenians were extremely litigious sufficiently appears from the *Birds* and the *Wasps* of Aristophanes.

conclude, the actors in this motley and inconsistent farce of human life appeared to me extremely ridiculous. Yet I thought I had reason to laugh at none more than at those honest men, who take so much upon them, because they possess lands extending into the territory of Sicyon*, or every field lying between Marathon and Oinoë†, or a thousand acres at Acharnæ. For at the elevation whence I looked down, all Greece appeared not to exceed four fingers in breadth, how little then must such a small part of it as Attica be, and what a minimum—therefore the spots, about which the opulent make so much ado? In truth, the wealthiest of these haughty land-owners seemed to possess scarcely the quantity of an epicurean atom. What a pity, thought I to myself, on looking down upon Peloponnesus, and the little territory of Cyrturia‡, that so many brave Argives and Spartans should have fallen in one day for a plot of ground not bigger than an ægyptian lentil! — But likewise the noblemen, that think so much of themselves because of their pieces of gold, their eight rings and four goblets, made me laugh heartily; for the whole Pangæus§, with all its mines and quarries, was hardly bigger than a grain of millet.

FRIEND. Oh, what an enviable man you are, Menippus, in having been favoured with this extraordinary spectacle! But, pray, the city and the folks in it—how did they appear at so vast a height?

MENIPPUS. You have often seen an anthill with the swarm of it—what a bustle they are in; some running round in a circle, others posting out, others again returning home, these carrying out the ordure, those dragging in a bit of bean-shell, or scudding along with half a barley-corn in the mouth: and who knows whether there may not be architects, demagogues, counsellors, musicians||, and philosophers after their man-

* Which was uncommonly beautiful and fertile.

† Marathon, Oinoë, and Acharnæ were athenian hamlets and commons.

‡ A petty district on the bay of Argos, bordering on Sparta, comprizing the small towns of Thyrea and Anthene, the possession of which was long contested, till at last [the Spartans remained masters of it. The bloody day that Menippus here adverts to is described by Herodotus in the 82d chapter of his Clio.

§ A mountain in Thrace, famed for its rich copper and gold mines, and was the source of the gold whereby Philip of Macedon subdued the grecian republics.

|| That is, to speak after the grecian manner, poets, singers, flute-players, harpers, comedians, &c.

ner among them? However that be, I found a great similarity between these anthills and the cities with their inhabitants. Or, if you think it a poor comparison to liken men to ants, recollect the thessalian mythology, which will inform you, that the Myrmidons, one of their most warlike tribes, from ants became men*. After having sufficiently contemplated and laughed at everything, I fluttered my pinions and flew to the palace,

Where Jove in sacred senate sits enthroned.—*Iliad*. i. 222.

I had scarcely flown a bow-shot, when Luna in a delicate feminine voice called after me: Speed you well, Menippus! may this ascension of yours have a happy issue! Be so good as to take a small commission with you to Jupiter. — With all my heart, answered I, provided it be not too heavy: — Nothing more, she replied, than to convey for me a petition to Jupiter. I lose all patience, dear Menippus, and can no longer bear to be so ill treated by the philosophers. One would think they had nothing else to do but to meddle with my affairs; by asking who I am, and how big, long, and broad I am, and why at particular times I look like half a plate, or get horns? Some of them say, I am inhabited †, others that I hang like a looking-glass over the sea; in short, everyone says of me what he pleases. The worst of it is, they spread a report

* Ovid and other mythologists make the isle of *Ægina* the scene of this miracle; but how the Myrmidons came from *Ægina* to Thessaly (from whence a tribe of that name under the conduct of Achilles joined the expedition against Troy) is nowhere discoverable; and it must therefore remain undecided, whether the thessalian Myrmidons (who probably had their name from Myrmidon, one of their first princes) in after ages from vanity appropriated to themselves the miraculous origin of the *ægenetan*; or, whether a failure of memory here led our author into a mistake. The legend however runs thus: *Æacus* being king of Thessaly his realm was nearly depopulated by a dreadful pestilence; he therefore prayed to Jupiter to avert the distemper, and dreamed that he saw an innumerable swarm of ants creep out of an old oak, which were immediately turned into men. When he awoke the dream was fulfilled, and he found his kingdom more populous than ever. From that time the people were called Myrmidons. The whole story seems to owe its origin entirely to the name Myrmidons coming from *μύρμηξ*, an ant, enimet, or pismire.

† Orpheus, one of the most antient theologues and mystagogues of the Greeks, affirmed the moon to be a wandering earth (holding ours, in conformity to the grecian orthodoxy, to be immovable) having mountains, cities, and inhabitants. Proclus, lib. iv. *Comment.* on Plato's *Timæus*. — Pythagoras, Xenophanes, and Anaxagoras were of the same opinion.

among the common people, that my light is not genuine, and I steal it from the sun; so that no thanks to them, if my brother is not suspicious of me, and mischief be created between us. As if it was not enough to cast obloquies upon the sun, by pretending that he is a stone or a glowing hot mass*. Yet in good sooth they have no reason to treat me so scurvily! For what shameful doings in the night time could I relate of them, though by day they look so serious and severe, march along so gravely, and artfully win such profound respect from the ignorant. And yet I am content to be a silent spectator of all these matters, because I think it not decent to disclose and divulge the contrast of their nocturnal deeds with their public demeanour: on the contrary, when I spy them employed in acts of adultery, robbery, or any such like works of darkness, I immediately veil myself in a thick cloud, that it may not be manifest to the world how much these aged folks disgrace their long beards and that virtue which they have ever at their tongues end. They notwithstanding never cease from speaking disparagingly of me, and abusing me all manner of ways. So that, I swear by old Night! I have sometimes had it in mind to retire as far as possible from hence, in order to avoid their impertinent remarks. Forget not therefore to acquaint Jupiter with all this; and to tell him farther, that it is impossible for me to remain longer at my post, unless he shatters the heads of these naturalists, stops the mouths of these logicians, blows up the stoa, sets fire to the academy, and puts an end to the disputations in the peripatus; in a word grants me some respite from the daily insults of these geometrical reasoners. — I promised her to do all she desired, and shaped my course direct for heaven, where

No tracks of beasts or plowmen are discerned. *Odyss.* x. 98.

In a little time even the moon appeared very small, and the earth was

* Anaxagoras, for maintaining this, fell under the damnatory sentence of the priesthood at Athens, in the same manner as the great Galileo fell into the fangs of the holy inquisition at Rome, when he proved, and I suppose had better reasons to urge in behalf of his opinion than the former, that the planets moved round the sun. Besides, we have not data sufficient for forming an adequate idea of the opinions of Anaxagoras? He seems to have been a man of great sagacity, and to have had many just intimations of the true system of the universe. See Bailly *Hist. de l'Astron.* tom. i. p. 202-5.

quite hid behind it. Leaving the sun on my right, and flying through the midst of the stars, on the third day I reached the road-stead of heaven. Because on account of my vulture's wing, I dared not hope to be taken for Jupiter's eagle, I would not venture to fly directly into the empyreal castle, and therefore knocked at the door. Mercury presently came out; and having asked my name, went back with all speed, and delivered it to Jupiter. After not long waiting, I was called in. Trembling and quaking I entered the hall of audience, where I found all the deities assembled, not much less alarmed than myself, talking of my extraordinary journey, probably suspecting that shortly the whole human race might in the same manner come flying to them. Jupiter then looking at me with a stern, terrific and titanic countenance, asked :

Tell, who

Art thou? thy country where? thy parents who? *Odyss. xi. 170.*

I thought I should have died upon the spot with affright. I stood abashed and stupefied, as if thunderstruck, at his voice. After a little pause however, coming to myself, I related the whole story from the beginning: how desirous I was to pry into superterrestrial affairs; how I had applied to the philosophers and what contradictions I found among them, the distraction of my mind in consequence, my curious device thereupon; how I fastened wings to my arms, and the whole history of my journey. In conclusion, I delivered the message I had received from Luna. At this Jupiter smoothed his brow a little, and smiling said: What shall we henceforth object against Otus and Ephialtes †, since even Menippus has had the presumption to ascend to heaven? For this day however, continued his majesty, you are our guest. The business you are come upon, we will take into consideration tomorrow, and grant you a gracious dismissal. At these words, rising up, he repaired to that part of Heavensburg, where he customarily listens to the prayers of mortals. On the way he asked me, how matters stood at present on the earth? What was the price of wheat? Whether the last had been a hard winter, and whether the grass wanted more rain? Then, whether any one of the poste-

† Two giants, sons of Tartarus and the Earth, whose juvenile enterprize against the gods is related by Apollodorus in his mythological biblioth. lib. i. cap. 6.

rity of Phidias was still in being, and why the Athenians, who were wont annually to celebrate the Diasia *, had of late years given up that custom? Again: whether they did not intend to construct their olympic temple †, and whether the thieves that robbed the temple at Dodona were taken? — After I had answered these interrogatories, he proceeded: Very well, Menippus, now tell me honestly, what do mankind think of me? — How should they think of you, gracious sovereign, answered I, but the most religiously that can possibly be conceived; that you are the king of all the gods. — That you will never persuade me to believe, replied Jupiter. I know very well, however you may wish to conceal it, how inclined they are in all things to innovations. There was indeed a time, when I was their sooth-sayer, their physician, their all in all.

When streets, and fairs, and all was full of Jove ‡.

When Dodona and Pisa shone resplendent above all the temples in the world: the eyes of all men were turned upon them, and burnt-offerings were presented to me in such numbers, that I could scarcely open my eyes for the smoke of them. But since Apollo has set up his office of intelligence at Delphi, and Æsculapius has opened his apothecary-shop at Pergamus; since there has been a temple of Bendis in Thrace, of Anubis in Ægypt and of Diana at Ephesus; since all flock thither; the feasts celebrated in honour of them, and the hecatombs slaughtered are endless; I am considered as old and superannuated, and sufficiently honoured, if a yoke of bulls are sacrificed to me once in five years. Hence you see; that even Plato's laws and the syllogisms of Chrysippus are not colder than my altars *.

* A feast in honour of Jupiter, as is indicated by the appellation. Three festivals were celebrated in honour of him at Athens, Pandia, Diasia, and Deipolia, as we learn from Aristophanes.

† A report of long standing makes Deucalion the founder of this temple. The first actual builder was Pisistratus; but neither he nor his sons were able to finish the edifice. The work stood still for several centuries, or at least met with continual interruptions, till at length it was resumed by the emperor Hadrian and brought to effect. As Menippus lived in the æra of Alexander the great, this question of Jupiter was as natural, as the interest he takes in the posterity of Phidias, who had deserved so well of his godship by producing the famous statue of him.

‡ An allusion to the first verse of an astronomical poem of Aratus.

* Lucian seems to have purposely committed an anachronism, and substituted the æra of Menippus for the spirit of his own. — Plato's laws were only written never enforced.

While this conversation lasted we arrived at the place where he was to sit down and give audience to mankind. There were apertures, resembling the mouths of wells, at regular intervals, provided with covers, and by every one of them stood a golden chair of state. On the first chair Jupiter now seated himself, lifted up the cover and gave ear to the supplicants. Many and diverse were the prayers that came up to him from every region upon earth, some of them impossible to be granted at the same time. I also, stooping down on the side contiguous to the opening, could distinctly hear: Oh, Jupiter, let me be a king! Oh, Jupiter, send my onions and garlic to thrive this year! Oh, Jupiter, let my father speedily depart hence! — Another cried out: oh, that I could soon be rid of my wife! Another again: oh, that I might succeed in my plot against my brother! A third prayed for a happy issue to his law-suit; a fourth wanted to be crowned at Olympia. One seaman prayed for a north wind, another for a south wind; a husbandman for rain, a fuller for sunshine. — Father Jupiter hearkened to them all, and after having accurately examined every man's petition, to some

He nodded aye, to others answered no. Iliad. xvi. 250.

The equitable requests were admitted through the aperture, and deposited on the right hand: the iniquitous and futile he puffed back ere they had reached the skies. With respect to one alone I perceived him very much puzzled. Two parties preferred petitions for favours in direct opposition to one another, at the same time both promising equal sacrifices. For want therefore of a decisive reason, why he should favour either the one or the other, he was in the predicament of the academics, not knowing to which he should say aye, but was forced with honest Pyrrho to suspend his judgment, and dismissed the matter by saying: *we shall see*.

Having done with hearing prayers, he rose up, and seated himself in the second chair adjoining to the second aperture, to lend his attention to oaths, protestations and vows. When this was over, and after having on this occasion smashed the epicurean Hermodorus's head with a thunder-bolt, he went on to the third chair, where he gave audience to presages, prognostications, divinations and auguries. This done, he proceeded to the fourth, through which the fume of the victims ascended, wafting to him severally the names of the sacrificers. This business being despatched the winds and storms were admitted, and orders given to each what it

was to do, as—to-day let it rain in Scythia, thunder and lighten in Africa, and snow in Greece! You, Boreas, blow towards Lydia! You, Southwind, shall have a day of rest! The Westwind will raise a tempest in the Adriatic! Let a thousand bushels of hail, or thereabouts, be scattered on Cappadocia! — and the like.

All these affairs being now settled, it was just the time for going to table. Mercury, who officiated as grand marshal at the court of heaven, assigned me my place with Pan and the Corybantes*, between Atys † and Sabazius ‡, as new made gods of rather equivocal origin. I was regaled by Ceres with bread, by Bacchus with wine, by Hercules with meat, by Venus with myrtle-berries, and by Neptune with anchovies. I had a taste also by chance of nectar and ambrosia; for the beautiful Ganymede, from pure philanthropy conveyed to me, at two several times, a cup of nectar, while Jupiter was looking another way. But the gods, as Homer says, who probably had seen how they live as well as I,

Neither eat bread, nor drink the purple wine, (Iliad. v. 341.)

but feed upon ambrosia, and get fuddled with nectar; their most palatable diet however is the relishing savour of a sacrifice, and the warm steam arising from the blood of the victims shed upon the altars.

During the repast Apollo played upon the harp, Silenus danced a cordax §, and the muses stood up and sang to us the Theogony of Hesiod

* These Corybantes are not the priests of Cybele of that name, but the Curetes, a sort of demigods, who while boys kept company with Jupiter in his childhood, and of whom in that respect all sorts of stories have been invented.

† Atys or Attys, the favourite of Cybele. See the 12th of the little Confabulations of the gods. He was only worshipped in Phrygia, as a kind of demigod.

‡ Sabazius is generally taken to be a surname commonly given in Thrace to Bacchus: it is however evident from this passage, that Lucian designates by this foreign, orientally sounding name, another of exotic parentage and doubtful rank.

§ The cordax was a comic dance derived from the earliest epoch of comedy, and represented the licentious jollity of drunken persons of the lowest class. Theophrastus in his Characters finishes the picture of a shameless man by this feature: that he is capable even when sober of dancing the cordax. Aristophanes more than once condemns the lascivious postures practised in the licentious dances called cordaces, and introduces a drunken dance, a Scythian running hither and thither after his prisoner, and other ingenious novelties, by way of affording variety to the spectators, and to resist the torrent of custom, as far as he was able.

and the first hymn of Pindar. At last, having fared sumptuously, we stretched ourselves on the couches, well-drenched*.

And calmly slept, both gods and earthly men,
The whole night through: my wakeful eyes alone
Found no repose †;

so full of thought was I on the wonderful adventures that had happened to me. What principally ran in my head was, how Apollo could live to that age and have no beard, and how it could be night in heaven ‡, since the sun was present and had been carousing with us. At last however I fell into a gentle doze. Jupiter, getting up early in the morning, ordered the herald to summon a council of the gods: and as soon as it was assembled, he began in the following manner:

“ I have long intended to consult you on the subject of the philosophers: but now being particularly incited to it by the complaints transmitted to us from Luna, I have resolved no longer to defer the discussion of that affair. Know then, there has lately sprung up a set of people floating like scum upon human society, who arrogate to themselves that title, though in fact they are no better than a lazy, quarrelsome, vainglorious, splenetic, gluttonous, haughty, conceited and ill-bred crew; and, to use an homerical expression, a useless burden on the earth. These people, who having nothing else to do than to contrive labyrinths of argumentation, wherein they mutually endeavour to entangle one another, have split themselves into sundry gangs, known under the appellations of stoics, academics, epicureans, peripatetics, and other still more ridiculous titles §. Involving themselves in the venerable name of virtue, they strut about the world with elevated brows and pendulous beards, and hide the most despicable manners under a varnished outside; like tragic actors, of whom, when stripped of their vizors and embroidered robes, nothing remains but a miserable fellow who for seven drachmas|| is hired to play the hero.

* *ἰπποβοτάνιστοι.*

† The first lines of Iliad, ii. parodied.

‡ Namely, the homeric heaven, where there is day and night as with us.

§ For example, *eristics*, the controversialists, *cynics*, the dogged.

|| Alluding to the salaries allotted by the emperor Marcus Aurelius to the philosophers of those sects which he patronized in an especial manner. These people were accordingly paid for playing the parts of pythagoreans, socratics, platonists, as an actor for seven drachmas [4s. 6¼d.] performed that of the hero. Nothing could be more humiliating to those grave personages than this comparison.

Now these are the men who look down upon others with contempt, babble insipid stuff respecting the gods, and cant about their far-famed virtue in a tone of tragical declamation to a crowd of simple credulous youths, and teach them the vile art of confounding the common sense of mankind by captious sophistries. To their scholars indeed they preach up patience and temperance, and paint them in glowing colours, and speak of riches and pleasure with the utmost contempt and abhorrence; but who would not be ashamed to reveal in words what is done of them in secret? — But the most insufferable of all is, that these people, who neither in public nor in private life are of any use, but are in every respect the most super-numerary and unprofitable of all men, and to speak with Homer, are

Useless in council, as unfit for arms, (Iliad. ii. 246.)

that such people, I say, should be the bitterest revilers of their fellow-beings, and under the assumed character of moral censors take the liberty to deal out their abuse upon all mankind; so that he is not a little proud of his superiority who can scold the loudest and calumniate the most unblushingly. If you should ask one of these declaimers, what then, I beseech you, are you good for yourself? What in all the world do you contribute to the general emolument? If he would speak the truth, he must answer: Although I think it not necessary either to till the ground, or to carry on trade, or to perform military service, or to make profession of any other art: yet I roar out upon all men, live in dirtiness, bathe in cold water, go barefoot in winter, and carp like Momus, at all that other men do. Has any rich man given a splendid entertainment, or does he keep a mistress, I blab it abroad and raise a terrible outcry upon it: whereas if a friend is sick, and wants my assistance, I take no notice of him. — Now, I should be glad to know, ye gods, why we should continue to fodder such cattle? And the set of them who call themselves epicureans, are unquestionably the most insolent of all; for they touch us to the quick, by affirming, that we are careless of human affairs, and have nothing to do in the events of the world. It is therefore high time to shew them the contrary; for if they should succeed in bringing over the public to their side, you must soon accommodate yourselves to a meagre diet. Who will be inclined to sacrifice, if he has nothing to expect of you? What heavy complaints are brought against them by Luna, you have heard from our guest that came yesterday. Consult, therefore, and take such

order as best may tend to the benefit of mankind and to the safety of ourselves."

Jupiter had no sooner ended his speech, when the whole assembly with one voice cried out: Blast them! Burn them! Exterminate them! Dash them to pieces! Hurl them down to Tartarus, as you did the giants! — Silence! cried Jupiter: your will shall be done, ye gods! they shall all be gored to death — by the horns of their own dilemmas! I must however defer the execution of the sentence; for you know we keep the holidays which last the four months next ensuing*, and I have already proclaimed the vacation to the courts of judicature. They have therefore a respite for this winter. At the beginning however of next spring my holy thunderstorm † shall strike the caitiffs to the earth!

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god †.

As for this Menippus, he added, I think it best to clip his wings, that he may not come hither again, and let Mercury this day convey him back to earth. With these words he broke up the celestial council. Cyllenius then taking me up by the right ear, carried me dangling, and yesterday evening set me down in the Ceramicus. And thus, my dear neighbour, I have told you all the news that I brought with me from heaven. I now am going to proclaim the glad tidings to the philosophers yonder promenading in the Pœzile.

* As the gods proceed in all things so much like us men, they likewise hold the courts of justice as is the common practice here below. It is probable that Lucian here alludes to some extraordinary suspension of the criminal laws at the time, with the particular circumstances whereof we are unacquainted.

† Every greek scholar will perceive the burlesque style in which Lucian makes Jupiter to say: *κακοὶ κακῶς ἀπολείνω τῷ σμειβαλίῳ κεραυνῷ!* It lies principally in the homerical epithet of lightning, and must necessarily be rendered in english by a phraseology equally burlesque. By the dismal dint of my terrible thunderdart, Dr. Mayne has it.

‡ Iliad, i. 528, where in the three preceding verses we are likewise informed of the importance and infallible effect of this nod.

THE
PARASITE,
OR
ARGUMENTS TO PROVE THAT SPUNGING IS AN ART.

TYCHIADES AND SIMO.

TYCHIADES.

HOW comes it, Simo, since all other men, whether free-men or bondsmen, have studied some art whereby they are useful to themselves and others, that you, for aught I see, have no occupation that can be of service to yourself or to the world at large?

SIMO. What do you mean by that, Tychiades? You must speak plainer if you would have me to understand you.

TYCHIADES. Are you skilled in any of the liberal and nobler arts, as, for example, music?

SIMO. Heaven forefend!

TYCHIADES. Perhaps then physic?

THE PARASITE. This dialogue, the greatest beauty whereof consists in the laughably-serious treatment of a frivolous subject, though it is one of the most ingenious of our author's productions, by lapse of time has lost some portion of that interest which it must have excited in the Athenians for whom it was composed. It is highly probable that the most poignant graces of this composition consist in nice and thin-veiled allusions to persons, unknown to us, and in whom even, if that were not the case, we should take little interest. The prevailing persiflage is manifestly aimed rather at the philosophers than the parasites, notwithstanding that the latter, so to speak, present their hide to the lash with which the former are scourged. Besides, methinks I discern in several passages a wiper at the affected subtlety and tiresome prolixity of some of the platonic dialogues; indirect indeed, but to me at least very obvious.

SIMO. That neither.

TYCHIADES. But geometry?

SIMO. Not at all.

TYCHIADES. Rhetoric then, mayhap? For I shall not inquire about philosophy; from that you are as far distant as villainy from virtue.

SIMO. Oh, if it were possible, I should gladly be at a far greater distance from it *! lest therefore you should imagine you have upbraided me with somewhat that I am ignorant of, and ashamed to own it: yes, I confess that I am an idler, and certainly a great deal more than you think.

TYCHIADES. That may easily be. Though perhaps you have studied none of those arts, because they are of difficult attainment, and demand great capacities; yet you may have learnt some one of the humbler professions, the carpenter's, the joiner's, or the bricklayer's trade? For your circumstances are not such but that they might be much improved by one of these arts.

SIMO. You are in the right, Tychiades; and yet I understand none of these.

TYCHIADES. What other then?

SIMO. What other! In my opinion a very honourable one. Which I think you yourself would commend, if you would learn it. In the practice I believe I could shew you the several advantages and excellencies of it, though I am not sufficiently expert to engage in an elaborate discourse upon it.

* The droll hatred to philosophy so acutely here displayed by the parasite at the very commencement and through the whole of the dialogue, is at once a proper characteristic, and an ingenious device for tormenting the philosophical charlatans of his time, without giving room to suppose that Lucian himself takes directly any share in it. For must he not let the parasite speak agreeably to his character? The aversion of the latter to the philosophers has indeed the look of that natural antipathy, which is observable always to subsist between men of opposite dispositions; but Simo lets it pretty plainly though involuntarily appear, that a sort of that jealousy which prevails between two of a trade, or means of livelihood, is lurking behind; which though he endeavours to hide beneath an affected scorn, yet against his consent everywhere comes into view. The philosophers were the rivals of the parasites with the great and opulent, and a man of Simo's profession found them in all places famous for good cheer, standing in his way. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* It is easy to see what advantage this gave our author for placing the former in a ridiculous light by a contrast in which they were always of necessity the losing party.

TYCHIADES. How then may this art be called?

SIMO. I believe I have not yet thoroughly mastered the theory of it; you will not therefore be angry, if I at present say no more than this: I understand a certain art. What it is you shall presently hear.

TYCHIADES. I am impatient of delay.

SIMO. The name — for I shall give it a name — will sound very strange and surprising to you when you hear it.

TYCHIADES. The more impatient am I to obtain information.

SIMO. Another time, Tychiades.

TYCHIADES. No time like the present. Unless indeed your bashfulness will not give you leave to name it.

SIMO. Nay, then I will tell you — Parasitics*.

TYCHIADES. But what man in his senses, would style that an art?

SIMO. That man am I; and if on that account you think me mad, think at the same time that it is owing to my madness, that I have learnt no other art, and absolve me accordingly from all farther reproaches. For it is said, that this goddess †, how ill soever she may otherwise behave to her possessors, exempts them from all imputation of sin in what they do, and like a tutor or pædagog, takes all the guilt upon herself.

TYCHIADES. Parasitic is then an art, Simo?

SIMO. Certainly it is an art; and I am its creator.

TYCHIADES. You then are a parasite?

SIMO. And you think you have defamed me thereby; is not it true?

TYCHIADES. But are not you ashamed to call yourself a parasite ‡?

SIMO. Assuredly not! I should be ashamed not to merit that title.

* The reason for retaining this word as a technical term (like logic, rhetoric, music, physic, &c.) will be self-evident from what follows.

† Simo makes Madness [*μανία*] jocosely a goddess, as Plato does Poverty [*πνία*] in his tale of the origin of love. The word [*δαίμων*] used by him is likewise peculiar to the platonic terminology.

‡ Although the parasites of that time (as well as at present) constituted as it were a peculiar class of people, yet the name parasite was an opprobrious term among the Greeks, equivalent to hanger-on, spunger, lick-spit, &c. or at least must be so taken for want of one more adequate. The more droll therefore was the conceit of setting up a parasite, possessing the happy impudence to glory in his title, and not only to elevate his profession to the rank of an art, but even to pronounce it the chief of all arts.

TYCHIADES. By Jupiter! then if we had to present you to somebody, we must say: this is the parasite Simo?

SIMO. As much without scruple at least as when we style Phidias a statuary. For I certainly take no less delight in my art, than Phidias in his Jupiter.

TYCHIADES. [*after laughing.*] Be not angry at my being forced to laugh so heartily; it struck me as somewhat vastly ridiculous.

SIMO. And wherefore?

TYCHIADES. We must then in future direct our letters to you under this address: To Simo, the parasite?

SIMO. It would be more grateful to me than that to Dio*; whose letters came to him inscribed only: To the philosopher.

TYCHIADES. Well; how you are pleased to be entitled, gives me little or no concern. But other absurdities now come under consideration.

SIMO. For example?

TYCHIADES. You therefore require that your art shall stand on a level with the other liberal arts; and briefly, that we shall say parasitic, in the same sense as we say, rhetoric, arithmetic, mechanic?

SIMO. I am of opinion that it is still more an art than any other; and if you will please to hear me, I will explain my meaning, though, as I observed before, I am not prepared for the argument.

TYCHIADES. Say on, however: the truth will be no loser by that.

SIMO. We will therefore, if it be agreeable to you, in the first place, seek out the generic conception of art: when we have got that, it will be easy for us to discover the several species of arts.

TYCHIADES. You know then what art is?

* Under Vespasian and Domitian a certain Dio got himself a name among the philosophers of his time, and Apollonius of Tyana, in the Philostratus (*vita Apoll. lib. viii. cap. 7. 2.*) declares him to be one of his most familiar friends. He was a professed imitator of Plato, both in his discourses and writings (but of which none are come down to us), and is reported by Suidas, to have been in particular favour with the emperor Trajan. It is possible that this Dio may be here meant; though from the contexture of the speech one would rather suppose it another, a later Dio, whose pretensions to the philosophic title were not so completely valid, and who must have been highly flattered at having his letters so inscribed.

SIMO. Certainly.

TYCHIADES. Well then, no longer hide your knowledge under a bushel.

SIMO. Art (as I remember to have heard from a wise man *) is a system of clear conceptions, which by frequent practice are become mechanical, and tend to a certain end profitable to human life.

TYCHIADES. I perceive that not a word of his definition has escaped your memory.

SIMO. Now if parasitic have all the parts of this definition, what is it but an art?

TYCHIADES. If so it be, certainly.

SIMO. Let us then apply these several forms of art to parasitic, in order to see whether the explanation of it is consonant thereto, or, like a cracked pitcher when struck against, it gives a false note? — Like every other art it must be a system of clear conceptions. The first thing a parasite has to do, is to try well his man, so that he may form an accurate judgment, whether he has the qualifications requisite in a table-patron, and whether having begun to feed him, he may not afterwards repent of it. If we allow the money-dealers to exercise an art, inasmuch as they know how to distinguish base coin from that which is good; why should it not be an art to distinguish base men from good, especially since men like coins cannot be known at first sight? For, as the sagacious Euripides has very well said:

How we may bad men know,
No marks of body show; (Medea, ver. 518.)

so much more excellent then is the art of the parasite, since it is better able to divine and to decide upon such abstruse and recondite objects than even the physiognomic. Moreover, to know what is proper to be said and done on every occasion, in order to render ourselves agreeable and necessary to our feeder, and convince him of our entire devotion to

* The definition of art here given by Simo, is seen indeed word for word in Sextus Empiricus, *Adversus Mathematicos*, lib. ii. p. 66. edit. Genev. 1621. But it appears likewise in just so many latin words, in Quintilian, *Instit. Orat.* lib. ii. cap. 17. *Artem constare ex præceptionibus consentientibus et coexercitatis ad finem vitæ utilem*, and he says expressly, that it is the most common.

him, is not that, think you, a matter that requires great understanding and much solidity of judgment?

TYCHIADES. Most assuredly.

SIMO. Then at entertainments, to be he that is preferred in every respect, and to receive greater applause than any other who is not also a master of our art; is that to be brought about but by judicious maxims and a particular elegance of taste.

TYCHIADES. By no means.

SIMO. Yet more. In order to form a right judgment of the excellencies and defects of such a variety of dishes, ragouts, and pastry, do you think nothing more is necessary than the puny wit of a pragmatistical coxcomb, and not rather a combination of various talents? Does not the divine Plato say in emphatic words*: he that makes a feast without understanding the art of cookery, has small judgment in entertainments. That parasitic however consists not only in just notions but also in continual practice, from what follows you will plainly perceive. The knowledge that has been acquired in many other arts, is retained days and nights and months, and frequently whole years, even without practice: whereas with parasitic, he who does not daily bring his theory into practice, not only puts an end to the art, but, I presume, to the artist also. Lastly, as to the point: "to a useful end in human life," would it not be folly to suppose a discussion of it at all necessary? I for my part know of nothing more useful in life than eating and drinking; since without them there would be no question whatever about life.

TYCHIADES. Nothing can be more true.

SIMO. Neither is parasitic of that species, as for example beauty or strength, that it were to be regarded rather as a gift of nature than an art.

TYCHIADES. Very justly observed.

SIMO. Much less can it be affirmed, that it is an unartful art †, an inert

* In his *Theætetus*, Vid. opp. Platonis. vol. ii. p. 126. ed. Bipont.

† That is, that it might be exercised without study and experiment. Here however a difficulty of no inconsiderable magnitude occurs to the translator in the term *ἀρίχνα*, which should be rendered by one word, without a periphrasis. Because otherwise the persiflage in the subsequent ridiculous sophistical demonstration (the sting of which however we can but bluntly feel) is completely lost. Mr. Wieland is obliged to hazard the word *unkunst*; but *un-art* will not do, and *non-art* is not much better.

quality, for with that no one has ever done any good. Or, say, if you should take upon you to pilot a ship in a stormy ocean, without knowing how to steer, would you come off safe?

TYCHIADES. Certainly not.

SIMO. Why; but because you lack the art of preserving yourself?

TYCHIADES. Unquestionably.

SIMO. Therefore the parasite could not be preserved by parasitic, if it were an inert quality.

TYCHIADES. I presume not.

SIMO. Art therefore preserves; the inert quality, on the contrary, does not?

TYCHIADES. Without doubt.

SIMO. [*With an air of triumph.*] Parasitic is therefore an art*.

TYCHIADES. An art it appears to be indeed.

SIMO. And though I have known expert steersmen run aground, and dextrous charioteers thrown off, to the breaking of their arms and legs, or even to the loss of life: yet that a parasite has ever thus failed in his art, is what nobody can pretend. Since then parasitic is neither a natural endowment nor an inert quality, but a system of practical science, it must be henceforth an ascertained fact, that it is an art.

TYCHIADES. From all that I am able to conclude as the result of what you have adduced. But you gave me room to expect of you a proper definition of parasitic.

SIMO. You say well. Methinks the best way of defining it will be thus: parasitic is an art of eating and drinking at the expense of others; the end is animal gratification.

TYCHIADES. You seem to me to have well defined your art: but it remains for you to consider, whether you may not have to dispute with certain philosophers respecting your end †.

* In the whole of this argumentation every reader in the least acquainted with the writings of Plato, must be struck with the apt imitation of the manner in which the platonic Socrates, in the *Theætetus*, *Theages*, *Euthydemus*, and several other dialogues, catechizes his interlocutors.

† Namely, with the stoics, whose everlasting quibbles with the epicureans about the true end of life, or what is termed the sovereign good, is here as it is frequently elsewhere ridiculed by Lucian. Unfortunately the sting of the pleasantry lies in the play upon words, which in the translation is lost.

SIMO. It is sufficient for me, if it appears that the ultimate end of happiness and of parasitic be one and the same. And that I prove in this manner. The wise Homer himself, transported with admiration of the parasitical mode of life, testifies that it is the happiest and most enviable of all, in these verses :

No greater happiness can be desired,
 Than when a people are with mirth inspired,
 The houses filled with guests, the jovial band
 Put round the goblet from the butler's hand,
 And listen to the jocund minstrel's song,
 While cakes and wine the merry hours prolong*.

And, as if the high value which he sets on this felicity was not strongly enough expressed in these strains, to make his sentiments still more manifest, he adds:

This my heart styles the sovereign bliss of life.

That I should think is saying plainly enough, that he placed the sovereign good in the parasitical life. Observe likewise, that he does not put this speech in the mouth of the first that comes, but the wisest of all the Greeks of his time. Certainly if it had been the design of Ulysses to extol the sovereign good of the stoics, he was not in want of an opportunity for so doing, and he might have introduced that declaration very conveniently, when he fetched back Philoctetes from Lemnos, when he sacked Ilium, when he stopped the flying Greeks, &c. &c. or when he covered himself with whip-marks by his own hand, or when he entered Troy all in stoical rags and tatters. Especially while leading the life of an epicurean with the nymph Calypso, when he was at liberty to pass his days in idleness and pleasure, to dally with a daughter of Atlas, and in short to procure himself gentle emotions of the affections and passions † of every kind, he does not style that the sovereign bliss of life: to him the parasitical life alone was deserving of that appellation. For in his

* Odys. ix. 5. et seq. Homer employs the word *τέλος*, and seems, by connecting it with the adjective *χαρίσσιμον*, to mean nothing more than the most agreeable that can be conceived; but because *τέλος* also signifies ultimate end, and in the language of the stoics and other philosophers sometimes implies the supreme good: the parasite avails himself of that ambiguity *pour se moquer des philosophes* on Homer's account.

† Thus the epicureans defined what they denominated pleasure

time parasites were denominated *dætymones* *. Besides Epicurus most impudently stole his sovereign good from the parasites, by appropriating eudæmony, that is, good cheer, and to pamper his genius, to his partizans. For that it was a real theft, and that pleasure is in fact no affair of the epicureans but of the parasites I will shew you at once. I begin then by affirming, that pleasure consists in a state free from all trouble and unquiet emotion both of body and mind. The parasite preserves both, but the epicurean neither the one nor the other. Because he that cares about the figure of the earth, whether there is an infinite number of worlds, how big the sun is and how far distant from us, of what nature the elements are, and whether there are gods or not, nay he that is perpetually quarrelling with others even about the sovereign good, he is disturbed not only with the ordinary human but even with cosmopolitical disquietudes. The parasite, on the contrary, to whom all is right, and who never thinks at all whether anything should or could be better than it is, lives unassailed by such scruples in perfect carelessness and peace, relishes what he eats and drinks, sleeps soundly with his legs stretched and his arms dangling beside him, like Ulysses on his passage home. — I have however, besides this, another argument why pleasure has nothing to do with Epicurus. For, to cut the matter short, Epicurus, with all his wisdom, either has to eat, or he has not. Has he nothing to eat; it will be soon over with him as to life as well as pleasure: but if he have to eat, he has it either from himself, or from some other. In the latter predicament he is a parasite, and therefore not that which he pretends to be: in the former, he cannot live pleasantly.

TYCHIADES. How so?

SIMO. If he have wherewith to live of himself, many things follow thence which embitter the pleasure of his life. To touch only upon some of them: must he who would live pleasantly, be able to satisfy his desires immediately as they rise?

TYCHIADES. So it seems.

SIMO. With one who has everything in abundance that may suit; but not with him who has little or nothing. A poor man therefore cannot

* *Dætymones*, agreeably to etymology, are guests, parasites, eating-companions, messmates.

be a wise man according to the epicurean fashion, and the sovereign good is no concern of his: but even the rich man, whose means enable him abundantly to satisfy his desires, cannot attain to it. Wherefore? Because it is of inevitable necessity that he who consumes his property must be obnoxious to many disquietudes. Now he must scold his cook for dressing his victuals badly; or, if he does not, he must eat his meat ill-dressed, and therefore forego a pleasure; now he must quarrel with his steward, for not properly œconomizing. Or, is not it so?

TYCHIADES. I at least should think it is.

SIMO. Epicurus must therefore in one case as in the other miss of his sovereign good. Whereas the parasite has no cook to be angry with, no estate, no steward, no money the loss of which would give him pain, and yet has to eat and drink in abundance, without one of those incumbrances with which the former is plagued. — That parasitic is an art, sufficiently appears from these several arguments: it remains now to be shewn, that it is the best; and not merely that it is better in general than all other arts, but likewise in particular that it excels every one of them. No other art can be learned without apprenticeship, years of labour, fear and stripes; all of them objects of universal abhorrence. The parasitic is the only one, to my knowledge, that can be learnt without trouble. Who ever went away wimpering from a feast, as we see many do from their schoolmasters? Or, who ever went with sulky looks to a convivial party, like those who go to school? On the contrary, the parasite takes such delight in his art, that he even seats himself uninvited at an entertainment: whereas the pupils of other arts have often so much dislike to them, that they not unfrequently run away from school, ere they have learnt anything. And ought not we to take into the account, that parents can devise no better method of recompensing the industry of their children in the other arts, than by what is the ordinary solace of a parasite? By Jupiter, say they, the boy has wrote beautifully to-day; give him a luncheon! — he has not wrote well; give him nothing! — So great is the efficacy of eating both in rewarding and in punishing. In other arts enjoyment is the consequence of learning: they yield fruits, but as a late reward for previous labour, and the path thereto is long and arduous: whereas parasitic is of all arts the only one that in the very learning of it yields the enjoyment of the art; and, so to speak, at the

very first step reaches its mark. Not only some other arts, but in fact all of them are learnt for the single purpose of procuring a maintenance to the master of it; the parasite maintains himself by his from the very first essay. The husbandman does not plough his field, for the sake of ploughing; the builder does not build for the sake of building; his labour is but the means to a distant end: whereas to the parasite end and means are one and the same. Yet more; everybody knows, that all other artists and artizans must toil the most of their time, and have not more than one or two holidays in a whole month. Bodies corporate celebrate their stated festivals whether annually or monthly, thus affording the people days of recreation: whereas the parasite has exactly thirty holidays every month, and the whole year is one feast to him. Again; those who would arrive at a high degree of proficiency in any other art, must eat and drink sparingly, and observe a strict and slender diet, in some sort like a sick patient: for it is an old observation, that a full belly makes a dull scholar. Farther; all other arts are useless without tools, which cannot be had without money; nobody can pipe without a flute, fiddle without a violin*, or ride without a horse: the parasitical art alone is so self-sufficient and so commodious to the artist, that he can exercise it without the aid of any instrument. He that would learn another art, must pay for it: he who learns mine is paid for it. Other professions cannot be learnt without a tutor: the parasitical art is in want of none; it is a gift of heaven, and we become parasites, as Socrates † says we become poets, by God's grace ‡. It deserves likewise to be remarked, that the parasitical art may be exercised everywhere, even in travelling by land or by water, which cannot be said of most others. In fine, it is no small excellence in the former, that the other arts appear to have a leaning to the parasitical, whereas this neither needs nor requires us to be addicted to any other.

TYCHIADES. A little scruple however here suggests itself to my mind §. Is it not unjust, to appropriate to oneself the property of another?

* In the greek, *lyra*.

† Vid. Plato's *Io*, opp. vol. iv. p. 187.

‡ This is directly the reverse of what he had just before maintained: but we should not require a parasite to be always consistent with himself, and in him inconsistency may be a grace.

§ In the original Tychiades starts his objection without any preface; but in every modern language, this mode of proceeding to another subject would strike very disagreeably.

SIMO. Unquestionably it is.

TYCHIADES. How then should it not be unjust in the parasite alone?

SIMO. To that — I am not immediately prepared to give you a direct answer. — But to shew you a few more of the advantages that parasitic has over the other arts, who can deny, that the latter are mean and pitiful in their commencement; whereas the former is of a generous and noble origin? For if you inspect it carefully it springs from no baser root than the universally renowned name of friendship.

TYCHIADES. How do you mean?

SIMO. Because, generally speaking, no man invites his enemy, or a stranger, or even one with whom he has but little intercourse, to his table: but he must first be upon an intimate footing with a man for being partaker of his meals and initiated in the mysteries of our art. Accordingly, you often hear it said: How should he be our friend, since he has never ate nor drunk with us? Whence it plainly appears, that only he who eats and drinks with us, is generally accounted a true friend. I shall add one proof more, that in fact parasitic merits the title of a royal art*. The professors of other arts must not only labour with toil and sweat, but sit and stand to their occupation as if they were the slaves of the art: the parasite on the contrary follows his in the same manner as kings give audience, — in a recumbent posture. Not to mention, though it is no small part of his superior happiness, that he alone, as the sagacious Homer says of his cyclops:

Nor plants, nor ploughs, nor sows, nor works with hand. *Odyss. ix. 108.*

but reaps, where he has not sown, and enjoys what has cost him nothing. To sum up all, a rhetorician, a geometrician, a smith can practise his art without molestation, though a clownish fellow and even a blockhead: whereas in parasitic neither a low bred man nor a simpleton will ever succeed.

TYCHIADES. Heavens! who would have thought that the spunger's art was such a rare business? You almost persuade me to believe that it would be better to be a parasite than what I am.

* Alluding to a passage in Plato's *Euthydemus*, *opp. vol. III. p. 45. ed. cit.*

SIMO. The great advantage of my art over all other professions I think I have sufficiently shewn. We will now, if you please, see how far it excels each of them in particular. To compare it however with any of the mechanical arts, would be a folly and an unpardonable disparagement of its dignity. It will suffice, if I can shew you how much it is to be preferred to the greatest and best parts of knowledge. That of these eloquence and philosophy hold the first rank, is so universally acknowledged, that some by reason of their excellence hold them to be sciences. If then I demonstrate, that parasitic by far excels both of them, it will plainly appear that it is as superior to all other arts as Nausicaa was to her chambermaids and slaves*. In general then it far surpasses both rhetoric and philosophy, with regard to the essence, in this, that there can be no question at all respecting what it is; whereas about what rhetoric is opinions are much divided; some holding it to be an art, others a mere natural endowment, others even a bare quality and some quite different from all the rest. The same holds good of philosophy; for Epicurus forms a different conception of it from the stoics; it is one thing with the academics, another with the peripatetics: philosophy is as various as the variety of the philosophers: everyone will have it resolved his own way; so that, to this very moment they cannot come to agreement, nor does their art appear to be one and the same. Can anything more be necessary for bringing us to the conclusion, that an art, respecting which it is not once ascertained what it is, unjustly bears even the name of an art? Arithmetic is everywhere one and the same; twice two make four with the Persians as well as with us; Greeks and barbarians on that point have but one opinion. The philosophies, on the other hand, we perceive are many and diverse, agreeing neither in principles nor ends.

TYCHIADES. Rightly observed. They say indeed, there is only one philosophy, but they themselves make many of it.

SIMO. If in some other arts perhaps all is not consistent, and a man should excuse it by saying, that they naturally must have somewhat fluc-

* In allusion to the beautiful comparison of the daughter of Alcinous among her maids with Diana surrounded by her nymphs, in the sixth book of the *Odyssey* ver. 101-110.

tuating, seeing they depend upon notions and principles which cannot be brought to complete elucidation and certainty; I acquiesce in the plea; but who can endure it, that philosophy, the principles whereof should be necessary and evident, is not one, and far more perfectly in unison than the most accurately tuned instrument? Now, philosophy is so far from being one, that we should rather call it infinitely various. Then, since there can be but one philosophy, there cannot be several of them, so it is clear that there is none at all. The same observation may be applied to rhetoric. For, if concerning a given subject, of whatever it is, all do not affirm the same, but opinions are split and controversy ensues; it is the surest proof, that the thing of which we have not the same conception, is not at all. With parasitic this is by no means the case: it is in its essence, in its form, in its object and end, with Greeks and barbarians one and the same. It cannot be said, spunge this way, or spunge that way; there are no sects, no stoics and epicureans among them, severally contradicting each other in their dogmas and precepts: but in all a perfect uniformity of principles and an exact agreement both in procedure and end; so that in my humble opinion, parasitic in this respect, well deserves the title of true wisdom.

TYCHIADES. On this point methinks you have been more than sufficiently explicit. But how will you prove the excellence of your art above philosophy in the other particulars?

SIMO. First of all, give me leave to call your attention to this, that no parasite was ever yet a lover of philosophy; whereas it is notorious that many philosophers, antient and modern, have been great lovers of parasitic, and still are.

TYCHIADES: How do you mean? Can you name to me any philosophers who have been addicted to spunging?

SIMO. You would insinuate perhaps that I am unacquainted with them, because you dissemble your knowledge, as if it proclaimed their disgrace and not rather redounded to their honour?

TYCHIADES. Not exactly so, Simo. But I doubt much whether you can name any.

SIMO. You must be little read in the writers who have recorded the lives of these personages, since you have not happened to fall upon those whom I mean.

TYCHIADES. In good truth, you will oblige me greatly by naming them.

SIMO. Well; we will produce a few of them, and those certainly none of the meanest, but on the contrary, as far as I am able to judge, the most eminent of them all; men whom you would least suspect. First then, there was the famous socratic Æschines *, the author of long and elegant dialogues which are in everybody's hands †; who came with his dialogues into Sicily, in order if possible to make himself known to Dionysius. He came particularly for the purpose of reading to him his *Miltiades*; and having as it seems ingratiated himself with the prince, sat himself down at Syracuse, played the part of a parasite to Dionysius, and, good-night, socratic conversations! — But what say you to Aristippus of Cyrene? You will allow him to pass for a philosopher?

TYCHIADES. Most certainly.

SIMO. He also lived about the same time at Syracuse, and spunged upon Dionysius, by whom he was held in greater esteem than the rest of the philosophers. In fact he had an excellent knack at our art, and this carried him so far, that Dionysius every day sent his cook to him, to profit by his instructions. It must be confessed, that he did much honour to our art. But even your renowned Plato, came to Sicily in no other view than to act the parasite to the tyrant; and that after a trial of a few days, he was obliged to desist, proceeded solely from his having too little genius for the art. He accordingly returned to Athens, took all possible pains to prepare for a fresh attempt, made a second voyage to Sicily, spunged again for a few days, but was soon once more necessitated to give up the profession from a total want of ability ‡: so that his adventure

* Socrates never kept a school, and therefore had properly no scholars. It was the custom however to style socratics those who were most conversant with him, and endeavoured to form themselves upon his model; and this Æschines (who must not be confounded with the orator, who came after him, of that name) was one of the most eminent of them.

† In Lucian's time there were seven of them extant, the titles whereof are thus given by his contemporary Diogenes Laertius: *Miltiades*, *Callias*, *Ariochus*, *Aspasia*, *Alcibiades*, *Telauges* and *Rhino*. Of these the only one that is come down to us is *Ariochus*, upon death and the life after death; and both of the epithets by which Lucian characterizes this dialogue, suit it admirably. The two others which bear his name, seemingly belong to the spurious ones mentioned by the aforesaid biographer.

‡ It is dröll enough to behold a parasite forging in his manner a key to the private history of Plato at the court of Dionysius. If the reader has a desire to see this remarkable part of Plato's

at the court of Dionysius may not unfitly be compared to the unfortunate expedition of Nicias*.

TYCHIADES. And what voucher can you produce for this?

SIMO. Among several others Aristoxenus Musicus, a famous man, and who was himself a parasite of Neleus. That Euripides was a hanger-on to king Archelaus to the day of his death, as Anaxarchus was to Alexander the great, is a fact that cannot possibly be unknown to you. As to Aristotle, it may be affirmed, that he likewise exercised parasitic at least as a novice, since he made it his business to uphold the elementary principles of the art. I have therefore, according to promise, pointed out philosophers who addicted themselves to parasitic: but a parasite that ever thought of studying philosophy, no man can name an instance of. If now it be essential to happiness (the great problem of philosophers) not to thirst nor to freeze: where are the philosophers who must not grant precedence to the parasite in these respects? You will have no difficulty in finding multitudes of the former, who very well know what it is to freeze and to hunger, but certainly no parasites; or he must be utterly undeserving of that honourable title, mayhap a miserable fellow, or a beggar, or some such — like a philosopher.

TYCHIADES. Enough of that! But you gave me reason to suppose, just now, that you were able to adduce other and greater instances where parasitic excels both philosophy and rhetoric.

SIMO. [*With an air of importance.*] Human life, my excellent friend, naturally divides itself into two seasons, peace-time and war-time. Either in one or the other it must be apparent what the arts and their pretended masters are good for or not. First, if you please, we will take the war-

life more properly described, he may gratify it by perusing a book in considerable vogue about fifty years ago, entitled Agatho, where this secret history forms the subject of some chapters of the ninth book.

* The Athenians had an airy project of conquest put into their heads by Alcibiades, the execution of which was to have begun with Sicily: but because they did not think Alcibiades (although he was their idol) quite fit to be trusted, they joined with him Lamachus and Nicias, and this precaution was the prime cause of the failure of the enterprize. It is not improbable that Alcibiades alone, if the management had been left entirely to him, would have brought it to a successful issue.

time, and examine, who is most useful both to himself and the commonwealth, the philosopher and orator, or the parasite.

TYCHIADES. A fine contest, truly! I cannot forbear laughing, to think what sort of a figure a philosopher would make by the side of a spunger, and brought into comparison with him.

SIMO. Oh, it is not half so strange and ludicrous a matter as you may think; you will soon put on a more serious face! Only suppose intelligence to be received, that the enemy will make a sudden attack upon our frontiers; necessity requires that we rush out to resist him, to prevent him from ravaging the country; the general summons to enroll themselves who are of fit age for military service, and among the rest there appear some philosophers, orators and parasites. Accordingly our first operation will be to strip off their cloaths; for those that are to be accoutred must previously be drawn up naked. Now observe them, I beseech you, my worthy sir, one by one, and examine their bodily condition on all sides. You will immediately be struck with the view of some, from hunger and want, looking so emaciated, pale and shrivelled, as if they had already lain two or three days among the wounded upon the field of battle. Judge for yourself, whether it would not be ridiculous, to say, that such nerveless, languid invalids could be able to sustain the concentrated shock of the enemy, the fatigue and bustle of the fight, the clash of arms, the dust and the wounds of an engagement!— But on the other hand, look at the parasite; how different he appears! He is stout and robust, has a fine ruddy complexion, not pale and wan, which only becomes women, nor swarthy, like a slave; he is bold and has an eye full of fire and spirit, like mine (for a feminine eye would have but a bad effect on coming to close quarters); in short, looks like a man who is determined not to sell his skin cheap, nor lose his blood for a trifle: and now say: will not such a man prove a brave soldier, and, if die he must, die with honour? But what need is there to have recourse to fictions, since we have before us historical examples enough? To speak freely; all the philosophers and orators that have ever gone to war, have either prudently not ventured beyond the ramparts; or if by chance they have been forced into the ranks, they were sure to take to their heels and run away.

TYCHIADES. Your ardour increases so fast, that I am afraid you exaggerate. — However, proceed.

SIMO. To begin with the orators*; so far was Isocrates from going to battle, that he had not even the heart to mount the rostrum, for fear lest his voice should stick in his throat. But what do I say? On the first tidings that Philip had taken up arms, did not Demades and Æschines and Philocrates, betray the city for very fear, and deliver themselves up to the invader? Or what from that instant did they, but make themselves his partizans at Athens, and seduce the people to measures agreeable to him; and that with so much zeal, that a man needed only to attach himself to Philip, for securing their friendship? And if Hyperides, Demosthenes, and Lycurgus appear to have displayed more courage, and kept up a constant alarm in the popular assemblies by their blustering harangues and invectives against Philip; who ever heard of one brave exploit of theirs in the war with him? Hyperides and Lycurgus scarcely so much as dared to peep a little through the city-gate; and while the town was besieged, shut themselves up at home behind the walls, to turn sentences and fabricate decrees. Their great champion, however †, — who in the popular assemblies was always inveighing against that execrable Macedonian, Philip ‡, from that country, “whence no man would wish even to buy a slave,” — yet at last having summoned up so much courage as to march against him in Bœotia, before the armies were fairly engaged, flung away his shield and ran off §. Or, if you have not heard all this from common report, for it is of public notoriety not only at

* Simo speaks here of rhetors in the proper signification of the term, i. e. professors of the art, and of advocates who in a democratical state might raise themselves by their eloquence, perhaps like Demosthenes, Æschines, &c. into demagogues: not of such statesmen, who, like Pericles, were born for demagogues, and by an eloquence that was rather a talent than an art employed it merely as an instrument; however great their gift of speech might be, to speak in the grecian manner, they were not ranked in the class of rhetors properly so called.

† Demosthenes.

‡ Ὀλέθρος and κάθαρμα are opprobrious epithets in greek, which we are obliged, as is the case with many other words in that language, to exchange for others, which having the whole of their force have much about the same effect upon the english reader.

§ The parasite Simo naturally succeeds no better in his jest upon Demosthenes than upon Plato and Socrates. If however the reader wishes to see that part of grecian history to which the whole of this passage refers, related with no less brevity than accuracy, he cannot do better than peruse the 9th chapter of the third volume of the Allgem. Damenbibliothek.

Athens, but even among the Thracians and Scythians, whence the damned chatterer derives his origin*.

TYCHIADES. I know it. These however were orators, and brought up to speak, not to act. But what have you to say against the philosophers? You cannot bring the same accusations against them.

SIMO. Them! Though day after day they are expatiating upon valour, and grinding the word virtue incessantly between their teeth; yet with all that they are more cowardly milksops and greater fops than even the orators. Only consider. In the first place, nobody can say that a philosopher ever lost his life in battle. Either they have never entered the service, or if they have, they took the first opportunity to desert. Antisthenes, Diogenes, Crates, Zeno, Plato, Æschines, Aristotle, and the whole rout of them, never in all their lives saw an army drawn up in battle-array; and the only one of them, that had the heart to be present at the affair of Amphipolis, deserted from the fort of Parneche into the palæstra of Taureas; thinking it much pleasanter and more polite to sit with spruce young sparks, and entertain them with his gossiping conversation and favourite witticisms, and to cajole them with any sophistries that came into his head, than to contend in the bloody field with a stout Spartan †.

TYCHIADES. All this, my gentle sir, I have heard from others, and indeed from people who had no desire to traduce and ridicule the philosophers; I cannot therefore reproach you with having slandered the philosophers in favour of your own profession ‡. Therefore let all that pass; but now I should be glad to be informed, what sort of a hero the parasite is in war, and whether it can be shewn that there were parasites in the heroic ages.

* Æschines is reported to have publicly reproached Demosthenes with having a barbarian for his mother. Plutarch. vit. Demosth. Of this circumstance the parasite seems here to have availed himself, in his comic zeal against the greatest of orators.

† The parasite confounds two, totally different actions, at which Socrates was present, namely, that at Amphipolis and that at Delium: a circumstance in the discussion of which the reader is little interested; especially as in the careless manner in which Simo relates the affair, it is no disparagement to Socrates. Xenophon and Plato justly deserve more credit on that head.

‡ This is a little wickedly spoke by Tychiades.

SIMO. However uninformed a man may be in other respects, my friend, he must at least have learnt his Homer *, and should therefore know that his bravest heroes were parasites ; even that famous Nestor, of whom he says :

Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled. *Iliad*, i. 249.

Nestor was a parasite of Agamemnon ; and neither Achilles, though reckoned the finest and bravest man of the whole army, and in fact was so, nor Diomed, nor Ajax, was so highly esteemed and praised as Nestor. For he wished for neither ten Ajaxes nor ten Achilles, but he avers that he should infallibly conquer Troy if he had ten such soldiers as that old parasite †. Of Idomeneus too, a son of Jupiter ; Homer says, that he had been a parasite of Agamemnon.

TYCHIADES. I know the passage which you mean ; but it is not clear to me how these two worthies can be called Agamemnon's parasites.

SIMO. My dearest friend, do but call to mind the verses where Agamemnon thus bespeaks Idomeneus :

Thy cup stands always full, as well as mine,

Ready to quench thy thirst with generous wine. *Iliad*. iv. 262.

For he must naturally be supposed to mean, not that Idomeneus, whether fighting or sleeping had always a full goblet standing before him ; but only that he had the honour of daily taking his place at the king's table ‡, whereas the other generals were only invited on particular days. So he says, for example, of Ajax, on his return from a very honourable duel with Hector : " they conducted him to the divine Agamemnon," namely, because the king had, particularly in honour of him, though it was late, appointed a banquet. But Idomeneus and Nestor sat at table every day with the king, as he says himself §. Only Nestor seems to me to have

* Because it was explained to children at school.

† *Iliad*. ii. 371. Cicero makes the same use of Agamemnon's wish, to prove the excellency of age when it is associated with wisdom. *Cato maj.* cap. x.

‡ The parasite misquotes Homer evidently to favour his hypothesis ; for Agamemnon explains clearly enough wherein the advantage consisted which he gave Idomeneus at his table, before the rest. " The princes of the Greeks get their particular portion," says he, " but your cup is always poured full again, like my own, that you may drink as often as you are inclined." This passage therefore makes nothing for his assertion.

§ To confess the truth, he no where says it ; unless the passage in the second book, verse 405, is tortured to some purpose : of which indeed our parasite seems to make no matter of conscience.

been a great virtuoso in the art of spunging upon kings : for he did not first begin to practise it towards Agamemnon, but had carried it on before towards the kings Cæneus and Hexadius, and did not, it appears, relinquish till after the death of Agamemnon.

TYCHIADES. He was consequently a parasite that conferred honour on your fraternity. But can you name to me any more of that quality of the homerian æra ?

SIMO. How, Tychiades ? Was not then Patroclus a parasite of Achilles ? A young man who came after no other, Greek either in corporeal or mental perfection. I even believe myself able to conclude from his achievements, that in these he was nothing inferior to Achilles himself. For he repulsed Hector, after he had broke through the gate of the grecian entrenchments, and already within them was attacking the ships, and quenching the fire of that commanded by Protesilaus, which was now beginning to blaze; though it was defended by no worse men than Telamon's two sons. This parasite of Achilles slew a vast number of barbarians, and even Sarpedon, though he was a son of Jupiter. Even in the manner of his death there was somewhat extraordinary. Hector fell by the single hand of Achilles, and Achilles was in his turn killed by the single shaft of Paris ; but no less than two men and a god went to the parasite's slaughter * ; and the last words with which he breathed out his soul, were not such as those of the noble Hector, who fell prostrate at the feet of Achilles, and besought to let his dead body at least be delivered to his friends : but words that were worthy of a parasite.

TYCHIADES. How did they run ?

SIMO. If twenty such had dared to prove my might,
This single arm had closed their eyes in night.

TYCHIADES. Enough ! — But how will you prove that Patroclus was not the friend, but the parasite of Achilles ?

SIMO. He shall tell you himself.

TYCHIADES. How can that be ?

SIMO. Hear then his own words :

Let not my bones, Achilles, lie from thine ;
As one house fed us, let one tomb conjoin. *Iliad. xxiii. 83.*

* Apollo, Hector, and Euphorbus. *Iliad, xvi. 783-822.*

and presently afterwards :

Kindly received by Pelcus, thy sire,

He brought me up† and named me for thy squire;

i. e. thy parasite. Had he designed to name him friend, he would not have employed the word minister or servant; for Patroclus was free. What persons then are we to understand by squires except such as are neither friends nor slaves, consequently parasites? In the same sense Merion is styled a servant of Idomeneus*. And here, I beseech you to observe, that Homer does not think this Idomeneus, though he was Jupiter's son, worthy of being styled the wargodlike, but bestows that epithet on the parasite Merion. But, to quote an instance nearer to the point, if we may credit Thucydides; was not Aristogiton†, a youth without quality or fortune, the parasite of Harmodius? Nay, was he not his favourite? And what is more equitable than that parasites should be the favourites of those who feed them? This parasite was the man that freed Athens from the tyranny of the sons of Pisistratus, and on that account now stands in a statue of brass with his favourite, in the market place. I think these are instances enough of parasites that have been very brave men. — By this time probably you are enabled to form a judgment how fit for war a parasite is, and how he would behave as a soldier. Does he not always, before he goes out to fight, agreeably to the wise advice of Ulysses‡, provide himself with a good breakfast? For though he be to fight never so early in the morning, he never fights upon an

* Iliad. xiii. 246. To speak seriously; Homer by the word *ῥεάπων*, when he employs it concerning Patroclus and Merion, probably means nothing else than what our ancestors understood by the appellation of armour-bearer or squire. The chattering fellow Simo however, by making Merion the parasite of Idomeneus, seems to have forgot that the latter was, according to his own statement, a parasite of Agamemnon.

† See Thucyd. book vi. Here likewise Lucian causes the parasite to commit an error of memory, probably because such inaccuracies are more in character with such a chap than the exactitude of a scholar. According to Thucydides, Harmodius was the favourite and parasite of Aristogiton.

‡ There was somewhat very amusing to the contemporaries of Lucian in hearing Simo talking of the parasites, as an ideal abstract, in the same style as the stoics spoke of the wise — the parasite, not a parasite, and the stoics predicated all the marvels that they could, not of a, *i. e.* of this or that wise man, but of the wise *par excellence*, of the ideal and archetypical wise man.

empty stomach. Thus, to those that Ulysses sent against the enemy, he always gave plenty to eat, though they were to march to the encounter by the first dawn of day *. While therefore some soldiers are fearfully putting on and off a dozen times their helmet, till it is properly adjusted, another fastening the buckles of his breast-plate ; a third tremblingly suspicious of the worst that may happen, the parasite sits with a placid countenance filling his belly : but on marching to battle he is among the foremost. His patron stands in the next file behind the parasite, whom, as Teucer did his brother Ajax, he covers with his shield ; and if it comes to bows and arrows, exposes himself simply to screen him, as one in whose safety he has a greater interest than in his own. Supposing however that he falls in battle, certainly neither his officer nor his comrades have anything to be ashamed of, on beholding so good-looking a man, a corpse, as if gracefully recumbent at a feast : and it is worth while to see how he differs from the dry, smutty, goat-bearded carcase of the miserable churl the dead philosopher, whose soul has evacuated his body from fear before the battle began. Who would not despise the country that had such wretched recruits for its defenders ? Or who could see such sallow, uncombed, and squalid, puny creatures lying there, without being struck with the idea, that the republic for want of soldiers had set open the prisons, and mingled the incarcerated malefactors with their warriors. Such then are philosophers and orators, contrasted with parasites in war ! In peace the comparison is not more favourable to the former : on the contrary, in my estimation parasitic is as far preferable to philosophy as peace to war. For placing this in its proper light, if you please we will consider the places where peace properly resides.

TYCHIADES. I do not rightly understand your drift ; but let us see.

SIMO. I mean the public mart, the courts of judicature, the palæstra and gymnasiums, the chace, and the banquet. As to the market and the law courts, the parasite leaves those theatres of passion and chicane to the sycophants, who are there properly speaking at home. On the other hand he frequents the more diligently the palæstra, the gymnasiums, and the banquet ; and there indeed he makes a quite different figure from

* Iliad. xix. 160.

your philosopher or orator. For when was it ever seen that one of these latter, when stript for wrestling, dared let himself be seen by the side of a parasite? Or which of them can shew himself in the gymnasium without scandalizing the place? But even in the forest, not one of them would have the heart to arrest the attack of a piece of game: whereas the parasite would stand firm and let it come on: because at the table he is too familiar with the species to be afraid of it. He fears no stag, no bristly boar: for if he whets his teeth against him, the parasite whets his teeth against him again. As to hares he pursues them more fiercely than the hounds do. Then at the feast, who would venture a bet against the parasite, whether in jesting or eating? Who will contribute more to the diversion of the company, he, who has always in readiness some jovial catch or a witty conceit; or the pedant, who absolutely does not know what laughing is, sits there in a thread-bare cloak with downcast looks, as if he were come to a funeral, not to a merry-making? In my view of the matter, a philosopher at an entertainment is of just as much use as a dog in a bath. But, letting all this alone, we will proceed to consider the disposition of the parasite and compare it with that of the former. The first thing that here presents itself, is, that the parasite contemns glory, and is under no concern about what folks think of him: now your orators and philosophers, not only this or that perhaps, but one and all, how numerous soever, are given to vanity and ambition, and what is worse, even to avarice. The parasite holds money in such little estimation, that nobody can have less value for the pebbles on the seashore, and he makes no difference between the brightness of fire and the shining lustre of gold*. They, on the other hand, are so infested with the unhallowed thirst of gold, that we know famed philosophers of our own time (of the orators I chuse to say nothing), one of whom was convicted of taking bribes for passing an unjust sentence in a cause where he sat as judge; another took payment for his sophistries of his scholars; another again had the effrontery to demand a salary of the emperor merely for residing at his court: nay, we even know one, who though in

* That is, the one is as agreeable to him as the other. This curious thought seems to have at bottom an allusion to the well-known commencement of the first olympic ode of Pindar.

decrepit age, roams about the country, letting out his wisdom for hire, as an indian or scythian captive does his manual labour, and is not once ashamed of the appellation, but even confesses that what he receives for it is wages. This avarice however is not their only failing; you will find them to be governed by other passions, moroseness, anger, envy, and all kinds of sordid affections, in common with the lowest of the people. The parasite, on the other hand, is superior to all this. He is angry at nothing, because he knows how to endure displeasure, and — because he has nobody to be angry with; or if by chance somewhat should raise his choler, his anger is not vehement, and ends in no mischievous effects, but rather excites mirth, and diverts the company. With sadness nobody is less acquainted than he, since his art procures him the peculiar advantage of having nothing to grieve at. For he has neither lands, nor tenements, nor servants, neither wife nor children, nor anything that might afflict him by the loss of. In short, it may well be said, that they are free from impetuous desires, who are indifferent to honours and riches, aye even to disgrace.

TYCHIADES. One would think however, Simo, that the article of livelihood must occasionally interrupt his good humour.

SIMO. You forget, Tychiades, that he would be no parasite, who was obliged to provide for his daily repast: as a valiant man, if he were wanting in courage, is not valiant; nor is a prudent man, who lets his prudence lie idle, a prudent man. But our business at present is with the parasite who is really such, not with him who is only such in name. For if the valiant man is only so by his actual valour and the prudent man only by exercising prudence: so likewise is the parasite only by actually parasiting a parasite; if we refuse to grant him this, it would be better to talk on any other subject than that of parasites*.

TYCHIADES. In your opinion then, the parasite can never be in want of a well-spread board.

SIMO. Certainly I am of that opinion: he may make himself perfectly

* Here again the indirect ridicule of Plato, whose method of argumentation is parodied by the parasite with ludicrous gravity, will be obvious to every reader that has any acquaintance with him.

easy on that head as well as on every other. Now turn to the philosophers; they, as well as the orators, live in continual fear. Accordingly you seldom or never see them walking along the streets without a stick in their hand. Would they then go thus armed, if they were not afraid? Or would they so carefully bolt their doors, if they were not in dread of a nocturnal attack? If the parasite shuts his chamber door, he has no other motive for it than to keep out the wind; a nocturnal attempt gives him no more uneasiness than if there were no such matter, and he travels unarmed through the most desolate wilderness, because he is fearless of being robbed. But I have often seen philosophers going armed, where there was nothing to fear, and they carry their cudgel with them, even when walking to the bath or to an invitation. To be brief; none can accuse the parasite of adultery, of violent assaults, rapine or any other knavish trick; for such an offender would, precisely for that reason, be no parasite; or (which comes to the same thing) if the parasite commits an act of adultery, he obtains by the act itself the denomination of it, and is called an adulterer. For in like manner as a scoundrel is for that reason called not a good, but a bad man: so, I conceive, the parasite also loses, by committing something infamous, that whereby he is a parasite, and takes on him the name of the offence that he has committed. How many crimes the philosophers and orators have been guilty of, we not only know of ourselves, from the numberless examples that have occurred before our eyes, but it may be read in books, that those of yore acted no better. We have apologies for Socrates, for Æschines, for Hyperides, for Demosthenes, and for almost all the orators and sages: but you cannot quote an apology for a parasite, and no man can say that he has ever seen a charge of libel brought against him.

TYCHIADES. Well, I will allow that your parasite has in life the advantage over the philosopher and orator; but perhaps in return his death may be the worse for it.

SIMO. Exactly the reverse; beyond all comparison happier! We know that all the philosophers, or however the greater part of them, came to an unhappy end: some for heinous offences were condemned to the poisoned cup; others were burnt alive; others were carried off by a strangury, others died miserably. None can tell of a parasite who came to such an untimely end; he dies gently and sweetly amidst loaded dishes

and flowing bowls, and should perchance one of them die a violent death, it was doubtless merely of an indigestion.

TYCHIADES. You have bravely fought it out for the parasites against the philosophers. Nothing now remains, but to shew, if you can, that spungery is an honourable art, and of utility to those at whose expense the parasite lives. I for my part think there is somewhat very humiliating in accepting one's maintenance from rich people as a benefaction.

SIMO. You are not so simple however, Tychiades, as not to perceive, that a rich man, if he had even as much gold as Gyges*, would be but a poor devil if he were obliged to eat his meals alone; and that he would cut but a mean figure in the street, without a parasite by his side, and would be little distinguishable from those that have none. A rich man without a parasite is like a soldier without arms, a garment without purple, a horse without trappings; in short, the parasite does honour to the rich man, not the rich man to the parasite. What appears to you disgraceful in being supported by a rich man on the footing of a client, is therefore entirely done away, if you consider, that the rich man actually derives profit from it, inasmuch as this body-guard, besides the increase of respect that it confers upon him, is no small addition to his safety. For none will be so fool-hardy as to make an assault upon him, when he sees such a defender by his side. Neither will one who has a parasite be so liable to die by poison: for who will attempt to poison him, when he knows that the parasite previously tastes his victuals and drink? The rich man not only obtains honour from his parasite, but justly considers him as the man to whom he owes the safety of his life. The parasite, from affection to his feeder, takes all his dangers upon himself, and faith-

* The history or rather the story of the invisible-making ring of this Gyges, and the no less curious story of the manner how he came to the crown of Lydia, told by Herodotus with such honest simplicity, are of universal notoriety. That however is not here the question, but of his wealth, concerning which we might quote a multiplicity of evidence from poets and historians, if it were necessary. Strabo mentions (*lib. i. cap. 14.*) certain gold and silver mines between Acarne and Pergamus, as the principal sources whence Gyges drew those treasures which rendered him one of the wealthiest of the asiatic princes his contemporaries. There is therefore no reason whatever for the transformation, proposed by Moses du Soul, of Gyges either into Midas, or into Croesus.

fully sticks to him, not only in eating the very last morsel, but is even ready to eat himself to death for him.

TYCHIADES. I must confess, Simo, that you have done everything in your power to magnify your art, and it cannot accuse you of having been false to it in the smallest degree; in a word, you have not spoke as one that had never reflected on the subject, as you would have made me believe, but have done all that could have been expected of the most accomplished practitioner*. — The result is, that you have given me such an inclination for your art, that I will come to you forenoon and afternoon like a schoolboy, to learn my lesson of you; and I hope you will initiate me without delay in all its mysteries; since I am your first scholar. For what is commonly said of mothers, that they are fondest of their first-born, should in all reason be admitted of first scholars.

* I have been obliged here to omit a trifling passage, by which the reader loses nothing. It is untranslatable, as being a mere and tolerably dull play upon the etymology of the word *μαθησις*; and I cannot conceive rightly how Lucian could come to the resolution of disfiguring the conclusion of so witty a tract with so frosty a conceit; especially as it is a real *hors-d'œuvre*, and by its omission leaves no hole in the text.

THE
SHIP,
OR
THE WISHES.

LYCINUS. TIMOLAUS. SAMIPPUS. ADIMANTUS.

LYCINUS.

DID not I say, that a hungry vulture would sooner abandon his prey *, than Timolaus would neglect any strange sight, even though he must run in one breath from Athens to Corinth?

TIMOLAUS. How could I help it, Lycinus? Having absolutely nothing to do, I heard, that a great, a monstrous large ship had just run into the Piræus, one of those that in Ægypt are freighted with corn for Italy. I accordingly went to see it, and I must be very much mistaken, or it is the same curiosity that allured both you and Samippus here, from the city.

THE SHIP. This dialogue is a very entertaining persiflage on that proneness to wishing and the mistaken notion of happiness with which the generality of mortals are infected. I set a particular value on it, because it is replete throughout with that species of wit for which the Athenians were distinguished beyond all others, and may serve as a model of their urbanity.

* The picture here presented to our view in the greek text, ἴαλος νικῶς ἐν φανερῷ κίμτος, would make a modern reader stop short at the very first line, and deprive him of all inclination to proceed. To the Greeks there was nothing offensive in it. So different are the ideas in matters entirely dependent on sentiment or taste, between very refined nations who for a long series of ages have been separated from each other.

LYCINUS. I do not deny it; and we had with us Adimantus of Myrrhinusia *, but I know not how, we have lost him in the crowd of spectators. When we went on board the ship he was still with us; you, Samippus, I think, went foremost, Adimantus after you, and I behind Adimantus holding him fast with both hands; for I being shod, led him, who was not, by the hand up the ladder for fear of his slipping. But afterwards he disappeared all at once, and I have never seen him since, either on board or since we came on shore.

SAMIPIPPUS. If you recollect we first lost sight of him, when the handsome young girl came out of the cabin, dressed all in white, with her hair parted in two tresses, combed back and tied in a knot. I must know very little of Adimantus, or in gazing at her he forgot that there was an ægyptian vessel in the world, and stood fixt with watery eyes before the lovely maid. For on such occasions our good friend is very prone to tears.

LYCINUS. To me the girl appeared of no such extraordinary beauty as to make so deep an impression on Adimantus, who has so many fine girls about him at Athens, all of family and education, enough to bewitch a man's heart out of his body †, practised in graceful attitudes, who might well make an honest man's eyes overflow, without having cause to be ashamed of it ‡. But besides a wan complexion, she has thick pouting lips, spindle shanks, and speaks greek it is true, but so inarticulate and with a hissing accent, that what country she comes from is seen in a moment. Besides, one can tell immediately by the tying back of her hair in one tuft that she is not freeborn.

TIMOLAUS. On the contrary, with the Ægyptians that is just the characteristic of noble birth; all young women of rank wear their hair plaited

* Myrrhinus, the place that gave birth to Adimantus is an attic demos, or hamlet, belonging to the pandionic guild, and not the city Myrrhina on the isle of Lemnos, as the french translator without reason assumes.

† I imagine that by this mode of speaking I come as close as possible in english to what Lycinus would imply by *συμύλοι τὸ φθίγμα*, as all the collateral ideas contained in these two words will not admit of being expressed otherwise than by a periphrasis.

‡ In conformity to grecian manners, Lucian thus makes a flattering compliment to the fair ladies of Athens, — and that was probably all that he intended by it.

behind in that manner till the age of maturity. With our ancestors it was exactly the reverse; for then it was the custom only for persons of a certain age to turn back the hair into one great bunch behind, held together by a golden grasshopper*.

SAMIPPUS. You very opportunely, dear Timolaus, bring to our remembrance that passage in Thucydides; it is in the introduction to his history, where he mentions our luxury in the old times, and observes that this usage was found likewise among the Ionians, as an athenian colony.

LYCINUS. It now strikes me all at once, where it was that Adimantus left us. It was while we stood so long staring by the mainmast, to count the number of hides of which the sails were composed, and admiring that sailor how he clambered up the shrouds, and in perfect security ran to and fro along the yards aloft, clinging fast to the tackling on both sides of the mast.

SAMIPPUS. But how shall we act? Shall we wait for him; or shall I return to the ship, and look for him there?

TIMOLAUS. By no means. Let us walk on. Probably, since he was not able to find us, he has gone back into the city; if not, he knows the way, and there is no danger of his losing himself.

LYCINUS. You would do well however to consider, that reflectious may be cast upon us for thus leaving our friend in the lurch. — In the mean time, if Samippus approve of it, we will go on.

SAMIPPUS. That I do certainly. Perhaps we may find the palæstra still open. But, as we were saying before; what an enormous ship it was! A hundred and twenty ells in length, as the carpenter told us; upwards of thirty ells in breadth, and from the deck to the bottom of the hold, where the pump stands, nine and twenty. And what an astonishing mast! What a powerful yard it carried! What monstrous ropes that hold it fast on either side! Did you observe, how the stern rising insensibly in a curve, was ornamented at top with a golden goose †? And how at the other end, the prow proportionately swelling forwards, had on the two sides the figure of the goddess Isis, from whom as its patroness the ship takes its name? To say nothing of the other decorations and

* We learn from the comedies of Aristophanes, that the Athenians antiently wore golden grasshoppers in their hair. This was what we call the good old time, or in french *les collets montés*.

† The ordinary ensign of corn-ships.

appurtenances, the paintings, the purple flags, and especially the anchors and capstans and windlasses, and of the cabins disposed in the afterpart of the ship. All, in one word, all appeared to me admirable. The sailors, in such a surprising number, that they might be compared to an army, and the cargo, it was said, was so large, as to be sufficient provision for all the inhabitants of Attica for a whole year. And all this prodigious bulk is in the safety of one little old man, who is able to govern it with a slender pole fixt in the rudder. For they shewed me the steersman, a half-bald, curley-pated man, whom I think they called Heron.

TIMOLAUS. He was described by the passengers as a man thoroughly skilled in his art, and as understanding all that belongs to seamanship better than Proteus himself. Ye have however heard what befel them on their voyage, and that, notwithstanding all this steersman's cleverness, they were saved entirely by the benign influence of a star?

LYCINUS. No, Timolaus; but we are very desirous to hear it from you.

TIMOLAUS. The captain of the ship himself related it to me, an honest and a very conversible man. He said: they were sailing from Pharos with a pretty favourable breeze, and had on the seventh day come in sight of the promontory of Acamas*; but here the wind changed and carried them to Sidon. From thence, by a continuance of stormy weather, they were driven through the straits of Cilicia as far as the Chelidonian rocks; where they narrowly escaped going all to the bottom. Having once myself sailed round the Chelidonian islands, I know by experience how dangerous those seas are, on account of the tremendous surge, especially in a south and southwest wind. For then the Lycian sea being in a manner rent from the Pamphilian, the waves, broke and repelled by the headland, which consists entirely of craggy cliffs, foam and roar in horrible billows, and the sea often-times runs so high, as to cover the pointed summits of the rocks and render them invisible. Here the captain said they were in imminent danger, and, as it was unhappily in the night-time and pitch dark, they should infallibly have foundered,

* In Cyprus, called by the sea-faring people of the Levant *Capo di san Piphano*. If the reader is desirous of having a clear conception of this voyage he must consult M. d'Anville's chart of the eastern part of the antient roman empire.

had not the gods, moved by their pitiable cries, shewn them a fire upon the Lycian coast, and enabled them to discern the land; and if one of the dioscures settled in the form of a bright, shining star, on the main top mast yard arm, had not, just when they were on the point of striking upon the rocks, by a larboard tack steered the vessel again into deep water *. From thence having been once thrown out of their right course, they traversed the Ægean sea, and thus at last, all the while bearing up against the trade-winds, they yesterday, on the seventieth day since their departure from Ægypt, arrived in the Piræus: whereas, if they had kept Crete on the starboard, and sailed round the promontory of Malea, they had by this time been in Italy.

LYCINUS. [*Laughing.*] By Jupiter, an admirable pilot this same Heron, he must have been a second Nereus, to have mistaken his course so egregiously! — But who do I see? Is it not Adimantus?

TIMOLAUS. It is he himself: let us call to him. Holla! Adimantus!

LYCINUS. Either he is angry with us, or has lost his hearing. That it is Adimantus, and no other, I see plainly enough: it is his dress, his gait, his shock head of hair. Let us mend our pace, and overtake him. — If we had not pulled you by your skirts, Adimantus, you would never have heard us. You must be quite absorbed in cogitation, and have some magnificent plan in your head that thus engrosses your attention.

ADIMANTUS. At least it was nothing unpleasant. As I was walking a thought occurred to me which took such entire possession of my mind, that I did not hear you call.

LYCINUS. What kind of a thought might that be? I hope you will not keep it from us, unless it is absolutely a secret, of the inexpressible species. And if by chance it were, we are all of us initiated you know, and have learnt secrecy.

* Lucian here by the way gives a curious instance of the notions of the common people in such matters. Their deliverance would not communicate half so much joy to these men if they could not have ascribed it to a supernatural cause. Moreover, this passage proves, contrary to the common opinion, that the dioscures did not always both at the same time necessarily alight in the form of a flame or a star on the mast, for being regarded by the mariners as their deliverer.

ADIMANTUS. I might tell you, if I were not ashamed — it will appear to you so childish.

LYCINUS. Probably therefore some love-affair? But even in that case you will not trust your secret to profane ears; for we too are consecrated by Cupid's brightest taper to his mysteries.

ADIMANTUS. It is nothing of the sort, my charming friends! I was lost in a waking-dream, since you will know it, in a golden dream, and revelling in wealth and pleasure, and was at the summit of enjoyment, when you broke in upon me.

LYCINUS. Then we cry halves! Produce your treasures; it is but fair, that as the friends of Adimantus we should share in his success.

ADIMANTUS. As soon as we had set foot in the ship, and I had safely handed you up, Lycinus, you all forsook me. For while I was measuring the greatness of the anchor, away were you, without my knowing what was become of you. However, after I had viewed the several objects round me, I asked a sailor, how much that ship might one year with another annually bring in to his master. At least twelve attic talents *, was his answer. Now, thought I, as I was on my way home, if some god would so decree, that this ship should suddenly become mine, what a glorious life would I lead, and how sumptuously entertain my friends! For there would be no necessity for me always to sail in it myself; I could leave the care of the voyage to trusty substitutes in my place †. With the twelve talents I forthwith built me a house in a fine situation, not far from the great hall, and quitted my old paternal one, on the Ilisus ‡. Upon this I purchased a magnificent wardrobe, and slaves and chariots and horses; and now I fitted myself out for sea, and went on board and was congratulated by all seafaring men, and the sailors stood in awe of me, regarding me almost as their king. But while I was fully employed in regulating my naval affairs, and had just descried a port at a great distance, you came up, Lycinus, and have at once bored a hole in

* Upwards of £2000, on the supposition that he is speaking of common minor attic talents, of 60 minæ or 6000 drachmas.

† This appears, to me at least, in the combination of the sentence, the fittest import of the words: *ἱπικλαυῶν ἰδίῳ μὲν αὐτῷ, ἰδίῳ δὲ οἰκίῃσιν ἱπικλαυῶν.*

‡ In one of the suburbs of Athens.

the bottom of my fine ship, that was sailing so stately before the propitious gales of my wishes, and all my wealth is gone down.

LYCINUS. Were not you inclined to seize me by the collar and drag me before the prætor, in order to indict me on a charge of piracy, or at least accuse me of being the guilty cause of the loss you had sustained by so fatal a shipwreck, and that even on firm land, between the Piræus and the city? But be pacified, the damage will presently be repaired! I will make you a present, if you please, of five ships finer and bigger than that ægyptian, and what is better still, impossible to sink, and each of them shall come to you five times a year freighted with a full cargo of corn; although it is clear, my noble captain, you would be insupportable with such good fortune. For if you would neither hearken to us nor look at us, when you were master of only a single ship, how would you behave, if you had got five, and all of them galloons, with three masts, and which could not sink! Therefore, happy voyage, friend! In the mean time we will sit in the Piræus, and diligently inquire of all that come in from Ægypt or Italy, whether they met the great Isis, belonging to Adimantus.

ADIMANTUS. Look here now, was not I right in my reluctance to tell you what I was thinking of? I knew but too well, that such readywitted people as you would only make game of me for my wishes. But I will no longer stay to hear you. After you are gone, I will directly put myself again on board my ship. I had much rather hold conversation with my sailors, than abide here to be laughed at.

LYCINUS. That will not answer your purpose; we will remain and go on board with you.

ADIMANTUS. Oh, I will run on before, and draw up the ship's ladder.

LYCINUS. Then we will swim after you; for you must not imagine that you shall get so many large ships with such little trouble, which you have neither bought nor built, and we not obtain of the gods the ability to swim a few stadia without being tired. However you should recollect in what a small boat we were lately rowed all together over to Ægina *

* A small island lying about the middle of the gulf, formed by the Ægean sea between Attica and Argolis. It was only a hundred stadia, or about one and twenty english miles distant from the Piræus. The mysteries or orgies of Hecate, which were annually celebrated at Ægina, attracted strangers thither from all parts.

for four oboli each person, to the mysteries of Hecate; you had no objection then to be of our company: and now no sooner are you become a great sea-captain but you bluster, forgetting who you formerly were, and threaten to draw up the ladder after you; so haughty has the new-built house in the finest square of the city and your numerous retinue of servants made you! But for gracious Isis' sake, my dear friend, do not forget to bring us a few barrels of the marinated little fish of the Nile, which you know so well, or some balsam of Canopus, or an ibis from Memphis, or, provided there be room enough in your ship, one of the pyramids,

TIMOLAUS. You have now carried the jest far enough, Lycinus. You see how you have made the good man blush, by so overwhelming his ship with ridicule, that it can no longer resist the force of the waves, and is withal so leaky that all his pumps are not sufficient to discharge the water. But, as we have still a good way to walk to town, suppose we divide it into four equal parts, and assign to each of us his number of stadia, which shall be employed, in telling what would be his wish, if the gods would grant him the right to obtain of them what he pleased. It would insensibly beguile the tediousness of the road, and procure us the pleasure of indulging in the most delightful waking-dreams; in which we shall be as happy as we can desire. In the mean time every man shall be at liberty to expand his wish as far as he pleases; we will suppose the gods to grant us everything, even though it were in the ordinary course of things impossible. The principal advantage resulting from the proposal will be in enabling us to conclude, from the nature of our several wishes, what everyone would be if he were rich.

SAMIPPUS. An excellent thought, Timolaus! I am quite of your mind, and when it comes to my turn, my wish will certainly be in prompt payment to the demand. There is no need to ask Adimantus for his consent, since he has one foot in his ship already. But Lycinus must also give his.

LYCINUS. That I readily do; I will be no hindrance to the general welfare, since it entirely depends on ourselves to be as rich as we will*.

ADIMANTUS. But who shall begin?

* I thought this the best way of turning the idea of Lycinus, as our language cannot give in two words the ἀλλὰ ἐπιθύμω, which has so much grace in the original.

LYCINUS. You; after you Samippus, and then Timolaus; I for my art, by the time we are within half a stadium of the Doublegate*, I shall be ready with my wish.

ADIMANTUS. Well, I will not leave my ship. I will only, since that licence is conceded, amplify my wish; and may Mercury nod his fiat to it! I would have then the ship to be mine, with all that therein is, cargo, equipage, women, sailors, and whatever else of its appurtenances, can be thought of more desirable than all that.

SAMIPPUS. You forget that you have it already in the ship †.

ADIMANTUS. Aha! the girl with her hair tied up in a knot, you mean? Very well, let her be mine too: and all the wheat with which the ship is loaded be minted into gold coin; so many grains, so many pistoles ‡!

LYCINUS. That would sink your ship, my good Adimantus. You forget that gold is heavier than wheat.

ADIMANTUS. Envy me not my wealth, Lycinus, I pray; when the wish comes to your turn, you may wish for mount Parnes yonder in solid gold. I will not say a word against it.

LYCINUS. I mentioned it only in regard of our safety, that we might not all go to the bottom with your gold. Indeed, as far only as it relates to us that would not signify much; but the pretty girl must be unhappily drowned, as she cannot swim.

TIMOLAUS. Never trouble yourself about that, Lycinus; there will be no want of a dolphin to take her on his back and carry her on shore. Or can you imagine, since a mere harper §, for a song that was sung to him, aye another youth ||, though already dead, was conveyed by one of these philanthropical fishes to the Isthmus δ, that the newly-purchased handmaid of Adimantus alone would be in want of a dolphin to fall in love with her?

* Dipylos, the gate through which passengers returning from the Piræus entered the city.

† Thus I think the obscurity is obviated which the abbé Massieu discovered in Gesner's translation; for in the text there is none.

‡ Properly darics, a persian gold coin (worth about eight shillings), which seems to have given the name to grecian coins of the like value.

§ Arion. See the 8th of the dialogues of the marine deities.

|| Probably Melicerta, the son of Ino, is the person here meant.

δ The cape of Corinth.

ADIMANTUS. How, Timolaus? You aiding and abetting Lycinus in his ridicule; you that brought out the first proposal, and set the business agoing!

TIMOLAUS. You should have consulted possibility in your wish. You might find the treasure directly under your bed, and thereby spared yourself the plague of transporting it with so many circumstances from the ship to the city.

ADIMANTUS. Well observed! The treasure shall be dug up therefore under the stone Mercury that stands in my hall, and amounting to no less than a thousand bushels of coined gold. The first now, as Hesiod * says, is a house, that I will build as magnificent as possible. Then I will buy up all the estates round the city, at the same time all the lands in the Isthmus and at Delphi and the Eleusine, all that lies on the sea-coast — on the Isthmus however only two or three, merely for the sake of the games †; again, the whole territory about Sicyon, in short, the most fertile and pleasant situations in all Greece, shall presently be the property of Adimantus. As for you, you shall all eat off of massy gold, and our goblets shall not be so light as those of Echebrates, but each weighing twenty talents at least.

LYCINUS. I should be glad to see the cup-bearer handing you a bumper in one of them, or how you would look in lifting up such a Sisyphus-load ‡ to your lips.

ADIMANTUS. I pray thee, man, not to thwart me in my wish! I will have likewise all my tables and sofas of solid gold; and if you say much more, my very servants shall be of gold §.

* Alluding to the verse of Hesiod touching what a country farmer should first provide himself with: First a house and a wife and some oxen for ploughing.

Οίκον μὲν πρότις, γυναῖκά τε, βῆν τ' ἀροτῆρα,

Κτηλὴν δὲ γαμήλην, ἥτις καὶ βουὸν ἔποιτο. Op. & Dier. ii. 23.

† I cannot see wherein lies that incorrigible absurdity with which Du Soul and J. M. Gessner find the text here infected; all appears to me very plain and not to need any correction. Adimantus wishes for estates at Delphi and on the Isthmus, in order to reside there while the games that were celebrated every fourth year lasted.

‡ Sisyphus, a king of Corinth in the heroic age, betrayed certain secrets entrusted to him by Jupiter, and was now doomed for it to heave up a hill in hell a prodigious stone, which always rolled down again as soon as he had reached the top. See the *Odyssey* of Vossius, xi. 593-600.

§ In allusion perhaps to the golden youths with torches in their hands to illuminate the eating-hall of king Alcinous. *Odys.* vii. 100.

LYCINUS. Have a care, lest at last whatever you eat and drink be turned to gold, and, like king Midas, amidst your treasures you should magnificently die of hunger.

ADIMANTUS. When your turn comes to wish, Lycinus, you may order your affairs more judiciously; everyone has his own method. To proceed therefore, all my clothes shall be of purple; nobody in the whole city shall fare more sumptuously than I; and I intend to sleep as long as I please. My house shall constantly swarm with friends, coming and going, and have always somewhat to ask of me; and all shall bow to me down to the ground. Every morning early, a number of people waiting for me, will walk up and down before my door, and among the rest even Cleonetus and Democrates, who now carry their noses so high; and when they press forward to be let in before the others, my porters, seven huge, big-boned Cappadocians, shall fling the door in their faces, as they now serve honest folks. But, when I think fit, like the rising sun, to appear, I will not even condescend to honour some of them with a look. However, when I see a poor devil, such as I myself was before I came to this vast fortune, standing on one side, I will shew myself affable, and bid him, after bathing, come to my table at my usual time*. These rich swaggerers on the other hand will burst with envy when they behold my splendid carriages and my horses and my servants, about two thousand exquisitely fine fellows, the choicest that can be found of every degree of blooming age. At my table, as I said before, the dishes shall be of pure gold; silver is too cheap and too mean for me. My sea-fish shall come from Spain, my wine from Italy, my oil likewise from Spain; the honey may be of home produce †; but it must be purified without fire. Wild boars, hares and all other flesh-meat shall be got together from all parts; but of fowls nothing but pheasants, indian peacocks and numidian cocks may come upon my table; and my cooks shall be absolute virtuosos, and real sophists in the art of inventing sauces. And when I call for a large goblet, to be handed to one of my guests, and he drinks it off at one draught, he shall keep the goblet. All the wealthy people in Athens will then be absolute

* This seems to have been the usual form in which persons of quality invited or bade their inferiors to table. In the Dream of Micyllus the same form appeared.

† Because the honey of mount Hymettus in Attica was accounted the best in the world.

beggars when compared with me, and Dionicus with his little silver dishes and his trinket cups will not be so proud, especially when he sees even my slaves eating off of solid silver. Then I will dispense my alms to the poor, and they shall feel my liberality in earnest. Every month I will distribute money, to each citizen a hundred drachmas, and to every inmate half that sum. I will likewise embellish the city with stately theatres and baths, and by a spacious canal bring the sea quite up to the Doublegate, so that there shall be a sort of harbour made, that my ship may lay up close to the city and be seen from the ceramicus. Of all this bounty my friends [*eying them with a look of protection*] shall not go empty away. My treasurer shall have orders to measure out to Samippus twenty bushels of gold in coin; to Timolaus five pecks; to Lycinus only one, and that struck, because he is a wag and has thought proper to ridicule my wish. This then is the life that I wish to live, in wealth without measure, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of all imaginable magnificence and pleasure. Now I have finished, and Mercury grant that I may see the accomplishment of my wish!

LYCINUS. But are you aware, my good Adimantus, by how exceedingly slight a thread all this vast wealth is suspended over you, and that only by breaking, all your gold, as the saying is, will be turned into smoke?

ADIMANTUS. What do you mean?

LYCINUS. I mean, that it is very uncertain how long you will live with your wealth. For who knows whether you may not, immediately on sitting down to this same golden table, which is spread for you, aye before you have stretched out your hand and tasted the pea-fowl and the numidian cock, breathe out your dear little soul, and thus leave it all to the vultures and crows? Shall I draw up a list of people, who have been surprised by death ere they could enjoy their riches? Or of others who have been deprived of what they had by some envious dæmon even in their life-time? You have heard perhaps what befell Cræsus and Polycrates, who were richer than you? But to pass over this, who will vouch for it, that you will be uniformly in sound and settled health? See you not, how many of the opulent drag on a miserable existence under continual pains, some who even cannot use their feet, others blind, or slowly consumed by some inward complaint? I am persuaded, that you

would not take twice as much gold as you have wished for, to be forced to suffer what the wealthy Phanomachus does, and to be condemned, like him, by the physicians to the life-long regimen of a sickly woman. To say nothing of the ambushes and plots to which wealth is perpetually exposed, and which render their possessor never safe from robbers, from the envy and hatred of the rabble; and numberless other mischiefs which your treasure will bring upon you.

ADIMANTUS. At least I see that you are determined not to let me enjoy it peaceably for one moment. For this however you shall not have even the peck I intended to give you.

LYCINUS. To promise and not perform, is indeed very common among you rich people. But let that suffice! It is your turn now, Samippus.

SAMIPPUS. I am an inland man, an Arcadian, as you well know, a native of Mantinea, and therefore shall not wish for a ship, since I could not have the satisfaction of making parade of it before my fellow citizens. But as the law of Timolaus permits us to carry our wishes as far as they can go, and premising that the gods will say yea to everything, I will not trouble them with so trivial an affair as a treasure, or ask them to deal me out such or such a number of bushels of pieces of gold; in short, since to them even that is but a trifle which to us is of the utmost magnitude, I wish nothing of inferior consequence than — to become a king. Not however such sort of a king as Alexander, Philip's son *, or as Ptolemy or Mithridates, or any of those who have acceded to the throne by hereditary succession. I will begin by a captain of banditti, and only wish at first for about thirty true, resolute comrades, who have bound themselves by an oath to stand by me to the last man. Shortly after, my band, from these thirty would increase to three hundred, then a thousand, and soon successively amount to ten thousand; not stopping there however, I shall presently have collected an army of fifty thousand foot soldiers and five thousand cavalry. These shall by acclamation unanimously appoint me their general, solely because they hold me the fittest of us all to govern men and regulate affairs. I shall thus be far more excellent than other kings, by having acquired my office of commander in chief by my personal merit, not by legitimate inheritance from another. For this would

* Commonly called Alexander the great.

look so much like the treasure of Adimantus, and is by far not so eligible as when one is beholden for sovereign authority to his own head and to his own arm.

LYCINUS. Ey, ey, it is no trifling object; I find that you aim at, Samippus. To command upwards of fifty thousand soldiers, because one is the most excellent of them, that I call a wish to some purpose! I should never have believed that Mantinea could have bred for us such an admirable commander and king! You are therefore generalissimo over a well-disciplined and well-appointed army of horse and foot. Now I am curious to know what you design to do with such a numerous host of arcadian — animals*, and against what miserable people you intend your first expedition.

SAMIPPUS. Hear therefore, or rather, if you prefer to do so, march along with us; I will make you general of the five thousand horse.

LYCINUS. I humbly thank your majesty for that distinguished honour. [*Making him jocosely a persian bow, by putting his arms behind him and prostrating himself on the ground.*] But I must implore your permission to decline the intended post, and beg you would be graciously pleased to bestow it on one of these tall, strapping fellows †; since, for myself, I am perhaps the worst cavalier in the world, having never crossed a horse's back in all my life. It is therefore greatly to be feared that at the very first sound of the trumpet for the attack I might tumble off, and in the tumult of the battle be trampled under the hoofs of so many horses, and pounded to atoms; or my horse might run wild, bite his bridle and carry me into the midst of the enemy. At all events, I must be strapped on to the saddle, if I am to keep on and hold the rein in my hand.

ADIMANTUS. I will lead on your cavalry, Samippus; Lycinus may command the left wing of the infantry. It is but reasonable, that for the many bushels of pistoles, which you have received, you should perform some considerable service in return.

SAMIPPUS. First let us ask the horsemen themselves, whether they would have you for their leader. — You, cavalry; so many of you as would have Adimantus for your general, hold up your hands. [*All imme-*

* That is to say, asses, which in Arcadia are employed instead of horses.

† It must be here imagined that Lycinus points with his finger to the satraps that surround the king.

diately hold up hands.] You see, Adimantus, all hands declare for you : you therefore command the cavalry ; Lycinus the right wing, Timolaus the left. I will station myself in the centre, as the persian kings are wont to do, when they share the command of an army with their satraps. In this order then let us, after a solemn sacrifice offered up to royal Jupiter *, march over the arcadian mountains to Corinth, and when we have subdued all Greece without drawing a sword, (for who will oppose their arms to such numerous forces?) we will go on board of three-oared galleys †, put our cavalry in transport-ships — and then, all being ready prepared in the harbour of Cenchrea, provisions, small craft and everything necessary — sail across the Ægean sea to Ionia. Here we will make a sacrifice to Diana ‡, take possession of the unfortified cities, leaving a commander in each of them, and march through Caria, Lycia, Pamphylia and Pisidia, and through both Cilicias directly up to Syria, and so farther on till we come to the Euphrates.

LYCINUS. Might it so graciously please you, Mr. King, I should like to be a satrap of Greece. I am somewhat timorous, and it would not perhaps suit me to ramble so far from home. For I perceive you have a design to march us against the Armenians and Parthians, who are a war-like sort of people, and have a deadly habit of looking their man full in the face. Transfer then, if I may be so bold, the right wing to some other, and leave me behind as your Antipater § in Greece, for fear lest one of these evil-minded men, while I was marching forward at the head of your phalanx, might be capable of laying me, before Susa or Bactra, upon the grass, when I least thought of it.

SAMIPPUS. What a coward ! you would desert after you are put down in the muster-roll ! Do not you know, that a deserter, in pursuance of the law, forfeits his head ? Since then we are now at the Euphrates, and the bridge is already thrown across it, behind us all is safe, and held in

* As the constitution of Athens required.

† Galleys having three banks of rowers one above another.

‡ At Ephesus. Diana had also her festivals at Athens, one of the principal of which was that called Brauronia, instituted as a reparation for the death of a she-bear, killed through mistake by the inhabitants of the guild Flavia. The rites of it were performed by girls of the age of ten years, dressed in yellow.

§ Alexander, whom Samippus seems to take as his model, left Antipater behind as viceroy of Macedonia and controulor of the grecian republics.

respect by the viceroys that I have appointed over the several nations ; moreover some of my generals are already despatched, to take possession in the interim of Phœnicia, Palæstine and Ægypt : so do you, Lycinus, march over first, with the right wing ; then I follow, after me Timolaus, and when we are all over, Adimantus comes last with the cavalry. During the whole of our march through Mesopotamia, we have nowhere met with an enemy, but the people have all along voluntarily surrendered themselves and their cities and fortresses ; and so it falls out, that we are unexpectedly in the midst of Babylon, and have taken the city, without rightly knowing how it happened. In the mean time, the king, who has his residence at Ctesiphon *, receives intelligence of our incursion, and immediately makes the necessary dispositions to drive us back upon Seleucia, having as many horsemen, archers and slingers as he could hastily bring together. Our scouts inform us, that about a thousand times a thousand able-bodied men are already collected, of whom two hundred thousand are javelin-men on horseback, and these (independently of the Armenians, the people bordering on the Caspian and the Bactrians, who could not so quickly arrive,) solely from the frontier districts, and so to speak the suburbs of the empire : so easy it is for this mighty king to levy millions of troops ! It is now therefore high time to take our measures.

ADIMANTUS. My advice would be, that you there, with the infantry, go and attack Ctesiphon, while we cavalry remain here to cover Babylon.

SAMIPPUS. So my valiant Adimantus, you too begin to feel some trepidation as the danger comes nearer ! But what is your opinion, Timolaus ?

TIMOLAUS. To fall at once upon the enemy with our whole army ; not to wait till they are in better condition, and have drawn together more troops from all parts ; but to rush upon them while their people are on the march.

SAMIPPUS. It is well advised. And you, Lycinus, what is your advice ?

LYCINUS. To speak honestly, since we are fatigued with being so long upon the stretch, having gone up the Piræus in the morning, and now walked again about thirty stadia †, and the heat being very oppressive ‡ ;

* The king of the Parthians.

† Or furlongs.

‡ In the original is added, *for it was almost noon.* This must however be a mere *ad spectatores* ; for the interlocutors knew that as well as Lycinus.

it is my opinion that we had best sit down here somewhere under the olive trees, perhaps upon the broken column yonder, to rest ourselves, and afterwards get up again, and pursue more briskly the remainder of the way to the city.

SAMIPPUS. You think yourself then, my dear friend, still at Athens, while you are before the walls of Babylon, with a great army, and you are to give your vote in a council of war.

LYCINUS. Aye, well remembered. — I thought myself sober — the voting therefore stops with you.

SAMIPPUS. We will attack the enemy, if you have no objection. Shew yourselves therefore undaunted at perils like brave soldiers, nor falsify the courage that as Greeks you inherit from your ancestors. The enemy is already marching in array against us. *Enyalios* is the word*! You therefore, as soon as the trumpet sounds, raise the war-shout, clash spears with shields, and rush in close ranks upon the foe. Get within their shot, that we may thus avoid their strokes, and by the sudden onset leave them no time to wound us with their darts and arrows. And, being now come hand to hand, Timolaus with the left wing has routed the Medes that were opposed to him: but the fate of the day is yet uncertain. For we have the Persians, and the king among them, against us; the whole of their cavalry is turned upon our right wing. Now haste, Lycinus; shew yourself an able general, and encourage your men resolutely to sustain the shock.

LYCINUS. Woe is me! the whole body of cavalry has made an assault upon me, as if I alone were strong enough to encounter them. The safest course for me to take, if they proceed in this violent manner is to run away as fast as I can, take refuge yonder in the palæstra, and leave you to fight as long as you like.

SAMIPPUS. Not so, for the world! victory declares on your side. I however am going to engage in single combat with the king. For he has challenged me by name, and it would be cowardly to refuse him.

LYCINUS. By Jupiter! that will not terminate without bloodshed. However it is worth running all hazards in fighting for such a great monarchy.

* A name of the god of war.

SAMIPPUS. You say well. Luckily I have received only a slight wound, and in a part of the body that does not come into view, and the scar will be no disfigurement hereafter. On the other hand, you see how I encountered him, and pierced both him and his horse through and through with my spear. Now I cut off his head, possess myself of the diadem and am king, and all now fall prostrate before me. — However, as to this prostration, it is to be understood only of the barbarians; for you I will govern after the grecian manner solely under the title of commander in chief. And now you may imagine, what a number of cities I will build, called after my name, how many others I shall take by storm and raze them to the ground if they should in the least degree infringe my sovereign authority. But I will take particular revenge of my wealthy neighbour Cydias *, who being owner of the estate contiguous to mine, has been so long gradually trenching upon my grounds, that he has filched at last so much that I have now almost nothing left.

LYCINUS. Now, Samippus, I think would be the proper time, after so great a victory obtained at Babylon, to appoint a banquet and — especially as you have extended your empire pretty far methinks beyond the prescribed limits — to give place to Timolaus, and let him have his part in wishing agreeably to his heart's desire.

SAMIPPUS. But what say you to my wish, Lycinus?

LYCINUS. Unquestionably, o most admirable of kings, it has one advantage over that of Adimantus, by imposing on you infinitely more toil and exertion; for while he was solacing himself and his guests in cups two talents in weight †, and feasting jovially, you got wounded in a duel, and passed day and night in trouble and solicitude. You were not only in continual dread of open hostilities, but of a thousand privy conspiracies, and the malice, the hatred, and the flattery of those whom you took to be your friends. For in fact you had not one true friend, but everyone appeared to be attached to you, either because he must, or because he expected to gain something by it. Fruition of the comforts of life even in dreams is not to be thought of. The scrap of fame and

* A clever conceit; worthy of the famous Drawcansir.

† One hundred and thirteen pounds, ten ounces, one pennyweight, ten grains and a half troy weight.

a purple robe striped with gold, a white fillet round the head, and satellites with long halberds strutting before you, is all that you have of life : excepting this, nothing but labour, vexation, and disgust without end. For either you must treat with ambassadors from the enemy, or administer justice to contending parties, or issue rescripts and edicts to your subjects. Now some city or province revolts, now a foreign power invades your empire. You must therefore be in perpetual apprehension, live in perpetual distrust ; briefly, you are happy in the eyes of all men, but not in your own. And, to conclude, is it not provoking, that with all your glory you are liable to be sick, like the meanest of the vulgar ; for the fever will pay you no respect because you are a king, nor will death stand in awe of your satellites, but seize upon you whenever he pleases, and carry you off without reverence for your diadem and without pity for your lamentations. Hurlled down from a throne, your fall will be the heavier from having been seated so high, and then to go the way that all must go, without any distinction above the vulgar dead, with whom you will be hurried off, except by leaving upon earth an elevated tomb, or a lofty column, or a pyramid rising in equal angles, which perhaps may last long enough to outlive your name. The statues and temples, which cities have raised to you, and the great fame you have acquired in the world, will all moulder away, perish, and disappear by degrees, and be soon forgot ; and were they even of eternal duration, what fruition could they afford to you, lost to all feeling and sense ? — But, enough of this. It is your turn now, Timolaus, to let us hear your wish ; and of one that has so much prudence and is so well acquainted with the world, it is reasonably to be expected that he will be more discreet in his wish than his predecessors have been in theirs.

TIMOLAUS. Hear then, Lycinus, whether what I wish is liable to any objection. Therefore, neither heaps of gold to be dealt out to me by the bushel, nor kingdoms and conquests, with all the plagues you so justly attributed to them, do I wish for : all that is too insecure, fraught with too many mischiefs, and is attended with too much more anxiety than pleasure for me to covet or desire. I therefore wish, that Mercury would in a lucky hour come in my way, and give me a few rings, possessing these virtues : one, that should make me always brisk and healthy and invul-

nerable and obnoxious to no bodily pain ; another, that on putting it on my finger should render me invisible, such as the ring of Gyges ; one again, that should instil into me the strength of more than ten thousand men, so that I could without trouble carry from one place to another a burden which ten thousand of you with united efforts could not stir from the spot ; I would have another that would enable me to fly to any height at pleasure above the earth ; and yet another by which I should charm as many as I pleased asleep, and which should open to me every door in spite of locks and bolts. But above all, I would have one more powerful than the rest, a ring, which when I had it on my finger should make me so amiable and captivating to all, handsome and ugly, that none should see me but must love me, none but must think me of indispensable necessity to them, and must make me the theme of their discourse ; and this to such an extent, that many women, from inability any longer to endure the vehemence of their passion for me, shall hang themselves, virgins for love of me go out of their senses, and those on whom I do but cast a glance, hold themselves the happiest of mankind ; others on the contrary to whom I do not deign to notice, shall grieve themselves to death : in a word, that Hyacinthus, Hylas, and Phaon * must yield the palm to me. And all this I would possess, not for a short time, such as the ordinary period of human life, but I wish it to last at least a thousand years, always renewing my youth after youth, and still returning to the age of seventeen, and casting off my decayed skin, like a snake, begin again with a new one to count seventeen. Having this, I shall lack nothing. For what others have would be mine, since I could open all doors, lay the keepers asleep and remain invisible. If there was anything extraordinary to be seen, or valuable to be had, in India or among the Hyperboreans, and the most delicious to eat and drink, it should not cost me much to procure it ; but I should fly thither myself and enjoy it to satiety. Who can boast of having seen a hippogryph, or a phoenix ? I should be the only Greek who had not only seen those wonderful animals, but also the sources of the Nile and the uninhabited regions of the earth, and the antipodes, who live opposed to us on the southern half of the world ; if more-

* Three youths celebrated for their comeliness, the first a favourite of Apollo, the second of Hercules, the third of the poetess Sappho.

over there be any such*. I would likewise be able without difficulty to scrutinize the nature of the moon and the sun, since I should have nothing to fear from the effects of fire; and, what would be most delightful of all, I could carry the news to Babylon who had obtained the prize at the olympic games, on the very same day; and if I breakfasted in Syria, could sup in Italy. Then, if I had an enemy, I could invisibly play him a cunning trick, by letting a huge stone fall upon him and knock out his brains. On the other hand, if I would confer an unexpected favour on my friends, I need only scatter a shower of gold about the bed while they are asleep. Who could more effectually rid the world of cruel tyrants, overbearing and insolent rich men, robbers and suchlike upstarts, than I, only by taking one of them at a time by the hair of his head, and carrying him up to the height of ten or twelve thousand feet, and letting him fall upon a sharp rock. Then in my amorous intrigues, I could converse with my favourites at all times unmolested, as I could come to them unseen, and lay everybody fast asleep, excepting them alone. And what a pleasure would it be, to look down from an eminence, in perfect safety, and survey a battle, seeing it would be entirely in my option, in one instant to give a different turn to the business, by suddenly drenching the conquerors in profound sleep, rallying the fugitives, and playing into their hands a complete victory. To sum up all, the whole of human life would be one continued sport and entertainment to me; everything would be mine, and I must appear a god in the sight of the rest of mankind. — Now, Lycinus, what have you to object to my wish?

LYCINUS. Nothing at all, Timolaus; it would be too perilous to engage with a man who can fly, and is stronger than ten thousand. Let me only put one question to you: have you in all the countries over which you have flown, seen any other man whose head is so wrong set, as in spite of his age, his bald-pate and his snub-nose†, should wish to ride upon a little ring, overturn whole mountains with the tip of his finger, and make all mankind in love with him? Again, I would ask you, why a single ring cannot procure all this? Why have such a quan-

* Which for 1600 years still remained an unascertained fact.

† From these strokes one would be almost inclined to suppose, that some individual was here characterized, who in Lucian's presence had let such a wish escape him.

tity, as to load the whole left hand on every finger with them, and be even forced to take the right to its assistance. Yet you omit one, and that precisely which you are most in want of, a ring adapted to purge your brain, if a strong dose of hellebore should not be sufficient for that purpose.

TIMOLAUS. Well, then do you wish for something, Lycinus; that we may see what you alone can produce, that is perfectly irreprehensible and correct; you who are so prompt to cavil and carp at others.

LYCINUS. I? I am quit of wishing; for you see we are arrived at the gate, and the heroic Samippus here, with his duel at Babylon, and you Timolaus with your breakfast in Syria and your supper in Italy, have detained us so long that the ten stadia allotted to me are already gone, — for which I am not a little obliged to you. Besides, I have no mind to be transported for a moment or two into the fantastic enjoyment of a visionary opulence, in order to return with so much the more disrelish to a meagre dish of barley-broth; as now your case will be, since all your glories and felicities have taken flight, and you, despoiled of heaps of gold and hurled from your regal thrones, and as one waking from a delicious dream shall find at home everything so very different: like actors, who play in tragedies the parts of kings, on returning home from the theatre are ready to starve, though but now they were nothing inferior to Agamemnons and Creons. You must naturally fret and repine, and nothing will please you in your family affairs; especially you, Timolaus, when you now must learn to go on foot, after your wings are melted off with those of Icarus, and all your magical rings are slipped from your fingers. I, for my part, would not take all your treasures, with Babylon to boot, in exchange for the pleasure of laughing at your wishes. In good truth, I should not have expected such modest wishes from persons addicted to philosophy!

THE
CONVIVIAL ENTERTAINMENT,
OR
THE MODERN LAPITHÆ.

PHILO AND LYCINUS.

PHILO.

MUCH is said, Lycinus, of the elegant entertainment given you yesterday by Aristænetus. There was even a great deal of philosophical discourse among you, and a pretty animated dispute arose upon it between some of the company; nay, if Charinus does not exaggerate, it even ended in bloody noses.

THE CONVIVIAL ENTERTAINMENT. In this dialogue Lucian, under the name of Lycinus, gives a particular account to his friend Philo of the several comic and burlesque scenes presented by some philosophers at a nuptial entertainment given at the house of an Athenian man of quality, and the tragical catastrophe of this farce brought about by the rudeness and brutality of those gentlemen. It is not improbable that a real event of that nature furnished our author with the occasion and materials of this production. Be that as it may, the coarse and vulgar behaviour of the philosophical pedants of his time at the tables of the rich and great, to which they were frequently drawn, was so notorious, that Lucian, independently of a particular occasion, might easily fall upon the conceit, from the slight sketches and detached strokes which we have already seen in the *Nigrinus*, in the *Timon* and shall yet see in other parts of his works, to finish a particularly large and extensive dining-room-piece which in composition and colouring yields to none of his best pictures. Among the epistles that go under the name of *Alciphron* there is one, which (if the author of those epistles was not as I suspect posterior to Lucian) might have afforded our author the main lineaments of his painting. What I observed in the first note subjoined to the *Dream of Micyllus* is applicable also here. Respecting the second title, *The modern Lapithæ*, see the note p. 212.

LYCINUS. And whence, dear Philo, could Charinus know all this, since he was not one of the party?

PHILO. He said he had it from the physician Dionicus, who, if I am not mistaken was present.

LYCINUS. That he was; though not at the beginning: he came late, when the dispute had already lasted some time, and only a little before they came to blows. I wonder therefore how he could give a full relation of the affair, since he heard nothing of what gave rise to a contest, which because each obstinately insisted on his being in the right, came at last to such a bloody conclusion.

PHILO. For that very reason it was that Charinus bade me go to you, if I would learn a more authentic account of the whole proceedings; for Dionicus observed to me that he was not present at many of the particulars, but that you knew all that had passed, and would no doubt recollect the several speeches, as you are generally on similar occasions a very attentive hearer. You will not then I hope refuse to treat us with a repetition of this delightful feast. For to me at least no one could be more agreeable, and the more so, as we shall feast soberly, peaceably and in whole skins; and may quietly look on, whether the old men get fuddled and spoil the pleasure of the entertainment, or the young men by drinking more wine than they can properly bear, become troublesome and impertinent.

LYCINUS. There is something puerile, dear Philo, in this curiosity, by urging me to spread abroad, and reviving the memory of matters that occurred over the wine in a drunken mood; whereas one should rather try to forget and slight them as the god Bacchus's own doings, who scarcely ever lets anyone escape initiation in his orgies*, and being enthusiastical at least once in his life. Consider then, whether it does not betray a bad disposition so nicely to pry into those matters which ought to be left in the dining-room where they occurred. I hate a guest that has a retentive memory, says the poet. And to say the truth, it was not well done in Dionicus to communicate these affairs to Charinus, and in a manner to bespatter the poor philosophers with the contents

* So the mysteries of Bacchus were styled *καὶ ἱξόχνη*, though that title was likewise used in speaking of the eleusinian and others.

of the voiders of last night. For my part, I would not chuse to be a tattler of that sort.

PHILO. You affect the prude, Lycinus; but it will not serve your turn towards one who knows as well as you do, that you are much more eager to tell, than I am to be informed. You have exactly the look of one so much in want of hearers, that you would go up to the first statue in your way, and in one breath pour out all you know of the matter. I am sure, if I were now inclined to take my leave, you would not let me go till I had heard you; you would run at my heels, and intreat me to stay and hear it out. But I can put on nice and delicate airs as well as you. I will go and inquire of somebody else; so you need not trouble yourself.

LYCINUS. Nay, rather than you should take it ill; I will relate to you the whole of it since you will be so inquisitive. Only that you will carry it no farther!

PHILO. As if I did not know Lycinus! Do not I know that you will talk so much about it yourself, that I shall not be wanted? Therefore what I would first know, is this; was it on occasion of the betrothing of his son Zeno, that Aristænetus gave you this entertainment?

LYCINUS. No; but he gave his daughter Cleanthis to the usurer Eucritus's son, who is learning to philosophize.

PHILO. By heavens! then he gave her to a wonderfully fine youth! But he is still so tender! I thought it was too early for him to think of marrying.

LYCINUS. I suppose he could find no better match for her. He might chuse him in preference to all others; for he appears to be a young man of fine parts, applies himself with great assiduity to the sciences, and besides, is the only son of the rich Eucritus.

PHILO. The wealth of Eucritus is certainly no bad motive. — But who did the company consist of?

LYCINUS. About the rest you care not much; of the learned and philosophers, who I suppose most interest you, were present, the old Zenothemis, from the Stoa, and with him Diphilus, entitled the Labyrinth, tutor to young Zeno. Of the peripatetics, Cleodemus — you know that worthy disputatious genius. Among his scholars he goes by the name of Dagger and Sword. Then there was the epicurean Hermon on whom the stoics immediately on his entering the hall bestowed sour looks, and turned

away from him in abhorrence, as from a parricide and an execrable villain. All these were invited as friends and old acquaintances of Aristænetus, and besides them were the grammarian Histæus and Dionysius Odorus the rhetorician. To do honour to the bridegroom Chærea, the platonist Io, his tutor, was invited *, a man of solemn and reverend appearance, and of a countenance at the same time expressive of his discernment and good breeding. For these reasons, and because he passed for a pattern of a well-regulated mind and sound judgment, he commonly went by the name of Canon †. As he entered the saloon, everyone rose up, and saluted him with as much respect as if he had been a person of the first quality; and indeed the apparition of this admirable Io was as striking as if some god had condescended to converse with mortals. The guests being all assembled, we proceeded to place ourselves at table; when the women, of whom there were not a few, seated themselves together along the sofa on the right hand ‡, which they occupied entirely, and among them the bride, completely veiled, and having the women on either side. On the sofa opposite to the door, the rest of the company were placed, in the usual accumbent posture, each according to his rank, while on that which fronted the women, Eucritus and Aristænetus took the uppermost places. But now a doubt arose, whether precedence was due to the stoic Zenothemis, in consideration of his age, or to the epicurean Hermo, as priest of the dioscures, and on account of his family, which was one of the most distinguished in the city. Zenothemis however presently resolved the knotty point, by an artful device: If you prefer him to me, said he to the master of the house, that Hermo, that — to say nothing worse — epicurean; then I take my leave, and humbly thank you for your entertain-

* The commentators, who would fain know what sort of historical personages are designated by these names, trouble themselves as sagaciously as if any should inquire who those worthy gentlefolks Leander, Pantalón, Brighella, Octavio, &c. in Goldoni's comedies might properly be. There does not exist even the slightest reason to doubt that they are as much feigned as the names of the persons in the *Lie-fancier* and the *Wishes*.

† The Rule, or the Model. — The like surnames or sobriquets or nick-names were always common among the Greeks and Romans, but appear to have been in more frequent use in the era of Lucian and downwards, till at last there was no prince and no literary man without a surname.

‡ Namely, what the antients called *triclinium* or couches shoved together in the form of a Π containing room for twelve persons. Each of these *tricliniums* had its appropriate table.

ment! and with this compliment he called his man, as if intending to go away. Nay then stay, and take the upper place, Zenothemis, said Hermo; though, much as you may despise the epicurean, it would have been good manners in you to have shewn respect to the priest*. — I smile to hear you talk of an epicurean priest, returned Zenothemis, as he settled himself in his place and grudgingly saw Hermo come beside him. To these succeeded the peripatetic Cleodemus, then Io and the bride-groom; I next, after Diphilus, with his pupil, young Zeno; lastly the rhetor Dionysiodorus and Histæus the grammarian.

PHILO. A most elegant entertainment, truly! A company made up entirely of sages! It must have looked like a formal academical session. But I commend Aristænetus for having as his guests at this family festivity so many of the wisest men, and selecting the choicest of every sect, not preferring this or that sect, to the exclusion of the rest, but all together in one company.

LYCINUS. Indeed my friend, he is not one of the common sort of rich folks; he was always an admirer of learning, and spends the greater part of his time with literary men. The first part of the feast passed off in perfect tranquillity. It was very splendid: however I will spare you the recital of the sundry sorts of dishes; the ragouts, cakes, conserves, &c. suffice it to say, that all was of the best and in the utmost abundance. While we were busily engaged in eating, Cleodemus leaned over to Io to call his attention to the good appetite of Zenothemis. "Only mind," said he, loud enough for me to hear, "how that old fellow is gormandizing! How his garments are beslobbered with the soup! and what a deal of everything he gives to his man that stands behind him, thinking that nobody perceives it, and as though none of us had eyes. Hint it to Lycinus, that we may have him as an additional witness." I had no need however of Io for that purpose, having amused myself with the spectacle a good while before. While Cleodemus and Io were whispering

* Notwithstanding the stoics as a sect stood in high repute among the Greeks, it is however presumable, that the estimation in which they were held, no less than the pretensions and the *supercilium* of the stoics mounted still higher, when they saw the emperor M. Aurelius as it were at the head of their order. This circumstance renders both the inflated clownish haughtiness of Zenothemis, and the patience and indulgence, with which he was treated by the other the more comprehensible to me.

together, in rushed Alcidas the cynic, uninvited, thinking to put a good face upon his intrusion, by the stale joke: Menelaus comes without being sent for*. Most of the company deemed it a piece of impudence, and having their Homer by heart as well as he, did not fail to suit him with scraps of verses, which were buzzed into the ears of the slovenly Menelaus: One muttered "Menelaus are you mad †?" "But this did Agamemnon much displeas ‡," whispered another. However no one thought proper to utter his wit aloud, so much were they afraid of the obstreperous snarlings of Alcidas, who of all the cynics barked the loudest, and, because his pre-eminence in this particular was universally acknowledged, he was held in respect by all. Our host however received him with much politeness, and ordered a stool to be set for him, that he might have his place beside Histæus and Dionysiodorus. Get you gone, with your stool, cried he: do you take me for such an effeminate fop as to sit upon a stool or a sofa as you do, making yourselves so comfortable upon these soft couches with purple coverings. A man like me can very commodiously eat standing, or walking up and down the room; and when I am tired I spread my mantle on the floor and lay me down, leaning upon my elbow, as Hercules is usually painted. Do as you please, said Aristænetus; adopt the method most agreeable to you. Alcidas accordingly began to pace the floor, taking his meal after the scythian manner, moving continually from place to place about the table to see where he could find the best pasture and following the dishes as they were handed round by the servants. Judging however according to the custom of the cynics, that his victuals should be paid for in morality, he therefore, while his jaws were in full work, began a long sermon about virtue and vice, wherein he did not fail to expatiate at large on the worthlessness and inutility of gold and silver. I should be glad to know, said he to the master of the house, of what benefit it is to have so many large golden goblets, as if earthen vessels would not answer the same purpose? — For some time no attention was paid to him; but his babble beginning to grow troublesome, Aristænetus stopt his mouth, by motioning one of the servants to fill him a large

* Iliad, ii. 408. "And Menelaus came unbid the last." Hence, when anybody came to a feast uninvited, he was called a Menelaus.

† Iliad, vii. 109,

‡ Iliad, i, 24. 'Ἄλλ' ἐκ Ἀτρεΐδου Ἀγαμέμνονι ἦνδαν θυμῷ.

cup of wine of the strongest sort. This he thought was a happy contrivance, little dreaming how many mischiefs that cup would bring upon its author. Alcidas, after taking it; was quiet for a while; but presently, as he had threatened, deposited himself half-naked upon the floor, leaning upon his left arm, and in his right hand holding the cup nearly in the attitude generally given by painters to Hercules in the cave of the centaur Pholus*. The goblet now went briskly round, healths were successively drunk, the conversation grew livelier and more incessant. — Here by the way I must inform you of a little transaction, which indeed is only to be considered as an episode, but contributed to render the entertainment more interesting. I had observed a young slave, who was placed as a waiter behind Cleodemus, to smile, and I was not a little curious to discover the cause of it. I therefore watched him narrowly, and as the fair Hebe next time approached him, in order to take back the cup from Cleodemus, I perceived a squeeze of the hand to pass, and a couple of drachmas, as I thought, pressed into the palm of it. The waiting maid at this second squeeze smiled again, but without perceiving the money, I believe. The two drachmas therefore fell upon the floor and made a clattering sound; whereupon I observed both the philosopher and the young slave to blush exceedingly. The next neighbours asked to whom the money belonged; but none would own it; the girl denying that it dropped from her, and Cleodemus, near whom the sound was heard, affecting to know nothing of the matter. So it was passed over,

* Hercules, says his legend, in his passage over mount Pholoë in Arcadia, on his expedition against the erymanthine boar, turned into the cave of the centaur Pholus. Pholus entertained his respectable guest as well as he was able. When Hercules had ate his fill, he requested him to drink. A great cask of wine, that stood opposite to him at the bottom of the cave redoubled his thirst; but Pholus apologized for the impossibility of broaching it, as it belonged to the brotherhood of centaurs in those parts collectively. Hercules, who had no notion of such regards, took the responsibility upon himself, tapped the cask, regaled himself with a full flowing goblet of its contents, and found it very much to his liking. But the flavour of this wine was so volatile, that it soon betrayed the transaction to the other centaurs. They, perceiving that somebody had invaded the common cask, pressed in while Hercules was quaffing his delicious draughts, and in a body fell upon him; a terrible fight ensued, which ended very badly for the centaurs, as may be seen in Apollodorus, *lib. ii. cap. 4 § 4*. The figure here employed by Lucian was probably taken from a picture representing the finest moment of the scene floating in his memory.

and nothing said of it, as it had been observed by so few. I believe however that Aristænetus was one of them. For shortly after he took an opportunity, without exciting observation, to send the girl out of the room, and nodded to one of the stoutest, most hard-favoured of his grooms, and who had certainly outlived the bloom of youth, to put himself in her place behind Cleodemus. And thus passed this little transaction, which might have brought much disgrace upon Cleodemus if the report of it had gone abroad, and had it not been smothered by the prudence of Aristænetus, and laid to the account of the wine. In the mean while, the cynic Alcidamas having been valiantly tossing off his full cups, and the wine by this time beginning to mount into his head, inquired for the name of the bride, and having with a powerful voice commanded universal silence, turned to the ladies, and bawled out: Cleanthis, I drink this cup to your health, in the name of Hercules the patron of my order*! The whole company burst into a fit of laughter at this frantic conceit. You may laugh, cried he, you rascally rabble, at my drinking to the bride in the name of our tutelâr deity Hercules! But I would have you to know, that if she pledge me not, she will never be the mother of such a clever fellow of a son, strong in body and mind and of such a vigorous muscular system, as I am. Saying this, to corroborate his words, he dismantled himself to the waist. At this, a fresh fit of laughter broke out from the whole company †: but Alcidamas stood it

* The cynics made Hercules the founder of their order, as the carmelite monks made the prophet Elijah theirs: both with about equal propriety.

† Readers that are acquainted with the manners of the antient Greeks will be less surprised than others at this toleration of an indecency so grossly offensive to our own. It was one of the principal maxims of the cynic order to rise superior to all conventional notions and rules, and to reckon nothing natural unbecoming. This being now their established practice it was deemed expedient to let them have their way, leaving to their own discretion how much or how little they would occasionally exceed the bounds of propriety and decorum. They were considered as a privileged set of half-savages, or a sort of mongrel generation of heroes, philosophers and dogs, pretending to be governed by no other laws than those of nature: and even the respect for the patron of their order Hercules proved how little worthy they were of him. It is almost needless to observe, that the Greeks by their palæstra, their gymnastic exercises and public baths were so accustomed to nudities, that the indecorum of the cynic Alcidamas appeared to them, on that account, more ridiculous with respect to the unsuitableness of the time and the place, than scandalous in itself.

out in the full display of his crabbed countenance, and cast such fierce and bacchantic looks around him, that it was easily discernible that peace could be of no long duration. He would probably have dealt a blow or two on the heads of some of us ; if by good luck a cake of vast circumference had not just then entered ; at sight of which he suddenly grew tamer, and, forgetting his resentment, seized upon it, and began to devour it with his usual voracity. By this time the effects of the wine were sensibly apparent in most of the company, and the room grew very noisy. The rhetor Dionysiodorus began to repeat, in a declamatory tone, sundry parts of his orations, while the grammarian Histæus stammered out fragments of verses from Pindar and Anacreon, composing together an extempore ode, the most ridiculous that ever was heard ; and which, particularly in the homerian verse,

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed :

and

Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise :

seemed to contain a prophecy of what was presently to happen. During the interval between the courses, that no part of the time might be without some entertainment, Aristænetus ordered a buffoon, whom he had previously taken care to provide, to be introduced, to say or do any thing comical and ludicrous that could divert the company. Accordingly in came an ugly little fellow, with his head close shaved, excepting only a few straggling hairs made into a lock, and left standing upright on his crown. He began by dancing with ridiculous grimaces and contortions of his limbs, then proceeded to declaim ; to make the matter more humorous, some anapæstics with suitable gesticulations, and in an ægyptian accent. This done, he concluded by lancing all manner of fooleries at the persons present. Most of those on whom he exercised his wit, laughed at it. But, hazarding one of his gibes upon Alcidamas, whom he called a maltese puppy-dog, the latter took it the more ungraciously, as it had been easily seen some time before, that the merry andrew had roused his indignation by pointing him out to the attention of the company, and because it seemed to meet their applause. Therefore, throwing off his mantle, he challenged him to fisty-cuffs, threatening that if he refused he would dash

out his brains with his club. The poor Satyrion (so the buffoon was named) had therefore no alternative but to stand his ground, and to prepare for boxing. It was a truly diverting spectacle, to see a philosopher engaged with a merry andrew, and distributing blows about them. Some of the guests were ashamed, others laughed heartily: till at last Alcidas owned that he had enough, and ceded the victory to the poor, but in this business, stout-hearted pigmy. Soon after the battle was over, the physician Dionicus came, and told us how he had been detained by a laughable tragical accident that had happened to the flute-player Polypreon. This musician, he said, had been suddenly taken with a frenzy: he was sent for, but no mention made that the fit was upon him. Scarcely had he entered the chamber, when the patient rose up, fastened the door, unsheathed a sword, and delivering his pipes into his hand commanded him to play; which not being able to do, the musician beat him unmercifully over the knuckles with a whip. In this extremity, Dionicus bethought himself of a stratagem, which was to challenge him to play for a wager of a stated number of blows to be laid by the victor on him that was conquered; which turned out very unfavourable for himself, since he must blow first. Afterwards however the pipes being delivered to the patient, and the whip and sword received in return by his antagonist, the latter made directly for the window and threw them both out: and as they now could contend with less unequal advantage, he raised a cry which brought the neighbours to his assistance, who broke open the door, and rescued him. As vouchers for the truth of his relation he shewed us the black and blue spots from the blows he had received, with the several marks which the nails of the patient had left behind them on his face. Dionicus, who had diverted the company as much by his narrative as the merry andrew had done by his antics, now thrust himself in by Histæus, to make his meal of what was left; and it soon appeared, that he had been sent by some good genius so opportunely to our relief in the distress into which we were presently to fall. For now another slave unexpectedly came into the hall, sent as he said, by the stoic Hetæmocles, with orders to read publicly a writing which he held in his hand, so that all the company might hear it, and then without further delay to retire. Aristænetus having no objection to make, the slave placed himself under the lamp and began to read.

PHILO. Probably a panegyric on the bride, or an epithalamium, such as are now the fashion on such occasions*.

LYCINUS. So we all conjectured; but we were wide of the mark: for thus the manuscript ran:

HETEMOCLES THE PHILOSOPHER TO ARISTÆNETUS †.

“How I stand affected to feasting, the whole course of my past life bears ample testimony; since though importuned daily by much richer men than yourself, I have not complied; well knowing that such carousings are generally subject to noise, riot and debauchery, and other concomitants of intoxication. But you are the man above all others with whom I think I have just right to be angry, for that you, after I have been attached to you for so many years, and served you with zeal and officiousness on all occasions, I am not esteemed worthy of being numbered among the rest of your friends, but I am alone excluded, notwithstanding we are such near neighbours. This striking ingratitude however principally grieves me on your own account; for I make not happiness to consist in a slice of wild boar or roasted hare, and in cakes and confectionery; of all this besides I have a plentiful supply from others, who know how to behave; and this very day I could if I pleased have been at a sumptuous entertainment, as they call it, given by my hearer Pammenes, whose pressing invitation I did not accept, because I foolishly intended to reserve myself for you. But you pass us by, and entertain others, — as might have been expected from one who knows not how to discern what is fittest, and is so deficient in clear and distinct ideas. But I see perfectly well to whom my thanks for it are due: to no other personages than your admirable philosophers Zenothemis and the Labyrinth, whose mouths, without vanity be it said, I will instantly stop, with one single syllogism. Let any one of them tell me, if he can, what philosophy is.

* This fashion is therefore more than 1625 years old, and it would not be too early to let it go out.

† This epistle is in my opinion a master-piece of its kind. All is disposed with the most cunning artifice, to make a silly, vain-glorious, vulgar stoic, totally unacquainted with himself, against his design, depict himself to the life, and render himself completely ridiculous.

Or only answer me this: wherein consists the difference between aptitude and disposition? To say nothing of more abstruse propositions; of the horned syllogism, of the sorites, and of the reaper *. But much good may it do you with them! I, who call nothing good but what is right, can very easily digest their affronts. And to cut off all evasion, to which otherwise you might hereafter have recourse, by saying, you had forgot me amid so much bustle in the house; I have twice this day made my bow to you, once in the morning in your antechamber, and afterwards when you were sacrificing in the temple of the Dioscures. Let that be told to the company, for my justification! You may imagine perhaps that I am angry at missing a feast; but remember the story of Æneus. You will see by that, that even Diana was angry that she alone was not invited to his sacrifice, while all the other deities were his guests. Accordingly Homer expresses himself concerning that transaction somewhat in this manner:

Or from forgetfulness or disregard,
The goddess took it ill. Iliad, i. 533.

And Euripides:

This land is Calydon, to Pelops' coast
Right opposite; of fertile fields the boast †.

* The stoics of those times prided themselves much upon the art of puzzling: both the learned and the unlearned by fallacious syllogisms, to whom the fallacy was not immediately apparent, and their disciples must have consumed much time in such puerile subtleties. The most famous of these gravelling syllogisms was derived from the megarean school, of a certain Eubulides. The horned was so named, because it could be demonstrated by it that a man had horns. [See the note, p. 70, on the Cock]. The sorites (the heaping) proves that a single grain may be made a heap, or a single sheep a flock, although a grain is not a heap, nor a sheep a flock. The solution of this riddle, which is not so difficult as Hæmocrates pretends, is left to the reader's penetration!—The reaper however is somewhat more brain-cracking. A philosopher said to a countryman who was intending to reap his corn: I will prove to you, that you will not reap your corn; and what is yet more, that it is absolutely impossible you should ever reap it.—The proof of that I should be glad to hear, said the boor.—Then observe, said the philosopher: You will either reap or not reap your corn, is it not true?—B. One of both, yes. In the former case (if you will reap), you will therefore not either reap or not reap, but you will reap.—B. That is clear!—In the other case (if you will not reap), you will likewise not either reap or not reap, but you will not reap.—B. Most assuredly.—Therefore it is not true, that you will either reap or not reap, but you absolutely cannot reap.—The countryman made no reply, but he did like Alexander the great; he went to the field and cut his corn clean down, and thus actually cut the knot of the philosopher, but did not untie it.

† In a lost tragedy, entitled *Meleager*.

VOL. I.

F F

And Sophocles :

A monstrous boar to ravage Æneus' land
Was sent, in wrath, from great Diana's hand *.

These few verses, out of many that I could have quoted, have I produced, that you may see what sort of a man you have passed over, for the sake of making much of Diphilus, and even committing your son to his tuition. He suits you indeed perfectly well: for he is agreeable to the boy, and has had the art of ingratiating himself with him. I could, if it were becoming in a man of my stamp to speak of such matters, add a great deal more: but if you would come at the truth, you need only inquire of his pædagogus † Zopyrus. For, far be it from me to disturb your nuptial joy, or to turn informer, especially of such scandalous imputations! Although Diphilus deserves nothing better of me, since he has already deprived me of two scholars; but out of respect to philosophy I chuse to be silent. To conclude, I have ordered the servant, if, to make up matters, you should offer him a bit of red or black game, or a nice piece of sesam cake ‡, not to accept it, lest it might appear as if I had sent him for that purpose."

While this elaborate epistle was reading, I sweated at every pore for shame and vexation, and wished, as the saying is, that I could have crept into the earth, on seeing how all that were present laughed immoderately at almost every word, especially those to whom Hecæmocrates was personally known, and had expected nothing like it from his grey head and

* From an unknown tragedy of Sophocles.

† The pædagogus and the tutor of a young man were among the Greeks two entirely distinct persons. The former had merely the superintendance and care of his person, his health, his bodily exercises and the like, and was generally a confidential servant or freedman. I have in what follows translated this word by valet. — The pædagogus, says Dr. Carr, was a slave, who attended the children, led them about in his hand, and taught them to walk, &c. The word is generally considered as synonymous with schoolmaster; though there is not much in common between them, except that of their both being slaves.

‡ Of the great multiplicity of cakes and pastry of various kinds, set upon table among the Greeks, and the names whereof are still extant, are mostly, for want of acquaintance with the manner of preparing them, unintelligible to us, the sesam cakes [σισαμικς or σισαμμικς] seem to have been the most admired. Sesam is a plant indigenous in Ægypt and the East Indies, and was cultivated in great quantities by the ancients (as poppy and turnip-seed or rape-seed with us) chiefly for the sake of the oil pressed from their seeds. The Greeks appear to have learnt the use of the sesam grain in their diet and pastry from the Ægyptians.

grave looks. For they made very large eyes, on seeing now who the man was, by whose long beard and sour visage they had suffered themselves so grievously to be imposed upon. I even thought I perceived, that Aristænetus had not passed over him by inadvertence, but entirely because he could not hope that Hetœmocles would accept the invitation, and being unwilling to expose himself to a refusal, he resolved not to hazard the attempt. To proceed; when the servant had done reading, all the company turned their eyes upon young Zeno and his tutor Diphilus, whose dejected and palid looks and visible confusion but too much confirmed the suspicions thrown out by Hetœmocles. Aristænetus was uneasy, and had much ado to restrain the agitation of his mind; however he affected to smile, bade us push the cup about, and endeavoured to put the best face on what had passed. At the same time he dismissed the servant of the philosopher, with the usual answer, that it should be duly attended to. Soon after this, Zeno disappeared, his valet having beckoned him away, as it was his father's desire. Cleodemus, who had long waited for an opportunity to have a bout with the stoics, and burning with impatience lest he should not find one more suitable, now broke loose, as this epistle seemed to be the signal for engagement. Here we behold, said he, the rare fruits of the discipline of your extolled Chrysippus, your admired Zeno and the famous Cleanthes, with their empty technical terms and captious questions, only outside philosophers — in all the rest the generality of them are not a hair better than Hetœmocles. What an insipid epistolation! And then, to furnish out his witticisms, to make Aristænetus into Cœneus and himself into Diana! And how well selected* are all the expressions, and how properly adapted to the festivity of the day!

That must be confessed, by Jupiter! said Hermo, who sat immediately above Diphilus; the honest man had probably heard that Aristænetus had a wild boar drest for the wedding, and so charmingly brought in the caly-

* In the greek *εὐφρονα*, of good omen. The Greeks were uncommonly superstitious on this point, and it was a very material duty of good manners with them in general, but particularly on festive and jovial occasions, to avoid all speeches susceptible of a disagreeable interpretation, and which might excite their apprehension and alarm their fears of ill omens. One single unlucky word of that nature was sufficient to disturb the pleasure of a whole feast. Hetœmocles had egregiously misbehaved in this particular by his letter; but it was no less unmannerly in Cleodemus to call the attention of all present in so pointed a manner to the cacophony.

donian boar! Therefore, for heaven's sake, Aristænetus, send him quickly his portion, lest the good old man should pine with hunger, and waste away as Meleager was forced to do in proportion as the brand consumed on which his destiny hung*. — Though that would not be such a mighty matter to him; since according to the maxims of Chrysippus all these things are *adiaphora* †.

How? you presume to take the name of Chrysippus in your mouth, (cried Zenothemis, raising himself and roaring with all his might), and measure by one single Hetæmocles, who falsely assumes the title of stoic, but is a mere quibbler and swaggerer, such men as Cleanthes and Zeno? And who then may you be, who have the insolence to speak scornfully of such great sages? Is it a secret that you, Hermo, shaved off the golden locks of the Dioscures, and that if there was any justice in the country, would not have escaped the hangman? And you, Cleodemus, did not you seduce the wife of your hearer Sostrates to adultery? Were you not caught in the fact, and punished ignominiously for it, as a compro-

* Meleager was the son of Cæneus king of Calydon, mentioned in the epistle of Hetæmocles. On the seventh day after his birth the three Parcæ appeared to his mother Althæa, and determined the fate of the new-born babe. He will live so long, said Atropos, pointing to a billet of wood then burning on the hearth, as this brand remains unconsumed. Althæa therefore instantly snatched the brand from the fire, quenched it, and carefully laid it by. In the sequel, Meleager greatly signalized himself above the heroical youths of the age, as the one who slew the monster in the famous chace of the calydonian boar, at which all that had any reputation in Greece were present. But, the skin of it being unanimously voted to him by the rest, he laid it at the feet of the fair huntress Atalanta, whom he passionately loved, and who had inflicted the first wound on the boar. The heroes of the chivalrous age of Greece were not all so gallant to the fair sex as the knights in *Amadis de Gaule*. The three brothers of queen Althæa were so far from it, that they waylaid her in a hollow pass and forcibly took from her the boar's skin. Meleager, as in all reason he ought, made the cause of his beloved his own; the quarrel that ensued between him and his uncles cost the latter their lives, but was likewise fatal to Meleager himself. For his mother, in the first gust of passion at the murder of her brothers, threw the brand on which his life depended into the flames, and at that instant Meleager was consumed by an internal fire. Althæa, as soon as she came to consider what she had done, hanged herself in despair, and Cleopatra, Meleager's consort, kept her company; Melanippe and Eurymede, Meleager's sisters, wept themselves to death, and were metamorphosed into guinea-hens, called by the Greeks *meleagrides*. And thus the noble goddess Diana was handsomely revenged on Cæneus, for forgetting to invite her to his sacrifice, and on his whole family.

† Things that in themselves are neither good nor bad, and therefore to the wise man indifferent.

mise for your life? And you, under the consciousness of such delinquencies, dare to open your mouth! — At least, returned Cleodemus, I never stood pimp to my own wife; nor did I ever take a traveller's money to keep for him till his return, and then forswear the receipt of it; nor lend my money out for four per cent. monthly, nor seize my scholars by the throat if they did not pay me on the very day. — You will not deny that you furnished Crito with poison for sending his father out of the world? cried Zenothemis, and having just drunk, he threw what remained in the cup, being about the half, in the faces of Hermo and Cleodemus, so that Io, who was by chance the next neighbour, came in not undeservingly for his share of it. Hermo wiped the wine from his head, calling all present to bear witness how shamefully he had been used; but Cleodemus, not having a cup to return the civility he had received, spat in the face of Zenothemis, at the same time taking him by the beard with his left hand, was aiming at him such a stroke on the face, that the old man would probably have had enough at one blow, if Aristænetus had not caught his hand and suddenly thrown himself in between Zenothemis and his two antagonists, to part them and bind them over to keep the peace.

During these transactions, various reflections were running in my head. The first was what must immediately occur to everyone: how little scholastic learning avails us, if it contributes nothing to improve and dignify our behaviour in life. These men pass for scholars of the first rank; and yet how ridiculous do they make themselves in the eyes of so many people by their conduct! The next thought that struck me was, whether the common saying, that people who are always poring over books, and constantly stuffing their heads with the sentiments of others, were by their very learning led away from the path of sound reason, might not perhaps be true. For of all the philosophers present, there was not one exempt from censure. Some disgraced themselves by unbecoming actions, others by unbecoming speeches. Neither could the blame of this be laid upon the wine, when I reflected upon what Hecæmocles, who had ate and drank nothing, had wrote. Here then was directly the reverse of what should have been expected: the illiterate behaved with perfect decorum through the whole of the entertainment, without either exceeding in drink, or in doing or saying any thing of which they need be ashamed; they only saw themselves obliged to laugh at and condemn those whom

they had been used to regard with reverence, and from the gravity of their appearance had looked upon as characters of a great and extraordinary cast. Whereas the pretended wise men ate and drank to excess, scolded and abused one another, and at last even went to blows: nay, the incomparable Alcidamas was so far unmindful of the respect always due to the ladies, as to be guilty of gross misbehaviour in their presence. To be brief, what occurred at this wedding-feast, brought to my mind the nuptials of Peleus, where the apple thrown by the uninvited Eris among the guests was the primary occasion of the great trojan war; and the epistle that Hecæmocles cast into our company, had done mischief enough to furnish materials for a new Iliad. For Zenothemis and Cleodemus never gave over wrangling, though Aristænetus had placed himself between them. For this day, cried Cleodemus, it may suffice that by your stupid conduct you have proclaimed to everyone what you are; but tomorrow I shall know how to obtain proper satisfaction of you! At present, Zenothemis, and you, my sober master Diphilus, answer me this: how comes it, that you declare riches indifferent; and yet there is nothing in all the world that you think of and study more, than how to scrape together as much pelf as by any means you can, and care for nothing so much as to get more. In this view you are fond of intruding yourselves among the wealthiest, lend them money on exorbitant interest, and even barter your wisdom against sterling coin? Again, since you are such declared enemies to pleasure, and exclaim so grievously against the epicureans on that score: how is it, that you, solely for the sake of voluptuousness, entangle yourselves in scandalous vices, and are so angry if somebody neglects to invite you to table; when however you are invited, you eat so furiously and so heavily load your servants? Saying this, he snatched a napkin which the slave of Zenothemis held in his hand, and was crammed full with victuals of all sorts, designing to untie it and shake out the contents upon the floor, but the young man kept fast hold, and defended it so stoutly, that the former failed in his attempt. Bravo, Cleodemus! exclaimed Hermo; let them tell me now why they cry out against voluptuousness, since they themselves are so fond of it, that they can never have enough! — No, no, replied Zenothemis; you, Cleodemus, shall first tell us, why you hold riches not an adiaphoron? — Not at all, retorted the former; it is at you! And so the squabble lasted a good

while, till at last Io, leaning forwards, called to them to leave off; as he would propose a subject of conversation, proper for this joyful occasion. Let everybody communicate what he has to offer, without cavilling, but speaking and listening in turn; in some such manner as in the disputations of our Plato, which mostly consist in alternate dialogues. All present agreed to the proposal, particularly Aristænetus and Eucritus, who were in hopes by this means to terminate that riot and uproar which had hitherto so greatly annoyed the company, and put us in better humour; and indeed Aristænetus now thought the peace so firmly established, that he betook himself again to his former place.

Now the last course was brought on, composed of everything that is usually given at such entertainments to the guests to carry home with them; namely, to each person a fowl, a piece of wild boar and broiled hare, a baked fish, a sesam-cake, and other things appertaining to the dessert. Not that everyone had a separate dish presented him, but the cookery was so contrived, that always two portions were put together in one dish, and set down before two adjacent guests, so that each might take what was next him. In this manner Aristænetus and Eucritus were first served; then the stoic Zenothemis and the epicurean Hermo likewise together; then again Cleodemus and his next neighbour Io; after them the bridegroom and I: Diphilus however, as young Zeno had retired, had the two portions before him. I pray you, Philo, to remark this arrangement; as you will have occasion for it again in the sequel of my narrative.

PHILO. I will not forget it.

LYCINUS. The platonist Io, who had just before started the proposal for a more agreeable conversation, now said: If you think it right, then, I will make the beginning. I should, perhaps, (he began after a little pause) in a company of such persons, discourse of ideas, and incorporeal substances and of the immortality of the soul: but because I would not be oppugned by those who do not philosophize from the same principles with me, I will, more especially as the present occasion in some measure calls for it, deliver my thoughts on marriage. Better indeed would it be for mankind, if there were no necessity for marriage at all, but according to Socrates and Plato, confine ourselves to our own sex*; for that most

* Hence the expression, Platonic love.

certainly is the only means of carrying virtue to consummate perfection. If however the wise cannot absolutely dispense with wives, they ought, as Plato advises, to be common, that we might be safe from jealousy.

This discourse of the sagacious Io, was thought, with respect to place and time, so curious, that a general burst of laughter ensued. Dionysiodorus, whose purity of language was offended at the use of the word *zelos* by Io for jealousy *, reproved him for it in somewhat of a pædagogical tone ; to which Io returned such a contemptuous answer, that they soon would have given vent to their rage in the most abusive terms, if the grammarian Histiaëus had not interposed, and broke off the angry debate by announcing the rehearsal of an epithalamium. All was still in a trice, and he began to read. It was composed in elegiac verse, which, as well as I can recollect, ran in the following manner :

At home with Aristænetus the fair
Divine Cleanthis was brought up with care.
From other virgins all she bears the bell,
And Venus or e'en Helen does excel.
You too I hail, of bridegrooms far the best,
Better than Nereus, or any of the rest.
Achilles self dares not with you contend ;
And so with that my bridal song shall end.
We 'll sing it over till our dying day :
I wish you happy both : thus ends my lay †.

You may easily conceive with what a peal of laughter this precious production was received. At length, however, the time arrived for taking away the provisions that had been allotted for that purpose ‡. Aristænetus and Eucritus accordingly set the example, and afterwards every one took what lay before him. The same did the bridegroom and I, and so

* A signification of that word unknown to the classical authors, and in his attic ears was a barbarism. A verbal translation of this passage would not have produced a good effect.

† I have done my best to render justice to the epithalamium of honest Diphilus, as well in point of diction as of versification ; and those who shall find, on comparing the copy with the original, that I have nevertheless fallen far short of the latter, will I hope be so kind as to accept the will for the deed. The mellifluous line *πείχουσα πασάνων άλλών παρθενικών* in particular is untranslatable into our harsh and unharmonious language.

‡ And gave it to a servant to carry away. — This the text does not say ; because to the Greeks, with whom this practice, so surprising to us, was an antient custom, was self-evident.

likewise Io and Cleodemus. Diphilus was for seizing upon the portion that had been designed for the absent Zeno: he insisted on his having a right to the whole of what was before him, and vehemently disputed the point with the waiters, when a fowl, which both parties laid on at once, was, like the corpse of Patroclus in the Iliad, almost torn to pieces by hauling and dragging it to and fro in the struggle: Diphilus however came short at last, and was forced to let go the spoil. This scene afforded great mirth to the spectators, especially now that Diphilus took the affair so ill, that you would have thought the greatest wrong in the world had been done him, and would not at any rate be pacified. In the mean time another play was acting between Zenothemis and Hermo, which ended in a more tragical catastrophe. They were placed, as I said before, close beside one another, and as the victuals set before them were for the most part alike, they took each his share in peace. Unhappily the fowl that lay on Hermo's side was fatter than the other. It was by mere accident I suppose; and so each should have taken that which lay before him and been therewith content. Zenothemis however — I beg your attention, Philo; for now comes on the crisis — Zenothemis let his fowl lie, and seized upon the fatter one that lay on Hermo's side: Hermo, at the same instant laying hands on what he considered as his own, resolved not to suffer the other to claim a right to more than belonged to him. Upon this a quarrel arose: they fell together by the ears, banged the birds in the face of each other, took hold of one another by the beard, and at the same time roared lustily for help; Hermo for Cleodemus, Zenothemis for Alcidas and Diphilus. They accordingly ran up, some siding with one, some with the other party; Io alone excepted, who had as yet observed a strict neutrality. The battle henceforth became serious. Zenothemis taking a large goblet, that stood facing Aristænetus, from off the table, threw it at Hermo;

The goblet missed the mark and erred aside, Iliad, xi. 233.

broke the bridegroom's head, and gave him a wound both wide and deep. The ladies with hideous shrieks threw themselves in between the combatants, particularly the mother of the bridegroom, on seeing the blood run down his cheeks; the bride also sprang up, and by the terror and confusion painted in her looks discovered the interest she took in the wounded

youth. In the mean time Alcidas, the ally of Zenothemis, performed surprising feats of valour. Brandishing his club, like a second Hercules, he beat a hole in the head of Cleodemus, smashed the jawbone of Hermo, and wounded several of the domestics, who came in as auxiliaries. The other party notwithstanding could not be brought to yield. But Cleodemus with his forefinger put out an eye of Zenothemis, and closing with him, bit off his nose; while Hermo threw Diphilus, who was coming to succour the old man, with such violence upon the ground that it took away his senses. Even the worthy Histæus got no good by his endeavours to accommodate matters between the conflicting parties; for Cleodemus, mistaking him probably for Diphilus, gave him such a powerful kick in the mouth, that, to speak with Homer, he fell to the ground vomiting blood. The whole room was now all tumult and lamentation. The women, who crowded round Chœrea, would not be consoled by any efforts of persuasion. The worst of all however was, that Alcidas, seeing himself at once master of the field, positively refused to leave off, but continued laying about him, not caring whom his blows might hit; and I am sure many more would have fallen, if his staff had not luckily broke. I, standing up against the wall, acted the part of a spectator, without mingling in the fight; for the example of poor Histæus had taught me how dangerous it is to take up the office of arbitrator on such occasions. To conclude, the overturned tables, the cups flung in all directions, and the effusion of blood, presented to my view a lively picture of the Lapithæ and Centaurs*, at the nuptials of Perithous. That

* The Lapithæ and Centaurs were two distinct tribes or small populations in Thessaly, of whom great things are told in the heroical history of the Greeks. The chiefs of both were present as guests at the marriage of Perithous (the son of Ixion) with the beautiful Hippodamia. But the Centaurs (who, as everybody knows, were half horse and half man), beginning to be inflamed with wine, grew amorous of the women of the Lapithæ; and Eurytus giving the signal for attack, seized the bride by her long flowing hair, in the design of carrying her off. As, besides the proper Lapithæ, the flower of the grecian heroes were present at the feast, a battle (as it is natural to suppose) ensued, and the implements of war were whatever first came to hand: cups, mugs, pitchers, nuptial torches, fists, and hoofs, and in the scuffle many heads were broke on both sides, and many arms and legs dislocated; as the reader may see, if he is so inclined, more circumstantially delineated in the grand picture which Ovid has caused to be drawn by Nestor, at the opening of the twelfth book of his metamorphoses, a picture in which that poet

nothing might be wanting to complete our distress, Alcidamus at last threw down the lamp, and plunged us at once in total darkness. This disaster was the more alarming, because another lamp was not presently to be procured, and in the mean time many curious and dishonourable transactions were carried on under cover of night *. For at length when a light was brought in, Cleodemus was seen in close converse with the flute-girl, whose clothes he had very much rumbled, and Dionysiodorus was caught in the fact of playing one of his petty tricks: for, rising up suddenly, a cup fell out of the folds of his gown, and perceiving that it drew all eyes upon him, he said in his excuse, that Io had given him in the tumult the cup to take care of, that it should not be lost: which Io afterwards confirmed, and as was but reasonable, made a merit of his providence.

And thus a bridal feast, that had cost so many tears, was at last, thanks to Alcidamus, Dionysiodorus and Io, brought to a tolerably jovial termination. The wounded were obliged to be carried out, they found themselves so ill; old Zenothemis, in one hand holding his eye, in the other his nose, roared out that he was dying with pain; so that Hermo, though himself not in the best circumstances (for a couple of his teeth had been knocked out), could not forbear, thus situated as he was, in his transportation, saying: now, Zenothemis, recollect in future, that at this moment you hold pain to be not an adiaphoron! The poor bridegroom, whose nuptial joy had been so horribly frustrated, was, after Dionicus had properly dressed his wound, with a number of clothes and bandages about his head, trundled home in the vehicle that came to convey the bride. The rest being treated by Dionicus in the best manner he was able, were dismissed in so bad a condition, that they were now and then obliged to

seems to have surpassed himself in his own manner. Lucian appears to have borrowed several features from it; unless perhaps some poem of a more antient date on this very poetical subject may have served as a model to both: and therefore have been the reason why Lucian entitles this dialogue the (modern) Lapithæ.

* One single lamp for lighting the hall at such a grand entertainment in the house of a rich athenian nobleman, is a thing hardly imaginable; and yet it was no otherwise. The Greeks, it appears, were not fond of a glaring light on such occasions, and one large lamp, but which was adapted to emit a strong and bright flame, set up or suspended in the middle of the room, gave them light enough.

halt in the streets to disgorge their surfeitings. Alcidas alone remained behind ; for there was no possibility to stir the man from the place, after he had once thrown himself across a sofa and begun to snore. Thus ended, dear Philo, this famous banquet, to which these verses of the tragic poet may be well applied :

Strange and various are the fates of men.
The gods bring unexpected things to pass,
While what we hope for comes not to effect ! *

For very unexpected, indeed, were all these events ! I for my part have drawn from it this moral : that for one, who is no friend to bad actions, it is a perilous affair to invite philosophers of this sort to a feast.

* These lines compose the concluding burden of sundry tragedies of Euripides ; the *Alcestes*, *Andromache*, *Helena* and the *Bacchantes*.

At the end of this convivial entertainment it may not be thought out of season if I subjoin the following list of the dishes served up at one of the public feasts of the Athenians : — fish of different sorts, and among others lampreys ; also calves' head, ragouts, hashed meats, spiced herbs, garlic-sauce, mustard, honey-sauce, sea-pies, thrushes, blackbirds, young pigeons, roasted pullets, turtle-doves, and leverets, in must or stum, &c. Delicate kind of fish were meat sought after by the rich and dainty. It appears from some passages of Aristophanes's comedies, that roast meat was basted with oil : it should be observed, however, that the oil of that country was as good as the best butter of this.

THE SALE
OF THE
PHILOSOPHICAL SECTS.

JUPITER. MERCURY. THE PHILOSOPHERS PYTHAGORAS, DIOGENES,
DEMOCRITUS, HERACLITUS, SOCRATES, CHRYSIPPUS, AND A
PYRRHONIST, AS SLAVES. SEVERAL CHAPMEN.

JUPITER, to a couple of Servants.

YOU, set the benches in order and make room for the company! And you, fetch out the commodities and set them up; but first brush and clean them, that they may have a handsome appearance and invite customers. You, Mercury, make proclamation, in the usual form: Good

THE SALE, &c. I confess that this dialogue, which is pronounced by all the translators and commentators of Lucian that have fallen under my notice, to be one of his choicest productions, is, in my opinion, one of his worst, and that I neither think it, with Jensius, *longe facetissimum*, nor with Dr. Francklin (who in this particular is only the echo of honest Moses du Soul) am I of opinion, that "Lucian in this dialogue exposed the absurd tenets, modes and principles of every sect with infinite humour." The first and most essential property of a satirical performance is, that the object of the satire should have no injustice done him. The ridicule must lie in the matter, not be purposely introduced or be fastened on the back of the person intended to be laughed at. Wit and humour may perhaps render even persiflage entertaining in a moment of gaiety: but then it should at least be harmless. In this tract Lucian has indulged an unwarrantable licence against the philosophers. Distorting and mistating their principles; intentional misinterpretations, miserable hearsays, and idle tales, no means are too base for bringing contempt and odium on the greatest and most excellent persons of that class, even a Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Democritus, Aristotle, and delivering them up to the scorn and derision of an illiterate populace. Whether the little portion of attic salt with which some of these

luck to the business! and that those inclined to be purchasers may now attend. We have philosophical characters of all sorts and sects to sell. Should any one find it inconvenient to pay ready money for what he buys, he shall be indulged with a year's credit on giving proper security.

MERCURY. Several people are already assembled; let us proceed to business, that we may not keep them waiting without necessity.

JUPITER. Very well; make a beginning.

MERCURY. Who shall we first produce?

JUPITER. The Ionian yonder, with the large flowing curls; for he really looks like an extremely venerable fellow.

MERCURY. Ho! Pythagoras! come down, and be viewed by the company.

JUPITER. Now cry him.

MERCURY. Here, gentlemen, here you have the best piece in the whole collection; a superlatively respectable and excellent character. Who is inclined to buy? Who is desirous of being "more than a man?" Who wishes to study "the harmony of the universe," and, "to live again after his death?"

CHAPMAN. He looks like no vulgar person. What are his qualifications?

MERCURY. Arithmetic, astronomy, magic, geometry, music, sleight of hand. He is a great soothsayer; you may take my word for it.

CHAPMAN. May I put a few questions to him myself?

MERCURY. Put them in god's name.

CHAPMAN. Whence come you?

PYTHAGORAS. From Samos.

CHAPMAN. Where were you brought up?

PYTHAGORAS. In Ægypt; among the sages there.

CHAPMAN. If I should purchase you what would you teach me?

PYTHAGORAS. Teach you! I would teach you nothing; but I would recall everything to your remembrance.

scurrilities are strewed, and the example of Aristophanes, who has insulted Socrates in a similar manner, are sufficient to justify such arrogance, may perhaps admit of no question; and how insufficiently Lucian has justified himself on that score we shall see from the following piece. To conclude, this dialogue presupposes in the reader some acquaintance with the history of the grecian philosophy, the want of which could by annotations be but very incompetently supplied.

CHAPMAN. How would you do that ?

PYTHAGORAS. First, I will purify your soul by washing out all the dirt that has settled there.

CHAPMAN. Suppose however that that has been already done : what will be requisite to capacitate me for recollection ?

PYTHAGORAS. In the first place, a long continued tranquillity of soul, and a five years' silence without speaking a word.

CHAPMAN. My worthy sir, you should have a mute * for your pupil. I have no inclination to be a statue ; I must be allowed to use my tongue. — But when the five years of silence are over ; how then ?

PYTHAGORAS. Then you will be fit to be exercised in practical music and in geometry.

CHAPMAN. That is delightful ; in order to become wise one must previously be able to sing to the harp ?

PYTHAGORAS. When you can do so, you must then learn to count.

CHAPMAN. That I can do already.

PYTHAGORAS. How do you count, then ?

CHAPMAN. One, two, three, four.

PYTHAGORAS. See there now — what you call four is ten †, and a perfect triangle ‡, and our great oath.

CHAPMAN. By the marvellous four ! such divine and mysterious things never in all my life found their way to my ears before.

PYTHAGORAS. Afterwards, my good friend, you shall learn the nature and essence of the earth, the air, fire and water, with their powers, figure and motion.

CHAPMAN. Fire, water, and air have then a shape ?

PYTHAG. Evidently ; for how could they move without figure of definite form ? Besides, you shall be made to understand that the divinity is a number and harmony.

* Gr. *the son of Cræsus* ; who was born deaf and dumb. Herodot. lib. i. 34 and 85.

† Because the number four includes three, two and one, and these four numbers taken together make ten.

‡ This is seen by the figure $\begin{matrix} & \cdot & & \\ & \cdot & \cdot & \\ & \cdot & \cdot & \cdot \\ \cdot & & \cdot & & \cdot \\ \cdot & & \cdot & & \cdot \\ \cdot & & \cdot & & \cdot \end{matrix}$ where each side of the triangle constructed by them is four, or a tetras.

CHAPMAN. That is astonishing * !

PYTHAG. And yet it is not all by far. You will, for example, learn, you yourself, who pass for a single person, appear to be another and are another.

CHAPMAN. How am I to understand that? I to be another, and not he that is now talking to you!

PYTHAG. Now you are indeed he; but formerly you appeared in another body and under another name, and in due time will pass again into another body and bear another name.

CHAPMAN. You mean that I shall be immortal, and changed into various forms? But enough of this! What is your ordinary diet?

PYTHAG. I eat nothing wherein a soul has been; everything else, excepting only beans?

CHAPMAN. Why have you such an aversion to beans?

PYTHAG. I have no aversion to them; but they are sacred, and there is somewhat marvellous in their nature. For, in the first place, they are purely seeds, and on peeling the green bean, you will perceive it to have a very odd appearance; and if when boiled you lay them for a certain number of nights in the moon-shine, they will be turned into blood: and, what is still the greatest of all, the Athenians have a law for electing their magistrates by beans †.

* It would require an extremely prolix comment, and take up too much of the reader's time, were I, in order to vindicate Pythagoras against these *platitudes*, to engage in an explanation of his system and his philosophical language, which withal is still very problematical. Lucian, who notoriously is only intent upon sneering at Pythagoras, and rendering him ridiculous, without caring how much or how little injustice he does him, here takes, for example, the word number in the vulgar signification: whereas Pythagoras employs that word (for reasons not now necessary to state) to denote what we term the nature of things. The numbers therefore on which Lucian exercises his wit, are not arithmetical, but intelligible numbers; and if in the pythagorean language God is a number, or the number of numbers, it is in fact neither more nor less, than if we styled him, by an expression equally incomprehensible, the being of beings.

† That these silly reasons, why Pythagoras is said to have interdicted the eating of beans, are chargeable to the account of his later interpreters, scarcely needs to be remarked. But the most diverting part of the story would be, if for more than two thousand years so many of the learned have been cracking their brains about this prohibition, if it should turn out after all, that he never issued it. Certain it is, that Aristoxenus (a disciple of Aristotle, and

CHAPMAN. Oh, excellent! you speak like an oracle. — Now, strip, I wish to view you naked*. — Mighty Hercules! he has a golden thigh †. The man is a god; he cannot be a mere mortal: him I must purchase! What is the price, sir?

MERCURY. Ten minæ ‡.

CHAPMAN. Then he is mine; I take him at that price.

JUPITER, to Mercury. Set down the name and the country of the purchaser.

MERCURY. He appears to be an Italian, from the territory of Crotona and Tarentum and that part of Greece. But I perceive there are about three hundred that started up for him at once §.

JUPITER. They may take him. — Now bring out another.

MERCURY. Would you have that slovenly fellow there, from Pontus?

JUPITER. With all my heart.

MERCURY. Hola, you with the knapsack on your bare shoulders, step forward and walk round the company. — There, gentlemen, I present to you a brave man, an excellent man, a well-bred free-man. Who buys?

CHAPMAN. What say you, cryer? You sell a free-man?

author of a treatise upon Pythagoras and his scholars, the loss of which is greatly to be lamented) expressly affirms, that beans were one of the commonest vegetables among the pythagoreans. *Aul. Gell. Noct. Att. iv. 11.* Aristoxenus might very well know this, since he had himself a pythagorean for his preceptor. Probably the complexity of the word *κίβητος* may have given the first occasion to the later misinterpretations. But whether Pythagoras by it might, in an unusual signification at least, have understood eggs, as Coslius Rhodiginus asserts, *Ant. Lect. xxvii. 17. p. 1510*; and an anonymous in the *Miscell. Observ. Crit. vol. vi. p. 429*, endeavours to prove from a passage in Plutarch's Symposium, is a question, which we are not here called upon to examine.

* A humiliation to which slaves who were sold in the public market were forced to submit.

† This idle tale has been already mentioned in the Cock: Since such a grave person as Plutarch has not been ashamed to warm it up again in his Numa, and plainly to insinuate, that Pythagoras by I know not what sort of magic or legerdemain, brought it about that one of his thighs appeared golden to the great crowd of people assembled at Olympia as he passed through the midst of them: Lucian is somewhat the more pardonable for not leaving such a circumstance to lie idle.

‡ Thirty-two pounds, five shillings, and ten pence.

§ So great, according to Diog. Laert. was the number of the openly professed disciples of Pythagoras at Crotona. In another place (sect. xv.) he gives him even six hundred, who came to him, as Nicodemus did to Christ, by night, to be instructed in his doctrine.

MERCURY. No other.

CHAPMAN. And are not you afraid of being had up before the Areopagus, and arraigned as a kidnapper*?

MERCURY. It is entirely the same thing to him whether he is sold or not; for he thinks himself free everywhere and under all circumstances.

CHAPMAN. To what use could one put such a slovenly wrongheaded dolt? at most he is only fit for a ditcher or a water-carrier.

MERCURY. At all events you may make him your porter; that is a post he would fill better than the faithfullest dog. He indeed goes by no other name than the dog.

CHAPMAN. Where does he come from, and what does he profess?

MERCURY. You had better ask him yourself.

CHAPMAN. He looks so fierce and grim with his crabbed face, that I am afraid lest he snap and snarl, if not bite me, were I to go near him. Do not you see how angrily he lifts up his staff and knits his brows, as if he threatened some mischief?

MERCURY. Fear nothing; he is very tame.

CHAPMAN. In the first place, good friend, where is your home?

• DIOGENES. Everywhere.

CHAPMAN. What do you mean by that?

DIOGENES. That I am a cosmopolite.

CHAPMAN. Have you ever taken anyone for a prototype †?

DIOGENES. Hercules.

CHAPMAN. Why then do not you wrap a lion's skin about you? Your staff looks pretty much like his club.

DIOGENES. This threadbare cloak serves my purpose as well as a lion's skin; and I live, like Hercules, in perpetual war with pleasure; not however at the command of another, like him, but voluntarily, because I purpose to purge the world from that plague.

* Lucian, as it appears, makes his buyers illiterate people who have never heard anything of the language of the philosophers, and take everything, as here for example the word liberty, in the vulgarest sense. Hence arise the frequent quiproquos, in which the greater part of the wit in this dialogue consists.

† This question is here made merely to accord with the answer; which in this piece is frequently the case, and gives us to understand, that more humour than ingenuity prevails in the composition of it.

CHAPMAN. A laudable design! But what do you peculiarly pretend to understand? or what profession have you learnt?

DIOGENES. I am a liberator of mankind, and a physician of their passions. In a word, I profess myself a prophet of truth and plain dealing.

CHAPMAN. Well then, Mr. Prophet, if I purchase you, how do you propose to treat me?

DIOGENES. I will begin by emptying you of all superfluity; I will shut you up with penury in a little nook, and clothe you in a coarse cloak. Then you shall work, till you cannot move an arm, and sleep upon the hard ground, and drink water, and learn to fill your belly with whatever chance shall throw in your way. Your wealth, in case you have any, if you follow me, you shall cast into the sea: you shall care about neither wife and children nor country; all that mankind pursue and on which they set a value, you shall regard as fooleries; you shall turn your back upon your paternal house; you shall dwell in a sepulchre, or in an old ruinous tower, or perchance in a tub. Moreover you must always carry a knapsack of lupines and books full written on both sides*. When once you shall have put yourself in this condition, you will esteem yourself happier than the greatest king; and should you even chance to be beaten or stretched upon the rack, you will be as much at your ease as if it did not pain you.

CHAPMAN. How? I shall not be pained if I am scourged? Do you think then that my skin is tortoise-shell? or that I am cased like a lobster?

DIOGENES. You will imitate, with a slight alteration, him in Euripides.

CHAPMAN. How so?

DIOGENES. My mind may feel the pain,
My tongue shall not complain †.

But your most material acquirements will be these: you must be auda-

* The book-rolls, *volumina*, were usually wrote full only on the inner side; the cynics who in all things confined themselves entirely to the indispensable, and even in the most trifling matters departed from the ordinary custom, wrote their books full on both sides, within and without; as perhaps others who, though no cynics, were just such poor devils, might do from necessity.

† A parody on a celebrated line in the Hippolytus (ver. 12) of Euripides. Lucian's Diogenes means to say: You will have such command over yourself as not to cry out, though you feel the pain as much as others.

cious and insolent, blurt out the most saucy speeches in the face of everyone without exception, from the prince to the lowest of the vulgar. For that will attract all eyes upon you, and procure you the reputation of an intrepid man. Your speech must be somewhat quaint, and the tone of your voice rather snarling and doggish; your visage must be drawn out in length, and your gait suited to such a visage: in one word, all churlish and brutal. To all shame, modesty and decency you must bid adieu for ever, and have no notion that a man can have anything to blush at. You are to frequent populous places, but there to walk as if you were alone in the midst of the crowd, and acknowledge nobody, whether native or foreigner, as your friend; for that would put an end at once to your regal independance. Perform before all the world undauntedly what nobody else would do in private; and let your amours be as absurd and ridiculous as possible. At last, when you are tired of the farce, eat a raw polypus or a cuttle-fish, and die *. This is the happiness for which I can be your guarantee.

CHAPMAN. Fie, fie! this is what I call an infamous and beastly happiness.

DIOGENES. It is to be obtained without any trouble; and is within the power of everyone. You need neither learning nor ratiocination, nor any such nonsense, but of all the ways that lead to glory you will take the shortest. Be you ever such a blockhead, without education and knowledge, a tanner, a sausage-monger, a blacksmith, or a money-broker, it will be no hindrance to you in becoming a wonder in the eyes of the gazing multitude, if you have but a sufficient stock of impudence and effrontery, and have learnt to scold bravely.

CHAPMAN. You will be of no service to me as to any of these qualifications. By your broad shoulders you could labour at the oar or in the garden; I may buy you for some such purposes: but more than twopence I cannot afford for you.

MERCURY. A bargain! We are glad to be rid of the noisy chap, who is for ever railing at people, indiscriminately, and loading them with all manner of abuse.

* Menippus; and, according to a probably fabulous tradition, Diogenes, is reported to have thus helped himself out of the world.

JUPITER. Call now the Cyrenean yonder, in purple, with a wreath upon his brows*.

MERCURY. Now, gentlemen all round, pay attention! This is a valuable article, only proper for the purses of the rich. Who is desirous to procure himself a most delightful and felicitous life? Who is fond of luxury and pleasure? Who buys my delicate philosopher?

CHAPMAN. Come nearer, you, and tell what you are capable of; I perhaps may purchase you, if you are good for anything.

* Aristippus, who is here as injuriously handled as all the rest; he could not however hope to come better off than a Pythagoras or Socrates. He may be known more fairly and justly from the work entitled *Agatho*, vol. iii. chap. 9. Indeed I do not believe that any other has taken a more correct view of Aristippus's character, whose philosophy is as individual as his character, and more accurately depicted it, than Horace in that admirable line:

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res.

The philosopher of Cyrene has in general been as superficially judged, as we commonly deem of one who has his peculiar mode of existence, and is resolved to represent no other than *himself*. The philosopher Demonax used to say: I revere Socrates, admire Diogenes, and love Aristippus. If we ought to admire what is most rare and extraordinary, Aristippus deserves admiration. For, how rare soever real Diogeneses have always been, we shall find ten of them for one Aristippus. Though the manner in which he thought and lived is reducible to a system, and a system may be taught: yet the propriety, the due decorum, with which he practised it, that can be reduced to no system, nor comprised in any formulary. And precisely this propriety in acting wherein he excelled, as Apelles did in his graces, all others of his description; it was, that rendered him so singular a man, and gave him such great prerogatives. Diogenes himself was not freer with the tongue than he. Aristippus dared to say every thing, to do everything, because he always said and did everything in the proper way and at the proper time, always at the moment felt what was fitting or not fitting, how far he might go, and what was enough — a tact, that in the art of life as well as in every other art, distinguishes the real master. Hence at Syracuse he could play the courtier, divert Dionysius, accept presents, perhaps even at times receive ill treatment from him, without lessening his dignity by it, and becoming contemptible to the court or to the prince. Hence he could, as it suited him, appear in an elegant or in a mean dress, without in the one looking like a fop, or in the other like a vulgar person. Hence it arose that he was never embarrassed about what he ought to say or to do, in whatever circumstances he was placed, or whatever was the station, family or character of the persons with whom he had to do; hence it was, that he was everywhere domestic, everywhere in his proper element; wound himself out of every difficulty, availed himself of every advantage, discovered uniformly in every object the fair or at least the tolerable side, was dejected at no kind of privation, insolent in no kind of prosperity; in short; hence the *ἔχθρη ἐκ ἰστορίας* was the key to his whole life. Where could Horace have found a more perfect original for his purpose of holding it up as a mirror to his friend Scæva, to whom the seventeenth epistle of his first book is addressed?

MERCURY. Do not trouble him with questions, I beseech you; you perceive by his faltering tongue, that he cannot make you a proper answer; he is drunk.

CHAPMAN. But what man in his senses would purchase such a lewd, intemperate slave? How he smells of essences and perfumes! At the same time how he totters and reels as he goes! — Tell us, Mercury, what are his properties? what is his business?

MERCURY. In general he is a jolly companion, a great connoisseur in wines, and in making a third at a fine supper, with a spendthrift and a dancing-girl, you will hardly find his superior. Besides, he is extremely knowing in cakes and dainties of all sorts, and is one of the most expert cooks that can be met with*; to sum up all, I present him to you as a consummate master in the art of refining upon pleasure! His apprenticeship he served at Athens; after which he entered into the service of a certain sicilian prince, with whom he stood in extraordinary favour. But, to make the matter short, I can tell you in three words on what his system turns. Here it is: to jeer at everything, to accommodate yourself to all things, and to take pleasure wherever you can find it.

CHAPMAN. You must look out for a purchaser that has money to throw away: I am not rich enough to think of such a dainty morsel.

MERCURY. He appears to be not saleable, Jupiter; he will stick upon our hands, I fear †.

JUPITER. Bid him step aside, and let another come forward. — Or rather yon laughing Abderite, and the whining Ephesian; for the two should go together.

MERCURY. So, step forward! Here I offer you a pair of excellent characters! I vouch them to be the two wisest in my whole magazine.

CHAPMAN. Great Jupiter! what a contrast! One laughs without ceasing, and the other must have lost somebody very dear to him; for he

* Justice requires of us to recollect that Lucian did not indulge himself in these reproaches and sarcasms at random, but was able to cite his authorities; as may be seen in Diogenes Laertius, who in his work has huddled together what he found recorded of the philosophers, true and fabulous, without selection or judgment.

† Alluding to the fact, that Aristippus was not properly the founder of a sect; though he left behind him a few insignificant scholars.

weeps as if quite woe-begone. — Hey day, good friend, what do you laugh at so * ?

DEMOCRITUS. You may well ask. Because I think all your affairs and you yourselves ridiculous.

CHAPMAN. How? You laugh at us all, and regard all human affairs as amounting to just nothing at all?

DEMOCRITUS. So it is; nothing serious in them: all much about an atom-dance in the infinite void.

CHAPMAN. You may perhaps be yourself an empty head and great booby. What sort of insolence is this? Will you never have done laughing? — But you, honest man, (for with you I hope one may speak a rational word of two) what do you cry for †?

HERACLITUS. Because I conceive the lot of man to be very deplorable and wretched. All mankind, from the least to the greatest, are liable to decay and death. Human life is in my view of it, one continued funeral procession, and the earth an ever yawning grave. The present I make no account of; but the coming events in futurity are extremely lamentable; I mean the general conflagration which will consume the universe. That is what I deplore; and that there is nothing constant in nature, but all is jumbled together in a perpetual mishmash; pleasure and pain, knowledge and ignorance, great and little, high and low are in fact

* *Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat Democritus*; this flat and insipid story, which Lucian adopts for true in the literal sense in order to laugh at Democritus, has probably no other foundation, than that Democritus laughed whenever his dear fellow-citizens the Abderites said or did somewhat silly, and thought they had said or done a wise thing. Was it his fault, if this so frequently happened, that at last in order not to be always laughing he was forced to withdraw entirely from them?

† If we are resolved to make Heraclitus the head of a sect, he was not however the founder of a peculiar permanent school. Lucian seems accordingly to do him the honour of parading him among the princes of the grecian philosophy, merely because the fiction of his continual weeping, and the cried up mysterious obscurity of his treatise on nature, furnished the wished for opportunity to abuse him as much as the rest; though he deserved it as little. Socrates is reported to have said of that book; the little that I understand of it, induces me to believe, that the remainder is excellent: and in fact the fragments still extant of his system, shew that he had a deeper insight into nature than the naturalists of his country in general.

the very same ; in short, in the whirligig of time all things revolve without plan or object*.

CHAPMAN. What then is time?

HERACLITUS. A child playing with pebbles ; and running to and fro, to no purpose.

CHAPMAN. And what are men?

HERACLITUS. Mortal gods.

CHAPMAN. And the gods?

HERACLITUS. Immortal men †.

CHAPMAN. You speak riddles, good friend. One is no wiser from your sayings, than from the oracles of Pythia.

HERACLITUS. That is because I do not care about you.

CHAPMAN. Nor will any man in his wits care to purchase you.

HERACLITUS. You may all, as many as there be of you, buyer and not buyers, go to the devil ‡.

CHAPMAN. Poor man ; he is splenetic in too great a degree for me. I can make no use of either of them.

MERCURY. They likewise will therefore remain unsold.

JUPITER. Cry another.

MERCURY. Perhaps the Athenian there : the chatterer?

JUPITER. As you like it.

MERCURY. Come hither then ! Here, gentlemen, I present to you a virtuous, wise and blameless character.

CHAPMAN. What are you best skilled in?

* Of this last proposition Heraclitus taught exactly the reverse. Speculative philosophy however was not Lucian's affair ; and it was certainly much easier to deride an Heraclitus than study to understand him.

† Heraclitus was fond of this sort of paradoxes, where the subject and predicate seem to take place of one another. Those that Lucian here puts into his mouth actually appeared in his writings. Of a similar kind were the expressions ; death lives, life (or living) dies ; it is all one to be living and dead, waking and sleeping, young and old ; for each of these alternately changes into the other : we are and are not ; with more of the like. *Auct. allegor. Homericar. cit. Menagio in Diog. ix. 6.*

‡ This stroke likewise refers to the misanthropy which is charged upon Heraclitus, and for which his countrymen the Ephesians are reported to have furnished more than sufficient cause.

SOCRATES. I am fond of boys, and an adept in the art of love.

CHAPMAN. Then you are not the man for me: for I want a tutor for a fine boy whom I have at home.

SOCRATES. And where could you find a fitter person as tutor to your fine son? For you must know, that my love is not coporeal; it is only the soul that I admire. No objection is made though we lie under the same coverlit: you will hear it from their own mouths, that I do them no harm*.

CHAPMAN. How? A profest lover, as you pretend to be, if he lies under one coverlit with the beloved, have only to do with the soul? Tell that to others.

SOCRATES. By dog and maple †. I swear that it is so, as I have said.

CHAPMAN. These to me are very strange gods!

SOCRATES. How? Is not it your opinion that the dog is a god? Do not you know how much Anubis in Ægypt, and the great dog in the sky, and Cerberus in the subterranean world, are of consequence?

CHAPMAN. You say true: I was mistaken. But how do you pass your life?

SOCRATES. I live in a republic, of my own creation, and am my own lawgiver ‡.

CHAPMAN. I would fain hear one of your laws.

SOCRATES. Hear then the principal one, that in behalf of women. In my republic no woman belongs to one man exclusively, but when she is once married, any may come in for a share of her that pleases.

* As Lucian here treats Socrates generally in the manner of Aristophanes, it was unlikely that he should not allow himself this malicious allusion to a well known passage in Plato's Banquet.

† Socrates used to swear by the dog and platanus; and so, many of us remember when we were young, to have heard hundreds of times, the most excellent and learned man in all Zurich, swear by ketzer and by ketzli, or according to their dialect by chatzer and chatzli, even on the most serious occasions; as we may have often heard, by cocksbones. Socrates had probably no more meaning in his dog than Bodmer had in his chatzli.

‡ Socrates was as innocent of Plato's republic and of a community of wives, perhaps as Zoroaster or Confucius: but Lucian, who in this aristophanic joke merely intended, like the blackguard boys in Horace's time, to fix tails to the philosophers, makes no conscience of these quiproquos. *Dummodo risum excutiat sibi non hic cuiquam parcat.*

CHAPMAN. Surprising! Then you have abrogated all laws relating to adultery?

SOCRATES. By Jupiter, that have I! All that mummary about such an insignificant matter, clean abolished.

CHAPMAN. But how do you proceed in your republic respecting fine boys?

SOCRATES. With these I reward the meritorious. Whoever has achieved a generous or valiant exploit.

CHAPMAN. Merit should indeed be rewarded. — Now, a word or two regarding your philosophy. What is properly the substance of it?

SOCRATES. Ideas, or the originals of things. For of all that you behold, heaven, earth and sea, and all that therein is, are certain incorporeal originals standing outside the world*.

CHAPMAN. Where then do they stand?

SOCRATES. Nowhere. For if they were anywhere, they would not be at all.

CHAPMAN. It is however astonishing that I cannot see these originals.

SOCRATES. Not at all: you are blind of your intellectual eyes. I see them very plain; I see you and myself, and in one word, all double, corporeal and incorporeal.

CHAPMAN. This is the man for my money; he is so wise and sharp-sighted. Cryer, what do you ask for him?

MERCURY. For two talents you shall have him.

CHAPMAN. I take him at your price. Tomorrow the money shall be paid.

MERCURY. Pray, what is your name?

CHAPMAN. Dio of Syracuse†.

MERCURY. Take him away, and good luck with your bargain! — Your turn is come now, Epicurus; who buys, who buys him? He is a true scholar of that laughter there, and of the toper, whom we just now cried: however he has one advantage at least over them, he is a bit of an atheist; for the rest a good-humoured fellow and an archdainty-chops.

* Here likewise Socrates is unjustly confounded with Plato. How could Lucian be ignorant of the great difference between the real Socrates, and the Socrates of the platonic dialogues? Had he never read Xenophon? Or did he not employ the Xenophontic Socrates, only because it would have been difficult to render him ridiculous.

† The principal of Plato's friends and adherents. See Plutarch, in his life.

CHAPMAN. What is his price?

MERCURY. Two minæ*.

CHAPMAN. There they are. But I should be glad to know what his common food is.

MERCURY. He is a great lover of everything sweet, especially of dried figs.

CHAPMAN. Is that all? I will feed him upon fig-pastils† to his heart's content.

JUPITER. Cry another — him with the shorn head, the sour-visaged carle from the Stoa.

MERCURY. Right! I have perceived sometime that several were desirous to have him, and waited only for that purpose. Here, gentlemen, I present you with virtue personified; one against whom no objection can be made. Who is desirous to know everything alone?

CHAPMAN. What do you mean by that?

MERCURY. It means, that the man here is alone wise, alone beautiful, alone just, alone valiant, rich, king, orator, legislator, in short, everything that a man can be.

CHAPMAN. Therefore, with permission, alone a cook, and if heaven so please, the only tanner, carpenter, smith ‡, &c.

MERCURY. Probably.

CHAPMAN. Hola! Draw nigh, good friend? I have an inclination to buy you; tell me who you are, and principally, whether it does not grieve you to be sold, and made a servant?

CHRYSIPPUS. By no means; for these things are not in our power, and whatever is not in our power, concerns us not.

CHAPMAN. I understand you not.

CHRYSIPPUS. What? Do not you understand the difference between acceptable and rejectable objects §?

* Six pounds, nine shillings and two pence.

† As nothing was more common in Greece than figs, a sort of square pastils were made of dried figs pressed together, upon which slaves were usually fed. They were of the nature of what we call damson-cheeses.

‡ See the third satire of Horace, lin. 124.

§ Προηγμένα and ἀποπροηγμένα, which Cicero (de Finib. iii. et iv.) translates *præposita* or *præcipua*, and *rejecta* or *rejectanea*, and subjoins this explanation: "Health, wealth, exemption

CHAPMAN. Still less.

CHRYSIPPUS. No wonder, since you are not accustomed to our technical terms, and have not a cataleptic imagination*. Whoever has taken the pains to study our logic fundamentally knows not only that, but likewise what a great and important difference subsists between *symbama* and *parasymbama*.

CHAPMAN. In the name of all philosophy, be so good as to explain to me, what sort of things these are. According to the bare sound of the words I am already persuaded they must be something surprising!

CHRYSIPPUS. Cheerfully! Suppose somebody having a lame leg, should stumble against a stone and hurt himself, his lameness would be a *symbama*, and the hurt on the lame leg he would get additionally as a *parasymbama* †.

CHAPMAN. This I call being very ingenious! But what else can you do?

CHRYSIPPUS. I can make speech-traps, in which I catch those who talk with me, and shut their mouths as completely as if I put a muzzle on them. This stratagem, my friend, is the far-famed syllogism.

CHAPMAN. By the great Hercules, that must be a powerful statagem truly!

CHRYSIPPUS. You shall immediately see a specimen of it. Have you a young son?

CHAPMAN. Well, what if I have?

CHRYSIPPUS. Suppose a crocodile, spying the boy as he walked near the Nile, should dart out of the river and seize him, and then should promise to restore your child, if you could guess, whether he would restore him or not: what would you say to him?

from bodily pain, are styled by the stoics not *good* things, but *proëgmena* acceptable; on the contrary, poverty, sickness, pain, not *bad*, but rejectable things. Of the former he says not, he desires or covets them, but he chuses or takes them; of the latter, not he shuns them, but he extenuates them.

* Again one of the ordinary logical terms of the stoics. Cicero renders *κατάληψις* by *comprehensio* or *perceptio*. A cataleptic imagination is therefore the aptitude of rapidly forming a clear notion of what is said to us.

† A *symbama* and *parasymbama* are grammatical terms of the stoics, to denote a no less subtle than useless distinction. Any reader desirous of an explanation of them may learn it from Priscianus or Apollonius Dyscolus. The explanation given of them by the lucianic Chrysippus is mere mockery.

CHAPMAN. That is a difficult question! I fear I should not get the boy again, whether I said yes or no. For heaven's sake do you answer for me, and rescue the lad before the crocodile has devoured him.

CHRYSIPPUS. Do not make yourself uneasy on that account. I will teach you many more stupendous things.

CHAPMAN. As for example?

CHRYSIPPUS. The *reaper* and the *horned*, but above all the *electra* and *hooded* *.

CHAPMAN. And what may be a *hooded* and an *Electra*?

CHRYSIPPUS. The *Electra* is no other than that famous daughter of Agamemnon, who at the very same time knew and knew not. For when her brother Orestes stood as yet unknown before her, she knew indeed that Orestes was her brother, but she knew not that the man standing before her was Orestes. Now I will teach you likewise the *veiled*; it is a most amazing syllogism. Answer me directly: do you know your father?

CHAPMAN. I should think so.

CHRYSIPPUS. If I should now produce to you a hooded man and ask you, do you know him? — what would you answer?

CHAPMAN. That I know him not.

CHRYSIPPUS. Ridiculous! The hooded man was precisely your father. As you knew him not, it is clear that you do not know your own father.

CHAPMAN. Only uncover him, and I shall immediately know what to say of it. However let that be as it will; and tell me what is the ultimate end of wisdom. Or, what you would do if you had ascended the pinnacle of virtue?

CHRYSIPPUS. Then I should be in the tranquil possession of the sovereign blessings of nature; I mean riches, health and all their appurtenances. It is no easy matter however to attain to that point. A man must previously be assiduous in labour, must spoil his eyes in poring over manuscripts in small characters, collect together glosses and commenta-

* Chrysippus is said to have actually composed several treatises on the diverse species and forms of fallacious subtleties and insidious logic, of which notice has been taken on sundry occasions in these dialogues and in my annotations. But that he set so great a value upon them, as our satirist would make his readers believe, cannot be imagined of the man of whom the stoics used to say: were there no Chrysippus, there would be no Stoa.

ries, and stuff his head with solecisms and unintelligible terms, and, what is the principal point, no man is allowed to be wise, who has not for several successive days * — purged himself with a good dose of hellebore.

CHAPMAN. All that I readily admit. A steady resolution is necessary to that end. But how do avarice and usury, a couple of things with which you seem to be thoroughly conversant, befit a man, who has already got over the hellebore recipè, and ascended the pinnacle of virtue?

CHRYSIPPUS. Very well; whom could it better become to lend out his money on usury, than the wise-man? To calculate arguments or to calculate interest, both proceed upon calculation: as now the former exclusively befits the wise-man, so I affirm the same of the latter. Aye, more: he has no need, as the vulgar do, to confine himself to the bare interest, but he draws interest from interest, as he draws arguments from arguments. Or, do not you know, that there are two interests, first and second, which are as it were the offspring of the first? Now hear what the syllogism says: If the wise-man takes the first interest, he takes likewise the other: but he takes the first: ergo he takes likewise the other.

CHAPMAN. This holds also I suppose of the pay, which you take of young people, for your wisdom, and it is clear, that the perfectly wise only sell virtue for money?

CHRYSIPPUS. You rightly apprehend the subject, I perceive. For I take the money not for my own sake, but for his who gives it me, and in the long run the whole business proceeds thus: the one pours out, the other bottles up. I take the part of the latter upon me, and leave the former to my scholar.

CHAPMAN. From what you said before, it should be directly contrariwise: the young man should be the recipient, and you, who alone are rich, the out-pouring party.

CHRYSIPPUS. You joke, good friend: take heed lest I shoot you with an unsoluble syllogism.

CHAPMAN. What harm would that do me?

CHRYSIPPUS. Oh enough! It will confound and strike you dumb, and create a grievous distraction in your brain; aye, what is still worse,

* Literally, according to the text, *thrice*.

it depends solely upon me, to metamorphose you into a stone upon the spot.

CHAPMAN. Into a stone? I can scarce believe you to be a Perseus*.

CHRYSIPPUS. I will give you the proof of it presently. A stone is a substance; is it not?

CHAPMAN. Certainly.

CHRYSIPPUS. A living being is also a substance?

CHAPMAN. Yes.

CHRYSIPPUS. And you are a living being?

CHAPMAN. So I think.

CHRYSIPPUS. Therefore you are a stone — by reason that you are a substance.

CHAPMAN. Not at all. In the mean time I should take it as a great favour of you, if you would please to dissolve the charm, and turn me again into a man.

CHRYSIPPUS. There will be no difficulty in that. Answer me then; is every substance a living being?

CHAPMAN. No.

CHRYSIPPUS. Is a stone a living being?

CHAPMAN. No.

CHRYSIPPUS. But you are a substance.

CHAPMAN. Yes.

CHRYSIPPUS. And a living being, although you are a substance?

CHAPMAN. True.

CHRYSIPPUS. Therefore you are not a stone — because you are a living being.

CHAPMAN. I thank you heartily. It was high time; for I already felt like Niobe, my limbs beginning to cool and stiffen. Well, I will purchase you. Cryer, what am I to pay for him?

MERCURY. Twelve minæ †.

CHAPMAN. Here is the money.

MERCURY. Have you bought him for yourself alone?

* Perseus, having cut off the head of Medusa, turned every beholder of it into stone; or petrified him with a fright.

† Thirty-eight pounds, fifteen shillings.

CHAPMAN. No, by Jupiter! but all of us together whom you see here present are the purchasers.

MERCURY. A rare number, and brawny shouldered! You are able to carry the *reaper* on your backs!

JUPITER. Do not detain us. Cry another.

MERCURY. Hey day, my lovely peripatetic! step forward. — Gentlemen, buy *him*! *he* is a man of extraordinary intelligence! In one word, he understands everything, without exception everything.

CHAPMAN. What is his character?

MERCURY. He is a sedate man, always knows what is proper, who never does too much nor too little, who has the art of living*; and what is more, he is double.

CHAPMAN. How am I to understand that?

MERCURY. That is, he is one man from without, and another from within. If therefore you buy him, remember that the former is called the *exoteric*, and the latter the *esoteric*.

CHAPMAN. What are then properly his leading principles?

MERCURY. He says there are three sorts of good; the first has its seat in the soul, the second in the body, the third in the outward circumstances.

CHAPMAN. This is what I call common sense! What will he cost?

MERCURY. Twenty minæ†.

CHAPMAN. It is a great deal of money!

MERCURY. Not at all, my worthy customer; for we have reason to believe that he laid by a piece or two of money; you will have made no bad bargain. Besides, he can tell you immediately upon being asked, how long a fly lives, how deep the sunbeams penetrate into the sea, and what kind of soul the oysters have.

CHAPMAN. By Hercules, this must be a profoundly learned man!

MERCURY. What will you say, when you shall hear still more subtleties of him, for example, what he says concerning seeds and generation, and how embryoes are formed, and that man is a laughing animal, and that an ass is neither a laughing, nor a building, nor a rowing animal.

* Alluding to the general idea and leading maxim of the Aristotelian moral philosophy.

† Sixty-four pounds, eleven shillings and eight pence.

CHAPMAN. These are in truth admirable and profitable sciences. I do not grudge my twenty minæ!

MERCURY. It is a bargain. — Who is there still remaining? — Aha, Pyrrhias *, the doubter — come forward! We must dispose of you quickly; the multitude are departing apace: who knows, but among the few that are still here, we may not have a buyer for you. — Hey, gentlemen, will anybody take this article?

CHAPMAN. I am the man. But tell me first what you know?

PYRRHONIST. Nothing.

CHAPMAN. What is the meaning of that?

PYRRHONIST. That I know not whether anywhere anything exists.

CHAPMAN. How? are we then not here?

PYRRHONIST. At least not that I know.

CHAPMAN. You know not therefore whether you yourself exist?

PYRRHONIST. That is precisely what I least know †.

CHAPMAN. That is carrying incertitude very far indeed! What do you intend to do with those scales?

PYRRHONIST. I weigh the arguments for and against as accurately as possible with them; and when I see that they exactly balance one another, then — I know not in which scale the truth lies.

CHAPMAN. But in the business of ordinary life, what may I hope you are able to perform.

PYRRHONIST. Everything, except fetch back a runaway.

CHAPMAN. And why not that?

PYRRHONIST. Because I apprehend nothing.

CHAPMAN. That is very comprehensible; you seem in fact to be a sluggish, lubberly fellow. But what is then the ultimatum of your philosophizings?

* Pyrrhias was a common appellative of slaves. Lucian therefore jocosely gives it to his sceptic, because the founder of that sect was named Pyrrho.

† That would indeed be diverting enough; but to such a length perhaps no doubter has ever gone! I suppose our satirist means to say: the pyrrhonist who resolves to admit nothing as true upon the testimony of the external senses, should therefore, in order to be consistent, hold also the internal sense, which certifies us of our own existence, as fallacious. The whole persiflage is founded, agreeably to the character and style of the dialogue, upon an intentional misapprehension of the pyrrhonistic system.

PYRRHONIST. Ignorance ; and neither to see nor to hear.

CHAPMAN. You are then, if I understand you, both blind and deaf?

PYRRHONIST. Also destitute of judgment, devoid of taste, in a word, nothing better than an earth-worm.

CHAPMAN. This gives me a strong inclination to buy you. What is he worth?

MERCURY. For an attic mina * he is yours.

CHAPMAN. Here! — Now, what think you, friend, have I bought you?

PYRRHONIST. That is not ascertained.

CHAPMAN. Oh, it is completely ascertained! I have paid the money for you.

PYRRHONIST. I suspend my judgment, till I have more nicely investigated the subject.

CHAPMAN. In the mean time obey me, as being my slave it is your duty to do.

PYRRHONIST. Who can tell whether what you say is true?

CHAPMAN. The cryer here, and my money and the bystanders.

PYRRHONIST. Are there then any people here?

CHAPMAN. The mill, into which I shall throw you, will soon convince you very sensibly, that I am your master.

PYRRHONIST. I suspend my determination.

CHAPMAN. By Jupiter, I thought I had spoke plain enough.

MERCURY. Cease at once your contradictions and obey your purchaser. — We invite you hither, good folks, again to-morrow, when we shall have a sale of vulgar persons, handicrafts-men, and peasants.

* Three pounds, four shillings and seven pence.

THE ANGLER,

OR THE

RESUSCITATED PHILOSOPHERS.

SOCRATES. PYTHAGORAS. PLATO. EMPEDOCLES. ARISTIPPUS.
ARISTOTLE. CHRYSIPPUS. LUCIAN, under the name of PARRHE-
SIADES. TRUTH. VIRTUE. SYLLOGISM. STOICS. PYTHAGO-
REANS. PERIPATETICS. EPICUREANS. ACADEMICS. CONVIC-
TION. THE PRIESTESS OF MINERVA.

The scene lies in the Ceramicus, and afterwards on the citadel of Athens.

SOCRATES.

PELT away, pelt away! cover the profligate rascal with clods and brick-
bats; pick up broken pans and pipkins, the largest you can find. Bela-
bour the villain with your clubs; see that he does not escape! What
are you hesitating about, Plato? Bestir yourself, Chrysippus! Throw

THE ANGLER. Little as I can agree in the unqualified praises commonly bestowed on the Sale of the Philosophers, so thoroughly convinced am I, on the other hand, that too much can hardly be said in commendation of the present performance. It is, in my judgment, the most ingenious, most eloquent, most elegant, the most judiciously invented, and most industriously elaborated, in short, the most polished and finished pattern, as well as the richest and most learned of all Lucian's compositions. In wit and humour, and even in aristophanic roguery, it yields to none; and it surpasses all others in sagacity of plan, in beauty of execution, in delicacy of criticism and irony, and in dramatical art in the disposition of the scenes, vivacity of representation, appropriate characterizing and contrasting of the persons, an ever growing interest and unex-

away! Let us all together with clasped shields rush upon him at once * ;

Let staff aid staff, and scrip with scrip combine † ;

for he is our common enemy, and there is not one of us all whom he has not aspersed. And you, Diogenes, if ever your herculean club was of service to you, let it be employed upon this occasion. No pardon! the scurrilous railer shall have his merited reward at last! — How? what does all this mean? Aristippus and Epicurus, are ye both tired already? It is not fair to have done!

Let not your noble courage be cast down ;

Be but yourselves, the battle is our own ‡.

Once more, Aristotle! Ah, bravo! the beast is captured! — Have we caught you, mischievous scoundrel? You shall presently feel what sort of men you have defamed. What shall we do with him? We must contrive some kind of death for him that shall give satisfaction to us all; for he deserves seven times to die by the hand of each of us.

ARISTIPPUS. My opinion is, that after being handsomely flogged he be nailed to the cross.

pected developement. The great commotion which the Sale of the Sects must naturally have excited among the philosophical manufacturers at Athens, seems to have administered the immediate occasion to this philosophical drama. Lucian might deem it necessary to justify himself on its behalf, but resolved at once to do it in such a manner as should deprive his adversaries of all inclination to quarrel with him for the future. They had felt themselves insulted in the persons of their celebrated founders, whom our satirist (probably in the sole view of vexing their sectarian adherents) had rendered, with more wit than justice, ridiculous. Having thereby given them a handle against him, and as they could shelter themselves under the opinion of the public, and take the names of those great men as a breastplate, thus the advantage was evidently on their side. The only method of playing it out of their hands again, was by giving a different turn to the business; so that all he had wrote against the old masters of philosophy should be declared a mere pleasantry, which was not at all levelled at those venerable personages, but directed against their spurious followers and hypocritical imitators amongst his contemporaries. He had now won the game; for nothing was easier for him, so this did but pass, than to represent the justice of his cause; and he was now so sure of the victory, that he might without hesitation constitute the philosophers themselves judges between philosophy and his accusers.

* The scholastic climax, *βάλλε, ἰτίβαλλε, προστιβάλλε*, which in the mouth of a Socrates indeed sounds comically enough, is lost in our language.

† Parody of the 363d verse of the 2d rhapsody of the Iliad.

‡ Another parody of a verse that frequently occurs in several books of the Iliad.

CHRYSIPPUS. First let his eyes be plucked out.

PYTHAGORAS. I think first of all his tongue, the implement of his abuse, should be cut out. What think you, Empedocles?

EMPEDOCLES. I would throw him into the crater of *Ætna*, where he, perhaps, would be deprived of all inclination to slander his betters.

PLATO. The best way would be to have him torn piece-meal like another *Pentheus* or *Orpheus*, or cast headlong from this rock; for then each of us might carry away a piece of him.

LUCIAN. That would be very sad. Spare me, I conjure you by *Jupiter Hikesius* *!

SOCRATES. Your death is decreed; no escape from it this time. You will prove what *Homer* says †:

No league can subsist between lions and men. *Iliad* xxii. 262.

LUCIAN. If you are so good at referring to *Homer* on your side, I may be allowed to make him petition for me. I hope out of respect for his verses, you will not disdain to accept my rhapsody.

Spare me, a guiltless man, and for your hire,
Take brass and gold, which e'en the wise desire.

PLATO. If we are to refer to *Homer*, a reply may be had from him; only hear:

Reviler, brass nor gold shall blind our sight;
Thou'rt my captive, hope not to purchase flight.

LUCIAN. Oh, woe is me! *Homer*, my chiefest hope, now leaves me in the lurch. I must then take refuge with *Euripides*; perhaps he will save me.

Who sues to thee to grant him longer breath,
Him *Themis* shields, thou must not doom to death.

PLATO. Well; but is not this likewise in *Euripides*?
Ill doers justly suffer ill.

LUCIAN. Then my life must atone for my words?

PLATO. Licentious tongues and insolence of fools
Come to a dreadful end ‡.

* That is, by *Jupiter*, inasmuch as he is the patron and protector of all those who are reduced to prostrate themselves before a fellow creature as suppliants for mercy and compassion.

† This and the following distich are patched together from scraps of homeric verses, with some alteration.

‡ So says the chorus in the *Bacchantes* of *Euripides*, ver. 385, & seq. It is moreover ob-

LUCIAN. If then you have resolved upon my death, and no means of escape remain, let me at least know who you are, and what the unpardonable injury you have suffered from me, that you are so inexorably incensed against me, as to apprehend me for life and limb.

PLATO. How? Do you ask what injury you have done us? Ask yourself and your trim writings, but too well known, wherein you have not only traduced and injured us, but philosophy itself, and have even had the insolence to make a public sale of wise men, and (what renders your offence still more abominable) men free born. It is that which has so justly incensed us against you, that all of us, this Chrysippus here, and Epicurus, and I, Plato, and Aristotle there, and this taciturn Pythagoras, and Diogenes, with all the rest, whom you have cruelly censured in your writings, have obtained from Pluto leave to come up for a short time and take our revenge on you.

LUCIAN. I respire again! You will surely permit me to live, when you are better informed of my sentiments towards you. Throw away your stones then — or, no, keep them rather, to be employed against those who deserve it.

PLATO. Nonsense! you shall die this day, and already.

A coat of stone awaits thee for thy crime. Iliad iii. 57.

LUCIAN. So, most honourable gentlemen, this is the way in which you would proceed with one, who above all others has a pre-eminent right to your commendation, who is your friend and one of you, of the same tenets, and, if it does not sound too vauntingly, may boast of the most important merits in your behalf? Look well to what you are doing. If you make such return to a man who has laboured so hard for you, would you not draw upon you the reproach of ingratitude and inconsiderate wrath? Or, what could the modern philosophers do worse?

PLATO. What impudence! What gratitude do we owe you for your

servable that in this contest of Lucian with his adversaries who shall get the better in citations from the antient poets, there lies a pleasantry which was a charm for the grecian scholar, but which the english reader cannot perceive. It relates to the custom of Socrates, Plato and the generality of philosophers after them, to deliver verses out of the antient poets, particularly from Homer and from the tragic and comic writers (as the most commonly known), in order to illustrate or confirm what they were endeavouring to establish.

abuse? You imagine then, it seems, that you are actually talking to slaves, who can be made to believe what you please, since you would persuade us to take insults, which could scarcely be excused upon the plea of drunkenness, for benefits?

LUCIAN. But where and when have I ever injured you? I, who during the whole course of my life have been an admirer of philosophy; I, who have always praised you to the skies, and have sought my most delightful entertainment in your writings? and from whom but you have I all that I compose? Is it not from your flowers that, like the bee, I suck the most fragrant juices, in order to communicate them to my contemporaries? In the applauses which they confer upon me on their account, your merits are certainly not forgot! They recognize every flower, and know extremely well, whence and from whom, and in what manner I have collected them; and if they commend the industry and taste I display in the selection and combination of them, it is referable in fact to your parterres, and you who have reared the flowers of such variegated beauty in form and tints, for such as know how to cull and intermingle them in garlands and chaplets, so that none shall be disagreeably arranged or destroy the effect of the others. Should then one who has received so much benefit from you, be capable of abusing his benefactors, to whom he is beholden for every particle of his celebrity in the world? He must have the temper of a Thamyris or Eurytus, to dare, like the former, contend with the muses, of whom he learnt to sing; or, like the latter, challenge Apollo, the inventor and giver of archery, to fight a duel with bow and arrow.

PLATO. Think not, my plausible reasoner, that this oratorical trick will serve your turn. Our eyes are not to be dazzled by such tinsel. What you say indeed carries its own confutation with it, and only places your audacity in a more odious point of view; since the wrong you have done us is aggravated by ingratitude, so that you shoot arrows at us, which by your own confession you had received from us, and aim them as at your only object, to slander us every one. This then is the gratitude you pay us for unlocking our flower-gardens, and not refusing to let you pluck what you please, and carry away your lap full. This alone is sufficient evidence that you deserve to die.

LUCIAN. Look you now, how you hearken only to your resentment,

and stop your ears against everything that is just and reasonable ! Could I ever have imagined, that such unworthy passions were able to gain access to the mind of a Plato, a Chrysippus, an Aristotle, or any other of you ! If nobody else in the world, I deemed you incapable of such weakness *. But verily, my most admirable masters, without trial, without conviction and judgment, you ought not to take off my head ! For I conceive, it would be convenient even in your republic, not to accomplish everything by violence and precipitation, but to decide controversies according to law, which allows both parties to produce their allegations and objections. Chuse yourselves, therefore, a judge, and bring before him your accusation against me all at once, or by deputing one from among you whom you shall please to appoint for that purpose : I shall be ready with my defence. If then I be cast, and convicted of my offence, and the judge declares it by giving sentence against me, I shall infallibly receive condign punishment ; and you will avoid the imputation of having proceeded with violence against me. Should I, however, after due investigation be found clear and unblameable, the court will acquit me, and you may then turn your rage upon those who have deceived you, and excited your anger against me.

PLATO. That is, to use a common expression, to turn out the horse in the open field, in order to catch him the easier. You make us this proposal, because you are sure to get the judge on your side, and slip off with impunity. For you are a noted adept in chicanery and quibbling, who can persuade people to believe black is white. You perhaps rely upon gaining over to your side the judge you intend to propose by bribes, which persons of your stamp make very little scruple of doing.

LUCIAN. On that head you have nothing to fear. I despise a judge of doubtful or suspected character ; and, to convince you that I have no intention to gain my cause by bribery, Philosophy herself shall be my judge.

* Lucian appears in the whole of this transaction hitherto to make the patriarchs of the philosophical tribes act a double person ; they speak and act partly in their own names, partly as *capita representativa* of the whole philosophical society ; and it is probable, that in this latter respect alone he attributes to them those passionate proceedings that draw upon them these just reprehensions.

PLATO. But who shall arraign you, if we sit on the bench ?

LUCIAN. You shall be at once my accuser and judge. I have nothing to apprehend, so confident I am in the justice of my cause, and so certain am I of being able to bring more proof than can be wanted.

PLATO. What shall we do, Pythagoras ? I think this fair enough, Socrates. I do not see upon what grounds we can refuse him the judicial examination on which he insists.

SOCRATES. Then let us proceed to the trial, taking Philosophy along with us, and hear what he has to produce in his defence. For in fact to condemn a person unheard, is only befitting the lowest class of people, who give themselves up to their passions, and think to settle everything by club-law, not men of our condition. It would be furnishing our calumniators with a pretext for reviling us, if we should condemn a man, without having previously heard him in his own vindication. It would but ill comport with our pretended love of justice ; and what should we reply to Anytus and Melitus, my accusers, and to my former judges, if they could cast in our teeth a proceeding so manifestly unjust ?

PLATO. Well remembered, Socrates ! Let us go then to find out Philosophy ; she shall be judge, and to her decision we will submit without reply.

LUCIAN. Excellent, most sagacious reasoners ! That is more consonant to law and equity. However, as I said before, cast not one stone aside ; you may have occasion to use them after the court is broke up. — But Philosophy, where in all the world is she to be met with ? I for my part have never yet been able to find out her abode, though I have taken all imaginable pains in the search, from the ardent desire I have to make her acquaintance. I wandered about a long time for that purpose, till at last I chanced to light upon some honest men in tolerably coarse attire and with long beards, who assured me they were come directly from her. Naturally thinking that they must be the best able to satisfy my inquiries, I asked them accordingly ; but they soon shewed that they knew still less about the matter than I did. They either, to avoid exposing themselves, gave me no answer at all, or sent me from one wrong door to another. I have therefore never been able to find the house to this day. Many a time, either following my own surmises or led by some other, I have gone up to a door, where, from the number of comers and goers, and judging

from the gloomy, thoughtful and solemn demeanour of these people, I certainly hoped to find her. I accordingly crowded in with them, and there I espied a mean figure of a woman, who though she seemed to have dressed herself with a kind of studied neatness, yet had not the true air of simplicity about her. For I presently discovered the affected negligence of her head-dress, a careful decoration, and a certain pretension and secret design in the manner of disposing and setting off the folds of her loose gown. It was evident that she had diligently attended to the functions of her toilette, for concealing the artificial construction of her dress; and that the negligée, wherein she appeared, was only made choice of, because it displayed her charms in a more pleasing view; and I easily perceived that the white and red on her cheeks were not naturally her own. This, together with her manner of speaking and her whole demeanour, betrayed the finished coquette. It was easy to observe with how much self-complacency she allowed her admirers to pay compliments to her beauty, how willingly her hands met the presents that were offered her, and how she always sat close beside the richest, whereas at her poor adorers she would not condescend to give one look. Now and then when her robe accidentally fell aside, I discovered that she had golden chains, thicker than an eel, about her neck. The sight of this prompted me immediately to look round for the door, not without pitying the poor wretches who suffered themselves to be led about by such a minx, not indeed by the nose, but by the beard, and, like Ixion, to lavish their caresses on a cloud, while they think they are embracing Juno.

PLATO. There you are in the right; her door is neither known to all, nor open to everyone. But we may save ourselves the trouble of going in quest of her at her house. We have only to wait for her here in the Ceramicus; she will presently return from the Academy, in order to take her usual walk in the Pœzile. — Here she comes! See what a noble simplicity reigns in her attire, how mild and complacent her aspect, and how placid and serene in her silent meditations!

LUCIAN. I see several of them, alike in aspect, gait and habit, yet only one of them can be the true Philosophy.

PLATO. It is as you say: but she makes herself known as soon as she opens her mouth.

PHILOSOPHY. What do I behold? Plato and Chrysippus and Aristotle

and the other chiefs of my scholars * in the upper world! What brings you here back again to life? Has any disaster befallen you in the regions below, that you look so out of humour? And who is that culprit you are dragging along? Has he broke into some bath, has he murdered any body, or robbed a temple?

PLATO. He has perpetrated a more heinous crime than if he had plundered all the temples in the world. He has sinned against thyself, o Holiest, has dared to blaspheme thee, and all of us, every individual who has left a legacy to succeeding generations of what we received from thee.

PHILOSOPHY. What? You to be so enraged because somebody has traduced you! Know you not then that when Comedy at the festival of Bacchus formerly made herself merry with me, I held her not the less my friend, nor ever thought of reproving her for it †; so far was I from instituting a process of libel against her: on the contrary, I readily permit her to play off her wanton jests on me as place and occasion suit. Ridicule can never make anything worse than it is in itself; and whatever is beautiful and good comes out with more lustre for it ‡, and like gold is rendered splendid and brilliant by the strokes of the hammer. I cannot conceive how you can be so irascible and vindictive. What makes you pull the poor man so tight? You will go nigh to strangle him.

PLATO. We have obtained permission to come up for this one day to inflict on him his merited reward; for it is currently reported among us in the world below, how unbecomingly he has presumed to reason about us.

PHILOSOPHY. And therefore without hearing his defence, you would

* Accustomed as we are to call the several sects of the grecian philosophy *schools*, I think I have best suited in this manner the words of the text: τὰ κεφάλαιά μιν τῶν μαθημάτων.

† It is artful enough in our author to put into the mouth of Philosophy the only resource that could serve to excuse the insolence he had allowed himself in the foregoing dialogue towards Pythagoras and Socrates, and to represent her as a person of too much knowledge of the world and the rules of behaviour not to join in a laugh, and even allow herself to be laughed at. Philosophy in her own matters may be as magnanimous as she pleases; but is Lucian's cause the better for it?

‡ That is very true; but it is no justification of the joker. An honest man certainly loses nothing by it, if a merryandrew unperceived puts his cap and bells upon him: but what honest man would be that merryandrew?

put him immediately to death? Though he looks as if he had something to say.

PLATO. That is not what we intend; but we refer the whole matter to you; your judgment shall decide the affair.

PHILOSOPHY. And what say *you* to that?

LUCIAN. I say the very same, my mistress; you alone can discover the truth; yet without much trouble I could not obtain the privilege to have the process decided by you.

PLATO. Out upon the villain! Now then she is your mistress, and not long ago, by your account, nothing was more contemptible than philosophy, and you made no scruple to offer her to sale in the public market, and to sell the sects separately for twopence a-piece *

PHILOSOPHY. Be advised; it may perhaps after all turn out that the man has spoke no ill of Philosophy, but of those impostors, who make my name a cloak to their vile tricks.

LUCIAN. Of that you will soon be convinced if you will calmly listen to my vindication. Let us therefore immediately repair to the Areopagus, or rather to the citadel †, where, as from a watch-tower, we may survey the whole city.

PHILOSOPHY. You, my companions, in the mean time take your walk in the Pœzile; when this cause is decided, I will rejoin you.

LUCIAN. Who are these ladies, if I may be so bold? Their external appearance speak much in their favour.

PHILOSOPHY. She with the manly port is Virtue; that standing next to her is Justice; she that walks before Learning; and yonder colourless and almost imperceptible form, is Truth.

LUCIAN. Where should this last be? I see nothing.

PHILOSOPHY. How? do not you see her, naked and unadorned, always seeming to retire and escape from our view?

LUCIAN. Now methinks I descry her. But why do not you take these ladies with you, that the assembly may be the more numerous and respect-

* I can find no fitter expression for the words *ἵκατον εἶδος αὐτῆς τῶν λόγων*; we conceive by a sect of the antient philosophers the same that Lucian means in these words.

† What went by the name of the Acropolis, where the temple of Minerva, the tutelary deity of Athens, stood.

able? Truth in particular, it is necessary to have there, as I design to appoint her my advocate.

PHILOSOPHY. Come then with me, my friends; it will not be irksome to you to assist in deciding one only cause in which I am very nearly concerned.

TRUTH. Go you alone; there is no occasion for me to hear again a case that I have long been at the bottom of.

LUCIAN. But to me, o Truth, it is of the last importance that you should be present, to point out and explain the several circumstances on which it rests.

TRUTH. If it be so, I will take with me a couple of my handmaids, who are in a particular manner devoted to me.

PHILOSOPHY. As many as you chuse.

TRUTH. Follow me then, you Liberty, and you Parrhesia, to support this poor timid man, who has an affection for us, and without just cause is fallen into woeful jeopardy. Conviction may in the interim remain here.

LUCIAN. Not so, my mistress! let her too come along with us. For I shall have to fight not with ordinary beasts: my antagonists are a fierce and impudent kind of men, who cannot without difficulty be convinced, having always a subterfuge ready at hand. Conviction, therefore, is indispensably necessary to us.

PHILOSOPHY. Quite indispensable; and it will be still better to carry Demonstration also along with you.

TRUTH. Follow me all together then, since I perceive you will be wanted in the court.

ARISTOTLE. Observe, Philosophy; he is endeavouring to gain over Truth to his side against us.

PHILOSOPHY. How? are you afraid that Truth will lie, to please him?

PLATO. Not so; but he is such an insinuating rascal, and so subtle a flatterer, that he could lead even Truth into a mistake.

PHILOSOPHY. Never fear; no injustice can be done, while Justice is present in person. Then let us be gone! You, defendant, what is your name?

LUCIAN. Parrhesiades, the son of Alethion and grandson of Elenxicles*.

* These appellatives would in english be about equivalent to Freespeech, the son of Truman.

PHILOSOPHY. Your country?

LUCIAN. Syria on the Euphrates. But what is that to the purpose? Even among my opponents here are some, who are of barbarous extraction* as well as I: suffice it, that neither my education nor my manners are sprung from Solæ, Cyprus, Babylon, or Stagyra. With you, I should think, an outlandish accent would raise no prejudice against a man, so his sentiments were fair and honourable.

PHILOSOPHY. Well said! Nor did I ask in that view. But what is your profession? for that is a circumstance I must be informed of.

LUCIAN. I am the declared enemy of all false pretence, all quackery, all lies and all puffing, and hate from the bottom of my heart, all and every one who belongs to that infamous tribe, including a mighty host, as you know full well.

PHILOSOPHY. By Hercules! you follow a most invidious profession!

LUCIAN. But too true! you see how many enemies I have made by it, and to what perils I am obnoxious on that account. Notwithstanding that I also carry on the clean contrary profession, which consists in affection, with equally great diligence and industry: for I am a lover of truth, of beauty, of undisguised nature, in short, of everything that is lovely. Unhappily few there are on whom I can put my talent of loving in practice; whereas those who are qualified for hatred are as fifty thousand to one. I am therefore actually in danger of losing all my skill in the former, but in the other of becoming more expert than I desire.

PHILOSOPHY. No fear of that. For to love and to hate, they say, spring from one and the same source; you are therefore wrong in making two businesses of them, since in fact they are only one.

LUCIAN. That, o Philosophy, must be best known to you; my business is to hate the bad, to love and commend the good, and that I stick to.

PHILOSOPHY. Well, we are now come to the place appointed. Here under the portico of Minerva will be the most convenient situation for our present affair. Priestess, dispose the seats, while we perform our devotions to the goddess.

* For instance, Diogenes, of Sinope, a city of Pontus; Democritus, of Abdera in Thrace; Chrysippus, of Solæ or Soli, in Cilicia; Zeno, the patriarch of the stoics, from Cyprus; Diogenes, the stoic, from Babylon; Aristotle, of Stagyra in Macedonia, &c.

LUCIAN. Great guardian deity of Athens*, come now to my aid against my inveterate foes, and recollect how often every day thou art a witness of their perjuries! Thou alone beholdest, as protectress of this city, their numerous machinations; the time is come to reward them according to their works. Shouldst thou however see, that I shall be overpowered and get a black stone too many, add thy white one to the suffrages and save me †.

PHILOSOPHY. To business then! Now we are seated, and are ready to hear what you have to offer. You, Plaintiffs, as it will not be proper for you all to speak at once, choose one from among you, in whose eloquence you can confide, to state the charges, and bring on the evidence. You, Parrhesiades, will then be heard in your defence.

THE RESUSCITATED. Who of us is most fit to lay the indictment?

CHRYSIPPUS. No one is fitter to undertake that office than you, Plato. Your universally admired grandeur of sentiment, your elegant and truly attic elocution, and the irresistible grace of your delivery, no less than that refined intelligence and commanding power of words in your composition, particularly that happy art of insinuating your arguments into the minds of your auditors ‡: — all these excellences, which are peculiar to you in so eminent a degree, qualify you above all others to open the cause, and be the manager for us all. Now is the opportunity for collecting into one point those several talents which you formerly displayed against Gorgias, Polus, Prodicus and Hippias: for we have to do with a still more formidable adversary. Spare therefore neither the salt of irony, nor those slyly linked interrogatories, with which you so successfully put

* How godly friend Lucian is become all at once! We see that he does not leave the slightest circumstances unemployed to bring over the vulgar mass, especially that class who pass under the name of worthy people, the sober men, to his side.

† The judges in cases of life and death used black and white stones for giving their votes. If the culprit should have an equal number of black and white stones, Minerva, by means of a *factio juris* in favour of humanity, had the right of the casting vote, which on such occasions she was supposed always to give for making the *majora* in behalf of the accused.

‡ Plato is here characterized as an author in a very delicate and judicious manner; but here likewise, as in several passages of this performance, the satyr hides his horns among the roses, and under the specious naïveté of Chrysippus, who intends to pay a great compliment to Plato, lurks in the background the nicest irony upon his sophistical and oratorical gladiatorship.

your opponent off his guard: aye, if you please, you could even rouse the great Jupiter himself to come in furious wrath in his winged car, if this rascal is not brought to punishment.

PLATO. We should chuse a more vehement orator than I am, Diogenes or Antisthenes or Crates, or you Chrysippus yourself. For here much less depends on a beautiful style and a fine composition than on the art of pushing an opponent up into a corner, and leaving him no room to reply; Parrhesiades is a rhetor by profession.

DIOGENES. Let me be the accuser. I cannot at all conceive that much ceremony will be necessary; and besides I have been more scurvily treated by him than any of you, since he sold me not long ago for twopence.

PLATO. Philosophy, Diogenes will be our mouth-piece. — Recollect therefore, my noble friend, that in this accusation you are not to attend merely to your own, but to the common cause. Whatever differences may exist in our principles and tenets, you will not dilate upon them, nor examine who of us may be more or less in the right: but confine yourself to the affronts which he has put upon philosophy by speaking in all his works most disrespectfully of it. Let our private dissensions alone; defend strenuously what we have in common one with another. Remember, dear Diogenes, that you now stand alone in the gap, and according as you conduct the general cause, we shall maintain our reputation in the world, or be held by everyone what this man has thought fit to call us!

DIOGENES. Be easy! On my part nothing shall be wanting. I will speak for all; and if even Philosophy, as she is a gentle kind-hearted lady, may be so far cajoled by his clack as to acquit him, it shall not be my fault. I will let the fellow know that I do not carry my staff for a plaything!

PHILOSOPHY. That I will never permit. The cause must be determined by rational arguments, not by the cudgel. Let us then have no more delay! The water is already poured in*, and the eyes of the whole court are upon you.

LUCIAN. May it please you, to let the other philosophers sit upon the

* Into the clepsydra. The antients, as is well known, always made use of a water-clock for measuring out the time apportioned as well to the accuser as to the accused, how long they might speak before the court.

bench with you and give their respective suffrages, and Diogenes alone be accuser.

PHILOSOPHY. What! are not you afraid, that they will vote against you?

LUCIAN. Not in the least! I shall only come off with a greater majority.

PHILOSOPHY. That is very generous of you. — [*To the Philosophers.*] Come then, sit ye down, and you, Diogenes, begin.

DIOGENES. What manner of men we have been in our lives, o Philosophy, no one knows better than yourself, and it would be superfluous to use many words on that occasion. For, to say nothing of myself, who can be ignorant of the great benefit that Pythagoras and Plato and Aristotle and Chrysippus, with the others here present, have been to the world. I shall therefore simply confine myself to lay before you how we and all our merits have been vilified by this archscoundrel, this Parrhesiades. This vagabond, after having acquired some reputation, I am told, as an advocate, gave up his original profession, left the courts of justice, and the celebrity he might there have merited, to employ all his abilities and power of speech against us. Since that time we have constantly been the object of his calumny. He declaims against us openly as charlatans and impostors, and takes all imaginable pains to make us ridiculous and contemptible with the multitude. He has gone so far as to render us and even yourself, o Philosophy, odious with the populace, by representing your interests as frivolous and nugatory, and turning the grave and important lessons you have taught us into a jest, by his monkey tricks, which draw upon him the applause and hand-clappings of the spectators, but upon us, insult and derision*. For it has ever been the way of the multitude; they hear nothing with so much good-will as satire and sarcasm, especially when bestowed upon objects, the most respectable in general estimation; exactly as when of old they took such great delight in seeing our Socrates dragged upon the stage by Aristophanes or

* The speech of good Diogenes, we perceive, excels neither in distinctness of ideas nor neatness of expression; and it would be difficult to say less in more words. This likewise without doubt is an indirect satire upon certain cathedral philosophers of the time at Athens, of the same stamp with those dull and silly pedants whom he played off to us in the Lie-fancier and in the Convivial Entertainment, and refers perhaps to the manner, how some of those sober gentlemen openly indulged their fancies upon Lucian's sallies against them.

Eupolis, and in some insipid comedies delivered up to the laughter of the public. But, after all, those comic writers took that liberty with only one individual and that at the Dionysia, where such farcical entertainments are tolerated, as appendages to the festival, and Bacchus being a laughter-loving god, perhaps might be pleased with them. Whereas this man makes it his ordinary business, and exerts all his talents to calumniate our greatest characters; and so soon as he has wrote a thick book full, he collects the principal persons of the town about him, and, after great preparatives, in a clear voice, he falls foul upon Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus and me, in a word upon us all, without being authorized either by the licence of a festival, or provoked in the least by any one of us. At all events he might have been excused were he in the predicament that would warrant an appeal to the law of retaliation against us, but so far from it, he himself is the aggressor. The most abominable of all is, he has notwithstanding the audacity to shelter himself under your name, o Philosophy, and has pressed Dialogus*, our old domestic, into his service, and made him play the comedian against us; nay, that he has even seduced Menippus, one of our friends, to let himself be used sometimes in his comedies against us †. Hence it is, that being a traitor to the common cause, he is the only one who has separated himself from us in this accusation, and had rather not appear at all. It is therefore highly reasonable that the vile wretch should receive his reward for these offences. For what can he produce in his vindication: he, who had made so many people witnesses of his having sported with the most respectable things. Besides, it will be proper to establish a precedent in him; that none henceforth may presume to make light of philosophy. For if we remain tranquil in such attacks, and patiently brook such gross indignities, it would certainly not be attributed to our moderation, but justly construed into pusillanimity and sheepish simplicity. Or, is it not too much for patience to endure such an insult as he recently put upon us, by producing us like slaves in the market, where he offered us to sale by a cryer, and, according to report, sold some at a pretty high price, others for

* A droll personification, referring to the practice of the philosophers of the Socratic school of delivering their lectures generally in dialogues.

† In the Icaromenippus and in the Conferences of the Dead.

only an attic mina, but me, the scoundrel! even for two-pence, to the great diversion of all present? This it is, that has forced us up in the bitterness of our souls, from the realms below: and here we sue for vengeance commensurate to such scandalous ill treatment.

THE RESUSCITATED. Bravo, Diogenes! You have well conducted the common cause, and said everything that was to be said.

PHILOSOPHY. Have done with your applauses! — Now, priestess, pour in water for the defendant; and you, Parrhesiades, let us hear what you have to say. You have no time to lose; the water is already running.

LUCIAN. Diogenes, o Philosophy, has not said against me everything that he might have said; and I comprehend not wherefore he has omitted many accusations, and those much heavier than any he has produced. For my own part, so far am I from denying anything or thinking that it stands in need of a defence in this place, that I intend to subjoin all that either my adversary has passed over in silence, or I myself have not already brought forward on other occasions*. For thence you will see what kind of folks they are whom I publicly sold, and stigmatized to the world as boasters and mountebanks. I only beg of you to be particularly attentive, and remark whether or not I speak the truth concerning all or any of them. Should moreover in my apology anything seem harsh and severe, justice, I conceive, requires that it ought not to be attributed to me, but that they who give the occasion should be answerable for it. Ere I proceed however to the principal business †, I perceive myself obliged to

* It is scarcely possible to conceive a more perfect model of an apology than this production of Lucian. All is disposed for the most complete discomfiture of the adversary and the most decisive victory on his part. Not content with having made Philosophy herself, whom he is charged with having defamed, together with Truth and Justice her friends, his judges, he even obliges his accusers to sit with them on the bench. He next causes Diogenes, the dog, the most churlish, gross and biting of them all, to be their spokesman; and, lo, while the other copartners in the accusation testify their entire satisfaction with him, the defendant declares, that his opponent has overlooked the most material of what he should have urged against him, and begins his defence, *novo et inaudito exemplo*, by (apparently) accusing himself ten times more sharply than even the accuser. Farther than this perhaps confidence in the goodness of a cause cannot be carried, nor at the same time the refined slyness of the irony; for this very officious pains-taking to help an accuser, is the completest justification of his proceeding against the sham-philosophers.

† This little period is not in the original; I lay it merely as a plank across the ditch over which Lucian makes his readers leap.

touch upon a part of the history of my life. I had not long carried on the profession of a pleader at the bar, when experience convinced me, that deceit, lies, unblushing impudence, clamour, chicanery, and a thousand more such odious qualities, are inseparable from that mode of life. I therefore naturally threw it aside, and, attracted by your fair and generous virtues, o Philosophy, resolved to pass the remainder of my life beneath your roof, as one sheltering himself from storms and billows in a quiet harbour. It needed indeed but a single glance, for being struck with admiration of you and those your antient favourites, whom I considered as the legislators of the best mode of living, who stretched out their hands to all who pursue that object, by inculcating the choicest and most salutary instructions into the minds of all, so far as they are partial enough to themselves never to transgress them, and careful enough never to let them slip out, but, keeping their eyes steadfastly fixed on your precepts, order and direct their lives according to them; which even among your equals but seldom happens. But when I beheld such numbers, not out of real affection for philosophy, but barely for the sake of the honourable distinction thence arising, who conformed to true philosophy in those obviously striking externals, in which even the worst of men can without difficulty ape the best, I mean in beard, in gait and in the habiliments, but in their lives and conversation gave the lie to their appearance, in these they were the very reverse of you, and disgraced the dignity of the character they assumed, — I could not restrain my indignation, and it appeared to me exactly as if an actor, who though in person a soft and effeminate little fellow, should play the part of Achilles, or Theseus, perhaps even Hercules, though he had neither the voice nor the looks of a hero, but disgraced the part of those great men by an effeminacy, which even in a Helena or a Polyxena would be found insupportable*; whereas Hercules, if he saw himself so basely represented, would scarce be able to refrain from crushing with his club the masked head of such a mimic. When therefore I saw you, precisely in the same manner, misrepresented

* The text has it: Helena and Polyxena would find such an actor insupportable, because he resembled more than he ought, i. e. because he played, for example, Hercules, nearly as he should play Helena. This refers to the practice of the antients, with whom the female characters were represented by men in disguise.

by these people, was it to be endured that such apes should dare to stick their stupid faces in the masks of heroes, and play upon us the ass of Cumæ, who, having found means to disguise himself in a lion's skin, conceited himself a real lion, and threw the poor ignorant Cumæans into dire consternation by his horrid roaring, till at last a stranger, who had seen several lions and asses in his life, gave his long-eared worship a sound drubbing, and drove him back to the mill. But what to me, o Philosophy, seemed the most intolerable, was this: that the people, when they saw one of these mock-philosophers commit something base, unbecoming and licentious, immediately transfer it to philosophy, and throw the blame of it upon Chrysippus, or Plato, or Pythagoras, or however the great man is called, whose name and tenets the delinquent has adopted. Thus from the bad conduct of your pretended adherents they drew unfavourable conclusions of yourself, that you were long since dead; since upon comparing the lives of these men with yours, they thence must infer how little they resemble you. But in fact you were no more, whereas the man who conducted himself so ill, they beheld alive and standing before their eyes. You must accordingly, since you could not appear and vindicate yourself, so to speak, be guilty of contumacy, and as an accomplice in his crime submit to be condemned with him. Now all this I could no longer endure to behold: I therefore pulled off their mask, and shewed how little they had in common with you; and instead of being thanked for it, I am dragged here to trial. If then I should hear an initiated blabbing out the mysteries of the goddesses*, and I rebuke him for it, I commit in your opinion an act of impiety? It would be very unjust. If a comedian in a public spectacle had undertaken to represent Minerva, Neptune or Jupiter, and did not perform his part suitable to the dignity of these deities, the athlothes† generally cause him to be beat, yet the gods never take it ill, nor think themselves in the least affronted at it, that people who appeared in their costume should be

* The eleusinian goddesses, Ceres and Proserpine.

† The athlothes or agonothetes were magistrates presiding at the public games. Under their jurisdiction consequently stood the actors employed in the performance of the tragedies or comedies, who at the Dionysia or on other festival occasions contended with one another for the prize.

whipped by the beadle; on the contrary I am assured that the gods are pleased at seeing them lashed for their bad play. For, if a servant or a messenger plays badly his part, the fault is venial: but to represent meanly a Jupiter, or Hercules, is too shocking to be borne. Besides, hardly anything can be conceived more preposterous, than that these very people, who for the most part take so much pains about what you have taught them, live no otherwise than if they studied your writings purposely that they might act directly contrary to them. All that they, for example, preach on the contempt of riches and honours, and that nothing is good that is not right, and that we should be without passions, and look above the glittering gentry, who think so much of themselves for their borrowed advantages, and converse with them no otherwise than on equal footing: all this is very fine, by god, excellent and admirable. But all this they say for hire, accost the rich with reverence, hunger and thirst after money, are more snappish than a cur, more timid than the hare, more cringing and fawning than the ape, more libidinous than the ass, more thievish than the crow, more quarrelsome and obstinate than the gamecock. How truly ridiculous it is to see them every moment pulling one another by the hair, endeavouring to press before each other at the doors of the rich, intruding themselves at every splendid entertainment, and when they are there acting as shameless mumpers, clownishly gormandizing of every dish, always fearing lest another should get more than themselves, impertinently and tediously philosophizing over the wine, and emptying one goblet after another, though the wine is too much for them? The unlearned that are present naturally laugh at such behaviour, and Philosophy is brought into contempt with them, on beholding such scum of the earth in her bosom. But what is most abominable in this people is, that the same individual who pretended to be superior to all wants, and maintained with great vociferation, that the wise man alone was rich, a moment afterwards, comes and demands something of you, and is out of humour if you give him nothing: just as if a person in regal ornaments, with diadem and coronet on his head and the scepter in his hand, should go about begging. If he wants anything of you, he begins a long preachment, that mankind should hold all property in common, that riches are the most indifferent possession in the world, and gold and silver have no more intrinsic worth than the pebbles on the shore: but

if some needy old comrade or friend of many years standing, petitions the worthy gentlemen for a small pittance to assist him in his necessity, there they stand, as if they could not open their mouths, can say nothing to it, have at once forgot all their philosophy, and retract their former arguments; all their fine declamations upon friendship, virtue and moral beauty are suddenly vanished and flown nobody knows whither; for these are only winged words, with which they daily play in their schools as if they were tennisballs. These sober gentry are only friends so long as neither gold nor silver comes upon the carpet; but shew them only a shilling, and the peace is broke, all is discord and uproar, the books thrown aside, virtue flown away. As it is with a pack of dogs; if you cast a bone among them, they fly out, bite one another with great fury, and worry him that has got it, and runs off with his prey. There is a story told of a certain king of Ægypt who took the fancy to have apes taught to dance. The apes as they are apt to mimic human actions, came on in their lessons and improved very fast, and were soon fit to appear on the public stage, and display their skill dressed in purple robes with masks on their faces. The spectators were much pleased with them for a considerable time, when a wag who was present, having brought with him a quantity of nuts, took it into his head to throw a handful among them. The dance was immediately forgot, and the performers from pyrrhic dancers, relapsed into the apes they were, chattering and snapping at one another and fighting for the nuts; so that in a few moments the masks were crumpled, the clothes torn to rags, and the ape-dance, that had been so much extolled, terminated amidst peals of laughter. Such is in a few words the history of our mimic-philosophers. And these are now the people that I have spoke ill of, and whom I shall continue to chastise and deliver up to public derision as long as I live. But of you and those who resemble you (for there are certainly even at present some who are devoted to real philosophy and are true to your precepts), that of you and of these I should utter one opprobrious or disrespectful word, to such a degree of madness I hope never to arrive. And what could I say against you? Where is anything of the like to be found in your lives? But in abhorring that shameless brood, detested by all the gods, I believe I do right. Or could it be possible for you, o Pythagoras, you, Plato, or ye, Aristotle and Chrysippus, to acknowledge any fellowship, affinity or family-relation

between you and these people, verily if there be any relation, it is, as the proverb says, Hercules and an ape. Or would you, because they wear long beards, pretend to philosophize and put on gloomy countenances, own them at once for your equals: I could in some measure pardon them, if they could carry on their impostures at least with some decency and dexterity. But sooner could the hawk attempt to rival the nightingale, than these fellows the philosophers. This then is all I had to say in my defence; and now, o Truth, I appeal to you to bear testimony whether it is as I have said.

PHILOSOPHY. Retire a little on one side, Parrhesiades! — And now what are we to do? How do you think the man has acquitted himself?

TRUTH. I for my part, dear Philosophy, could willingly have sunk into the earth during his speech, so true is everything that he advanced. Notwithstanding he mentioned no one by name, I knew distinctly every one that was aimed at; that is a stroke at xxxx, said I to myself, that hits xxxx. In short, he depicted these people body and soul so to the life, that one would have imagined they had sat to him expressly for that purpose.

PHILOSOPHY. I too, o Truth, blushed to the very soul of me. — But ye there — what say ye to it?

THE RESUSCITATED. What else but that he is acquitted of the charge, and publicly recorded as our friend and benefactor. We are now just in the same predicament with the burghers of Ilion when they wanted to hear a tragedy*: like theirs, the dismal story of our woes has been sung to us. Let him therefore go on to sing, and place that brood abominated by the gods upon the stage, in what manner and as long as he pleases.

DIOGENES. I myself, o Philosophy, give him my entire approbation; I retract my complaint, acknowledge him for a brave man, and embrace him as my friend †.

PHILOSOPHY. Well then, Parrhesiades, we acquit you of the charge; you have obtained the unanimous suffrage: and yet more, we acknowledge you as one of us.

* An allusion to some unknown anecdote, but which may be sufficiently divined from what Lucian says of it.

† Notwithstanding the two-pence that we wot of.

LUCIAN. I have ever been your sincere votary. Therefore, to conclude this act with greater solemnity, I shall exclaim with the tragic bard:

Glorious Victory, place my happy state
Above the changes and reverse of fate *!

VIRTUE. Our business is not yet finished. The counterfeit philosophers should now be called in, that they may receive their due punishment for all their offences against us. Parrhesiades shall arraign them one after another.

LUCIAN. That is well observed. You, Syllogism, look down upon the city, and call the philosophers together †.

SYLLOGISM. Oyez! Silence! The philosophers are ordered to come upon the citadel, to take their trials before Truth, Philosophy, and Justice!

LUCIAN. You see how few of them obey the summons! Some of them may well be afraid to appear before Justice; and most of them have no time left from their attendance on the great. But if you have a mind to bring them all together, let me give Syllogism the proper form of the summons.

PHILOSOPHY. Summon them yourself, Parrhesiades, as you think best.

LUCIAN. I shall find no difficulty in that. — Hear! All you who call yourselves philosophers, or think you have any pretensions to that appellation, are ordered to come forth and repair to the citadel to partake of a public donation. Two minæ and a sesam-cake are to be distributed to each person; and whoever shews a long beard shall receive a frail of figs over and above. Wisdom, Justice and Temperance they need not bring with them; their presence is totally unnecessary; but in lieu thereof five syllogisms each person: for without these it is not permitted to be a wise man!

The victor's prize, who shall by words knock down

The rest, two golden talents are his own ‡.

Heavens! how tumultuously thronged are all the avenues to the castle, on hearing that two talents are to be won! How they come running

* With these verses some tragedies of Euripides, as the *Orestes*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and others conclude.

† This commission to the personified Syllogism produces a pretty droll effect, though it seems to be founded merely on a play upon words, namely, its similarity with the word *συλλογισμὸς*.

‡ Parody of ver. 507, 508. *Iliad*. xvi.

from all sides *! Some have even raised ladders against the temple of the Dioscuri to get more quickly to the top, which they hurry to climb up, with a bustle like that

Of swarming bees, in clusters as they rise †,
to borrow a thought from Homer. What a hubbub there is among them,
crowding along! numberless as the

Leaves and flowers that grace the genial spring. Iliad, ii. 468.

In a very little time the citadel will be quite full. What a noise! What wrangling about precedence! Everywhere nothing but knapsacks, beards, long staves, voracity, impudence, syllogism, and avarice! The few that appeared on the first summons, are lost among the crowd, and how were it possible to find them out, since they have nothing whereby to distinguish them, and by their outward garb and appearance are not to be known from others? This is a sad affair, dear Philosophy, and you are really much to blame, for not providing your genuine followers with a particular badge of distinction; for these impostors frequently understand far better how to give themselves the air of true philosophers, than those that actually are so ‡.

PHILOSOPHY. That may be a subject for consideration hereafter. At present however we must give audience to these.

PLATONICS. We platonics should receive our portion first.

PYTHAGOREANS. No such thing; but we pythagoreans, for Pythagoras was first in order of time.

STOICS. Folly! As if antiquity was anything to the purpose! Precedence is due to us stoics, because we are your betters.

PERIPATETICS. Away with you! When money is in question, the peripatetics are of right always the first.

* Lucian in the original names the streets and squares; a detail, which without the aid of a topographical chart of antient Athens, would only obscure the picture to a modern reader.

† Βομβηδόν και βοτρυδόν. Iliad, ii. 89.

‡ Let the reader recollect what I have elsewhere observed, that the philosophers of Lucian's time, in their general character, were what the monks, particularly the mendicant orders, are among the christians; and he will find these several features extremely like, and the whole drama generally applicable; to say nothing of a species of philosophers, that in certain academies need not be sought for with the lantern of Diogenes, but look so like within and without to the lucianic originals, that one is tempted to take them for Resuscitated.

EPICUREANS. Give us but the sesam-cakes and the frail of figs! For the money we are in no haste, we can wait for that, though we should be the last.

ACADEMICS. Where are the two talents? It will soon be seen that we academics are the best disputants.

STOIC. Certainly not, while a stoic is present.

PHILOSOPHY. No more of this quarrelling! You, cynics, what is this pushing and beating with your sticks for? You are called hither for a very different purpose than you imagine. I, Philosophy, and my friends here, Virtue and Truth, are now to try you, and see which are true philosophers. Those whose lives are found consistent with our precepts shall receive our sanction and be happy. But the impostors, and all who arrogate to themselves our name, without having the least conformity to us, shall be chastized, as such sharpers deserve. — What is that? They are running away. What a hurry they are in! Some are even leaping down over the rocks and precipices! The citadel is all at once empty, to the exception of two or three, who shew by their stay, that they are not afraid of encountering a trial. — You, waiter, pick up the knapsack there, which the cynic has let fall, in running! Let us see what may be in it! Horse-beans without doubt, or a book, or some scraps of black bread*?

LUCIAN. Nothing like them! Here you see gold-coins, boxes of perfume, a case-knife †, a looking-glass, and a pair of dice.

PHILOSOPHY. A fine cynic truly! These then are the instruments of your practical virtue? And with these you presume to censure and tutor all the world?

LUCIAN. Here we discover what sort of people they are. But it behoves you to consider of some means how to draw the world out of their ignorance on these matters, by teaching them to distinguish the good and bad of this class as they appear to you. To devise the means for doing this, concerns you nearly, o Truth; for your cause, it is, that falsehood should not overpower you, and unworthy men not be detected,

* * ἄριστος ἀβροχαρακτός; is bread wherein the meal is not separated from the bran, not *pain bruté*, as Massieu translates it.

† Every invited guest, according to the fashion of the Greeks, took his knife with him.

because they mingle with the just and upright, and through ignorance be confounded with them.

TRUTH. If you agree to it, we will let that office devolve upon Parthesiades, as we have found him to be a very honest man, our trusty friend, and your most faithful votary, Philosophy. Let him therefore, taking Elenchus * with him, judge and determine concerning such as call themselves philosophers. Should he find one or other among them, who in reality is so, him he shall crown with a wreath of olive, and call him in to the prytaneum; but whenever he lights on one of these counterfeits, who carry on their philosophical trade only as comedians or jugglers, and of whom there are but too many! he shall strip the cloak off their backs, and cut their beard off with a pair of sheep-shears, to the very roots, and brand them on the forehead or between the eyebrows with the stigma of a fox or an ape.

PHILOSOPHY. Excellent, Aletheia! and the proof shall resemble that which it is said the eagles make of their young before the sun; not that I mean they should look against it, or be tried by that, but by holding gold, glory, and pleasure before their eyes. If you find one that remains unmoved at the sight, and turns away from it with disdain, that is the man that shall be crowned with the olive wreath! On the other hand, he that cannot avert his eyes from the gold, and directly by an instinctive motion stretches out his hand at it, let him without delay have his beard cut off, and the stigma impressed with a hot iron.

LUCIAN. Your orders, o Philosophy, shall be punctually obeyed; and you will presently see a great many of these worthies stamped with foxes and apes, but very few crowned. If you please however we can immediately put some to the trial, whom I will fetch to you.

PHILOSOPHY. How will you fetch them, since they are run away?

LUCIAN. Very easily, if the priestess will only lend me for a few moments that fish-hook and line, which the angler from the Piræus left as a votive offering.

PRIESTESS. Here they are, and the fishing-rod too; so you are completely set up.

* Conviction. The greek Elenchus being of the masculine gender is here better adapted to personification.

LUCIAN. Be so good now as to procure me quickly a few dried figs and a little gold.

PRIESTESS. There, take them.

PHILOSOPHY. What is the man about?

PRIESTESS. He has seated himself upon the wall, and let down upon the city the hook baited with a fig and a bit of gold.

PHILOSOPHY. What is it you are doing, Parrhesiades? Do you expect to fish up stones from the pelagic fort*?

LUCIAN. Be quiet, dear Philosophy! Do not disturb my tackle! And do thou, o Neptune, with thy bright Amphitrite, be propitious to my sport, by sending me plenty of fishes! — Ha! there I see already a huge pike. Or, is it not rather a gold-fish?

ELENCHUS. No; he looks like a dog-fish. He comes to the bait with open mouth. He must smell the gold! Now he is quite close — he snaps — he is caught. — Up with him!

LUCIAN. Help me to pull, Elenchus! — There he is! — Heyda, my beautiful fish, who art thou? — It is a sea-dog, by Hercules! — What teeth he has! — How came it, my honest friend, that you were so imprudent as to suffer yourself to be caught, by coming out from among the rocks to regale yourself? You thought perhaps to find a lurking hole to slip into? But you shall now be hung up by the gills, that every one may examine you to his heart's content. — Now let us take off the bait! — See, the hook is bare; he has gulped the fig and the gold together, and they are both in his belly.

DIOGENES. Then by Jupiter! let him disgorge it, I say. The bait may serve for another.

LUCIAN. What, Diogenes? You know him then perhaps? Are you any way interested in him.

DIOGENES. Not in the least.

LUCIAN. Now then, how much do you think he may be worth? It is the same that I lately rated at two-pence †.

* An old, and at that time probably a pretty ruinous fortress, with which the Pelasgians in the days of yore had surrounded a part of the hill on which the Acropolis stood.

† Observe how artfully Lucian knows how to get out of a difficulty. But why does he then call him Diogenes?

DIOGENES. That is too much. He is not fit to eat, is frightful to look at, and in short his flesh is so hard, that he is worth nothing. Dash him head downwards against the rocks, and angle for another; but take care that the rod by being too much bent do not break in two.

LUCIAN. Be under no concern for that, Diogenes! They are light; they scarcely weigh so much as a tad-pole.

DIOGENES. And have no more brains. Therefore pull up boldly.

LUCIAN. Look there, what sort of a flat fish is that coming on! He is as thin as if he were only the half of a fish. — It seems to be a plaice. How he gapes at the bait! He bites: we have him. Up with him!

ELENCHUS. What can this be?

DIOGENES. He pretends to be a platonic.

PLATO. How, you infamous scoundrel? You, bite at gold!

LUCIAN. What shall we do with him?

PLATO. Down with him, against the same rock.

DIOGENES. Let down your hook again. Another!

LUCIAN. Hah! here I see an uncommonly fine one coming. He appears in the water spotted with all sorts of colours, and has golden streaks upon his back. Do you see him, Elenchus? That is the same that takes upon him Aristotle! — Here he comes — he is swimming away again — observe him carefully! He comes back — he snaps — he is caught! — Up he comes!

ARISTOTLE. Ask me not about him, Parrhesiades! I know him not.

LUCIAN. If you have no objection, I shall down with him among the rocks after the others.

DIOGENES. See, see; yonder is a multitude of them coming together, of the same colour and hideous shape, and so full of prickles, that a sea-urchin would be more easily caught. We shall have occasion for a net, but there is not one at hand. However, if we can only pull up one of the shoal it will suffice; the boldest of them will infallibly bite.

ELENCHUS. Throw down the hook, but fortify the line with wire; he will so greedily gorge the gold, that he may chance to bite through the line.

LUCIAN. Well, the hook is thrown; Neptune grant us a good capture! See how they are fighting for the bait! Some nibbling at the fig, others clinging to the gold. It goes on well! One of the strongest is hooked.

Let us see; after whose name are you called? But I am a fool to think a fish will talk with me, since they are all mute. Speak you, Elenchus, who is his master*?

ELENCHUS. This Chrysippus here.

LUCIAN. One might have known that; for gold is in his name. Now in Minerva's name, Chrysippus, do you know these folks, or have they learnt their conduct from you?

CHRYSIPPUS. You affront me by asking me such a question, Parrhesiades; as it implies that you imagine me capable of having any intercourse with such characters.

LUCIAN. That is spoke like an honest man, Chrysippus! He may therefore go the way of all the rest, especially as he is so full of bones, that whoever should eat him would probably be choked.

PHILOSOPHY. We will now give over angling, Parrhesiades! There are so many of them, that some one or other might perhaps run away with the gold and the hook together, and then you must pay the damages to the priestess. We will now take a walk together, I and my friends. As for you [*To the Resuscitated*] it is time for you to return whence you came, lest you should exceed your furlough. And you, Parrhesiades and Elenchus, enter upon your visitation, and crown or stigmatize agreeably to my injunctions.

LUCIAN. Your commands, o Philosophy, shall be punctually executed. — Ye noblest of men, fare ye well! — Let us, Elenchus, immediately set out to execute our commission. — But whither shall we first repair; to the Academy or to the Stoa? Or shall we begin with the Lyceum? After all, it makes not much matter. Of this however I am sure, that wherever we go we shall want not many crowns, but have frequent occasion for the branding-irons.

* The only flat joke in all this dialogue; for the immediately following play upon the word Chrysippus is not quite so frozen as Massieu pronounces it to be; at least both the Greeks and Romans were fond of such puns as had a real sting concealed in them.

CONFABULATIONS

OF THE

DEITIES.

PREFACE.

THE pleasure which readers of every description, excepting only those who cannot bear a joke, still find in these dialogues of Lucian, though to us they are no farther interesting, than as antique gems and paintings from Herculaneum, enables us to judge of the extraordinary charms they must have had for the more refined class of our author's contemporaries, while the vulgar mass still believed in these deities. It was a no less happy than novel and daring thought, to make the gods converse, as it were, in their domestic capacity and undress, in moments of weakness, perplexity and collision of their frequently opposite demands and passions, when (not aware that they were privily overheard by men) they, in a manner ungodded themselves, and were exposed to the view of their besotted adorers in all their nakedness. Lucian could not have played the prevalent superstition a worse trick, and he was the more sure of not missing his aim, as he did not personally appear. For, as in these dramatical scenes the existence of the deities introduced and the historical truth of their romantic legends, are cordially admitted: it is therefore the gods that make themselves ridiculous, and against their knowledge and consent, and with the most desirable success labour at the demolition of their own respect, since they shew themselves by their turpitudes, fol-

lies, extravagances and vices unworthy of the esteem and confidence of mankind.

The grecian mythology provided our author with an inexhaustible fund of absurdities, inconsistencies and idle stories to that end. He had only the trouble of selection; but he prudently confined himself to the most notorious, and entirely to such lineaments of the olympic legends as had received a certain sanction either from the works of the most celebrated poets and artists, or the universal popular belief; or from particular religious monuments, festivals or ceremonies in the several places and districts to which they referred.

It ought to be remarked to the honour of Lucian, that in so ticklish an undertaking, and with so many temptations to licentiousness (which some of our modern wittings would perhaps have found it no easy matter to resist) he holds in his wit and his imagination with a pretty tight rein. He never wrongs his deities; he imputes nothing to them, which he cannot confirm by substantial evidence from their historians *, or from the bards inspired by themselves, a Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus †, and others. He charges them with no absurdities, that do not immediately arise from the contrast of their personal character with the decorum of their office, or their adventures and exploits with nature, reason and morality, and therefore must be placed to their own, and not their painter's account. Upon the whole, he adheres, even in the fiction of minute features and circumstances, which the dramatic representation here and there obliges him to employ, so strictly to the rules of analogy and to his great prototype, the divine Homer, that I see not, what the whole clergy of all the twelve superior deities could in this respect have justly laid to his charge. His gods always speak so entirely in their own humour and manner, so unconstrained, naïve and conformably to their situations or their passions, that it nowhere appears to be Lucian's fault, if we are compelled to laugh at

* Of whom, as the learned very well know, there were a great many. Among the few that are come down to us, the work that goes under the title of *Bibliotheca Apollodori* would be almost alone sufficient to furnish our author, if it were necessary, with vouchers.

† This great poet has worked up a considerable number of mythological subjects into his tragedies, as Alcmena, Danaë, Europa, Ixion, Callisto, Nereus, Semele, Sisyphus, &c. where of, alas! only the chained Prometheus has been preserved.

them. But very seldom, for instance on Jupiter's lying-in of the sons of Semele, does an aristophanic wiper escape him; but even these few, how harmless and chaste are they in comparison of the vile obscenities which the attic scurra puts into the mouth of his Bacchus, to make the dregs of the cecropian populace burst into fits of horselaughter!

The mythology of the Greeks is as everyone knows a real chaos, where all is confusion, nothing consistent. Not a single adventure, not a single act of their gods or the progeny of them, which is not by the several reporters quite differently related; all, even their genealogy, is full of obscurity, perplexity and contradiction. In this however there were many things that might be allowed to pass current as the common or most generally received tradition; and this it is that everywhere lies at the bottom of the confabulations of the gods. About the origin of this tradition, about the foundation that these fables might have in geography, physics and astronomy, or in the primitive metaphorical language, or even (as, notwithstanding the several objections and arguments of the most recent interpreters of that problem, I am inclined to believe) in the most ancient history of that nation, composed of so many different tribes, and so diversely modified by the engrafting of phœnician and ægyptian colonies — about the separation of this little historical gold from the baser metals, with which it was interspersed, by time and principally by the poets — least of all however about the physical, political and moral truths which (after the example of Plato and other philosophers) in after ages pains had been taken to wash from this dross, — about all this Lucian, in these confabulations of the gods, and his interpreters gave themselves as little concern as the great mass of the Greeks, who took the tradition of their gods and heroes, and all that Homer fables of them, in the literal sense, and left the allegorical as the pretended kernel of that shell, to be enucleated by the learned. This mystical interpretation of the mythology belongs not essentially to national religion; in proportion however as illumination increased, the more necessary it became for those, whose interest it was to uphold paganism, now sinking under the weight of its absurdity, to prevent its total downfall as long as possible: and it may upon good grounds be admitted, that our author, by the comic light in which he set the irrationality of the literally taken legends of the gods, indirectly contributed more than any other to promote the allegorical

and mystical explanations, which subsequently came so much into the fashion.

If, for enabling us to judge the more equitably of the grecian people, we look into our own bosoms, we shall pardon them a weakness which they had in common with every nation upon earth. Where is the people, in whose eyes the most incredible is not credible, the most absurd not venerable, whenever it is marked with the stamp of religion, or (what in effect is the same thing) of a religious superstition derived from ancestry? And what a length of time elapsed, before even the most enlightened nations learnt to perceive, that religious nonsense was no less nonsense than any other!

Absurd therefore as it may appear to us, that the grecian people ever should have literally believed in the miraculous birth of Minerva or of Bacchus, or any of the puerile tales that are ridiculed by Lucian in his confabulations of the gods: we can however as little deny, that there was a time, when almost the whole of christendom literally believed the stories of the huge Christopher, and a hundred other equally credible tales. Lucian therefore acted in a manner becoming a wise man, by ridiculing the fabulous records of the gods of his country. That he could venture to do it with impunity, proves indeed, that their authority was already in the wane: but if much faith in these objects had not still prevailed at that time among the unenlightened part of all classes, he would not certainly have made it so interesting a business to procure for sound reason such a complete and decisive triumph over those superstitions.

A CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE SCHEME OF THE AFFINITY OF
THE GRECIAN DEITIES, AND THE ANTIEN'T AND MODERN
COURTS OF OLYMPUS.

THE first divine pair was Uranos and Ge, that is, Heaven and Earth, to whom were assigned as parents Æther and Hemera, as to these were Chaos and Darkness [Achle]. The genealogical tree of the gods cannot be carried higher. From Heaven and Earth sprang the family of the

Titans, which, in its several branches, includes almost all the grecian deities.

The most famous of the Titans are: Oceanus, Cœus, Hyperion, Iapetus and Cronos, or as the Latins name him, Saturnus. The most conspicuous of the Titanides: Tethys, Rhea, Themis, Phœbe, Mnemosyne, Diana, and Theia. These Titans and Titanides are all the offspring of Heaven and Earth, and therefore brothers and sisters. Besides these, Uranos and Ge (as it appears) have yet a sister named Thalassa [the sea]; Ge likewise had a son by Æther, named Pontus. He, in conjunction with Thalassa, had Nereus, the father of the marine deities, known under the general appellation of Nereids.

Oceanus had by his sister Tethys only a great number of daughters, among whom none, except Amphitrite, Doris and Metis, merit notice. The first was married to Neptune, the second to Nereus, and the third was Jupiter's first consort, and in some sort the mother of Minerva. [See the 8th of these confabulations.]

The Titan Cœus had by his sister Phœbe, Latona, who made Jupiter the father of Apollo and Diana [Artemis].

Hyperion with his sister Theia, had Helios [Sol], Selene [Luna], and Aurora.

Iapetus became by Clymene, a daughter of Oceanus, father of Prometheus, the man-maker, and of Atlas, by whose daughter Maia, Jupiter afterwards had Mercurius [Hermes.]

Cronos, or Saturnus, though the youngest of the Titans, found means with the assistance of his brethren to get possession of the throne. He married his sister Rhea; and Jupiter [Zeus], Neptune [Poseidon], and Pluto, together with Juno [Here], Ceres [Demeter], and Vesta [Hestia], were the fruits of that marriage.

The before-named children, grand-children and great-grand-children of Uranos composed the court of Saturn-or the old olympic court, and the several departments of the mundane government were divided among some of them.

Jupiter however acted the same tragedy with his father Cronos, which the latter had performed with his; he hurled him from the throne, got possession of the government, made signal alterations in it, and filled the grand departments partly with his brothers, partly in the sequel with

his sons and daughters, so that by degrees the old gods were pushed out of their offices, and, for example, Neptune came into the post of Pontus, Apollo into the place of Helios, Diana into the station of Selene, and the antient Titans, not being satisfied with these innovations, were dispatched into Tartarus.

Jupiter, besides his children already named, had by his sister and wife Juno, Mars [Ares], and Vulcan [Hephæstos], by Ceres Proserpine [Persephone], by Dione Venus, by Mnemosyne the Muses, by Themis the Horæ, &c. and by a great number of others, nymphs and mortals, an innumerable host of demigods and heroes, of whom some, as Bacchus and Hercules, were afterwards added to the deities of the first rank.

The countless family of the nymphs, of whom mention should here be made, is divided into two principal classes: the Oreades, Napæes, Dryades and Hamadryades, with the Nereids and Naiads. These goddesses of the second rank were partly daughters of Nereus and Doris, partly of different known and unknown origin. Correspondent to them were the gods of the sea, of the rivers, of the woods and of the winds, who, as it is easy to imagine, did not fail, after the example of their superiors, to multiply the divine race with mortal and immortal beauties to infinitude.

Among the antient deities whom Lucian introduces in his dialogues, there is one, who without ever having a temple or an altar erected to him, as far as relates to the nobility of his birth, might vie with Jupiter himself. This is Momus, a son of Night (his father is doubtful), and therefore, she being the reputed sister of Æther, or (what at least would be more proper) of Hemera, the Day, nephew to Uranus; which high descent is probably the reason that the other deities and Jupiter himself occasionally heard him deliver the boldest truths and the bitterest sarcasms with the utmost patience.

In addition to these some antient gods are to be noticed, who are not of titanian race, but children of Night or Darkness, and thus as it were native inhabitants of Hades or the kingdom of the dead, where the vulgar theology of the Greeks has allotted to them sundry offices and functions. The principal of these are the Parcæ, or Destinies; Erinnye or Furies, *per euphemiam* styled Eumenides; Hecate a very mysterious divinity, but whose derivation and nature were doubtful even to her votaries, and Charon, the ferryman of the dead across the stygian lake. Over them all

Erebus, a son of Chaos (according to Hesiod) appears to have reigned, till after the dethronement of Saturn, and on the partition of the world between Jupiter and his brothers, the youngest of whom, Pluto, obtained the government of the subterranean regions as his portion. But how Tartarus, another infernal deity sprung likewise from Chaos, is distinct from Erebus, or whether they are not both, as simple personifications of the state of the dead next adjoining to non-existence or their abode, in reality to be considered as one and the same allegorical person, it is difficult to determine; at least this is not the place for such disquisitions.

P R O M E T H E U S.

MERCURY. VULCAN. PROMETHEUS

MERCURY.

HERE then is Caucasus, Vulcan, to which this unhappy titan is to be nailed. Let us look round to see whether we can find some jutting rock, free from snow, that the chains may have a faster hold, and that the criminal may be conveniently seen.

PROMETHEUS. This seems to me one of the first essays of our author in the dialogistic style of composition, and to take as it were the middle station between the proper Lucianic dialogue, and the discourses on subjects drawn from the fabulous or poetic history, with which the sophists of that time, for want of more interesting objects and occasions, used frequently to amuse themselves. For the principal subject is a sort of judicial vindication brought by Prometheus, by Jupiter's command chained on mount Caucasus, against the pretended crime laid to his charge by his tyrannical judge. As in this whole affair reason and equity are on the side of Prometheus, the grand sultan of gods and men plays a very bad part, we may easily imagine, how Lucian's nicely sportive satire would have availed itself of so fine an opportunity to tell the deities some home truths; especially as the chained Prometheus of Æschylus (where Jupiter is brought down upon the public stage, and treated as a tyrant and the usurper of the celestial throne) served him as a passport, and besides, the judicial self-

VULCAN. So let us! For in a low situation, and lying near the ground he should not be crucified, lest the men, who are his machinery, should come to his relief; but neither too high, as otherwise he cannot be viewed from below. If you think well of it, he shall be nailed here, about midway, over this precipice, with his arms extended on both sides.

MERCURY. Very well: the rocks are here broken, inaccessible, and on every side so steep, that it would be difficult to find a crevice, where to stick the point of one's foot in. Here will be the best place to fasten him crosswise. Therefore, no longer delay, Prometheus! Come up and be nailed to the rock!

PROMETHEUS. Have pity, good Vulcan and Mercury, on a poor unfortunate wretch, knowing as you do, that I have not merited these sufferings!

MERCURY. My good Prometheus, pity you! that is soon said; but we shall want pity too, if for not executing our commission we are crucified with you on the spot. Or do you think there is not room enough for a couple more to be riveted to it? Come, be quick; your right hand here! you, Vulcan, nail it down properly, and make the fastening good with heavy strokes of the hammer. — Now, the other hand! — Mind to make it fast! — Good! Presently the eagle will fly hither, to peck your liver, that you may receive the full recompence for your fine contrivances in the art of statuary.

PROMETHEUS. O Saturn, and Iapetus, and you, o mother Earth*, what am I, unfortunate wretch, doomed to suffer, though I have done no wrong!

defence put into the mouth of Prometheus, even made it the duty of the author to make him say everything he was able to produce in behalf of his innocence and to the confusion of his enemies. One circumstance that was peculiarly favourable to him, was, that Prometheus was himself a god, and Jupiter's near relation, and therefore could take liberties at the expense of his cousin, reigning solely by usurpation, which would be unbecoming in the mouth of a mortal. The subject is therefore in every consideration one of the happiest for Lucian's purpose, and, a few repetitions and a certain rhetorical loquacity of Prometheus excepted, we must confess that he has had the art of treating it with spirit and humour.

* Prometheus directs his invocation to three deities of the old court; to Saturn, thereby to shew that he acknowledged only him, not his son Jupiter, the legitimate king of the gods; to Iapetus his own father and Saturn's brother, and to the Earth, as the common mother of the gods, and his grand-mother.

MERCURY. You done no wrong! You! who in the first place, when you had the distribution of the meat, were so unjust and fraudulent as to keep the prime pieces for yourself, and put off Jupiter with the bones. I remember very well, by Jupiter, that Hesiod * so relates the affair! Next, you set yourself at work to make men; a species of animals, calculated for all sorts of mischief, and capable of attempting every kind of wickedness; and, what is worse, women. At last you robbed the gods even of their most valuable property; fire, and presented it to mankind. And one who has committed such prodigious enormities, has the impudence to say, he suffers innocently!

PROMETHEUS. I perceive, Mercury, that even you make light of accusing an innocent man (as the poet † expresses himself), since you reproach me with things, for which, if I had justice done me, I should even be held worthy of an honourable remuneration ‡ from the public. If you have time, I should be glad to repel these accusations, by proving to you, that Jupiter has past an unjust sentence upon me; but you, who are known to be a fine speaker and a cunning advocate might take upon you to justify him, by shewing that he has done right, in having me crucified here on Caucasus, near the straights of the Caspian, as a miserable spectacle to all Scythia.

* In the Theogony, ver. 535 sq. A burlesque anachronism, the like of which Lucian frequently makes his gods commit, because in the mouths of beings who are as it were compounded of inconsistency and contradiction, they have a peculiar grace. Here the effect is still more comic, because it thus appears as if Mercury only knew this beautiful story from his Hesiod, and as it were from the school; for Homer and Hesiod were explained to boys at school.

† *Ἀναίτιον ἀντιτάσθαι*. Iliad, xiii. 775.

‡ In the text: of free-table in the Prytaneon. This latter was the name of a square in Athens, where several public buildings stood together, particularly that where the Prytanes, or the senate, held their meetings. In this latter edifice was a spacious hall, named *Θάλασ*, the eating-room, where the fifty prytanes, who were once a year in function, together with all those whom the republic wished to recompense in a distinguished manner, were feasted at the expense of the state. For a great length of time this was thought so honourable a reward, that it was granted only to conquerors in the olympic games, or other persons of extraordinary merit. Sometimes this distinction was extended to the posterity of a great man. Thus, for example, to every eldest of the descendants of Demosthenes, as long as any of his blood should be in existence, this right of eating in the prytaneon was conceded. — Here Lucian appears to have had in view an expression which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates in the apology he composed for him, and which is perfectly consonant to what Prometheus says.

MERCURY. The dispute to which you challenge me, Prometheus, could be of no service to you; speak however if you are so inclined; I must at any rate tarry here a little, till the eagle comes, who has charge of your liver. In the mean time we can do nothing better than spend our leisure in listening to a sophistical declamation, such as may be expected from such an excellent master in the art.

PROMETHEUS. Do you speak first then; and in your accusation do not spare me, and leave no argument untried in vindication of your father. Vulcan, I pray you be the judge between us.

VULCAN. By Jupiter! instead of being the judge, I shall perhaps be a second accuser, as it was your fault that my victuals were cold when you purloined the fire from us.

PROMETHEUS. Very well then, divide the accusation between you: you speak of the theft, and Mercury of the man-making and the meat-distributing. For you are both virtuosos and look as if you were famous orators.

VULCAN. Mercury may at the same time speak for me. Law-suits are not my affair. My business is transacted at the forge. But he there is an orator, and mightily addicted to such things.

PROMETHEUS. Only I imagine that Mercury would not chuse to speak about theft, and bring me in guilty of a crime, in which I was no more than a brother-tradesman with him. However, if you think proper to enter upon it, o son of Maia, now is the time to lay your indictment.

MERCURY. [*Declaiming.*] It would certainly, o Prometheus, require a long and studied harangue, were I to speak of your offences as they deserve. However, summarily to indicate them may for the present suffice. First then, when it was your duty in virtue of your office to attend to the distribution of the meat, you kept the finest pieces for yourself, and defrauded the king. Secondly, you unnecessarily and contrary to all propriety fashioned men; and thirdly, stole fire from us, in order to give it to them: all crimes of such magnitude, that instead of complaining, you have great cause to acknowledge the excessive philanthropy of Jupiter in the lenity of your punishment. If now you deny that you have perpetrated these crimes, I shall be reduced to the necessity of convincing you by a long and elaborate oration, and setting the truth in the fairest possible light. If you plead guilty to the three

charges aforesaid ; my accusation is at an end, and it would only be loss of time to expatiate farther upon it.

PROMETHEUS. Whether all that you have advanced, Mercury, be not trifling, will be presently seen. I will therefore, if that, as you say, is sufficient to my accusation, do my utmost to try whether I cannot repel those charges *. In the first place, then hear what I have to allege concerning the meat-distribution. And here, true so help me Uranus ! it shames me to the heart for Jupiter, that he should be so mean-spirited, and capable of such pitiful spite, on account of a little bit of bone that he found in his share, as to cause such an old god as I am to be crucified, without recollecting the important services that I afforded him, and without considering that it is only befitting a little boy to fret and fume, because he has not the biggest piece. Methinks, Mercury, for such insignificant tricks that are played at a feast, a man should have no place in his memory at all ; but supposing that one of the guests in a merry mood had exceeded a little, should take it for a joke, and on rising from table, leave it behind him entirely ; but to retain the grudge till the following day, and nourish a slight frolic into a serious injury, and bear it in mind to revenge it on a future occasion, — for shame ! that is neither kingly nor like a god. For, take away cracking of jokes, playing of tricks, jeers, sarcastic humour, and comical sallies, and it were not allowed to interchange these jocularities, to laugh at one another and sport these waggeries ; what would remain but a silent meeting, making faces, and from mere ennui, guzzling and surfeiting, by which the entertainment would not be much improved ? Nothing therefore was farther from my thoughts, than that Jupiter would remember this joke the next day, much less that he would be so choleric about it, or take matters so heinously, if, in the division of some roast-meat, he had been a little overreached, to make trial whether he knew how to chuse the best pieces. Put the case now, Mercury, that I had not merely presented Jupiter with the worst part, but had cheated him out of all ; was it worth his while,

* In the original Mercury here repeats, in imitation of the formalities of the athenian style of pleading, the points of accusation word for word ; an accuracy which the reader will readily release us from : especially as we have already heard the accusation twice from Mercury's own mouth.

as the saying is, to throw heaven and earth into confusion, and talk of nothing but chains and crosses, and bring Caucasus into play, and send down an eagle to devour my liver? Ask yourself, whether such revenge does not betray a little, narrow, grovelling mind, that has no command over the passions? For, if on account of a few morsels of beef, he can put himself into such a monstrous fury, what would he do if he lost a whole ox? How much more discreetly do men act in such cases, with whom there would be less impropriety in giving way to anger and resentment, than with the gods! For never did any one of them crucify his cook for dipping his finger into the fleshpot, and tasting the broth*, or for cutting off a slice from the spit, and gulping it down: but rather pardoned him, or at most let him escape with only a box on the ear, or a slap on the face. But that any one was ever crucified for such an offence, is a thing unheard of. And so much for the first point. I am ashamed to be obliged to answer such accusations, but certainly he has more cause to blush who brought them!

I come now to the second head, namely, that I made men; which, as it seems naturally to split in two, I know not rightly which of them you lay most stress upon. If you are of opinion that men ought not to have been made at all, but should have still lain unformed lifeless clay, as they were before; or whether I ought to have framed them differently, and not after this model? However I will reply to both: endeavouring first to prove that, by the calling forth of men into life not the slightest injury accrues to the gods, but on the contrary it is far more convenient to them, than if the earth had remained unpeopled. Now to enable you to judge, whether I have done wrong in embellishing the earth with this new species of beings, you have only to cast a glance upon the times, when, excepting the gods and the celestial beings †, nothing alive was in existence. The earth was then a rude, shapeless, dreary wilderness,

* This is another passage from whence it might be inferred, that Horace was not unknown to our author.

Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus
 Semosos pisces, tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
 In cruce suffigat, &c. Hor. sat. i. 3. ver. 80

† The stars.

overgrown and encumbered with forests. The gods had neither altars nor temples; and how could then magnificent columns, marble statues and the like be produced, which are now met with everywhere sculptured with the nicest art? I therefore, always studious for the common good, and intent upon devising means whereby the interest of the gods may be promoted, and in general how all may be carried to greater perfection, considered with myself, that I could do nothing better than take a little clay and mould it into animals in figure resembling us gods. For I thought there was somewhat deficient to the divine natures, while there were not mortal beings, with whom they might contrast themselves, and thereby be more sensible to their own advantages. This new race was to be mortal, but for the rest endowed with as much ingenuity, intelligence and taste for beauty as was in my power to bestow. I accordingly, to speak in the words of the poet *, made dough of earth and water, kneaded it properly, and by the aid of Minerva, whom I had implored to befriend me in my work, made man of it. And that now is the grand crime that I have committed against the gods! A great harm verily is in my making living things of clay, and having set in motion what till then had lain as a dead mass! The gods are now probably less gods than before, since the world has been peopled with some mortal animals? At least one should conclude from Jupiter's displeasure at me, the condition of the immortals must be greatly deteriorated by the origination of man: he was afraid, I suppose, lest they also should raise a rebellion against him, and like the giants make war upon the gods. That however from me and my works not the slightest harm has accrued to you, is obvious; or shew me, Mercury, only one instance, however small, I will be silent, and thereby confess that I do not suffer too much from you. But to convince you how beneficial they have been to the gods, cast a look upon the earth, which formerly was so rude and deformed, and behold it adorned with cities and cultivated fields and elegant plantations, the sea covered with ships, the islands inhabited, and everywhere altars and sacrifices and temples and festive assemblies, and all the public ways and markets full of Jupiter.

* Alluding to an expression, made use of by Hesiod, *Oper. & Dier.* ver. 61, in describing how Vulcan formed Pandora.

Had I made men only for myself, and kept them for my sole use, I might have been upbraided with avarice and covetousness: thus however I bequeathed them to you gods as a common possession; aye more, the altars of Jupiter, Apollo and your's, Mercury, are everywhere seen, an altar of Prometheus nowhere*, as a manifest proof how I have sought my own, and am betraying the general interest, and bringing it into declension! Besides, Mercury, consider only this: whether any work or possession; which is admired by nobody, is as desirable and pleasant as when you are able to shew it to others. The application is easily made. Had I not formed men, the beauty of the universe had lacked witnesses, we should have possessed immense wealth, neither admired by others nor at length valued by ourselves. For what should we compare it to, in order to feel how much happier we are, if we could find no beings to whom fate had denied our advantages? Magnitude only then appears great when it is measured with something less. And you, instead of honouring me as you ought for so useful an invention, have in gratitude for it crucified me! But, I hear you say, there are among men heinous malefactors, adulterers, insurgents in arms against one another, marriages with own sisters and assassins of their fathers? — As if all this did not happen among the gods every day! And yet nobody imputes it as a crime to Heaven and Earth for having set us up. You might even say: the care for them gives us a great deal to do. But with just as much reason might the shepherd complain that he has a flock, because he must take

* Yet Pausanias, in *Atticis*, cap. xxx. speaks of an altar of Prometheus as having stood in the Academy at Athens. To our author, who unquestionably was as much and more at home in Athens than Pausanias, that altar, if it existed, could not possibly be unknown; how then could he make his Prometheus so positively affirm, that not an altar of Prometheus was anywhere seen? The best solution of this difficulty I conceive to be, by admitting that Lucian speaks of altars on which victims were offered, and that the altar spoke of by Pausanias (the same that is mentioned by the scholiast of Sophocles from Apollodorus) was properly nothing more than a monument remaining from the lapse of ages, on which Prometheus and Vulcan, with an altar standing between them, were seen sculptured, as the scholiast above-mentioned plainly asserts. A sculptured altar on an antient base, *βάσις ἀρχαία*, in comparison with the altars on which victims were sacrificed in general to the other gods, were the same as none at all; and the outcry that Brodeau in his *Miscellanies*, i. cap. 18. on account of this pretended inaccuracy, raises against our author, is therefore mere chicanery.

care of it. It is indeed attended with labour, but likewise pleasure ; and thus providence procures us certainly no disagreeable entertainment. Or what should we do, if we had nobody to take care of? Sit idle, and do nothing but quaff our nectar, and from sheer irksomeness surfeit ourselves with ambrosia. But what vexes me most is, that in my manufacture you inveigh loudest against me for making women, and yet are such great admirers of them, that you ever and anon go down, and sometimes as bulls, sometimes as satyrs or swans, do them the honour to fabricate gods with them. Perhaps however you will object that men might always have been made, only upon another model than that of yours. But whence could I have obtained a goodlier than the most perfect of all forms? Or should I have made them irrational, brutal field animals? How would they then have sacrificed to you gods, or otherwise given you due honour? Nevertheless it is very delightful to you, and you are not long in considering whether the voyage across the ocean to the faultless Æthiopians is too arduous an undertaking, if only hecatombs are given to feast you *. And me, who have procured you all these homages and sacrifices, me you have sentenced to be crucified!

Let this suffice on the article concerning men. I proceed therefore now, with your permission, to the flagrant fire-robbery. And here tell me, for all the gods' sake, what deficiency do we feel of this fire, since the men have got some of it? You will not pretend anywhit: for it is, methinks, the nature of this element not to decrease by communication; it is not extinguished by the kindling of another by it. It is therefore gross, palpable envy, if you will not endure, that without the smallest detriment to you, any should be given to others who are in want of it: and, by reason that you are gods, you should be the liberal dispensers of every blessing, and far above all grudging and discontent! But if, after all, I had carried off the whole of your fire, and left you absolutely none of it, what damage would it have been to you? For of what use is fire to you, seeing you are not cold, eat your ambrosia without boiling, and never want candles? Whereas to men, fire is indispensibly necessary for

* Homer causes Júpiter with his whole court to make this voyage on a visit of a few days to these hospitable Æthiopians. *Iliad*. i. 423.

numberless purposes, and especially for sacrifices; for how without fire would they perfume the highways with the greasy steam of victims, burn their incense, and roast joints of beef upon the altars, of which you are all such great lovers, that you reckon it the most delicious treat when the odours of these oblations ascend in thick spiral clouds of smoke? You therefore act repugnant to your own pleasure, by bringing this charge against me. Besides, I wonder much, that you have not forbid the sun to shine upon the men, seeing his fire is indisputably more divine and more fire than the common; or why you neglect to cite him before the tribunal for wasting your property! My defence is now finished: but I would have you, Mercury and Vulcan, if you believe that in one or another particular I have spoke amiss, to correct and refute me: I shall then know how to make a second reply.

MERCURY. It is no easy matter, Prometheus, to wrestle with such a powerful sophist as you are. Besides, you may be glad that you had not Jupiter for a hearer: I am certain, that he would have sent you sixteen vultures instead of one to devour your entrails; so vehemently did you accuse him, while you appeared to be only defending yourself. One thing is however marvelous to me; that you being a prophet should not have foreseen the punishment that awaited you.

PROMETHEUS. I knew it very well, and knew likewise that my torments would come to an end, and that ere long a friend of your's* shall come from Thebes, and shall shoot the eagle with his arrows, that you say is to alight and fasten on me.

MERCURY. May that prove true, and I shortly have the pleasure of seeing you free again, and sitting at our divine board! Only not to have the office of distributor of the portions!

PROMETHEUS. Make yourself easy upon that matter, Mercury; I shall once more carouse with you, and Jupiter, in return for no small service, will release me.

MERCURY. May one ask, what sort of one?

PROMETHEUS. You know Thetis, Mercury. — But it is not now time to say more. I must reserve my secret for my ransom.

* Hercules.

MERCURY. Keep it close, Titan, if it will be of service to you. Let us now depart, Vulcan; for yonder I see the eagle flying this way. — Hold out bravely; and may the Theban you talk of presently appear to deliver you from the beak of this ravenous bird.

I.

LIBERATION OF PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS. JUPITER.

PROMETHEUS. Let me loose, Jupiter; you have excruciated me long and miserably enough!

JUPITER. I let you loose! you, who would have been punished with too much lenity, if I had loaded you with three times as heavy chains, and thrown all Caucasus on your head! You, who, if you were to be punished according to your deserts, sixteen vultures, instead of one, should not only prey upon your liver, but peck out your eyes, for having put into the world such an absurd sort of animals as men, stole fire from heaven, and, what is worse than all, formed women! For, how you cheated me in the division of the meat-offering, by giving me nothing but bones covered with fat, and keeping the best for yourself, I shall not now mention*.

PROMETHEUS. Have not I been sufficiently punished for it, chained as I have been so many thousand years on Caucasus, and forced to feed this damned eagle with my liver?

* To one in the situation of poor Prometheus the time may indeed appear very long: however, according to the statement of Hyginus, it was not above thirty years. In conformity to Æschylus, who reckons thirteen generations till his deliverance by Hercules, he must however have suffered upwards of four hundred years. But who would attempt to introduce chronological accuracy into mythology?

JUPITER. Yet it bears no proportion to what you deserve to suffer.

PROMETHEUS. I do not ask you to give me my liberty for nothing, Jupiter; I will disclose somewhat to you for it that is of the utmost consequence to you.

JUPITER. This is one of your cajoleries Prometheus.

PROMETHEUS. What should I get by it, if it were? You would certainly not forget where Caucasus stands, and will be in no want of fetters, if it turns out that I impose upon you.

JUPITER. First I would fain know what the mighty disclosure is that merits such a favour.

PROMETHEUS. If I tell you whither you are now going, and what you propose, will you then believe what I shall predict?

JUPITER. How can I help it?

PROMETHEUS. You are hasting to Thetis, in the design of treating her as your wife*.

JUPITER. You have hit it! But what now farther? I am half inclined to believe that you will tell the truth.

PROMETHEUS. Have nothing to do with that Nereid! For should she prove pregnant, you may expect that the son she will bring forth will deal by you as you dealt by your father Cronus.

JUPITER. That is as much as to say he will dethrone me?

PROMETHEUS. Far be it, o Jupiter! But that the connexion you propose with her threatens it, is certain.

JUPITER. At that price, thanks for your kindness, lovely Thetis! — Vulcan shall set you at liberty for this caution.

* Συμβόμιος ἀντὴν. Marriage could not be in question, for Jupiter had long since been married to his sister Juno.

II.

JUPITER'S COMPLAINTS AGAINST CUPID.

JUPITER. CUPID.

CUPID. If I have done wrong, forgive me; I am but a simple child.

JUPITER. You a child; and yet older than Iapetus*! How! because you have neither a beard nor a grey head, you would fain pass for a boy; and yet are so old and full of roguery!

CUPID. But old as you say I am, what harm have I done you, that you threaten to chain me?

JUPITER. Is it a trifling matter then, you graceless booby, merely from perverseness and for your own diversion to have made all manner of things of me? Is not it entirely owing to you, that not a single mortal has an affection for me; so that I am at a loss what to employ against them but magic, and must turn myself into a satyr, into a bull, into an eagle, and into a golden shower †, if I would come at them. And what do I gain by it? They love the bull or the swan; but die with fright when I appear in my proper shape.

CUPID. That is very natural: how, being only mortals, should they be able to bear the sight of Jupiter?

* That is, according to the celestial genealogy of Hesiod, whereby Cupid is as old as Chaos and the Earth, the mother of Iapetus and the other Titans, of whom Cronos or Saturn, Jupiter's father, was the youngest.

† Into a bull with Europa, into a satyr with Antiope, into a swan with Leda, into a golden shower with Danae. He might have considerably increased the catalogue; for, besides the aforesaid fair ones, he deluded Io as a cloud, Calisto as Diana, Ægina as fire, Mnemosyne as a shepherd, Clytoria as an ant, Asteria as an eagle, his sister and subsequent wife Juno as a lap-wing, and Alcmena in the form of her own husband.

JUPITER. How comes it then to pass that Apollo won the affection of Branchus* and Hyacinthus?

CUPID. Daphne however ran away from him, notwithstanding he had a smooth chin and the finest head of hair in the world. If you would be loved, lay aside your lightning and that formidable ægis, make yourself as agreeable as possible, let your locks be neatly combed out, flowing in graceful ringlets on either side, ornamented with a golden fillet, put on an elegant purple vest and half-boots of gilt leather; let pipes and drums go before you; and see then whether you will not have a fairer train of nymphs than even Bacchus himself.

JUPITER. Get away with your nonsensical advice! I have no desire to be amiable at that price.

CUPID. Then neither should you desire to play the lover. That would be no hard matter.

JUPITER. Hard or not, the pleasure of love I will not renounce; I desire it to cost only little trouble. To bring that about is your affair, and on that condition you shall be pardoned for this once.

III.

IO.

JUPITER. MERCURY.

JUPITER. Mercury!

MERCURY. What are your commands, my honoured father?

* This Branchus was the founder of a well-known family at Mileto, under the name of the Branchides, who from their original ancestors were in possession of a very considerable oracle of Apollo Didymæus. The roman poet Statius makes him a son of Apollo. Lucian mentions him once again in the discourse on a magnificent Hall. *Branchus enim Thessalus fuit, Apollini dilectus, et filius habitus, quem interfectum dolens, templo et divinitate sacravit.* Alex. ab Alexandro, lib. vi. cap. 2.

JUPITER. You know the fair daughter of Inachus?

MERCURY. Io you mean? Oh yes.

JUPITER. Can you imagine that the poor thing is turned into a cow?

MERCURY. Can it be true! How came she to be so transfigured?

JUPITER. To such a jealous wife as Juno everything is possible * ; but she has played the unfortunate creature a still worse trick : she has given her to the keeping of a certain many-eyed cowherd, named Argus, a fellow who knows not what it is to sleep.

MERCURY. What is to be done?

JUPITER. Nothing, but that you fly down to Nemea, kill Argus †, carry off Io into Ægypt and make Isis of her ‡. There she shall henceforth be worshipped as a goddess, preside over the inundations of the Nile, and grant favourable winds to the mariners, and be their tutelar deity.

IV.

GANYMEDE.

JUPITER. GANYMEDE.

JUPITER. Now, my dear Ganymede, we are come to our journey's end. Kiss me, you fine little fellow ; there, you see I have no crooked

* By the mythologists in general the affair is so related, that it was Jupiter himself that metamorphosed Io into a cow, after wrapping himself up in the cloud in which he and his beloved the night through baffled the vigilance of the jealous Juno, and thus avoided the danger of being seen *in flagranti*.

† Thence Mercury in Homer generally bears the surname Arguskiller, Ἀργυφόνης.

‡ Apollodorus, ii. 1. § 3. It was a whim of the Greeks, particularly after a grecian family had taken possession of the throne of Ægypt, to confound and mingle their native mythology with the ægyptian. For in fact the Isis of the Ægyptians and the daughter of Inachus had nothing in common.

beak now, no sharp claws and no wings, as it appeared to you, when you took me for a bird.

GANYMEDE. How, man, you were not then the eagle that a little while ago came flying down and carried me away from the midst of my flock? Where did you then get your wings, and why do you look quite different now?

JUPITER. That is, my brave boy, because I am neither a man nor an eagle, but the king of the gods, who only put on the form of an eagle, because it was convenient for his design.

GANYMEDE. What do you say! Then you are Pan, of whom I have heard so much? But where is your pipe? and why have you no horns and no goat's feet?

JUPITER. Do you think then that there are no gods but him?

GANYMEDE. In our village we know of no other; therefore we sacrifice to him a whole he-goat before the cave where his image stands. May be, you are one of those bad men who steal folks, and then sell them for slaves!

JUPITER. Tell me; have you never heard talk of Jupiter, and never seen on the top of Ida * the altar of the god who sends rain and lightning and thunder?

GANYMEDE. You were then the fine gentleman † that lately pelted us so terribly with hailstones; who, as they say, lives up in the sky, and who makes such a clattering among the clouds, and to whom my father a few days ago sacrificed a ram? — But what have I done, that you should thus fly away with me, o king of the gods! My sheep will be all this while running wild, and are perhaps already worried and torn by the wolves.

JUPITER. Why should you trouble yourself about the sheep? You are now immortal, and will stay with us.

GANYMEDE. What, then you will not carry me back to-day to Ida?

JUPITER. Certainly not. To what purpose did I turn myself from a god into an eagle?

* Named Gargarus. See confab. xx. Homer often places Jupiter at Gargarus on Ida. Il. viii. 47.

† The *σὺ δὲ βέλτερος* savours somewhat of the comic, which it would be difficult to express in our language, except by turning it thus.

GANYMEDE. But then my father will be angry with me, if he cannot find me anywhere, and I shall be beat for having left my sheep.

JUPITER. He shall not see you again.

GANYMEDE. No, no; I will return to my father! — [*Coaxing.*] If you will carry me back, I promise you, he shall sacrifice to you another ram; the big three-year old one, that alway goes at the head of the flock when I drive them to the meadow.

JUPITER. [*Aside.*] How simple and ingenuous the boy is! a perfect child! — My dear Ganymede, you must drive all these things out of your head, and think no more about Ida and your flock. You are now an inmate of heaven, and will henceforth be able to do much good to your father and to your country. Instead of milk and cheese you will eat ambrosia and drink nectar. You shall be my cup-bearer; and what is better, you will be no longer a man, but an immortal; and a star of your name shall sparkle in the sky; in short, you will be quite happy.

GANYMEDE. But when I want to play who will be my playfellow? On Ida I had a great many boys of my own age.

JUPITER. You will be in no want of them here; I will give you a quantity of fine playthings, and Cupid shall be your playfellow. Only take heart, my boy! put on a cheerful face, and never fret about things below.

GANYMEDE. But of what service can I be to you here? Shall I have some sheep here to look after?

JUPITER. Not at all. You will hand us the nectar, and wait at table.

GANYMEDE. There is no difficulty in that; I understand very well how to serve out the milk and to hand round the ivy-cup.

JUPITER. That you cannot yet forget the shepherds! You are here in heaven, I tell you, and we gods drink nothing but nectar.

GANYMEDE. Does that taste better than milk?

JUPITER. When you have tasted only one drop of it, you will no more wish for milk.

GANYMEDE. But where am I to sleep of nights? With my companion Cupid?

JUPITER. Little blockhead, I brought you away that you may sleep with me.

GANYMEDE. You cannot then sleep alone, and imagine that you shall sleep sounder if you lie with me?

JUPITER. With such a pretty boy as you, certainly.

GANYMEDE. What has prettiness to do with sleeping?

JUPITER. Oh, it has something delightful in it, and makes one sleep softer!

GANYMEDE. My father talked quite differently. He was always kept awake by me when I lay with him; and complained in the morning that I was always tossing about, and rolling this way and that, and kicked him, or cried out in my sleep, so that he could get no rest for me; and therefore generally sent me to bed with my mother. If you therefore stole me for that, you can at any time carry me back to the earth; for I shall be very troublesome to you, because I turn so often.

JUPITER. So much the better. I warrant we shall find somewhat to talk about.

GANYMEDE. That may be; but I shall go to sleep*.

JUPITER. We shall see what is to be done. In the mean time do you, Mercury, take him away for the present, and let him quaff the draught of immortality. Then shew him how he must hand the goblet with propriety, and bring him back that he may enter on his office at table.

* Σ. Τὸτ' αὐτὸ μοι τὸ ἦδιστον ποιήσεις, εἰ ἀγρυπνήσωμι μὲν σὺ, φίλῳ γὰρ διαλείσει πολλάνικς, καὶ συμπύσσω. Γαν. Αὐτὸς ἂν εἰδίης ἰγὼ δὲ κοιμήσομαι σὺ καλαφιλέητος. *Jup.* Hoc ipsum à te mihi suavissimum accidet, si vigilavero tecum usque enim deosculabor te et amplexabor. *Gan.* Tu videris: ego somnum capiam vel te dissuaviante.

V.

A CONJUGAL ALTERCATION BETWEEN
JUPITER AND HIS CONSORT.

JUNO. JUPITER. GANYMEDE, *as a Mute.*

JUNO. Since you stole and brought up that phrygian boy there from Ida, I find you grown very cold towards me, Jupiter.

JUPITER. You are jealous then of that simple, harmless lad. I thought it was the women and girls who stand well with me, that made you so cross.

JUNO. It is in truth not handsome of you, and but ill befits the dignity of the monarch of the gods, to neglect your lawful wife, and carry on your intrigues below, rambling about the earth in the shape of a swan, or a bull, or a satyr. The creatures however stay in the place they belong, but this shepherd-boy, to the disgrace of your divine majesty, you have even fetched up into heaven, and settled him here before my face, under pretext of handing you the nectar; as if you were at a loss for a cup-bearer, and Hebe or Vulcan were no longer able to undergo the fatigues of so arduous an office! But indeed you never take the goblet from his hand, but you give him a kiss before the eyes of us all, which tastes to you sweeter than the nectar, so that you are every moment asking for drink, though you are not thirsty; you even carry it so far, that when you have only drunk a little, you hand the cup to the boy and make him drink, that you may gulp down what he leaves, as somewhat peculiarly delicious; putting always that part of the brim to your mouth which he has touched with his lips, that you may have the pleasure of drinking and kissing at once. And did not you the other day lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolt, in despite of your dignity and your great long beard, to sit down on the

ground and play with him? Do not imagine that you manage your matters so secretly as to escape observation; I see it all perfectly well.

JUPITER. And where is the harm of all this, my lady wife, if, to procure myself a double pleasure in my cups, I kiss such a pretty boy? If I allowed him only once to kiss you, you would not find fault with me, but would be very well content, and prefer his kiss to the nectar.

JUNO. That is not talking as becomes you, Jupiter! So far I hope never to proceed in condescension, as to let my lips be contaminated by a phrygian shepherd-boy, and such an effeminate stripling too!

JUPITER. Moderate your expressions, madam — this effeminate stripling, this phrygian shepherd-boy, this delicate youth — however I had best say no more, lest I overheat myself.

JUNO. Oh, for anything I have to object, you may even be wedded to him! I only said it, to put you in mind of the improprieties you force me to endure on account of your cupbearer.

JUPITER. So! Your delicate son, Vulcan, smutty and begrimed with coal-dust, as he comes from his forge at Lemnos, should therefore limp about the celestial table and serve us out the wine*? From such fingers you think we ought to take the cup, and be glad of it? solace ourselves with his sooty kisses, with which you yourself are disgusted, though you are his mother †? That would be delightful! that would be a cupbearer highly ornamental to the celestial table! Ganymede must be sent back to Ida; for he is cleanly, and has rosy fingers, and hands the goblet with a grace; and, what vexes you the most, kisses sweeter than nectar!

JUNO. It is only since mount Ida has brought up for us this fine curly-pated rustic, that Vulcan is all at once become crippled, and powdered over with ashes, and so shocking a sight to you! Formerly you saw nothing of all this, and neither his soot nor his forge prevented you from relishing the nectar presented you from his hands.

JUPITER. Dear Juno, you vex only yourself; that is all that you get by your jealousy; for my love is only strained the higher for it. If, how-

* As he does at the end of the first book of the Iliad.

† And indeed without the concurrence of a man; for she was made pregnant of him merely by the wind; as she was of Hebe by too much sallad which she had ate at a feast of Apollo, and of Mars by the bare touch of a particular flower.

ever, it is disagreeable to you to take your cup from the hand of a beautiful boy, then let it be presented to you by your son, and you, Ganymede, shall for the future wait upon me alone; and at every cup kiss me twice, when you hand it to me, and when you receive it back. — How? Why do you cry, child? Fear nothing; whoever affronts you shall suffer for it!

 VI.

 IXION.

JUNO. JUPITER.

JUNO. This Ixion*, to whom you have granted such free admittance to us, Jupiter; what kind of a man do you think he is?

JUPITER. A very fine fellow, Juno my love, and an agreeable table-companion. Should I have invited him to my board, unless I thought him worthy of it?

JUNO. He is however unworthy of being admitted, and ought no longer to be endured.

JUPITER. What has he done that is improper?

JUNO. What has he done? It is so bad that I am ashamed to tell you.

JUPITER. So much the less ought you to conceal it from me, if what he has committed is so scandalous. Has he presumed to attempt one of our goddesses? For I perceive by your hesitation, that it will turn out to be something of that nature.

JUNO. Me myself, and no other, Jupiter, and that already for a long time. At first I could not comprehend why he stared so perpetually at me; sometimes he would sigh, and had at the same time his eyes full of

* The mythologists are not agreed, either who was this Ixion's father, or how he obtained the honour of being so particular a favourite of Jupiter. By his spouse Dia he became king of Thessaly, and father of Perithous, famous for his friendship with Theseus.

water. When I gave the cup to Ganymede to fill, he would secretly ask to drink out of the same cup, and when he had got it, he kissed it, held it before his eyes, leering all the while at me. Now I began to perceive, that by this means he wanted to give me to understand that he was in love with me: but shame always withheld me from saying anything of it to you, and I likewise hoped that the man would at last recover from his phrenzy. Since however he has had the presumption to make me a verbal declaration, I have left him lying on the floor, where he had cast himself weeping before me, stopped my ears, that I might not hear the insolent request he presented at my feet, and am come hither to communicate it to you. It behoves you to consider what revenge on the man it is proper for you to take.

JUPITER. The wicked scoundrel! What! to attack me myself, and that on the most sensible side! Possibly the nectar may have intoxicated him to that pitch. — But indeed we ourselves are to blame, and manifestly carry our philanthropy too far, in admitting these mortals to eat and drink with us. Surely it is pardonable in them, if drinking such wine as ours, and gazing at those celestial beauties, such as never appeared to them on earth, they are charmed out of their wits by love, and smit with the avidity to possess them. For Cupid is an outrageous tyrant, and exercises his sway not only as the master of men, but sometimes even of us gods.

JUNO. Of you indeed he is the unlimited master, pulls you by the nose, to use the vulgar expression, leading you wherever he will, without even the slightest resistance; in short, you are in the strictest sense Cupid's property and plaything. I likewise very well know why you can so easily forgive Ixion at present. You doubtless remember that you are still in his debt, and that his reputed son Pirithous is the fruit of your quondam familiarity with his wife*.

JUPITER. [*Smiling.*] You still recollect the little pastime I formerly took upon the earth there below? — But now shall I tell you what we intend to do with Ixion? To punish him by chasing him from our table, would in fact be too severe, since the poor fellow is desperately in love, and, as you say, suffers so miserably with it that he constantly sheds tears.

* Dia, the daughter of Hesioneus or Deioneus.

JUNO. And what then? — You are not surely capable of making an offensive proposal to your own wife?

JUPITER. By no means. I will take a cloud, and make it into a sort of living figure, that shall look so like you as if it were yourself; and when we get up from table, I will, while he is tossing about (as is the way with unsuccessful lovers) in anxious sleeplessness, upon his couch, lay the cloudy figure by him. This, without derogation from your virtue, will cure him of his love-sickness, and what can you require more?

JUNO. A pleasant conceit! So then, instead of the punishment his audacious passion deserves, he is to be rewarded for it!

JUPITER. Permit it however. What harm can it do to you, if Ixion embraces a cloud?

JUNO. But he will take the cloud for me, and so it will be just as much as if he had dishonoured me.

JUPITER. This is mere cavilling. The cloud will never be Juno, nor you be the cloud: only Ixion will be cheated; that is the whole affair.

JUNO. Yet, as men are indelicate creatures, on his return to the earth he may be proud of it, and boast to his companions of having succeeded with Juno, and shared Jupiter's bed; aye, he will make no scruple to say that I love him, and people will believe him, because they cannot know that it was only a cloud.

JUPITER. I could tell him another story! If he dares to say anything of it he shall not go unrequited for it! For I will hurl him down into Tartarus, where I will have him bound upon a wheel, and the poor devil shall be whirled round and round for ever on it, and by this incessant torture atone for his presumptuous amour*!

JUNO. At least it would not be too much for such arrogant boasting.

* It must be owned, that Jupiter, with all his joviality, is an adept in the art of inventing cruel punishments; and he even speaks on that subject in the true tone of a *dilettante*.

VII.

MERCURY'S INFANCY AND EARLY TALENTS.

APOLLO. VULCAN.

VULCAN. Have you seen the new-born son of Maia *, how pretty he is, and archly laughs at everybody. It is still but a baby, yet has every possible appearance that something excellent must come of him.

APOLLO. What shall I anticipate of a child, Vulcan? or what good expect of him who in mischief is already much older than Iapetus?

VULCAN. How can a child scarcely come into the world be able to do mischief?

APOLLO. Ask Neptune, whom he robbed of his trident, or Mars, whose sword he privily stole out of the scabbard; not to say that he filched my bow and arrows.

VULCAN. A new-born babe, that can scarcely stir in his swaddling clothes!

APOLLO. You will soon have proof of it, whenever he comes to you.

VULCAN. He has been to me already.

APOLLO. And are none of your implements carried off? Is everything there?

VULCAN. Everything, Apollo.

APOLLO. Look narrowly.

VULCAN. By Jupiter! I miss my tongs.

APOLLO. You will infallibly find them in the little-one's cradle.

VULCAN. He is so nimble-fingered that he must have already learnt the art of stealing in his mother's womb.

* Mercury, Jupiter's son by Maia, the titan Atlas's daughter. His various talents, which form the topic of this conversation, made him the tutelar deity of thieves, merchants, orators, wrestlers, and musicians, the conductor of souls into and out of Tartarus, and the herald and messenger of the gods. Compare with this dialogue Homer's hymn to Mercury.

APOLLO. And have not you heard how cleverly he harangues, and how glibly his tongue runs? He has already a mind to be our page. And, would you think it, no longer ago than yesterday he gave a challenge to Cupid; and in an instant, some how or other, tripped up his heels and laid him sprawling on the ground. And as we all applauded him for his victory, while Venus took him up in her arms and kissed him, he stole her girdle and Jupiter's sceptre; and if the thunder-bolt had not been too heavy and too hot, he would have run away with that also.

VULCAN. A notable youngster indeed!

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

VULCAN. How do you make that out?

APOLLO. He found a dead tortoise somewhere. He immediately made an instrument of the shell; fitting pins to it, with a neck and keys and bars, and straining to it seven strings, he played gracefully and masterly upon it, so that I myself was struck with admiration and envy, though I have so long applied myself to the cithara. Besides, his mother informed us, that she cannot keep him a night in heaven, but from his superfluous industry he privately sneaks down into Tartarus, I suppose to see whether there is anything to steal. For he has some how got wings and a certain wand * which possesses such a surprising efficacy, that he attracts souls with it, and conducts the dead down into Tartarus.

VULCAN. That he had from me; I gave it him for a plaything.

APOLLO. And to requite your kindness, he stole your tongs!

VULCAN. It is well you remind me of it: I will go directly and fetch them back; I suppose, as you say, I shall find them in his swathes.

* *Odyss.* v. 47. This golden rod seems to be different from the *caduceus* or herald's staff entwined by two serpents.

VIII.

MINERVA'S BIRTH FROM JUPITER'S HEAD.

VULCAN. JUPITER.

VULCAN. What have you for me to do, Jupiter? I have brought the hatchet, as you ordered me, sharp enough to cleave a stone at one stroke.

JUPITER. Very well, Vulcan: then cleave my head in two immediately.

VULCAN. You want to try whether I am in my right senses? Speak seriously, and tell me what I am to do.

JUPITER. To split my scull, I tell you: obey me instantly, or you will make me angry. It would not be for the first time. Beware of the next therefore. Strike with all your might, and make no farther delay. For I can no longer support the pangs that distract my brain*.

VULCAN. Look to it, Jupiter, that we do no mischief! The axe is very sharp; if you have anything here to be delivered of, it will not perform the midwife's office so gently as Lucina.

JUPITER. Strike boldly: I know that it will be successful.

VULCAN. I obey, sorely as it is against my will; for who shall resist when you command? [*Strikes at Jupiter's forehead.*] Hah! what have

* It all proceeded quite naturally in this pregnancy of Jupiter, say the poets and mythologists. Metis, one of the daughters of Oceanus, was Jupiter's first wife, who not a little contributed to the accession of her husband to the government of the world. For she administered to old Saturn an emetic which forced him to bring up again his son by Rhea, whom he had swallowed, and who afterwards conspired with Jupiter to expel the father from the throne. Sometime having elapsed, Metis became pregnant, and Jupiter, on inquiring of the Parca what would be the consequence, learnt from them, that he would lose his throne by the son she should bear to him. To prevent this he could devise no other means, than in the true saturnian fashion, to swallow his wife, flesh and bones and all. Everything being possible to the gods, he somehow or other found means to transform the son of which Metis was pregnant into a daughter, and to hatch it to perfection in his pericranium; till in due time, with the assistance of Vulcan's axe, Minerva made her appearance.

we here? A maid in complete armour! I am no longer surprised that you suffered such a cruel head-ache, and were for some time past in such an ill-humour! It is no joke to have the brain-pan teeming with such a great princess armed from top to toe! — How? She already dances the martial dance without having been taught! How she whirls and skips, clashes her buckler and brandishes the spear, and apparently becomes more and more vehemently inspired with her inherent divinity! But, which is most extraordinary, she is so beautiful, and in so few moments has attained maturity. She has got indeed bluish green cats' eyes, but her helmet becomes her not amiss. I intreat you, Jupiter, as my obstetrical fee, to give her to me in marriage.

JUPITER. You prefer an impossible petition, Vulcan. She resolves to live a virgin. I for my part shall not oppose it.

VULCAN. That is all I crave. Let me alone for the rest; I shall soon come to rights with her.

JUPITER. If you think it so easy, do your best. I know however that you will not reap much satisfaction from it*.

 IX.

 MIRACULOUS BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

NEPTUNE. MERCURY.

NEPTUNE. Is Jupiter at leisure to be spoke to, Mercury?

MERCURY. Not at present, Neptune.

NEPTUNE. Announce me at least.

* The attempt in fact turned out so ill, that we are obliged to refer those who wish to know more of it, to Apollodorus, Biblioth. lib. iii. § 6; or at all events to Mr. Benjamin Hederich, who relates it after him in his own inimitable manner.

MERCURY. I desire you not to be troublesome, Neptune; I tell you that at present he has no time, and that you cannot have sight of him.

NEPTUNE. He is perhaps shut up upon some little affair with Juno?

MERCURY. No; quite another matter.

NEPTUNE. Aha, I understand! — Somebody else?

MERCURY. Nor that neither: in short, he is — not well.

NEPTUNE. How can that be, Mercury? That is incomprehensible.

MERCURY. It is so much, that I am ashamed to speak of it.

NEPTUNE. Surely you may speak of it to your uncle.

MERCURY. He is just now delivered of a son.

NEPTUNE. Are you mad? He delivered! Who is then the father? Has he been all the while an hermaphrodite, without our knowing anything of the matter? By any swelling in his waist at least, no symptoms of his pregnancy were discoverable.

MERCURY. That is true; but the child lay not where it commonly does.

NEPTUNE. It therefore came from the head, as Minerva did? His head is an excellent breeder*!

MERCURY. Not so, this time. He was big (since it must out) in the thick of the thigh with a child of Semele's.

NEPTUNE. Nature has been very liberal to him, it must be owned †! But who then is this Semele?

MERCURY. A Thebaness, the daughter of Cadmus, who was with child by him.

NEPTUNE. And now he has brought forth for her?

MERCURY. I perceive the affair seems ridiculous to you; but it is no otherwise. I will tell you how it happened. Juno, to whose jealousy you are no stranger, artfully came over poor simple Semele, and persuaded her to request of Jupiter that he would come to her in all his glory, with lightning and thunder. Jupiter granted her request: but the house was set on fire by it, and Semele herself struck with lightning. As he could not save the mother, he ordered me at least to cut the child out of her and convey it to him. She being only seven months gone, and

* In the original: for he has a regular womb instead of the brain in his head. *Τοκάδα γὰρ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχει.*

† In the original: he is teeming in all parts of his body.

therefore the embryo not full timed, he made an opening in his thigh, and stuck it in till it was ripe for the birth. And now at the end of nine months he has brought the child into the world; but in consequence of a hard labour he finds himself rather weak.

NEPTUNE. Where is the child?

MERCURY. I am ordered to convey it to Nyssa*, there to be brought up by the nymphs under the name Dionysos.

NEPTUNE. My illustrious brother is therefore at the same time father and mother of little Dionysos †?

MERCURY. So it seems. But I can tarry no longer. I must run and fetch water for him, and provide the requisites for a person newly brought to bed.

X.

JUPITER AND ALCMENE.

MERCURY. HELIOS.

MERCURY. Helios ‡, you are not to go out to-day, Jupiter says, nor tomorrow, nor the day after. This whole period is to be but one continued night. The Horæ § may therefore unharness your horses, and you extinguish your torch and rest all that time.

HELIOS. That is a strange and surprising order, that you bring me. Does he think perhaps that I have not properly performed my course, or

* Or Nysa, a city in India, where Bacchus, according to report, was brought up.

† Bacchus.

‡ Or Sol, the sun-god, who is not to be confounded with Phœbus Apollo.

§ The Horæ; their names and number are equally uncertain. With Homer they are the doorkeepers of heaven, and in his second hymn to Venus, he makes them the principal handmaids of that goddess. One function of their office among others was daily to harness and unharness the horses of the Sun. They likewise regulated the weather, and brought on the seasons of the year, and together with the graces, Hebe and Harmony, composed the retinue of the goddess of love.

my horses gone out of the road, and is therefore so angry with me that he will in future make the night thrice as long as the day ?

MERCURY. That is not the reason ; neither is it always to be so : but he has at this time a particular occasion for a longer night than ordinary.

HELIOS. Where is he then at present, and whence did he send you with this message to me ?

MERCURY. From Bœotia, from the wife of Amphitryon, where he is on a visit.

HELIOS. That is she with whom he is in love. But would not he have enough of her in one night ?

MERCURY. By no means. From this conjunction is to spring an exceeding great and ever victorious hero, an all conquering god, and that can never be effected in one night.

HELIOS. Much luck then attend the execution of this arduous enterprise ! But — between ourselves, Mercury — in Saturn's time such things did not use to happen. He never forsook Rhea's bed, nor stole away from heaven to pass the night at Thebes : but day was day, and a night lasted not a minute longer than corresponded to the season of the year. Whereas now, for the sake of one graceless woman, all nature must be turned upside down ; my horses grow restive for want of exercise, and my road more rough and difficult to travel, by lying unbeaten for three days together : poor mankind must live miserably in darkness all the while, and, thanks to the amorous temperament of the king of the gods ! there must they sit waiting in that long obscurity, till this great athlete you speak of is finished *

MERCURY. Silence, Helios ! Your glib tongue may bring you into trouble. Farewell ! I will speed to Luna and to Somnus, that I may deliver Jupiter's commands to them likewise ; to the former that she must march slower, and the latter to keep the mortals fast, that they may not perceive how long the night is.

* Helios belongs properly to the old olympic court, namely, that under Saturn, Jupiter's father, of whom mention is likewise made in the Jupiter Tragedy. This complaint of Jupiter's licentiousness is therefore very proper from the mouth of an old courtier, who had seen better times ; especially as he was in reality of as good lineage as Jupiter, and had even a nearer right to the throne than he, as the genealogy of the divine titanians sept evidently shews.

XI.

ENDYMION.

VENUS. LUNA.

VENUS. Ey, ey, fair Luna *, what is this that is reported of you? So oft as in your course you reach the borders of Caria, you stop, they say, your car, to gaze down upon Endymion, the hunter, as he lies sleeping in the open air; aye, it is even pretended, that sometimes in the middle of your journey you go down to him.

LUNA. Ask your son that question, Venus, for all the blame lies with him.

VENUS. He is indeed a sly rogue; what tricks he has played upon even me? One while beguiling me to be in love with Anchises † upon Ida; then upon Libanus with the famed assyrian youth ‡. With whom also he has made Proserpine enamoured, and thereby cuts off one moiety of him from me. It is not certainly from want of due correction on my part. How often have I threatened him, if he would not leave off his wicked pranks, to break his bow and arrows, and even to clip his wings to the stumps §. It was but the other day that I slapped his breech handsomely with my slipper. He afterwards for a moment indeed behaves submissively and well enough, and promises to amend; but, I know not how it is, all is presently forgot. — Tell me, however, dear Luna, is En-

* Selene or Luna, the goddess of the moon, was the sister of Helios, and should be distinguished from Diana, as her brother from Apollo, though it is nothing unusual to see them confounded by the poets. I have preferred the latin appellative Luna to the greek, because it is more generally known, and it will be well to keep this circumstance constantly in view.

† Æneas, the hero of Virgil, was the fruit of these rambles of Venus on mount Ida, where Anchises, after the custom of the trojan princes, tended the cows. See Homer's first hymn to Venus.

‡ Adonis.

§ An allusion to a passage in Bion's first Idyllium.

dymion handsome? For if one should ever fall into that misfortune, the beauty of the object is at least some consolation.

LUNA. To me, dear Venus, he appears very handsome, especially when lying asleep on his hunting pelisse spread upon the rock, and holding a few javelins seemingly just slipping from his left hand, while his right arm with inexpressible grace is brought round beneath his head, so that his hand covers a part of his beautiful face *. In this attitude he lies dissolved in the most charming slumber, and his gentle breath is as pure and fragrant as if he was fed with ambrosia. I confess to you that I cannot then refrain from gliding down as lightly as possible, and stealing up to him on tip-toes for fear of breaking his repose, and then — yet why need I tell you what follows? Suffice it to say, that I do not deny that I am quite out of my senses with love.

XII.

ATTIS AND CYBELE.

VENUS. CUPID.

VENUS. Son Cupid, see what work you make! I do not mean what mankind upon earth, by your instigation, commit against themselves and others, but I speak solely of what passes in heaven, where you make of Jupiter whatever you please, Luna you draw down to the earth, and it is your fault that the Sun-god so frequently keeps such late hours with Clymene †, that he forgets to set out upon his journey. Against me, your

* Lucian seems here to have copied after some then celebrated picture.

† The mother of Phaëton, whose disastrous attempt to conduct the chariot of the Sun forms the subject of the 25th dialogue.

own mother, you surely think you cannot trespass. But that you have had the insolence, you little chit, to make even goody Rhea*, who is already an old woman, and the mother of so many gods, so desperately in love with this phrygian boy †, is too bad. For she is positively frantic, harnesses lions to her car, raves with her Corybantes, whom she has made as mad as herself, strolls up and down Ida, howling about her Attis; and as to her Corybantes ‡, one cuts a hole in his arm, another runs with dishevelled hair about the mountains, a third blows a horn, another again beats a drum, or makes a noise by clapping plates of brass together: in short, all Ida is in an uproar and fanatical fury. Under such circumstances I am afraid — for what may not be apprehended by the unhappy wretch that bore you to be the plague of the world! — lest Rhea in a fit of madness, or ought I not rather to say, recovers her senses, should order her Corybantes to seize and tear you to pieces, or throw you to her lions. I assure you, you are not for one moment in safety!

CUPID. Be pacified, dear mother; the lions will do nothing to me; we are perfectly good friends: they quietly let me get upon their backs, when, laying hold of their manes instead of a bridle, they suffer me to conduct them wherever I will §. They even fawn upon and caress me, and lick my hand when I put it in their chops, without hurting me. But as to old Rhea, how should she find leisure to trouble her head about me, since she is altogether taken up with her passion for Attis? Besides, after all, what injury do I commit in pointing out what is beautiful? If you suffer yourself to be enthralled by it, that is your affair; how am I to

* Lucian therefore takes Rhea, Cybele, and Demeter, for one person; for of Cybele is properly related what is here put to the account of Rhea.

† Attis or Atys, a young phrygian shepherd, who, like most other young men, not being fond of old women, slighted her. She resented the affront upon his mistress, or as some writers say, on Atys himself, in the severest manner, as may be seen by referring to Catullus.

‡ Thus the priests of Cybele were denominated, and with this affectation of a fanatical inspiration, as Lucian here describes it, they used to celebrate her festival in Phrygia, and in other parts wherever the service of this goddess was introduced. At Rome, where she had been worshipped since the year 547 before Christ, under the title of the Idæan mother, these her priests were styled *Galli*, and the feast that was annually celebrated to her honour, during six days, *Megalesia*.

§ As is frequently seen in gems.

blame for it? Would you wish, mother, to be cured of your love for the war-god, or him to be cured of his passion for you?

VENUS. You are a subtle young varlet; there is no coming up with you. There however certainly will come a time, when you will have cause to remember my warnings!

XIII.

QUARREL ABOUT PRECEDENCE BETWEEN TWO
RECENTLY CREATED DEITIES.

JUPITER. ÆSCULAPIUS. HERCULES.

JUPITER. Let me hear no more of this, Æsculapius and Hercules! You to quarrel as if you were still human! It is not seemly for gods; and least of all at table.

HERCULES. Is it your pleasure then, Jupiter, that this quackdoctor should sit above me?

ÆSCULAPIUS. I should think so; seeing I am a better man than he.

HERCULES. In what respect, you thunderstruck * fellow? Perhaps because Jupiter struck you dead with his bolt, for doing what you ought not to have done †; and because now out of pity you are adopted among the immortals?

* This is the only way of turning the *ἄμφοτέρωθεν* of the original into english. Blasted fellow, is indeed used as a vulgar term of abuse; but neither that nor blighted are so suitable; because Hercules would make it a reproach to Æsculapius, that he was struck by thunder, and that is not comprehended in either of these two words.

† Æsculapius was such an adept, as a medical man, that he not only recovered his patients while living, but recalled them to life after they were dead. The revenue and droits of the infernal god Pluto suffered thereby so considerable an abridgment, that at length he made ve-

ÆSCULAPIUS. You must have forgot, Hercules, that you yourself were burnt upon mount *Œta*, that you are so ready to cast fire in my teeth.

HERCULES. There was a great difference between my life and your's. I was an own son of Jupiter, and my whole lifetime was one continued conflict with the enemies of mankind, whom I rid the world of— with monsters that I vanquished, and tyrannical men whom I brought to punishment. Whereas you are nothing but a rootscraper and a mountebank. To administer physic to ailing folks, that perhaps you may be fit for ; but no manly act in all your life can you produce.

ÆSCULAPIUS. Verily that was not one, when I cured the blisters with which you were all over covered, on your return to heaven having been half-roasted, and by the envenomed shirt of *Deianira* and the flames together, your body was almost consumed ! Besides, if I could allege nothing else in my behalf, I never was a servant, and never carded wool in *Lydia*, and never wore a woman's purple gown, and never got a slap on the face by *Omphale's* golden slipper, nor did I ever murder my wife and children in a fit of the spleen.

HERCULES. If you do not immediately give over your abuse, you shall be convinced experimentally, that your immortality will little avail you when I send you packing headlong down to earth, and make such a fracture in your scull, that all the skill of *Pæon** himself shall not be able to stitch it together again !

hement complaints to his elder brother upon it, so that Jupiter saw himself obliged to put down the practice and the physician at once with his thunderbolt. By way of compensation, being a son of *Apollo* and a benefactor to mankind, he was adopted among the gods. It is pretended that *Æsculapius* wrought great and wonderful cures in the island of *Ægina*. Sick persons were carried thither, and after being previously washed in the sea, they sacrificed cakes, figs, &c. This done, they passed the night in the temple, each apart on his mat, and wrapped up in his own coverlit. When all the patients and their companions were on the point of taking repose, the priest entered, put out the light, and gathered up the offerings, and whatever had not been burnt. After that, *Æsculapius* either performed his office or not.

* This *Pæon* or *Pæon* was surgeon to the gods, as may be seen from the fifth book of the *Iliad*. It seems probable that he, as well as *Helios* had been one of the old gods of *Saturn's* court, and, like *Helios*, was not till later ages confounded with *Phœbus Apollo*. That both *Homer* and *Hesiod* distinguish him from *Apollo*, is certain. See the remark of the scholiast on the 232d verse of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*.

JUPITER. Leave off quarrelling, I say, and no longer interrupt the pleasure of the company, or I send you both away from the table ! However, Hercules, it is but fair, that Æsculapius should sit above you, if it were for no other reason than that he died first.

 XIV.

 MELANCHOLY DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL
 HYACINTHUS.

MERCURY. APOLLO.

MERCURY. Why so sad, Apollo ?

APOLLO. Because I am crossed in my amours.

MERCURY. That indeed is reason enough. But may one ask what it is at present that causes you to repine at your fate in love ? Is the story of Daphne still running in your head ?

APOLLO. No ; I lament my favourite, the son of CEBalus, of Laconia.

MERCURY. How ? the amiable Hyacinthus is dead * ?

APOLLO. Alas !

MERCURY. But of what then ? Who could be so great a foe to every thing that is lovely, as to kill so beautiful a boy ?

APOLLO. It was I myself that did it.

MERCURY. Are you mad, Apollo ?

APOLLO. No. My misfortune made me his murderer against my will.

MERCURY. I should like to know how it happened.

APOLLO. He was learning by practice to throw the discus †, and I was

* Pausanias, *lib.* iii. 1. makes Hyacinthus a son of the spartan king Amyclus, who was the grandfather of CEBalus. Lucian seems to follow the vulgar tradition.

† The discus was one of the most antient exercises among the Greeks, and demanded no less

his companion. Now the most detested of all the winds, Zephyrus, had long been fond of the boy as well as myself; but because he could not gain his attachment, he watched for an opportunity to be revenged. Now, when I threw the discus, as we had many times done before, high up in the air, this cursed Zephyr gave a blast downwards from Taygetus*, and drove it falling with such force against the boy's head, that the blood gushed in torrents from the wound, and the boy died on the spot. Boiling with rage, I pursued Zephyrus quite to the mountain, and shot all my arrows after him; but in vain. I afterwards erected a high tomb† to the boy, at Amyclæ, on the place where the unlucky discus laid him low; and from his blood, Mercury, I caused the earth to produce the fairest and loveliest of all flowers, and I marked it with the letters of the lamentation for the dead ‡. Have I not reason to be melancholy?

MERCURY. No. Since you knew that you had chose a mortal for your favourite, how can you take it amiss that he is dead?

strength than dexterity. The discus was thrown either as high as possible, or at a particular mark. It consisted of a circular plate, in shape resembling that on our tables, of stone or metal, of considerable weight, especially in the heroical ages, as may be gathered from the 21st book of the Iliad, ver. 826, & seq.

* A mountain in Laconia.

† At the time of Pausanias it was believed that the pedestal of the statue of Apollo in his temple at Amyclæ rested on the grave of Hyacinthus, whose anniversary the Spartans celebrated under the denomination of Hyacinthia. *Pausanias, Lacon. cap. xix.*

‡ That is, with the letters A, A. These letters with which the flower of the hyacinth is said to be marked, as well as the pretended dying melodies of the swan, became a trite saying with the antient poets; yet, till this very day, neither the swans sing, nor the hyacinth, nor any other known flower is marked with A.

XV.

JEALOUSY OF THE TWO COMELIEST GODS AT
VULCAN'S SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE.

MERCURY. APOLLO.

MERCURY. But that this Vulcan, who after all is only a cripple, and by trade a blacksmith, should have the fairest of our goddesses, Venus and Charis, for his wives * — is it not intolerable ?

APOLLO. He has strange goodluck, Mercury. But what I wonder at is, that they can bear to live with one, who is always dripping with sweat, and has his face begrimed with soot, by constantly bending over his forge ; and to embrace such a one, not to say, sleep beside him !

MERCURY. This it is that vexes me ; and I cannot help envying this Vulcan. He lets us be as proud as we will of our pre-eminences, you of your flowing curls, your fine figure and your skill on the cithara ; me for my athletic make, and my lyre : but when bed-time comes we must lie alone !

APOLLO. I am generally unfortunate in my amours. With the only two that I loved in right earnest above all others, nothing could have succeeded worse with me. Daphne had so great a dislike to me, that she chose rather to become a tree, than be mine ; poor Hyacinthus lost his life by a stroke of the discus ; and now in lieu of them I have laurel-wreaths and chaplets of flowers.

MERCURY. Once upon a time however — without boasting — Venus was propitious to me.

* Homer, *Iliad*, xviii. 389, and Hesiod, *Geneal. Deor.* 945, gives Vulcan to wife Charis or Grace, and Hesiod styles her the youngest of the Graces, Aglaia. The endless perplexity which renders the whole grecian theology a real chaos, prevails also in the article of the Graces, concerning whose office and nature, genealogy, names and number, almost everywhere a different tradition is adopted. Thus much however is certain, that the Charis of Vulcan is not to be confounded with the Graces of Venus, of whom in after times three were usually admitted.

APOLLO. Somewhat of it has got abroad; it is even reported that she had the beautiful Hermaphroditus * by you. But tell me if you can; how comes it to pass that Venus and Charis are not jealous of one another?

MERCURY. I know no other reason, but because the latter lives with him at Lemnos, and Venus resides in heaven †; besides Venus is too busily employed with her Mars to have much care about the blacksmith.

APOLLO. Do you think that Vulcan knows anything of this intrigue?

MERCURY. Perfectly well; but what would you have him to do? To engage with a lusty young rival, who is moreover a soldier, it would not be advisable. He therefore keeps it all hush; but is working secretly on a curiously contrived net, in which at their next interview, and when least thinking of him, he hopes to catch them ‡.

XVI.

THE QUEEN OF THE DEITIES GIVES VENT
TO HER JEALOUSY OF LATONA.

JUNO. LATONA.

JUNO. You have blest Jupiter with a pair of beautiful children, it must be confessed, Latona §.

* See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, *lib. iv. fab. 11.*

† Whence Lucian had this anecdote I know not: at least not from Homer, who makes Charis as well as Aphrodite, or Venus, reside in heaven. It is however probable; and after all Mercury must be best acquainted with the true state of the case.

‡ This communication, which Mercury makes to Apollo in confidence, forms the prelude to the seventeenth dialogue.

§ Latona was a daughter of the titan Cœus, and therefore a cousin to Júpiter, to whom she bore Apollo and Diana as twins.

LATONA. We cannot all bring such beautiful children into the world, as your Vulcan.

JUNO. After all, lame as he is, he is of some use; for he is a great artificer, and the most elegant moveables in heaven are his workmanship; and, notwithstanding his ugliness, he has got a handsome wife, and is much valued on her account. But what can we say of your children? One of them mightily affects the man, and runs raving like a fury up and down the mountains and woods; and since she lately retired to the Scythians in Tauris, and causes the travellers in those parts to be sacrificed, everybody knows what her diet is; living as she does among canibals, it may be easily imagined, that she has adopted their manners. Your Apollo too gives himself airs as if he knew everything, and was expert in all arts; he pretends to be an archer, a harper, a poet and a physician; and at Delphi, and at Claros, and at Didymi* has set up divination-shops, where he cheats the people that come to consult him out of their money by ambiguous answers, that may be turned either way. As the fools who suffer themselves to be imposed upon by mountebanks are numerous, he grows rich by them: but intelligent people know what they are to think of his miraculous arts, and that the great prophet could not once foresee that he should kill his favourite with a discus, and that Daphne, in spite of his beauty and his long golden locks, would run away from him. I see not therefore how you can imagine, you have finer children than Niobe †.

LATONA. Oh, I understand right well why this man-eater and this lying prophet are eye-sores to you, on your being forced to see them sitting among the gods, and how it vexes you to behold them admired by all, one for her beauty, and the other when playing on the cithara at the banquet.

* The most famous oracles of Apollo were at Delphi in the territory of Phocis; at Claros, a place belonging to the city of Colophon in Ionia, and at Didymi, near Miletus in Ionia, which, if we may trust the tradition, had a son of this god for its builder.

† Niobe, a daughter of Tantalus and niece to Jupiter, was so proud of the fourteen children she had borne to king Amphion of Thebes, that she insolently preferred herself to Latona. The revenge of the latter is known from the famous groupe of Niobe and her children, which is at present the principal ornament of the grand ducal museum at Florence.

JUNO. Now indeed, Latona, I must laugh at your taste. Apollo admirable! He, who had been flayed by Marsyas*, if the Muses had decided justly, he being beyond comparison the better musician: whereas, the poor wretch was sacrificed to a partial sentence. As for the beauty of that fair maid your daughter, she was so conscious of her charms, that after being seen by Actæon when bathing, she set his own dogs to worry him to death, for fear he should divulge her deformities. Not to mention, that she would hardly officiate as a midwife †, if she was a virgin.

LATONA. You presume by far too much upon your being Jupiter's wife and joint-sovereign, and therefore take some more liberty with others than becomes you. I hope however that it will not be long before I see you again whimpering and sobbing at his leaving you neglected, when he rambles down to earth in the shape of a bull or a swan.

XVII.

THE NET OF VULCAN.

APOLLO. MERCURY.

APOLLO. Why do you laugh so, Mercury ‡?

MERCURY. At somewhat very laughable, that I have just seen, Apollo.

* A satyr, who challenged Apollo to a trial of skill, at which the Muses were umpires, and as was very natural decided in favour of their president.

† As Ilithya. With the Romans, Juno, as Lucina, was the patroness of child-bearing women.

‡ I hope to be readily forgiven by those who can read the original, that I have allowed myself somewhat greater liberty than usual in this dialogue. It was alike necessary to be now plainer, now less plain in expression than Lucian; and besides, without a certain liberty it would have been impossible to relate this part of the *Chronique scandaleuse* of heaven with correspondent humour.

APOLLO. Tell it then, that I may laugh with you.

MERCURY. Venus with her Mars are caught together in the fact; and Vulcan has ensnared them so artfully, that they absolutely cannot get free.

APOLLO. How did he contrive that? It must be a diverting story!

MERCURY. He had long, I suppose, had some suspicions, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to spread the curious net, which I lately told you of, and having as he thought found one, he set it about his bed, and made as if on account of some work he had to do, he was obliged to go to his forge at Lemnos. Scarcely was he gone, when Mars, suspecting nothing of the trick, crept in by stealth: he was however descried by Helios, who immediately gave intelligence of it to Vulcan. In the mean time our lovers ascended the bed, and entangled themselves, you may imagine how, in the invisible meshes, which succeeded delightfully. On a sudden in came Vulcan in his proper person. The poor lady, who was in the state of simple nature, was ready to die with shame, nothing being within reach to cover herself with; the gallant for a while thought he could tear the net and save himself by flight; but, perceiving that to be impossible, had recourse to intreaties.

APOLLO. Now, for Vulcan? Did he release them?

MERCURY. No; he would not let them off so easily. He called all the gods together, to make them eye-witnesses of his happiness in wedlock. You are better able to imagine, than I am to describe the distress and confusion of the two principal personages, in the circumstances and attitude in which they were entrapped; it is a spectacle well worth seeing, I assure you!

APOLLO. But is not the blacksmith then ashamed thus to proclaim to all the world his own disgrace?

MERCURY. Oh, by Jupiter; he stands by, and laughs louder than all the rest! I, for my own individual person, if I must confess the truth, could not help thinking that Mars, when I beheld him so implicated with the fairest of all the goddesses, was in a very enviable situation*.

APOLLO. You would then submit to be shackled at that price?

* See the narrative which forms the basis in the present dialogue of this edifying piece of history, in the eighth book of the Odyssey.

MERCURY. And you perhaps not, Apollo? Come only and see yourself, and if you are not at the first glance of my opinion, I will pronounce a lofty panegyric on your wisdom.

XVIII.

JUNO LECTURES HER HUSBAND ON ACCOUNT
OF HIS BASTARD BACCHUS.

JUNO. JUPITER.

JUNO. I should be ashamed, Jupiter, if I had such a son, as your Bacchus; so voluptuous, and so given to drunkenness, that he is never perfectly sober, and makes no scruple of wearing a womanish head-dress * among the mad girls with whom he passes his time in dancing and revelling to the sound of drums, pipes and cymbals. If he is your son, it must be owned that he is more like any other than his father.

JUPITER. Yet this effeminate lad, whose womanish habits you cannot sufficiently describe, conquered Lydia, vanquished the inhabitants of Tmolus, and subdued the Thracians to his authority; aye, with this same pack of women he has penetrated into India, and led away captive their king, who had the audacity to resist him; and all this in singing and dancing, with no other weapon than the ivy-twined thyrsus in his hand,

* *Mitrea*, a female head-dress more in the oriental than the grecian fashion, and which passed on from the Lydians to the Greeks and from them to the Romans; though in Juvenal's time it seems to have been only a distinctive mark of foreign women of gallantry. *Ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra.* Sat. iii. 66. — "Il y a de quoi admirer le caprice du gout et de la bizarrerie de la mode, qui fait servir les mêmes choses à nos ceremonies les plus augustes et à l'appareil de la galanterie, et met sur la tête des plus respectables ministres du Seigneur les mêmes ornemens, à peu près dont se paroiënt les courtisanes," says the abbé Nadal, in his treatise on the luxury of the roman ladies.

drunk as you say and raving. And whoever dared to flout or deride his mysteries, him he either bound with vine-twigs, or caused the presumptuous wretch to be regarded by his own mother as a fawn *, and torn in pieces. These are manly acts of which his father, I should think, can have no reason to be ashamed! If in the course of such achievements a little petulance and levity should appear, let it not be treated with severity; especially upon considering what he would do sober, who can do thus drunk.

JUNO. I should not wonder if in your present humour you were to commend the grand invention, on which he magnifies himself so much, of the vine and the beverage produced from it, although you see what are its effects, and how the drunkards reel about, and what furious extravagances they are hurried on to commit in their intoxication, which frequently proceeds to complete madness; as Icarius, the first to whom he presented the plant, may serve as an instance, who was put to death with pitch-forks by his drunken pot-companions †.

JUPITER. That is nothing to the purpose; for this neither wine nor Bacchus are in fault, but the people who drink more than does them good and they are able to bear. But whoever drinks moderately is the merrier for it and more pleasant in conversation, and his pot-companions may be sure that they have not to fear from him the fate of Icarius ‡. I perceive clearly, dear Juno, that jealousy is here again at work, and that your old grudge to Semele prompts you to condemn in Bacchus those things for which he is most commendable.

* Such was the fate of the theban king Pentheus, on his resisting the introduction of the orgies of Bacchus, and not allowing full validity to the patent of this newly promoted god. See the Bacchantes of Euripides, and the 7th 8th 9th and 10th fables of the third book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

† This story is likewise thus related by Apollodorus, *lib. iii. page 227, in Galei Script. hist. poet. edit. Paris 1675.*

‡ The abbé Massieu translates this: "Citez vous un seul compagnon d'Icarius, à qui le même malheur soit arrivé?" I cannot guess how he could find this meaning in the greek words; but it frequently happens that Lucian is mistaken by him in the like manner. This observation I make here merely in order to certify the reader that it is not my fault if we do not always coincide.

XIX.

WHY CUPID LEAVES SOME GODDESSES
UNEXCITED.

 VENUS. CUPID.

VENUS. How comes it to pass, Cupid, that you who have mastered all the other deities, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Rhe *, and even me, your mother, leave Minerva alone unattacked; and that for her your torch has no flame, and your quiver no arrows †?

CUPID. I am afraid of her, dear mother; she has somewhat so stern and terrifying in her countenance, and looks at me with such masculine fierceness. When I do but approach her with my bent bow, and she only shakes her plumed crest at me, such a sudden horror comes upon me, that I tremble in every joint, and both bow and arrow drop out of my hands.

VENUS. Is not Mars then still more formidable? And yet you have disarmed and conquered him.

CUPID. Oh, he freely lets me come up to him, and even calls me: whereas Minerva perpetually looks at me with distrustful eyes. Once as I flew by her, and accidentally ‡ came too close to her with my torch, she directly put herself in a menacing posture, and, if you come nigher, said she, I will, by my father! thrust the lance through your body, or take you by the leg and hurl you down to Tartarus, or tear you piecemeal with my own hands. She dealt out a copious volley of other threats,

* Agreeably to the correction of the excellent Tiber. Hemsterhuys, instead of the common but improper lection 'Hερα, Juno.

† Lucian, who (as the reader must have observed) is fond of tautology, superfluously adds: "but you are as though you could neither shoot nor hit;" for that seems to be the meaning of the words, ἀτοξος and ἄτοχος.

‡ This *accidentally* is not expressly in the text; it seems however to be implied in the word ἀλλως, and in the whole combination.

and always puts on such a grim visage, and has besides such a ghastly head with snaky hair on her breast, at which I am most dreadfully frightened, it makes such a horrible bugbear-face * at me, that I am forced involuntarily to run away as soon as it appears.

VENUS. You are frightened then, you say, at Minerva and her Medusa's head, — you, whom Jupiter himself with his thunderbolt cannot appal? But why are the Muses invulnerable to you and shot-free? Do they perhaps shake their helmet-plumes at you, and hold Gorgon's heads before your face?

CUPID. For them I have respect, mother; for they look so grave, and are always either pensive or singing; I often stay with them as though I could not get away, I am so enchanted by their song †.

VENUS. Well, we will let alone these Muses, because they are so grave; but what is the reason that you do not wound Diana?

CUPID. Oh, her I can never come at. She is perpetually hunting in the mountains, and then is entirely taken up with a passion of her own.

VENUS. What is that, my sweet boy?

CUPID. The passion for the chace, for the stags and fawns, which she pursues the whole day long with such vehemence, that she is not susceptible of any other passion. For as to her brother, though he too is an expert archer —

VENUS. I understand what you mean, child; him you have shot pretty often!

* *Μαρολύττιλαι* μὲν. The *marimo* was a sort of hobgoblin (as the lamias and empuses were) with which gossips and nurses (who among the Greeks were no wiser than our's) used to frighten children, to make them sleep or be good.

† This reminds me of a pretty epigram in the *Anthologia*, a translation of which I throw *en passant* as a flowret on the altar of the Muses.

Ἄ Κύπρις Μῦσαι, κορῆσια τῶν Ἀφροδίται
 Τιμᾶν' ἢ τὸν Ἔρον ἕμμιν ἰφοκλίσομαι.
 Ἐὰν αἱ Μῦσαι πῶλ' Κύπριν, Ἄρει τὰ γυμῦλα ταῦτα.
 Ἢμῖν δ' ἔσ' αἰτάλαι τῆτο τὸ παιδαῖον.

Court Aphrodite, maids! Thus Cypris spoke;
 If not, against you I will Cupid arm;
 To her the Muses: Spare for Mars that joke;
 Thy Cupid's wings can't reach to do us harm.

XX.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

JUPITER. MERCURY. JUNO. PALLAS. VENUS. PARIS, *alias*
ALEXANDER.

JUPITER. Mercury, take this apple, and go with it into Phrygia, to Priam's son, who tends cows upon Ida*, and tell him from me, that because he himself is handsome, and is particularly conversant with love-affairs, I command him to decide which of these goddesses is the most beautiful; and the conqueror in this contest is to receive the apple from his hand. — And now, goddesses, it is time for you to repair to your judge. I cannot personally have anything to do in the decision, since ye are all equally dear to me, and if it could so be, should gladly see all three come off victorious. But besides, it is impossible to award the prize of beauty to one, without attracting the hatred of the other two. For these several reasons it is absolutely improper for me to be your judge. Whereas this phrygian youth, to whom you are to go, is of royal blood; and a relation of Ganymede here, withal a simple child of nature, and whom none can deem unworthy of such a spectacle.

VENUS. I, for my part, would boldly submit myself to such a survey, were you to appoint even the censorious Momus judge; for what defect could he find in me? But these two should likewise be satisfied with the man.

JUNO. Neither are we at all afraid, even though your own Mars were the arbitrator; to this Paris therefore, whoever he is, we have nothing to object.

* In the original Gargarus is mentioned, which is the middlemost of the three mountains of which Ida consists. In Strabo's time the scene of this famous judgment of Paris was still shewn on a mountain that bore the name of Alexandria.

JUPITER. Is that your opinion, daughter Minerva? What say you? You turn away your face, and blush. It is so like you maidens, to blush at anything of the sort: however you declare your assent by a nod. Go then; but I charge you in no case to harbour any resentment against your judge, nor do the poor young man any harm. For after all it is not perhaps possible, that all should be alike beautiful.

MERCURY. Let us proceed then direct for Phrygia; I will lead the way, and you follow me quite at your ease. Take courage! I know Paris; he is a fine young fellow, and a loving soul besides; he is incomparably well fitted to be a judge in such matters. He will most assuredly not be warped in his judgment.

VENUS. So much the better for me, if our judge is as just as you say. — Is he still single, or has he a wife?

MERCURY. Not altogether single perhaps, Aphrodite.

VENUS. What do you mean by that?

MERCURY. I know this, that he has a girl of Ida * with him, a likely lass, though rather clumsy, and — such as generally grow upon the mountains. He seems not very fond of her. But why do you ask that question?

VENUS. I asked it merely for the sake of saying something.

PALLAS. Perhaps, Mercury, it is not in your instructions to enter into private conversation with her?

MERCURY. It was of no consequence, Minerva; and we said nothing against you: she only asked me whether Paris is still single.

PALLAS. How does that concern her?

MERCURY. That I cannot tell. She said it was entirely without design, that she asked it; it was only a sudden thought that came into her head.

PALLAS. And is he then single?

MERCURY. I believe not.

PALLAS. But has he a turn for military affairs? Is he ambitious of glory, or nothing better than an ordinary cow-herd?

* Mercury is speaking of Cœnone, whom (according to his unpoetical mode of representation of a nymph and daughter of the river Xanthus) he fairly makes a robust fresh complexioned milk-maid.

MERCURY. I cannot speak precisely : but as he is still young, it is to be supposed that he is not devoid of such passions, and that it perhaps would not grieve him to be a great warrior.

VENUS. You see, Mercury, I do not take you to task for speaking to her in private: Aphrodite leaves it to certain persons to be always finding a pretence for letting out their ill-humours.

MERCURY. She asked me nearly the same question that you did. You have therefore no reason to take it ill, or to think that something to your disadvantage was passing between us; I answered her with the same simplicity as I did you. But see, while we have been talking we are far advanced on our journey, and have left the stars a great way behind us. The country that lies before us is Phrygia; for I now plainly discern Ida and all Gargarus, and, if I am right, I even see our judge Paris in his proper person.

JUNO. Where then? I see nothing of him yet.

MERCURY. Look yonder, Juno, to the left; not on the top of the mountain; on the side, where you perceive the cave and the herd.

JUNO. But I see no herd.

MERCURY. How? Do not you see the little cow; it is a great way off, and from the distance appears no bigger than my finger; there, coming down from among the rocks: and one with a little crooked stick in his hand, running down from the summit and driving her back, lest she should stray too far from the drove?

JUNO. Now I see him; if it is he.

MERCURY. He it is. Therefore, as we are so near the earth, let us, if agreeable to you, alight at once, and advance to him on foot, lest we should scare him by flying down upon him unawares.

JUNO. Well advised! let us do so. — Now that we are on firm ground, will you, Aphrodite, condescend to shew us the way, for you must be best acquainted with every part of this district, since, as it is said, you have often been here to visit Anchises*.

* Anchises descended, in equal degree with Priam, from Tros king of Troy. As all the members of this royal family were bucolic, Anchises in his youth acted the part of a cow-herd on Ida, and in one of the visits he received from the goddess of love, in the delightful wilds of that mountain, the hero of the *Æneis* is said to have derived his origin.

VENUS. You are greatly mistaken, Juno, if you imagine that such sneers put me out of temper.

MERCURY. Only follow me. At the time when Jupiter cast his regards on Ganymede, I was very well acquainted with Ida. I was often enough forced to descend to look after the boy; and when he transformed himself into an eagle, I flew to him and helped him to carry his favourite. If I am right in my recollection, he caught him up from this very rock, where he was just sitting among his sheep, and playing on his oaten pipe. All at once Jupiter pounced upon him, clasped him as gently as possible with his claws round the waist, bit him with the beak in his turban, and whirled the boy up in the air, who turned his face back in consternation and amazement to look up at his ravisher; in the meantime I picked up his pipe, which in his fright he had let fall*. — But we are now so nigh to our umpire, that we had best speak to him. — Good day, cow-herd!

PARIS. The like to you, young man! What brings you here to us? And who are these ladies you have along with you? They appear to be not quite at home in these mountains; they are too fine for that.

MERCURY. They are in truth no ordinary ladies, my good Paris. You see here Juno, Pallas and Venus before you, and in me you behold Mercury, dispatched from Jupiter. Why do you tremble and change colour? Fear nothing; you shall not be hurt! He only orders you to pass judgment on their beauty. For, as you yourself are handsome, he said, and reckoned well skilled in love affairs, he leaves to you the decision. What the prize of this contest is, you will read on that apple.

PARIS. Now, here: let us see what it says: *Let the fairest have it!* But, gracious master Mercury †, how should a simple mortal and a boor moreover, like me, be able to determine a point so weighty? That is above the understanding of a cow-herd; such matters belong to the fine gentlemen of the city. Indeed if the question was about kids or calves I should decide according to art, which is the most beautiful! But with these ladies it is quite a different thing; they are all alike beautiful, and I

* This description too, like several others that appear in our author, seems to be made after some picture.

† Gr. ὁ δίκωτος Ἐμῆ.

know not how one should do, to turn the eyes from one to the other. A man must use all his force to tear them off; they will not away: what they first gazed at, there they stick fast, and deem that the fairest: if they turn to another, it fares just the same; the next is then so good, that one is sufficed with it, and desires nothing better. I know not which way to express it, but with me it is as if I was occupied entirely and absorbed by their beauty, and I am sorry, that I am not, like Argus, all over eyes, and cannot gaze on them from every part of my body. I believe therefore I shall best execute my office of judge by giving the apple to all three of them. Besides, must not the awful consideration, that one is Jupiter's sister and wife, and the two others his daughters, add much to the difficulty of deciding?

MERCURY. I cannot say. But this I know; that you must not think to evade the command of Jupiter.

PARIS. I only beg one thing of you, Mercury; that you will bring it about, that the two who come short in this business, will not be angry with me, but believe that the fault is solely in my eyes.

MERCURY. That they promise you. Therefore make ready to proceed to judgment.

PARIS. I will do my best, since do I must. First, however, I desire to know whether it will be sufficient to view them as they stand there; or whether they should not undress, that the investigation may be made with greater accuracy?

MERCURY. That depends solely on the judge; you have only to give orders how you would have it.

PARIS. How I would have it? If that is the case, then I would see them naked.

MERCURY. The ladies will therefore please to put off their clothes; I will in the mean time look another way*.

VENUS. Very right, Paris! — I will be the first without hesitation to undress, that you may see I have not only white elbows, or think much

* Mercury, in the original, makes rather less ceremony with his goddesses; but even in the burlesque "Come, strip, you there!" said to three goddesses, would sound offensive to modern ears. In Lucian we have frequent opportunities to observe, that between the grecian urbanity and our present politeness a pretty considerable difference prevails.

of myself for having a pair of large eyes *, but that I am all over equally beautiful.

PALLAS. Before all things, o Paris, let her lay aside her girdle †; for she is an enchantress, and by the aid of it can fascinate you ‡; neither ought she to have so mightily tricked herself out, and put on so much white and red, that she looks like an arrant courtisan, but should have left her beauty unadorned and natural, as it is.

PARIS. You are perfectly right, as to the girdle, therefore off with it!

VENUS. And why then do not you, Minerva, take off your head-piece, and shew yourself bareheaded, and not nod your plumes, as if you would intimidate the judge? Are you afraid lest your cerulean eyes might have no striking effect without the formidable quality they borrow from your helmet?

PALLAS. There then is my helmet for you.

VENUS. And there is my girdle for you.

JUNO. Now let us undress without more delay.

PARIS. O wonderworking Jupiter, what a sight! What beauty! What delight! What a virgin is this! What a lustre is darted from that! What majesty! How royal, how completely worthy of Jupiter! — And this next, how benignly she looks at one! How charming and winning her smiles! No! this is too much for me to bear at once! — I will now, if agreeable to you, take a particular view of each; for at present I waver this way and that, and see so many beauties together that I cannot stop an instant on one object, and scarcely know what I see, or which way to turn my eyes.

VENUS. As you please.

PARIS. Then stand aside, you two; and you, Juno, remain here.

* A ludicrous allusion to the epithets *λευκώλιος* and *βοῶπις* generally given by Homer to Juno.

† May not Lucian have wrote *ἀπολύσης*? The common lection by no means affords a suitable signification; for Paris surely did not take it off with his own hands, and what else does *ἀπολύσης* express?

‡ The magical power of Venus's girdle is universally known. *Iliad*. xiv. 214, & seq. compare the beautiful imitation of this passage in the fourteenth canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, stanza 24 and 25.

JUNO. Well, here I am; and when you have viewed me well, consider, whether you like the present I intend to make you for your suffrage. If you decide that I am the fairest you shall be sovereign lord of all Asia.

PARIS. I am not to be wrought upon by bribes. — You may retire; I shall do as I think right. — Now, Pallas, do you come hither.

PALLAS. Here am I; and if you pronounce me the fairest, you shall never be overcome in battle, but always keep the field; for I will make a great warrior and a conquering hero of you.

PARIS. I have nothing at all to do with war and battles, Pallas; peace reigns over all Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's kingdom is in no dread of war. Notwithstanding that however, be easy; you shall have justice done you, though I am not to be corrupted by presents. You may dress yourself again, and put on your helmet; I have examined you sufficiently. It is time now for Venus to advance.

VENUS. Here you see me as near as you can require; survey every part of me separately, pass nothing over hastily, but tarry at every single beauty apart. — But if it be your pleasure, gentle swain, hearken to what I say. You are young and handsome, and one might search through all Phrygia and scarcely meet with such another; I esteem you fortunate on that account, but I cannot approve of your not having long since exchanged these rocks for the city, and preferring to let your beauty consume away in a solitude, where it is entirely useless. For what is it to your cattle, that you are beautiful? You ought to have been married long ere now; I mean not to a peasant girl, like those of Ida, but to some fair Grecian, of Argos or Corinth or Sparta, such as Helena, for example, who is young and beautiful, and in no respect inferior to myself, and what is better than all, very easily takes fire. For you may be assured, if she were only to see you, she would throw herself into your arms, and leave all mankind to follow and live with you. However, it is impossible but you must have heard talk of her.

PARIS. Not a word, Aphrodite; but I will listen to you with pleasure if you will tell me more of her.

VENUS. She is a daughter of the beautiful Leda, on whom Jupiter in the form of a swan flew down.

PARIS. What is her complexion?

VENUS. As white can be desired ; having had a swan to her father ; tender as one that has crept out of an egg ; well grown, strong and agile, as one practised in gymnastic exercises* ; to sum up all, her beauty is in such high repute, and the men are so smit with her, that a war was kindled on her account, when Theseus ran away with her while hardly more than a child. Since however she has attained her full bloom, all the princes of Greece have wooed her in marriage. She is now indeed betrothed to the pelopidan Menelaus. But notwithstanding, if you desire, I will help you to this match.

PARIS. How is that ? to marry a person that is already married !

VENUS. What a novice you are ; and what crude notions you entertain ! I must know best in what manner such things are to be brought about.

PARIS. How then ? I should be glad to know.

VENUS. Do you take a journey under pretence of visiting Greece ; and when you come to Sparta, Helen will get a sight of you ; that she shall fall in love with you and follow you away, will then be my business.

PARIS. But that too appears to me incredible, that she should leave her spouse, and go to sea with a stranger and barbarian.

VENUS. Give yourself no concern about that. I have two sons of exquisite beauty, Cupido and Amor, whom I will give you as guides on this journey. Amor shall take entire possession of her, and compel her to love ; Himerus †, the while, shall diffuse himself about you, and make you as amiable and captivating as himself. Even I also with the Graces will be present, so that all of us together will force her to submit to our will.

PARIS. How the affair will turn out, goddess, I know not : but this

* In conformity to spartan manners, where the young ladies were brought up in nearly the same virile and warlike accomplishments as the men themselves. — Yet Venus here falls into a tolerably wide anachronism ; for this gymnastic education of the spartan women dates its origin only from Lycurgus and his legislation.

† Lucian in agreement with Homer and Hesiod, the most accomplished theologians of the Greeks, distinguish Himeros, Excitation or Allurement, [Cupido], from Eros or Amor, although the former is generally considered only as an allegorical being. Hesiod gives both to Venus as her attendants, and of both, as well as of Pothos, whom she promises at last to take to her assistance, Scopas, a celebrated sculptor, made statues, which at Lucian's time were to be seen in the temple of Venus Praxis at Megara. *Pausan.* in Attic. cap. 43.

I feel, that I am in love with Helen at this instant. I cannot tell how it is, but methinks I see her before me, and am sailing straight to Greece, and am arrived at Sparta, and am already returned with my fair prize ; and now it grieves me to find all this not yet *aetually* performed.

VENUS. Beware, Paris, of indulging this passion, till you have testified your gratitude to me, the authoress of that union, and the future bridemaid at your nuptials, by giving your award in my favour. For bringing your marriage to effect, I must first receive the prize in this contest, and celebrate at once your wedding and my triumph ; in a word, it lies entirely with you, to purchase your success in love and the fairest lady in all Greece with this apple.

PARIS. My only fear is, that when once I have pronounced sentence, you will care no more about me.

VENUS. Would you have me swear to you ?

PARIS. No ; I will be content if you only promise.

• VENUS. I promise you then, that I will give you Helen to wife, and that she shall follow you to Troy ; I myself will be present, and bring everything about.

PARIS. And will bring with you Amor and Himeros and the Graces ?

VENUS. Set your mind at rest ; and Pothos * and Hymen shall both likewise attend us.

PARIS. It is therefore but reasonable that I should award the apple to you. Take it therefore on those conditions !

* *Desire.* The grecian poets and artists, who personified and idealized the several virtues, efficacies, impulses, faculties and passions, made the vehement and ardent desire or cupidity, which can only be satiated by enjoyment, into one of the amorous deities belonging to the retinue of Venus.

MARS RIDICULES A GASCONADE OF JUPITER.

MARS. MERCURY.

MARS. Did you hear, Mercury, how Jupiter threatened us? At once how arrogantly and absurdly? If I please, said he, I will let down a chain from heaven, at which if you all tug ever so hard, and endeavour with all your might to drag me down, it will be in vain: you will not move me from the spot. Whereas if I chuse to draw the chain back again, I will draw not only you, but the earth and the sea also, above the clouds — and many other things of the like sort, which you must have heard. I for my part am willing to allow, that he is stronger than any of us taken singly: but that he alone should so far overbalance us all together, that we could not weigh him to the ground, even with the earth and sea thrown into our scale, is what I cannot understand*.

MERCURY. Have a care, Mars! It is dangerous to run on so freely; your jesting may bring us into trouble.

MARS. Do you imagine that I would talk thus to anybody but yourself, whose secrecy I know I can depend upon? I cannot refrain from telling you how ridiculous it appeared to me when I heard him bragging at such a rate. I recollected, for it is not long ago, when Neptune, Juno, and Minerva rose up against him, and formed a conspiracy to arrest and bind him, how fearfully he varied himself through all shapes, notwithstanding there were only three of them: and really, had not Thetis from compassion called in the hundred armed Briareus to his assistance, they would have shut him up in spite of all his lightning and thunder. When I adverted in my own mind to this adventure, I could not help laughing on hearing his vainglorious oration.

MERCURY. Hush! No more of this, Mars! It is neither safe for you to hold such language, nor for me to hear it.

* Jupiter is forced to bear of this rhodomontade, which escaped him once in the Iliad, often enough from our author.

XXII.

MERCURY AGAINST HIS WILL IS PERSUADED
BY PAN THAT HE IS HIS FATHER.

PAN. MERCURY.

PAN. Good-day, father Mercury!

MERCURY. Oh, good-day to you likewise! But since when are we such near relations?

PAN. Are not you then perhaps Mercury of Cyllene*?

MERCURY. That I am certainly; but how does it follow thence that you are my son?

PAN. Not quite regularly — but the natural offspring of love after your fashion.

MERCURY. By Jupiter, you look more like the son of a she-goat, after the fashion of a he-goat. How should I come by a son with horns, and with such a nose and such a shaggy beard and cloven feet, and a tail at his rump?

PAN. In speaking so scornfully of your own son, father, little honour is indeed conferred on me; but certainly your share of it is less, by bringing such children into the world; I cannot help my form.

MERCURY. Who was then your mother? I hope I have not unwittingly come in contact with a she-goat.

PAN. Not at all; but recollect whether you did not once seduce a free-born maid in Arcadia? Why do you bite your nails, and make as if you could not call it to mind? I speak of the daughter of Icarius, Penelope †.

* Cyllenius is one of the most common surnames of Mercury, from the mountain Cyllene, in Arcadia, where Maia received that stolen visit from Jupiter, which made her Mercury's mother.

† It is not to be concealed that Homer's immortalized Penelope must have learnt the anecdote here spoke of, from evil tongues, but Homer, who should be best informed in the history of Olympus, since he writes from the immediate inspiration of the Muses, gives Pan, in his hymn to him, the nymph Dryope to his mother.

MERCURY. But what sort of vagary was that, to present me with a son resembling a goat?

PAN. I will tell you how she herself related the affair. When she sent me to Arcadia, she said to me: My son, I your mother am Penelope of Sparta: but know, that you have a god for your father, even Mercury, the son of Jupiter and Maia; let it not trouble you that you have horns and goat's feet, for Mercury, in order not to be discovered, assumed the form of a goat when he became your father.

MERCURY. I remember well, that something of the kind may have once happened. But that I, who have always prided myself on my figure, and withal have a smooth chin, should pass for your father, and be laughed at by everybody for my beautiful offspring, is what I cannot easily digest.

PAN. I shall be no disgrace to you, father; I am a musician, and play upon the pipe to admiration; and Bacchus, who cannot live without me, has taken me for his constant companion, and made me leader of his band. And if you were to see the flocks which I have about Tegea and mount Parthenius, it would be a real pleasure to you. All Arcadia is subject to me; and not long ago I marched to reinforce the Athenians with my succours, and behaved so well at Marathon that they have granted me the cavern beneath the citadel as a reward for my bravery*. If ever you should go to Athens, you will hear what a great name Pan has acquired there.

MERCURY. Since then you are a person of so much consequence, Pan, — for so methinks you call yourself — have you taken to you a wife?

PAN. Many thanks, honoured father! — I am rather of a warm temperament, and should not be content with one.

MERCURY. You are very great then, I imagine, with the goats?

* Pausanias mentions this cavern in the 28th chapter of his description of Attica, and relates on that occasion the story of which Lucian here makes use. When the Athenians, on the invasion of their territory by the Persians, applied to the Lacedæmonians for speedy assistance, Philippides, who was sent ambassador to them, informed them on his return, that the Spartans could not come so soon, because it was a point of religion with them not to take the field before the full moon; but that Pan had appeared to him, Philippides, on mount Parthenius, and had promised him that he would assist the Athenians, to whom he was a good friend, at Marathon against the Persians.

PAN. You are pleased to be witty. — Oh, I have different affairs of gallantry! With Echo, Pitho* and all the Mænades of Bacchus, numerous as they are, and I am very much valued by them, I can assure you.

MERCURY. Well, son, will you grant one favour?

PAN. Father, you have only to command; I shall obey, if possible.

MERCURY. Come hither and embrace me! But be sure never to call me father, when anybody is within hearing.

XXIII.

STRANGE DISPARITY IN THREE SONS OF THE
GODDESS OF LOVE.

APOLLO BACCHUS.

APOLLO. Who would believe, Dionysus, that Amor, Hermaphroditus, and Priapus, were own brothers? They, who in form, temper, and manners are so very unlike! For the first is everything that can be called beautiful, and expert in handling the bow, and is endowed with a power, whereby he is master of all the world. The second is effeminate, only the moiety of a man, with such an ambiguous countenance, that at first sight it is difficult to decide, whether he is a boy or a girl; whereas Priapus is more of a man than he should be.

BACCHUS. That is not so surprising as you may think, Apollo; Venus is not to be blamed for it, but the difference of the fathers †. It happens

* Hemsterhuys makes it probable that Πιθη is the proper reading here. This Pitho was one of the Graces, by whom Pan is reported to have had the nymph lynx. According to others, Pitys was a nymph of whom Pan was enamoured, and on her being dashed to pieces by his rival Boreas against a rock, was metamorphosed into the tree with the twigs of which he is usually crowned, namely into a fig-tree.

† That is, according to the current report, she had Amor by Mars, Hermaphroditus by Mercury, and Priapus by Bacchus.

sometimes, that the same mother has by one father twins of different sexes, as was the case with you and Diana.

APOLLO. That may perhaps be true : but we are alike, and follow the same employment ; for we are both archers.

BACCHUS. So far only I grant the resemblance : for Diana slays strangers among the Scythians ; whereas you are a prophet and physician.

APOLLO. Think not that my sister is so delighted with these Scythians ! She so much abhors these massacres, that she has made up her mind to go away with the first Grecian that chance shall bring to Tauris*.

BACCHUS. There she is right ! But to return to Priapus, of whom I must tell you something very diverting. Lately happening to be at Lampsacus †, I took up my quarters with him ; he gave me the best entertainment his means could afford, and at length we retired to rest, after a plentiful comotation. About midnight my noble host rose up ; and — I am ashamed to proceed.

APOLLO. I understand. — And what did you ?

BACCHUS. What should I do ? I laughed at him.

APOLLO. That was right of you, not to take the matter seriously, and make a noise about it. It was pardonable in him to try his luck with one so handsome as you are.

BACCHUS. He would have had more reason to do you so much honour, Apollo ; your beauty and your golden locks, would have pleaded his excuse, though sober.

APOLLO. That he would not be greatly inclined to Dionysus : I wear besides my fine curls, a bow and arrows at his service.

* Alluding to the story of Orestes, who came to Tauris, and carried away his sister Iphigenia, who was Diana's priestess there, at the same time with the image of the goddess. See Euripid. Iphig. in Tauris.

† A grecian city in Mysia on the shore of the Hellespont, which boasted of being the birth place of this god, and therefore paid him peculiar honours.

XXIV.

MERCURY PEEVISHLY COMPLAINS OF HIS
HARD FATE.

MERCURY. MAIA.

MERCURY. Mother, in all heaven is there so wretched a god as I?

MAIA. Talk not thus unbecomingly, my son!

MERCURY. What, mother! must not I dare to speak, I who am thus eternally plagued with so many different employments, always working alone, fatigued and worried without respite in all manner of servile offices. I must rise early in the morning, and no sooner am I up but I have to prepare the breakfast table; that is my first business: then I have to sweep out the parlour, and lay the cushions in the council chamber. When all this is arranged in proper order, then I must wait upon Jupiter, and run backwards and forwards, to and fro, up and down, the whole day long, carrying his commands and messages all over the world. I am hardly arrived in heaven again, when, without being allowed time to wipe off the sweat and dust, I was forced to go and serve out the ambrosia; till Ganymede came up*, I had likewise to hand about the nectar. But what is most intolerable of all, is, that I am the only one of all the gods, that has no rest even of nights; for then I must conduct the souls of the dead to Pluto, and be present at their trials. It is not enough, that I am all day long acting as fencing-master, herald, and professor of rhetoric †, and distracted by so many different employments, but while others are asleep I have the task imposed on me of looking after the dead! The

* In the original: "before this newly purchased cup-bearer came". This refers to the gratuity, given by Jupiter to Tros, the father of young Ganymede, in consideration of the loss of his son, of a set of immortal horses, as appears from Homer. *Iliad*, lib. v. ver. 265. 266.

† Because the gladiators, the heralds or caduceatores, and the orators regarded him as their patron and protector.

sons of Leda * relieve one another alternately, and while one passes his day with the dead, the other enjoys himself in heaven †; whereas I am obliged day after day to be in both places. The sons of Alcmena and Semele, who were only wretched mortal women, yet take their seats and solace at their ease at the table of the gods; whilst I, the son of Maia and grandson of Atlas, must wait upon them! I am but just returned from the sister of Cadmus ‡, at Sidon, to inquire how she did, on the part of Jupiter; and without giving me time to breathe, he hurries me off to Argos, upon another visit to Danaë, and as you return through Bœotia, says he, call by the way for a moment on Antiope. The short of the matter is, I can hold out no longer! If by any means I could make it possible, I would with pleasure be sold to some man upon earth, to be employed in the meanest and most servile offices.

MAIA. Let us have no more of this, child! It is your duty to obey your father in whatever he pleases to order, especially as you are so young. Then haste away to Argos and thence to Bœotia, as you are bid, or you may get a good beating for your negligence; for lovers are apt to be choleric.

 XXV.

 PHAETON.

JUPITER. HELIOS.

JUPITER. What have you done, you wickedest of all the Titans! The whole earth is nearly destroyed, by your trusting your chariot to a heedless boy; he has burnt one half of it, by going too near it, and the other is perishing with cold, because he kept at too great a distance from it. In

* Castor and Pollux. See Dial. xxvi.

† At least this is the meaning of Mercury's words, who here (probably from his strong feelings of anger) expresses himself with not sufficient perspicuity.

‡ Namely, Europa. Doubtless it was a mere defect of memory, that Lucian wrote daughter instead of sister; for that Europa the sister, and not Semele the daughter of that phœnician adventurer, is here meant, is evident, because Mercury immediately before speaks of the son of Semele, viz. Bacchus, who when his mother died was not yet born.

short, he has thrown all into confusion and ruin, and had I not in time perceived what was going forward, and dashed him down from the chariot with my thunderbolt, there would not have been a bone remaining of the whole human race ; such a sober coachman have you sent out with your chariot!

HELIOS. I am in fault, Jupiter ; but be not so very angry at my having yielded to the instant request of a son ! How could I imagine that such a misfortune would come of it ?

JUPITER. You ought to have known what dexterity it requires to conduct such a charge, and that only to drive a little on one side is all that is necessary to ruin everything. Were you ignorant of the furious impetuosity of your horses, and what strength it requires to curb them in, and how careful you must be to keep a tight rein ? for if they once feel it relax they are under no controul. You have seen a proof of it in this young harebrain, with whom they ran away, now up, now down, now to the right, now to the left, now even in the most contrary directions, he being quite at a loss how to govern them.

HELIOS. I was sensible of all this ? And, aware that I could not trust the chariot to his guidance, I resisted his importunity a long time ; but at last, adding tears to his intreaties, and his mother Clymene leaguings with him so impetuously in the attack, they extorted my consent. On seating him however in the chariot I gave him special instructions for his government, how he should fix himself so as to keep a steady command, how far he might give the rein in ascending, and how he then should tend downwards, and how he was to manage so as always to keep master of the bridle, and to direct such fiery coursers ; I told him likewise the danger of not driving constantly straight forwards. But indeed it is extremely natural that one so young as he, on seeing himself surrounded by so much fire, and looking down on the immense abyss, should lose his head ; and that the steeds, as soon as they perceived that they had not their accustomed driver, should have despised the boy, and, running away with him, have created all this mischief. The poor youth, I suppose for fear of falling, let go the reins, and clung fast to the chariot. But we are both sufficiently punished, Jupiter ; he by his death, and I by the affliction into which that has plunged me *.

* Whoever shall compare the picture which Ovid has drawn of this marvellous incident in his luxuriant manner in the 21st book of the metamorphoses, with this dialogue, must be

JUPITER. Sufficiently punished, say you, for such a heinous atrocity? However for this once I pardon you; but if ever hereafter you are guilty of the like again, by employing such a substitute, you shall presently see how much hotter the fire of my lightning is than yours! — In the mean time let his sisters bury him, on the bank of the Eridanus, where he fell from the chariot, weeping tears of amber over him *, and be transformed through grief into poplars. Do you immediately repair your chariot; for the pole is broke, and one of the wheels is shattered: then put the horses to, and drive on! But remember what I have said to you.

 XXVI.

 CASTOR AND POLLUX.

APOLLO. MERCURY.

APOLLO. Can you tell me, Mercury, which of these two is Castor and which Pollux †? For I see nothing to distinguish them by.

MERCURY. He that spent the day with us yesterday was Castor, and this now here is Pollux.

APOLLO. But how do you know them one from the other, since they are so alike?

MERCURY. By the scars which this has on the face, from the wounds he received from his antagonists in boxing, particularly from Amycus, the prince of the Bebrycians ‡, when he sailed with Jason to Colchis. Whereas the face of the other is free from blemish, and quite smooth.

struck with the idea, that either Lucian has pilfered here and there from the latin poet, or that both have dipped in the same source.

* The tears of the sisters of Phaeton (who, as daughters of Helios are commonly called the Heliades) were turned into amber. Ovid. *ubi supra*.

† Apollo therefore saw them both at once, and in order to understand this, it must be assumed that Mercury had just reconducted Pollux from the dead, to convey Castor immediately thither.

‡ The Bebrycians, at the time of the argonautic expedition to Colchis, inhabited the sea coast of the province Bithynia on the Propontis [Mar di Marmora]. Amycus, a son of Nep-

APOLLO. I am much obliged to you for removing my difficulty in this particular: because in everything else, the half egg upon the head *, the star above it †, the javelin in the hand, and the white horse on which they are mounted, gives them such a complete resemblance, that in addressing them I have frequently called Castor Pollux and Pollux Castor. Now explain to me one thing more. Whence is it that they are never both together with us at the same time, but make their visit by turns, in such sort that one is alternately to-day a god, and to-morrow down among the dead?

MERCURY. Their extraordinary fraternal affection produced this effect. For, as it could not be otherwise than that one of Leda's sons should be mortal, and the other immortal, they have in this manner shared the immortality between them.

APOLLO. In this they have not acted discreetly methinks; for in pursuance of this partition, one of them is always living with the gods, when the other is among the dead, so that they can never get a sight of one another; and yet this perhaps was what they were most desirous of. Besides, as I prophesy, Æsculapius cures, you teach wrestling, and are an excellent fencing master, Diana practises midwifery, and all the rest of us exercise some arts useful to the gods or to mankind: what kind of office have these two got? Or are they to idle away their time in doing nothing but handing about nectar and ambrosia to us, great lubbers ‡ as they are?

tune, was a formidable giant, and the inventor of the murderous cestus, in common use with the boxers. Castor and Pollux were among the argonauts, when they landed, in order to provide themselves with fresh water, on the coast of the Bebrycians. Amycus challenged them to the cestus, and Pollux, after a dreadful duel, slew him, which forms the subject of the twenty-second Idyllium of Theocritus.

* The spartan hat or helmet, by which, as native Spartans, and subsequently the tutelary deities of that republic, they were always designated.

† This star over the hat is likewise a constant attribute of these two demi-gods on the lacedæmonian coins and other monuments: on the former are frequently found simply the two hats with the stars over them, as the symbol of the dioscures and the spartan republic. The signification of these stars has been already elsewhere explained.

‡ The *τηλικέτοι ὄσις*; seems to me to have here a comic signification to which this word is equivalent. A lubber may, according to Dr. Johnson, denote a sturdy drone; an idle, fat, bulky losel, a booby. A great lubber is in our language what the French term *un grand flandrin*, and this it was that Apollo meant to express.

MERCURY. By no means; they are engaged in the service of Neptune; to parade upon the sea, and wherever they see a mariner in danger, to sit upon the shrouds and conduct the ship safe into harbour*.

APOLLO. Now you say something, Mercury: I am glad to hear of their being so usefully and honourably employed!

* That the text is to be understood not only of the persons on board but of the ship entire, is demonstrable from, among other passages in the antients that might be adduced, the following sentence in Libanius: "Ἰσμεν δὲ καὶ τὰς Διοσκύρους οἷς ἀν' ὄσιν εὐμενῆς μέχρι λιμένων παραπλοίας αὐτῶν τε καὶ τὸν γόμον, κ. τ. λ. Orat. xxviii. tom. opp. ii. p. 624.

CONFABULATIONS

OF THE

MARINE DEITIES.

I.

LOVE OF THE CYCLOPS POLYPHEMUS FOR THE NEREID GALATEA*.

DORIS. GALATEA.

DORIS. Your beautiful lover, Galatea, the delicate sicilian swain, they say is distractedly enamoured of you.

GALATEA. None of your raillery, Doris †, on my lover; let him be as he may, he is however a son of Neptune.

* The passion of Polyphemus (with whom we are made acquainted in the ninth book of the *Odyssey*) for the fair Galatea, is a well known mythological tradition: but, according to the common and more probable opinion, it was not this hideous, one-eyed scare-crow, but the beautiful Acis, that was the favoured lover; who however was crushed almost in Galatea's arms by the jealous cyclops with the fragment of a rock, and metamorphosed by his fair one into a fountain. In the mean time it appears from a little fragment of the lyric poet Bacchylides, a contemporary and emulator of Pindar, that Galatea did not always behave so coyly towards the cyclops, as Theocritus and Ovid pretend, since she had by him a son named Galatus. — It was doubtless this anecdote that first suggested to our author the droll conceit of confounding Galatea, on occasion of so unsuitable a lover, with one of her sisters in this girlish confabulation, which according to my perceptions is one of Lucian's masterpieces.

† The Doris of this conversation is not the mother of the nereids, but one of her daughters, who bore the name of her mother. Doris and Galatea are therefore sisters.

DORIS. Well! and if he were Jupiter's son, wild and shaggy as he looks, and what is more ghastly still, with his one eye above his nose, what benefit would accrue to his beauty from his high descent.

GALATEA. Wild and shaggy as you may think him, and which renders him so hideous in your eyes, it does not ill become him; it gives him a masculine, majestic appearance. Even his one eye produces a fine effect upon his forehead, and he sees no less with it than with two eyes.

DORIS. Ah then by what you say, I have been misinformed: instead of Polyphemus being your lover, you are in love with him.

GALATEA. Not that neither: I only cannot bear that sarcastic, censorious humour in you. But I perceive that what you say proceeds from sheer envy. When lately looking down from his rocks, he saw our sports at the foot of *Ætna* *, he did not deign to take notice of you, while he directed his eye to me, as the handsomest of the company. That it is that vexes you; as it is a proof that I am more amiable than you, for as soon as he saw me, he paid no regard to the rest of you.

DORIS. Then you suppose yourself very enviable, because a putblind shepherd thinks you handsome? And what after all could he find to praise in you except your white skin †? I suppose because it is the colour of his milk and his cheese, and he fancies everything that resembles them must be beautiful. But if you would know, how little you have to pride yourself upon respecting all things else, only stoop over one of the rocks, and look down upon the water when the sea is perfectly calm; and you will see that this flat milky hue is all the beauty you have; but who would praise that, unless it be animated with an agreeable red?

GALATEA. Notwithstanding my whiteness I have at least found a lover! Not one of you can boast of ever having her praises sung by a shepherd, or a sailor or even a ferryman. But my Polyphemus, beside his other accomplishments, is musical.

* The text adds: "yonder, where the coast winds between the mountain and the sea." This addition renders the long period more training, and rather checks than assists the imagination of the reader. And why was it necessary for Doris, who was present at the party of pleasure, to have such an accurate topography of the scene of it?

† An allusion to the name Galatea and to Theocritus's *λευκοτέρα παλιός*, "whiter than new-made cheese," in the cyclopic verses wherein he makes Polyphemus bewail his amorous distress on being rejected by Galatea. *Idyll. xi. 20.*

DORIS. Oh, no more of his music, I pray you! We have heard him sing, when he came to junket with you the other day. So Venus be propitious to me, we thought we heard an ass braying*! And his fiddle; it was to be sure a famous article! The bare scull of a stag; the antlers represented the two side pieces; at top he had inserted a bridge, across which the chords were stretched without tuning-pegs; and now he pinched out of it at a venture a horrid confusion of sounds, unconcerned whether the discord accorded with his squalling, and not observing that his apology for a lyre rebellowed differently from what he howled †. It was impossible to have done laughing; it was so melodious that even echo, fond as she is of chattering, reverberated not a sound, as if ashamed of repeating such harsh and ridiculous singsong. Yet this was not all. The precious creature carried in his arms a bear's cub ‡, almost as rough and uncooth as himself, of which probably he intended to make a present, as a mark of his gallantry, to you, instead of a lapdog. Who would not envy you, Galatea, such a lover?

GALATEA. Well; shew me then your's, Doris, who questionless is handsomer and sings more melodiously and plays better on the guitar!

DORIS. I have no lover; nor do I pretend to so much beauty that everyone must fall in love with me. Do you keep your cyclops, who diffuses such an agreeable goatish odour around him, and devours without cooking strangers who enter his premises! I wish you goodluck with him; and may you return his love as tenderly, as you are beloved by him §!

* If I am not deceived by my own respect for asses, our language will correspond in most instances with verbal fidelity, where the elegant Greeks without scruple called the ass by his right name, which a french translator did not dare to venture. The abbé Massieu is forced to make use of a periphrasis, *nous crumes entendre chanter l'animal du bon Silene*, in order to avoid shocking french ears. The Athenians would have thought this euphemy very affected.

† This passage corroborates what is shewn in numberless quotations from the antients; that their ordinary accompaniments, consisted entirely in pitching the melody of the voice in unison with the instrument, or perhaps an octave lower or higher.

‡ This cyclopiian characteristic is likewise borrowed from Theocritus, *loc. cit.* ver. 41. Theocritus speaks of four young bears; Ovid (*Metam. lib. xiii. fab. 8.*) reduces them to two; our author justly thought that one was sufficient to supply the place of a lapdog.

§ Doris envies her sister, not on account of the cyclops, but of the lover; Galatea is not in love with the cyclops, but it flatters her vanity to have turned the head of a lover, though he

II.

POLYPHEMUS'S ADVENTURE WITH ULYSSES*.

POLYPHEMUS. NEPTUNE.

POLYPHEMUS. Father Neptune, do but see how I have been served by that cursed stranger. He first made me drunk; then assaulting me in my sleep, put my eye out.

NEPTUNE. Who was it, Polyphemus, that durst do this?

POLYPHEMUS. At first he said his name was Nobody; but as soon as he was off the ground, and out of reach of the huge stone that I threw after him, he called out to me, that his name was Ulysses.

NEPTUNE. I know your man; it is the famous Ithacan. He was on his voyage back from Troy, when he visited you. But how came he to perpetrate this atrocious deed, as he was never reputed to be very bold and daring?

POLYPHEMUS. Coming home from the pastures, I met a pack of strange fellows in my cave, probably with some nefarious design upon my sheep; for after I had shut the cave with the great stone that serves me as a cover to the entrance, and kindled a fire with the wood I brought with me from

were only a cyclops; and now the magic of self-love operates in behalf of the lover, and the cyclops is proportionately less cyclops the more she surrenders herself to the pleasure of the triumph over her sisters and playmates, to whom she is beholden for his love. All this is real nature, and is delineated by Lucian in this graceful little picture, with touches of the pencil, no less easy, than bold and vigorous.

* This little conference is a sort of abstract of the tale, which the hero of the Odyssey relates to the credulous Phœacians, or Fœacians as they are denominated in Vossius's translation, of his adventures in Cyclopedland. What may have been Lucian's peculiar design in it, I do not perceive; probably no other than (if I may say so) to exercise his crayon, as in most of these gossipings of the sea-deities. I regard them as a sort of hasty drawings, some of them merely rough drafts, others more or less finished, in which the master had no other intention than to throw upon paper some conceit of the passing moment, more to amuse himself than others by it; or only to try his hand in this or that manner; or even, if he could think of nothing better to do, at least after the rule of Apelles, to let no day pass by *sine linea*.

the mountain, I observed that they were endeavouring to hide themselves. I therefore seized several of them by the head (as I had a right to do, since they were robbers) and ate them up. In the mean time that cunning archscoundrel Nobody, or Ulysses, whichever is his name, gave me a confounded potion of a delicious taste and fragrant odour, but, as it proved by its effects, a dangerous poison: for it put all my senses in confusion; after I had swallowed it everything seemed to turn round with me; the whole cave stood topsy-turvy; in short, I was no longer myself, and fell into a profound sleep. Whilst I was thus sleeping, he took a stake, sharpened it to a point, made it glowing hot, and poked it into my eye; and ever since, Neptune, I have been as blind as you see me.

NEPTUNE. You must have slept soundly indeed, my son, not to have started up when the glowing stake touched your eye. But in what manner did Ulysses escape? He could not possibly roll away the stone from the mouth of the cave.

POLYPHEMUS. I myself rolled it away, that I might be more sure of catching the rascal. I planted myself with outstretched arms before the entrance, letting pass only my sheep that must go to the meadows, and gave instructions to the ram, what he was to do in my place*.

NEPTUNE. Aha! I guess now that he slunk out under the ram. But you should have called together the rest of the cyclops against him.

POLYPHEMUS. So I did, father, and they came; but on their asking me how the thief was called that had played me such a trick, and on my telling them Nobody, they thought me mad, and went about their business. Thus was I over-reached by that execrable caitiff with his false name! But what vexes me most, is, that he still laughs at my misfortune, and says, even my father Neptune will not soon cure me.

NEPTUNE. Be at ease, my son; I will revenge you upon him. He shall soon learn, that though I cannot restore sight to blind eyes, I have the fates of sailors in my hands, and it is at my option entirely, whether I shall save them or sink them. He is not yet upon dry land!

* An odd idea, but which, with all its absurdity, in my mind depicts the cyclopien nature better than the discourse which Homer makes Polyphemus address to his ram.

III.

LOVE OF ALPHEUS* FOR THE FOUNTAIN ARETHUSA.

NEPTUNE. ALPHEUS.

NEPTUNE. What is the reason, Alpheus, that you are the only river, that after falling into the sea, you do not mingle with the salt water of it, as is the custom of all other rivers, but flow as it were therein and preserve your stream always fresh, and continue your course untainted and pure? One would imagine that you only dive like the gulls and herons, and come up again into daylight.

ALPHEUS. That I must own, Neptune, is a love-secret. You will pardon me therefore, as you yourself are no stranger to that passion.

NEPTUNE. Is your beloved a mortal or a nymph, or may she be one of the Nereids?

ALPHEUS. Not one of all the three; she is a fountain, Neptune.

NEPTUNE. And in what part of the world does she flow?

* Alpheus, a river in Arcadia, become famous through mythology and the poets, was as every river, a son of Oceanus and Tethys. He was in love with Arethusa, one of Diana's nymphs, who knew no other way of avoiding his artifices than by being metamorphosed by Diana into a fountain. Alpheus, desirous at least of uniting himself as a river with this fountain, flowed after her above and under the earth, and even through the waves of the sea, till at length he reached her in Sicily, and obtained his darling wish. That a river of Arcadia named Alpheus, and a beautiful fountain sprung up in the syracusian isle Ortygia, bearing the name Arethusa, is very true; but what could have given rise to their wonderful love-story, is hard to say. Ovid relates it in his luxuriant manner in the tenth fable of the fifth book of his metamorphoses. Pausanias likewise mentions this fable (*in Eliac. cap. vii.*) and finds nothing more credible than that the river Alpheus runs through the Ionian sea in order to pour itself, at Ortygia, near Syracuse, into the fountain Arethusa; in confirmation of his belief he even cites a delphic oracle. The jest carried on for a couple of moments by our author, upon this fable, lies principally in the curious mixture of colours suited to the subject, by means of which the enamoured river and his beloved fountain, are neither river and fountain nor persons, but, through a singular *communicatio idiomatum*, are both at once.

ALPHEUS. She inhabits an island in Sicily, and her name is Arethusa.

NEPTUNE. I know this Arethusa, my dear Alpheus; she is not ugly; on the contrary, she splashes, as pure and transparent as crystal, from a fine sandy bottom, and her stream rippling gracefully over the pebbles shines like pure silver.

ALPHEUS. I see you are very well acquainted with her, Neptune; to her therefore I am now going.

NEPTUNE. Go then in peace, and be happy in your love! Only tell me this one thing more, how could you get a sight of Arethusa, you being an Arcadian and she a Syracusan?

ALPHEUS. I am in haste, Neptune, and you detain me with impertinent questions.

NEPTUNE. That is true. Therefore post away without any farther hindrance from me, to your beloved, and dive and rise again from the sea at pleasure; and may you in reciprocal flowing mingle sources with your beloved, and continue to flow with her in one stream in the same bed for ever*!

IV.

DOUBT OF AN INCREDULOUS EYE-WITNESS ON
AN INCREDIBLE MIRACLE.

MENELAUS. PROTEUS.

MENELAUS. That you can turn yourself into water, Proteus †, is not quite incomprehensible, since you were formerly of a watery nature; or into a tree, I will also let that pass; even the transformation into a lion

* In the greek: *καὶ ἐν ὕδασι γίνεσθαι*. Massieu appears to me to have successfully made out the thought, and I thought it best to follow him. But too frequently our language will not admit of pursuing a metaphor as far as the greek allows: sometimes however the contrary takes place.

† Proteus is brought to our acquaintance by the poets as one of the principal sea-gods. The argument of the present confabulation is taken from the fourth book of the Odyssey, where

is not absolutely incredible: but how it should be possible, for one that lives in the bosom of the ocean, to become fire, surprises me greatly, and to speak honestly — I do not believe it.

PROTEUS. You need not be surprised, Menelaus, for it is customary with me.

MENELAUS. Yes, I have seen it; but by your leave, I fancy there may be some juggle concealed behind the thing; and a short that you have the art of deceiving the eyes of the beholder, without really and in earnest becoming fire.

PROTEUS. But how were deception practicable in a fact so clear and evident to the senses? Have not you seen with open eyes into what shapes I have converted myself? If however you will not trust that sense, but still fancy that I presented an empty figure before your eyes, nothing is easier, my worthy sir, than to come at the truth: only, when I am fire, stretch out your hand to me, and you will soon feel whether I only appear to be fire, but whether I likewise can burn.

MENELAUS. The experiment, Proteus, is a little hazardous*.

PROTEUS. You may probably never in your life have seen a polypus †, nor know what a singular property that fish has?

Menelaus relates to the sons of Nestor and Ulysses his adventure with this curious exemplar of a god in as ample a detail as one could desire. The homeric Menelaus is a good deal more susceptible of miracles than the Lucianic; not the smallest doubt arises in his mind, that all is not right, when he sees the old sea-god alternately turn himself into a lion, a panther, a dragon, a boar, and a tree. That Proteus changed himself into fire before his eyes, Homer indeed does not expressly say; but Lucian thought he might presume that it happened, because the daughter of Proteus, Eidothea, had foretold Menelaus, that he would metamorphose himself "into everything that lives on the earth, into water and lambent flame." *Odyss. iv. ver. 417, 418.*

* The proposal of the old miracle-monger had an air of openness and confidence in his cause; Menelaus on the other hand appears, by not agreeing to the test, to be guilty of an injudicious piece of *poltronnerie*, by exciting a suspicion that there was more of obstinacy and ostentation than of reason in his incredulity; for a man may certify himself whether fire be fire, by his feeling, without actually burning his hand. But in fact Menelaus was right, not to trust the crafty old juggler. He that can present such an extraordinary illusion to the eyes of mankind, may perhaps have the means of rendering dangerous an experiment, proposed by himself, without bringing it about less naturally than all the rest.

† The matter here is neither concerning the trembling fresh water polypus, nor that species whose work and habitation are the corals, madrepores, and other lithophytes; for

MENELAUS. A polypus I have seen, but the peculiar property you speak of, I would gladly know.

PROTEUS. It consists in this, that he always assumes the colour of the rock, to which by his arms and antennæ he clings, so that he deceives the fishers, by reason that they cannot discern him from the rock, and therefore eludes their observation.

MENELAUS. ♣ it is said : but your gift of transformation far surpasses that in incomprehensibility.

PROTEUS. If you will not believe your own eyes, I know not whom you would believe.

MENELAUS. It is true, I have seen it with my seeing eyes : but — it is nevertheless marvellously strange and unaccountable, that the very same thing should be both fire and water !

V.

A NEREID RELATES TO HER SISTER WHAT
OCCURRED AT THE NUPTIALS OF THETIS*.

PANOPE. GALENE.

PANOPE. Did you see, Galene, the disturbance Eris made yesterday at the nuptial feast in Thessaly, because she was not invited ?

both kinds were unknown to the ancients ; but of that species of larger sea-polypus which the fishers watched for, because they were a favourite dish on the table of the Greeks. See *Athen. Conviv. lib. xi. cap. 19.* Aristotle, who in the second chapter of the fourth book of his natural history describes this polypus, both as to its difference and its resemblance to the black-fish or ink-fish, with his usual accuracy, confirms, in the fifth chapter of the ninth book, this singular property of the polypus here meant. He watches, says he, for the fishes (and mussels on which it feeds) while he changes his colour, and resembles the stone to which he adheres. This he does likewise when he is frightened (namely, when the fishers are after him). The cause of this deceptive property is perhaps no other, than that the body of the polypus is transparent, as Scaliger says.

* This little interlocution seems to be the first rapid sketch of the picture we have seen completed in No. xx. It confirms my conjecture that Lucian composed the dialogues of the sea-deities first.

GALENE. I was not there, Panope: Neptune had commissioned me in the mean time to keep the sea calm*. But what then could Eris do, since she was not present?

PANOPE. Thetis and Peleus had just been conducted by Amphitrite and Neptune into the bridal chamber, and the guests in the mean time gave themselves up to merriment; some drank, others danced, others again were listening to Apollo's lyre, others to the singing of the Muses. Nothing therefore was easier than for Eris to take her revenge without being observed by any. She threw a wonderfully fine golden apple among the guests, bearing the inscription: *Let the fairest take it*; and the apple continued rolling on, till, as if designedly, it came to the place where Juno, Venus, and Minerva were seated. Mercury having picked it up, and read aloud the inscription, we Nereids † kept ourselves as still as mice: for what had we to do, while they were present? They now, each of the three, claimed the apple; and disputed so eagerly, that if Jupiter had not interposed, they would certainly have proceeded to actual hostilities. The goddesses urged him to be their arbitrator; but he would have nothing to do with it. Go to Ida, said he, to the son of Priam; he is the fittest to find out the fairest: he is a lover and a judge of beauty, and you may safely rely upon his judgment.

GALENE. What said the goddesses to that, Panope?

PANOPE. To-day I think they set out for Ida, and we shall soon get the intelligence, who gained the prize.

GALENE. As Venus is with them, certainly none other than she; or the judge must have very bad eyes ‡.

* Alluding to the proper interpretation of her name, which implies the calm of the sea. In the list given by Hesiod of the Nereids (Theog. ver. 243.) Galene is the seventh: but Apollodorus, Hyginus, and Homer have her not at all in their registers.

† As goddesses of the second rank notwithstanding, they are so much praised for their beauty by the poets, that it should have given them as well as those of the first magnitude, a right to put in their claims to the apple.

‡ Yet she obtained the apple, not on account of her personal beauty, but because she had the art to bias the judge to her side, by the promise to procure him the beautiful Helen.

VI.

THE RAPE OF AMYMONE*.

TRITON †. NEPTUNE. AMYMONE.

TRITON. Noble commander, Neptune, there comes every day a wondrous nice girl with a pitcher on her head to Lerna; I do not know that I ever saw a handsomer lass.

NEPTUNE. Is she free-born, or a slave appointed to carry water?

TRITON. Nothing less than that; she is one of the fifty daughters of Danaus ‡, whom you know, and calls herself Amydone; for I inquired after her name and family. This Danaus keeps his daughters exceedingly strict; they are obliged to do all the domestic drudgery with their own hands, and he even sends them out with the water-jug; in short he brings them up to habits of general industry §.

* Neptune, notwithstanding his cold element, was no less hot set upon the fair daughters of men than his brother Jupiter; and among the great number of his transient amours was included this Amydone. Nauplius, the builder of the city of Nauplia in Peloponnesus, and father of the celebrated Palamedes, drew his existence from the rape that forms the subject of this dialogue. That Apollodorus and Hyginus relate the affair with other circumstances is no impeachment of our author's credibility; for there is not a single article in the mythology that is not related in different ways. Neptune presided over horse courses, and was honoured with peculiar devotion by all who were ambitious to excel in the conduct of the chariot.

† Notwithstanding there were several Tritons, as well as several Pans, Cyclops, love-deities, &c. Yet there was but one Triton, (as well as one Pan, one Cyclops, one Amor) to whom that name by excellence belonged, and who represented a sort of groom of the chamber, or as it were the Mercury of the god of the sea. He no less than his brother, is distinguished from the other aquatic deities by their figure; their hair is of sedge, and the body, which is covered with little water-blue scales, terminates, instead of feet, in a dolphin's tail.

‡ Danaus and Ægyptus (says the mythology) were twin sons of the ægyptian king Belus. Their father divided his kingdom between them; but Ægyptus chose rather to have it all alone, and thought the surest way to obtain it would be by marrying his fifty sons with the fifty daughters of his brother. The latter not being inclined to the proposal, he saw himself necessitated to take ship with his fifty daughters, and go to seek his fortune elsewhere. After various adventures, they at last came to Argos, and found means to conquer that petty territory, or kingdom as it was then called.

§ It was a very good education that Danaus gave his fifty daughters. But Triton speaks as becomes a valet de chambre, occupying the *departement des affaires amoureuses* to a great lord.

NEPTUNE. And does the maid come the whole way from Argos to Lerna alone*?

TRITON. Quite alone; there is a great want of water at Argos, you know; they are forced to fetch it from a distance.

NEPTUNE. By what you say of this young girl you affect me strangely. Let us go and get a sight of her.

TRITON. I am ready to attend you. It is just her time; she will be now about half-way to Lerna.

NEPTUNE. Let the horses be put to my car immediately — but no; that will take up too much time in harnessing and preparing — fetch me rather one of the fleetest dolphins; that I think will be the speediest way of reaching the place.

TRITON. Here is the swiftest of all the dolphins at your service.

NEPTUNE. That is well; now I mount; and you, Triton, swim beside me. — Now, that we are arrived at Lerna, I will lurk in ambush somewhere here †, and you keep a good look out, and when you see her coming —

TRITON. There she is, quite near!

NEPTUNE. A handsome girl, Triton, a charming girl! We must seize upon her!

AMYMONE. Fellow, why do you meddle with me? Where are you going to carry me? You are a kidnapper ‡! You look as if you were sent by my uncle Ægyptus to convey me away. I will call my father.

TRITON. Hush, Amymone! It is Neptune.

AMYMONE. Talk not to me of Neptune! — What! do you use vio-

The more strict the young Amymone has been brought up, he supposes, the more inclined she will be to let herself be lured by the prospect of a more agreeable situation.

* The swamp Lerna, whither these princesses daily went to fetch water, was forty stadia distant from Argos; and therefore if we allow them to have taken, agreeably to the custom of the heroic age, pretty long steps, they had to travel at least two good hours with their pitchers.

† Lerna, according to Pausanias, who very accurately describes that country, lay close to the sea, and on one side, in a plane-tree grove consecrated to Ceres, was bordered by the river Amymone, which took its name from this favourite of Neptune. It is observable, that Lucian pays attention to the several local circumstances.

‡ One of the pirates that abounded in the heroic times, and were particularly dangerous to the fair daughters of the king. For the history of those ages swarms with rapes.

lence, man? Do you want to drown me? Ah, me! I shall be suffocated in the water!

NEPTUNE. Fear not; no harm shall come to you! With my trident I will cause a spring to issue from the rock, that shall bear your name*, and you shall happily be the only one of all your sisters not doomed after death to draw water †.

VII.

IO.

NOTUS. ZEPHYRUS.

NOTUS. Yon heifer, that Mercury is conducting by sea to — Ægypt is that the same which Jupiter admired so much, say you?

ZEPHYRUS. None other, my dear Notus; but indeed she was not a heifer then, but the daughter of the river Inachus. Her present form Juno gave her out of jealousy, on perceiving that Jupiter was so exceedingly enamoured with her.

NOTUS. Does he admire her still since she is become a cow?

ZEPHYRUS. Very much. He has therefore sent her to Ægypt, and ordered us to keep the sea quiet, till she has swam across, in order that when she shall be delivered there (for she is in a hopeful condition) she shall be a goddess and her son a god.

NOTUS! That heifer a goddess!

* This consolatory circumstance is a part of the legend of the fair Amymone; Neptune thought, by limpid spring water, instead of the marshy, with which she was hitherto forced to be content, to have amply compensated her for what he had robbed her of.

† As to this article, Neptune seems not to have kept his word, and in general, after she had borne Nauplius to him, to have cared little more about her. When sometime afterwards, the fifty sons of Ægyptus came to Argos, for the purpose of marrying their fifty cousins, cost what it would, Amymone fell to the portion of Enceladus, and murdered him, by the command of her father and after the example of her sisters, in the first night. As Hypermnestra was the only one that spared her bridegroom, she was exempted from the punishment of the Danaids, who, as everybody knows, were condemned to hell, there to draw water by a sieve into a leaky tub for ever.

ZEPHYR. Certainly! and Mercury says she is to be a tutelar goddess of mariners, and our mistress, so that every one of us is to blow or not to blow just as she pleases.

NOTUS. Then we should pay our court to her betimes, Zephyr, since the thing is now as good as done.

ZEPHYR. By Jupiter, it is the way to render her more benign. — But see! the voyage is over, she is already arrived and has swam ashore. Look, already she has done walking on all four, and what a fine stately dame Mercury has made of her!

NOTUS. These are wonderful events, dear Zephyr! Horns, tail and cloven feet, all gone at once, and the heifer is a charming maid. But what ails Mercury, that he has changed his comely youthful countenance for a dog's face?

ZEPHYR. Let us not trouble our heads about that; he must know best what he has to do.

VIII.

ARION*.

NEPTUNE. *A Chorus of DOLPHINS.*

NEPTUNE. You do well, ye dolphins, in being so friendly to mankind; and I commend you for it. Already in the old times, when the son of Ino, with his mother, plunged down from the Scironian rocks headlong into the sea, you took him upon your back, and carried him to the isthmus; as you recently took up the citharædus † of Methymna, and conveyed him in all his ornature ‡, together with his lyre, to the cape of Tenarus; when but for your assistance he could not have avoided the destruction the malicious mariners intended for him.

* ARION. The subject of this dialogue is taken from a well known story of Herodotus in the 23d and 24th chapters of his Clio.

† The citharædi were different from the citharistes. The latter only played upon the instrument: the former were singers, who accompanied themselves upon the cithara.

‡ "Ἐνδύλα μάλιστα τῆν σκιστήν", says Herodotus. The citharædi of the antients had a peculiar ornature, when they performed in public, which the Greeks termed *ἰπιόραμα*, from its being fastened over the breast by a clasp; and some latin poets, on account of its resemblance to

DOLPHIN. Be not surprised that we are kind to man, since we from men were turned into fishes*.

NEPTUNE. For that reason I take it very ill of Bacchus, that after having obtained a victory over you in the sea-fight, contrary to his usual practice, he acted with so much arrogance †. But what is the adventure of this Arion, my dear Dolphin?

DOLPHIN. Periander, I believe, was very much attached to him on account of his talent, and sent for him often to hear his music; to be brief, he enriched himself in the service of that prince, and now requested of him permission to take a voyage to Methymna, in order to make a display of his wealth to his countrymen. To this end therefore he went on board a small vessel, which unhappily was manned by a crew of villains. He having been foolish enough to let them know that he had a quantity of gold and silver along with him, they, when about the middle of the Ægean sea, hatched a plot against his life. Now then, said he, (for I swam so near to the ship, that I could hear everything,) since I perceive your resolution is fixed, allow me only to put on my ornature, to sing my death-song, and then voluntarily plunge into the sea. No objection being made, he put on his trappings, played and sung a pleasing and affecting elegy, and cast himself overboard, certain of finding an instant death in the waves. But I took him upon my back, and swam with him to Tænarus.

NEPTUNE. Your love for music is very praiseworthy, and you well rewarded him for his fine singing.

the gown worn by females, *palla*. It consisted in a full mantle flowing down to the ground, of purple and ornamented with gay embroidery. Probably other decorations were included in the *πάσα σκεπή*; for example, a ring, a wreath worn upon the brows, and the like. *Vid.* Joh. Laurentii *de Præcon. Citharædis, &c. in Græv. Thez.* vol. viii. p. 1464.

* That is, they were Tyrrhene pirates, who had got Bacchus, with his *troupe joyeuse* into their power, but soon by signs and wonders had proof of his divinity, and were metamorphosed by him into dolphins.

† Lucian, who we know is rather verbose, makes Neptune subjoin: "by metamorphosing you, when it would have been enough to have forced you to submission, as he dealt by others whom he had conquered." — It is having too little confidence in our readers, when we relieve them from every even the easiest co-operation of their own understanding. The desire of peripicuity is extremely laudable in our author; but one may have too much of a good thing, and too much light is sometimes more unpleasant than too little.

IX.

HELLE.

NEPTUNE. *AMPHITRITE, and other Nereids.*

NEPTUNE. Henceforth let the streight in which the girl was lost, be named after her, the sea of Helle [Hellespont *]. But bear her corpse, ye Nereids, to the coast of Troy, that it may be buried by her countrywomen.

AMPHITRITE. Not so, Neptune! Let us bury her in the sea that bears her name. The poor girl suffered so much from her stepmother, that we pity her from our hearts.

NEPTUNE. What you propose, Amphitrite, cannot be; neither would it be decent, to lay her anywhere under the sand; therefore, as I said before, let her be properly interred on this or on the opposite shore! Besides it will be no small comfort to her, that Ino will shortly encounter the same fate, and being pursued by the enraged Athamas, will be compelled to throw herself from the top of mount Cithæron into the sea.

AMPHITRITE. From respect to Bacchus however should not we save this Ino, as she was his nurse?

NEPTUNE. Though she does not deserve it, on account of her ill-temper: yet, as you say, it would not be right not to oblige Bacchus in this.

A NEREID. But how came it then that poor Helle fell off the ram, while her brother Phryxus was conveyed safe and sound?

NEPTUNE. That is easily to be accounted for; her brother is a youth who has strength and fortitude to endure such a trip: whereas the girl, alarmed at the first thought of the perilous adventure; and giddy with the dartlike velocity of the flight, when casting a sudden glance of the

* Athamas, a son of Æolus, had by Nephele, a goddess whose parentage is unknown, a son Phryxus, and a daughter Helle, who was so cruelly persecuted by a stepmother whom the father gave them in the person of Ino, a daughter of Cadmus, that their mother Nephele could devise no other means of saving them from the death that was prepared for them, but by sending them a winged ram whose wool and hide were of pure gold, with orders for both to mount it and flee to Colchis. The disaster of Helle on that extraordinary aerial expedition forms the subject of this little colloquy.

eye upon the horrid abyss beneath her, no more was wanting to complete the dizziness so as for an instant to let the horn of the ram by which she had held slip out of her hand, and thus was precipitated into the sea.

THE NEREID. But should not her mother Nephele have gone to her assistance, when she saw the girl falling?

NEPTUNE. She might indeed have attempted it; but what could Nephele do to counteract the preponderant power of fate?

X.

WONDERFUL ORIGIN OF THE ISLE DELOS.

IRIS. NEPTUNE.

IRIS. Neptune! you are commanded by Jupiter to lift up and arrest that floating isle torn off from Sicily, which is now floating about under water, so that it may be conspicuous in the Ægean sea, and rest upon a permanent foundation.

NEPTUNE. It shall be done, Iris. But what use will it be of to him, when it is fixed and above water?

IRIS. Latona is to be delivered of her burden on that isle; and it is high time, for she has already strong symptoms.

NEPTUNE. Could not she then just as well be brought to bed in heaven? Or, in case there be no room there, has not the earth sufficient space for her progeny?

IRIS. No. Juno has bound the earth by a solemn obligation to refuse the teeming Latona a place for that purpose. Fortunately this isle was not included in the oath, since it was then invisible.

NEPTUNE. Now I understand you. — Halt, island! Emerge from the sea, move about no longer, but fix immoveably, and receive into thy bosom, o happiest of isles, the twin children of my brother, the most beautiful of all the gods!* — Ye tritons, convey Latona hither; let se-

* Is Neptune also among the the prophets? Whence did he know that twins would be born of Latona, &c. Perhaps Lucian might think, that as other inferior sea-gods, as Nereus, Proteus, Glaucus, could prophesy, he might without impropriety ascribe the same talent to

renity rest upon the sea, and let every wave be smooth! But as for the dragon, which has hitherto furiously pursued and frightened her from place to place, him shall the infants as soon as they are born persecute and avenge their mother. — Do you, Iris, inform Jupiter, that his orders are obeyed. Delos stands fixt; Latona may come and bring forth when she will.

 XI.

 COMIC REPRESENTATION OF AN HOMERICAL
 FICTION.

XANTHUS. THALASSA *.

XANTHUS. Take me up, Thalassa! I have been horribly treated! Sooth my burning wounds, I beseech you!

THALASSA. What is the matter with you, Xanthus? Who has burnt you so sadly?

XANTHUS. Vulcan. — Woe and alas! I am almost burnt up to a cinder! I am in a perfect glow.

THALASSA. But why did he set you so on fire?

XANTHUS. To gratify the son of Thetis. When I saw the cruel slaughter he made among the poor Scythians, I earnestly implored him to abate his wrath: and because he would not mind me, but continued to choak up my channel with carcasses, I at last, in compassion to the poor wretches, threatened to drown him; but solely in a view to frighten him, and ob-

the grand sultan of the ocean. — Yet according to the homeric theology, to which he generally adheres, the foresight of future events is a common prerogative of all the deities, although they did not all practise soothsaying as a profession.

* Xanthus and Thalassa. Thalassa means properly in greek the sea; here however Thalassa being introduced by Lucian as a person, and made the grandmother of Achilles, he seems to have taken it for the same person, with Thetis, the wife of Oceanus, as this with Pontus; though by others they are discriminated. Xanthus was a small river, falling into the sea in the territory of Troy, and has obtained through Homer a greater reputation than it deserves. Hesiod makes him a son of Oceanus and Thetis, Hyginus the son of Pontus and Thalassa, which in reality is just the same. His proper name was Scamander; the gods however, says Homer, *Iliad*. xx. 74. call him Xanthus. The lamentable catastrophe to which this dialogue relates is described by Homer with all its concomitant circumstances in the 21st book of the *Iliad*.

tain a breathing time for the harassed Trojans. All at once Vulcan *, who happened to be in the vicinity, came down upon me with all the fire, I believe, he is master of, and all that he could scrape together from Ætna and the whole world, and scorched my tamarisks and elms, roasted my unfortunate fish and my fine eels, made myself boil over so furiously, that within a very little he has left me quite dry. However, you see by the blains and scalds with which I am covered, what I must suffer.

THALASSA. You are indeed very turgid and hot; and how should it be otherwise, since you are so encumbered with bleeding carcasses, and, as you say, have sustained such an inflammation? But you are rightly served, Xanthus! Why did you violently rush upon my nephew †, not considering that he is the son of a Nereid?

XANTHUS. Was it not then my duty to espouse the cause of my poor neighbours, the Phrygians?

THALASSA. And ought not Vulcan to have espoused the cause of his old friend Thetis ‡?

XII.

DANAË.

DORIS. THETIS.

DORIS. Why do you weep so, Thetis?

THETIS. My dear Doris, I just now saw a most beautiful young creature, with her newborn son cast into the sea. Her father Acrisius § having ordered both mother and infant to be put in a chest, conveyed them a

* Vulcan sided with the Greeks, and had previously leagued with Xanthus when the gods of both parties were come to blows. Iliad xx. 73, 74.

† Achilles was a son of Thetis, Thetis a daughter of Nereus and Doris, Nereus a son of Oceanus and Thetis, equivalent to Pontus and Thalassa: consequently Achilles was great grandson of the latter. The Greeks however, as far as I know, had no peculiar term for great grandson; Lucian therefore wrote (as Gilbert Cousin wisely conjectures) *νιηρός*, which may just as well mean the son's nephew as the son's son.

‡ She had caught him up when he was hurled down from heaven into the sea by his mother Juno as soon as he was born, on account of his ugliness, and had been his foster mother. See Homer's first hymn to Apollo, ver. 316.

§ King of Argos, grandson of Lynceus and the danaid Hypermnestra.

good way out upon the sea, and there let them down into the water, that they might both perish.

DORIS. And why did he so, sister? For you seem to be acquainted with the whole affair.

THETIS. Acrisius had doomed his daughter, notwithstanding her extraordinary beauty, to a perpetual virginity*, and therefore kept her shut up in a brazen apartment†; and they say, whether true or false I know not, that Jupiter, having metamorphosed himself into a golden shower, poured down upon her through the roof: that Danaë, having unconsciously received the flowing god into her lap, in consequence became pregnant‡. The father, an austere and morose old churl, on perceiving it fell into a violent rage, and, imagining that she had certainly been seduced by somebody, as soon as she was well enough from her labour, threw her, babe and all, into this chest.

DORIS. But how did she behave upon being let down into the sea?

THETIS. With regard to herself she was silent, and patiently submitted to her hard fate: but for the life of her son she fervently implored, holding him out with cries and sobs to the grandfather, in hopes that he might be moved by the beauty of the infant, who, ignorant of his own misfortune, innocently smiled at the waves to which he was condemned to become a prey. I cannot refrain from tears at the bare recollection.

DORIS. You make my heart melt within me. Are they then both dead?

* It having been predicted, that he would be put to death by a son of his daughter.

† Horace calls it a brazen tower; Pausanias, in the very same words that our author employs, χαλκῆν θάλαμον; with the addition that the subterraneous building wherein it stood was still shewn at Argos in his time; but that the corinthian prince Perilaus (probably because he had a better use for the brass) caused it to be demolished. *Corinth.* xxiii.

‡ As there have been at all times people hard of belief, who will not admit it into their heads, that the god, *qui templa cæli summa sonitu concutit* (to speak with Terence) could have played such a pitiful trick, as *clanculum per impluvium* to have got in, for a bit of pastime with a confined princess; it was even at that time whispered, that Prætus, the younger brother of the king was really the person, who out of spite to his brother, played Jupiter with his niece; and Acrisius himself obstinately persisted in the opinion, that everything in some way or another must have passed quite naturally. Thetis, therefore, not having been an eye-witness, will not positively decide, but relates the anecdote as a report, for the truth of which she cannot vouch. However, the story as it was related by the princess, being incomparably more elegant, wonderful and consolatory for young persons of her sex, it accordingly retained the preference; the more so, as both poets and painters, and all the clever *homunciones* who had a particular interest in it, as was very natural, declared in favour of the fair Danaë and the golden shower.

THETIS. No. The chest is floating about the isle Seryphos*, and they are still alive.

DORIS. Why then do we not haste to save them, and bid the fishermen, employed yonder on the shore, to cast a net † for them? and by that means infallibly draw them out, and they will be preserved.

THETIS. A good thought! Let us do so. It would be a shocking calamity if she and the beautiful infant were to be lost!

XIII.

TYRO.

ENIPEUS. NEPTUNE.

ENIPEUS. It was not fair of you, Neptune, if I may speak the truth, to assume my likeness, and seduce my favourite ‡. The poor girl took you for me, otherwise she would never have been brought to compliance.

NEPTUNE. You deserved no better; you were so cold and haughty as to regard with disdain a girl that comes down to you day after day, and is almost dying for love of you, and who suffers so much and does all she can for your sake. The poor thing wanders so sorrowfully up and down your

* A small island in the Ægean sea, or grecian Archipelago, now named Serpho or Serfanto.

† Hyginus (Fab. lxiii.) denominates the fisher, by whom Danaë was saved, Dictys; whereas, if we may trust Apollodorus (*lib. ii. cap. 4.*), this Dictys was a younger brother of the king of Seriphon, Polydectes, which latter, as it appears, found means to relieve his brother from the care of providing for the amiable Danaë and her son, by marrying the one and educating the other as his own; nevertheless the narrations of the mythologists are on this subject full of contradictions.

‡ Tyro, a daughter of the king of Elis, Salmones, was in love, while a very young girl, with the river Enipeus, but who, as it seems, cared little about her, and thereby gave Neptune an opportunity of assuming his form and availing himself of the kind disposition of the young princess. This was attended with such good success, that the fair Tyro was in due time delivered of twins, of whom afterwards one named Pelias was established at Iolcos, and the other Neleus, at Pylos, suitably to their rank. The relation that Tyro's departed soul gives to Ulysses of it, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, seems to have led our author to the idea of giving this comic turn to the affair; since it is certainly very conformable to nature, that Enipeus, cold as he had been towards the fair Tyro, should nevertheless have felt himself highly affronted by the little liberty which Neptune had taken with her under his form.

coast, descends so frequently to bathe in your waters, and longs so earnestly for your embraces; and you treat her with indifference!

ENIPEUS. And does that give you a right to corrupt her under my form, to entice my love away from me, by imposing upon the simple, unsuspecting Tyro?

NEPTUNE. Your jealousy comes now too late, my good Enipeus; you should not have acted so haughtily and scornfully. Besides, Tyro has suffered no wrong, since she took him, for whom she undid her girdle, for her lover.

ENIPEUS. As if you yourself at going away did not tell her who you were! It was just that which most grieved her*. And you must own that you have done me an injury, by appropriating to yourself by stealth, the joys that were intended for me, and under the purple flood, which concealed you both †, possessed my right in the beloved maid.

NEPTUNE. You might have possessed it, Enipeus, but you refused.

XIV.

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

A TRITON. IPHIANASSA. DORIS *and other* NEREIDS.

The TRITON. You Nereids, the cetus, that monster which you let loose ‡ upon the daughter of Cepheus, Andromeda, has not only, contrary to your expectation, done the maid no harm, but is itself slain.

* Of this Tyro herself, in Homer at least, says not a word. On the contrary, she appears to have been well satisfied with the exchange, but Enipeus had naturally sufficient vanity to flatter himself with the reverse.

† Alluding to the passage in Homer, *Odyss. xi. 242, 243.*

‡ Cassiopeia, the wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, drew upon herself the displeasure of the whole troop of Nereids for pretending to be handsomer than those goddesses, who on the article of beauty endure no raillery. Neptune, who made their cause his own, visited therefore the country of Cepheus with inundations and other plagues, till he consented to appease the wrath of the Nereids, by the sacrifice of his only daughter Andromeda, whom at the command of these goddesses, he chained to a rock projecting into the sea, there to be devoured by a ravenous sea-monster. The deliverance of the lovely innocent by Perseus, the son of Jupi-

A NEREID. By whose hand, Triton? Did Cepheus only propose the maid as a bait to him, and then from a covert rush out upon him with a superior force and kill him?

TRITON. No. But, Iphianassa, you remember Perseus, the son of Danaë, whose life out of compassion you saved, when he with his mother was inclosed in a chest, by his grandfather, and cast upon the sea?

IPHIANASSA. Perfectly well; he must now be grown up and a handsome brave young man.

TRITON. He it is who has slain your cetus.

IPHIANASSA. And what moved him to it, Triton? He has badly testified his gratitude for that life which we preserved.

TRITON. I will tell you how it was. This Perseus took a journey to the Gorgons *, whom the king of Seriphos had engaged him to subdue. Being now arrived in Lybia, at the place of their abode —

IPHIANASSA. How, Triton, alone? or had he auxiliaries with him? For unless he had, it were a perilous journey to undertake!

TRITON. He travelled through the air. Minerva provided him with wings for that purpose. On his arrival, he found the Gorgons, I think, sleeping: he therefore cut off Medusa's head, and brought it away with him.

IPHIANASSA. But how was that possible, since the Gorgons cannot be looked upon, or whoever looks on them will never look more?

pitier and Danaë, furnishes so fine a subject for the imitative arts, that it would be surprising if poets and painters in all ages had not attempted it; and probably the present dialogue may owe its existence to some excellent picture of the kind.

* The Gorgons, Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, says the fable, were three sisters, of singular aspect: for instead of hair, real living snakes hung about their head; they had moreover iron hands, golden wings, teeth of a wild boar, and what was worse than all, the property of changing into stone whatever they looked upon or was held before them. These astonishing fairies had besides three half-sisters, called Grææ, i. e. old women, because immediately on their birth they were hoary dwarfish grannams. All three had only one single eye and one single tooth in common among them, which they mutually transferred to each other when they wanted to see or to eat; at other times both were kept in a little box. Perseus, knowing that they could inform him where the Gorgons slept, found means to steal their box, and would not restore it, till they betrayed to him the place of abode of their half-sisters. It must be confessed that the grecian nursery-tale-makers strike the poor moderns into despair of ever being able to surpass them in the absurd, which in shah Baham's opinion is the true sublime of that art.

TRITON. Minerva held her shield before him. — So at least I heard him relate the affair to Cepheus, and afterwards to Andromeda. — Minerva therefore shewed him in her bright polished shield the figure of Medusa as in a looking-glass; and now, still fixing his eyes on the reflected image, he with the left hand seized the Gorgon by the hair, and with the sabre in his right cut off her head, and flew away with it before her sisters were awake. Then, flying along the coast of Æthiopia, he descried Andromeda riveted to a rock protruding far into the sea, with dishevelled hair, and naked to below the girdle. Gods, how beautiful he thought her! His first sentiment was pity for her fate; he inquired after the occasion of her punishment: but his pity imperceptibly grew into love (for it was decreed that the maid should be preserved!) and he resolved on her deliverance. He accordingly prepared himself for the onset; and as the monster came up to Andromeda with open jaws instantaneously to swallow her, the youth raising himself a little in the air, with one hand he held the sabre and smote him, while with the other he converted him into stone by holding before him the head of Medusa. The cetus therefore died upon the spot; the greater part of his body, so much namely of him as was facing the Gorgon*, being suddenly petrified. Perseus directly loosed the chains of the virgin, supported her with his arm, as she came on tip-toe down the steep and slippery rock, where she was at every step in danger of sliding and falling into the depths below, and now he is celebrating his nuptials with her, and will speedily carry her home to Argos: so that Andromeda, instead of the death that was designed for her, has found a husband of no common stamp.

IPHIANASSA. I am not sorry that the affair has taken this turn. For after all, how can the innocent girl help it, that her mother once opened her mouth too wide, and boasted of being handsomer than us?

DORIS. Cassiopeia being a mother, she could not be more sensibly punished than in her daughter.

IPHIANASSA. How are we affected by the speeches, Doris, which a woman that has grown up among barbarians, in her ignorance may throw out? She is punished enough for it in her anxiety about her child. Let us think no more of it, but rather take part in the nuptial joy.

* That is, all of him that was exposed to the rays of light reverberating from the Gorgon. I have preserved the greek expression, because in this picture it seems a local tint peculiarly appropriate.

XV.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA.

ZEPHYRUS. NOTUS.

ZEPHYRUS. No; never have I beheld such a brilliant scene upon the ocean since I first began to blow! Did not you see it, Southwind?

NOTUS. What scene are you speaking of, Zephyr? Who were then the performers?

ZEPHYRUS. You have missed a sight, the like of which may never be seen again.

NOTUS. I had business to do on the Red-sea, and then to blow through the whole coast of India: I therefore understand nothing about what you are talking of.

ZEPHYRUS. You know Agenor, at Sidon?

NOTUS. The father of Europa? Certainly; why do you ask?

ZEPHYRUS. What I have to relate concerns that same Europa.

NOTUS. May be, that Jupiter is in love with her? That I knew long ago.

ZEPHYRUS. That he is her lover, you know: hear now what were the consequences. Europa, with a number of girls of her own age, had come down to the shore to divert themselves in juvenile sports. Unexpectedly Jupiter presented himself in the shape of an amazingly fine bull, and mingled in their pastime; he was all over white, had horns gracefully turned back, and a lovely leering eye, leaped and capered about the shore as if maddened with joy, and lowed so amiably, that it was a pleasure to hear it. Emboldened by this, the young Europa took the fancy to get upon his back. But no sooner was Jupiter aware that she was firmly seated, than he ran off, full stretch, to the sea, and swam away with her. The good girl, dreadfully frightened at her situation, as well

EUROPA. This colloquy likewise has no other end in view, than to give a painter the idea of a very rich and splendid composition; if the lucianic drawing be not rather, as I suspect, the copy of some then celebrated work of art, whereby Lucian thought to pay his court to the artist or to the owner of it.

she might, grasped hold with her left hand of one of his horns, to prevent herself from falling off, while with the other she drew her veil about her, which was fluttering in the air.

NORUS. To see Jupiter in the shape of an ox swimming away with his charmer on his back. — There you had indeed a curious and pleasant spectacle, Zephyr!

ZEPHYRUS. Oh, what now ensued, was still pleasanter! In an instant the sea drew as it were a carpet over its waves, and became as smooth and unruffled as a meadow. We all held our breaths, and followed as silent spectators at a distance. Before them flew myriads of cupids, so near to the surface, that sometimes their toes feathered the water, having torches in their hands and chanting hymeneals. The Nereids rising from the water, mostly half naked, rode upon the backs of dolphins on either side, and clapped their hands for joy. The Tritons also and the other inhabitants of the sea, that were not of frightful aspect, danced around the lovely maid. Aye, Neptune himself had ascended his car, with Amphytrite by his side, and exultingly went before, as if to smooth the way for his swimming brother. And, that nothing might be wanting, a couple of vigorous Tritons bore the goddess of love, recumbent in her shell, strewing flowers of every kind upon the bride. It was one continued procession from the coast of Phœnicia quite to Crete. They had scarcely landed on that island, when away went the bull, and Jupiter in his own form, taking Europa by the hand, led her, glowing with a delicious blush, and hardly daring to open her eyes, to the dictean cave*; for she now indeed perceived in what view she had been conveyed thither. This done, we all retired, some this way and some that upon the sea, and set about blowing and blustering as usual.

NORUS. How happy you are, Zephyr, in having beheld all this! I was obliged in the mean time to be feeding my eyes with griffins, elephants, and black men.

* Lucian probably feigned this circumstance, taking it for granted that Jupiter must have been familiarly acquainted with this cave, by reason of its having been his own birth-place; not aware that he thereby offended the good Gortynians, who in the time of Theophrastus (and why not in Lucian's?) shewed to strangers the identical fountain on the brink of which, and the very same plane-tree beneath the shade of which Jupiter loosed the girdle of the fair Europa; asserting, as an irrefragable proof of it, that the said plane-tree has never shed its leaves from that very day.

C H A R O N,
OR THE
S U R V E Y O R S G E N E R A L .

MERCURY. CHARON.

MERCURY.

WHAT are you laughing at, Charon? and what is the meaning of your having abandoned your wherry and come up, you who are so little accustomed to this daylight, to mingle in the concerns of the upper world?

CHARON. A fancy took me, Mercury, to see what is the nature and complexion of human life, what are the pursuits of mankind, and what those things may be, the loss whereof they all deplore, when they come to us; for I have never yet ferried over one with dry eyes. I therefore requested of Pluto leave of absence for only one day, like the thessalian youth *, and so I am just risen into daylight. I am very fortunate in having met you here: for I hope you will not think it too much trouble, as I am a stranger in this country, to take me by the hand, and as you are here in a manner at home, to shew me everything that is worth seeing.

MERCURY. I have at present no time for it, dear ferryman; for I am going to transact for Jupiter there, above †, a particular business relating to human concerns; he is apt to be hot, you know, and if I am caught loitering, may take it into his head to banish me for ever to the kingdom of darkness, and give me up entirely to you. Or perhaps even, as he lately served poor Vulcan, catch me up by one leg, and swing me

CHARON. One of the most ingenious of Lucian's compositions, which in some sort occupies the middle space between his dialogues of the gods and of the dead, and may therefore be a proper substitute for a prologue to the latter.

* Protesilaus. See the 23rd conference of the dead.

† Τῆ ἀνω Διῆ, in contrast with the subterranean Jupiter or Pluto.

over the sacred threshold of heaven *, that the limping couple may afford the deities something to laugh at, if by chance they are called upon to hobble about as cup-bearers in the room of the beautiful Hebe.

CHARON. How? am I of so little value to you, that you would suffer me to wander about the earth without a guide, since we are such 'old friends, and day after day make the passage together with the souls that you attend upon! It would be no more than becoming in you, son of Maia, to recollect, that I never stationed you at the pump or ordered you to row: on the contrary, while, old as I am, I was obliged to labour with two oars at once, you with your broad shoulders, stretched at your length, lay snoring in the prow. Unless by chance you find some gossiping soul, with whom you can chatter during the whole trip. However, I conjure you by your father, my dear little Mercury, not to leave me in the lurch! Come with me, and shew me piece by piece, whatever appears worthy of observation in human life, that when I go back I may say I have seen something. I am unaccustomed to the light: I should go groping about with tottering steps and blinking eyes, and either see nothing at all, or not know what I did see. Do me the favour, good Cyllenius; I will be everlastingly grateful for it!

MERCURY. This business will not turn out well for me; I already see coming towards me the slaps and cuffs that will be the wages of this perambulation. However, I must consent with as good a grace as I can: what can one do when urged by a friend with such pressing importunity? To point out to you everything specifically, that is absolutely not possible: it would require several years, and for that neither of us have sufficient leisure. Jupiter would proclaim me all the world over as a run-away servant; and your business would be quite at a stand, and it would be prejudicial to Pluto's empire, if in all that time you carried over no dead: the toll-gatherer Æacus † would take it very ill, if for days and years not a penny came into his till. Let us consider then how best to provide for your seeing the chief things that are going on.

* *Ἄρὸ τῆ θειότητος βῆδῃ*, a comic allusion to ver. 591 of the first book of the Iliad.

† Æacus, formerly king of the isle of Ægina, executed (according to the mythology), together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, the judicial office over the dead as they arrived in the subterranean world. What private accounts Lucian had obtained, for making him receiver of the ferry-toll which the dead were obliged to pay for their transport across the stygian lake, is unknown to me.

CHARON. That must be your care, Mercury: I am a stranger, and entirely ignorant of things above ground.

MERCURY. To bring the matter to a conclusion, Charon, we want only a lofty station for the purpose. If you dared to ascend into heaven, the business would be settled at once: because from thence, as from a watch-tower, you could survey everything conveniently. But now, it not being permitted you, as an inmate in the kingdom of the dead, to set foot in Jupiter's royal citadel, we must look about us for some high mountain.

CHARON. You know, Mercury, what I so frequently say to you, if, in our passage over the Styx, it happens to be stormy weather, a heavy gale blowing, and the sea running high, some of you who understand nothing of these matters, would have me to furl the sail, or let go the bow-line, or run right before the wind; I however always bid them be quiet, as I must best know what to do. So do you now what you judge best, as you are at present my steersman; I shall behave like a mannerly passenger, sitting silent, and submissive to whatever you are pleased to direct.

MERCURY. You are right. I hope soon to find a proper station for us. — Stay, what do you think of Caucasus? Or is Parnassus still higher? Or is not Olympus here loftier than either? But now we talk of Olympus a thought comes into my head, that would not be amiss; but I shall want your assistance.

CHARON. Command me; I will do all I can.

MERCURY. Homer the poet says, that the two sons of the giant Alceus*, while yet in their boyhood, took a fancy to scale the heights of heaven; to this end they tore up Ossa from its foundation, intending to set it upon Olympus, and then pile Pelios upon that, conceiving that by so doing it would be an easy matter to get into heaven. But though these young rogues met their merited chastisement as archimpious villains; yet we, who have no design to do anything injurious to the gods, why should not we put this thought into execution, and by heaping

* Their names were Orus and Ephialtes, and they were properly sons of Neptune by Ephimedia, the wife of Alceus. So early as their ninth year they had reached the height of nine fathoms and were as many ells in bulk; and the conceit of piling the three Thessalian mountains, Pelios, Ossa, and Olympus upon one another, in order to ascend into heaven, seems to have been merely a frolic of these boys, aged nine years, though it was so sadly interpreted by their uncle Jupiter. Od. xi. 304.

several mountains upon one another, procure a loftier pinnacle for our observations.

CHARON. But how shall we two be able to lift up Pelios or Ossa?

MERCURY. Why not, Charon? Do you imagine that we are weaker than those two young brats? We, who besides are gods?

CHARON. That is not the case. But the undertaking appears to me of such prodigious magnitude, that I cannot conceive how we could be able to bring it to effect.

MERCURY. That, my good Charon, is entirely owing to your being no scholar and no poet; to the magnanimous Homer it would cost only a couple of verses to lift us up to heaven, so easy was it for him to set mountains upon one another. I am unable to conceive why it appears to you so extraordinary, since it cannot be unknown to you, that Atlas quite alone bears upon his shoulders the whole world, and therefore us also. You probably may have heard, that my brother Hercules once for a short space relieved this same Atlas, by taking the whole burden upon him, while he recovered his breath.

CHARON. Heard it I have, Mercury; but whether it is true, that I shall leave to you and the poets.

MERCURY. As true as anything in the world, my dear Charon; what reason could such wise men have for lying? Therefore, to cut the matter short, let us first heave up Ossa, as directed by the great architect Homer, and then pile upon Ossa the fig-tree-covered Pelion! — Behold how easily and poetically we have accomplished our task. I will now climb up in a trice, and see if it is sufficient, or whether we must build higher. — Alas, alas! we are still by far not high enough! To the east appears Ionia and Lydia, to the west nothing but Italy and Sicily, on the north side only the regions that lie between us and the Danube, and here before us Crete is the extremity of what we can see, and that not very clearly. Dear ferryman, we must still hoist up Cæta*, and then Parnassus on the top of the other mountains.

CHARON. As you please; only have a care, that the work, if we carry

* A mountain situate between Macedonia and Thessaly. Mercury, as it appears, reckons firmly upon the facility, with Homer's assistance, of transporting mountains, for these mountains stand tolerably far asunder.

it up beyond the due proportion, be not too weak to support itself, and suddenly tumble down and crush us in its fall.

MERCURY. Have only a good heart. There is no danger. Put Cæta here, and now I will roll Parnassus on the top of all. — Hah! it is better now! I see everything. Now do you come up.

CHARON. Lend me a hand, Mercury; it is not easy to mount up this scaffold.

MERCURY. You wanted to see everything! He that has such a passion for seeing must occasionally put up with a little danger and inconvenience. Only hold me fast by the hand, and mind how you set your foot! — Well done! So then you are up. Now, seeing Parnassus is double-peaked, we will each of us take possession of one for himself. Look therefore round you, and observe whatever the view presents.

CHARON. I see a large tract of land, surrounded by an extensive morass, and mountains and rivers greater than Cocytus and Periphlegethon, and everywhere little tiny men, and a sort of hollows or hives, where they probably dwell.

MERCURY. What you take for hollows are cities.

CHARON. Do you know, Mercury, that we have done nothing at all by bringing Parnassus with its castalian fount, and Cæta and all the other mountains together, and after all our labour and toil we are not a hair the better?

MERCURY. How so?

CHARON. Because from such a height I can clearly discern nothing. My wish was, not barely to see cities and mountains as in a picture, but men individually, and what they do and what they say. For instance, as when we met, and you seeing me laugh, asked me what I laughed at, I had just heard somewhat that diverted me much.

MERCURY. And what was that?

CHARON. One man was, I think, invited by another to take his meal with him the following day, who promised that he would certainly come; while he was yet speaking, a tile fell from the roof upon his head, and struck him dead. I could not help laughing to see that the man could not keep his promise. — I think I will get farther down, that I may see and hear the better.

MERCURY. Remain quietly where you are. I will remove this diffi-

culty, and by means of a little magical charm borrowed from Homer render you as sharp-sighted as you could desire. As I repeat the verses, settle the belief firmly in your head, that you now see everything in the clearest manner possible.

CHARON. Repeat.

MERCURY. Behold from dark'ning mists I clear thy sight,
That men from Gods thou mayst discern aright. *Il. v. 137.*

Well! how fares it? Do you see now?

CHARON. Incomparably! The famed Lynceus was a blind buzzard to me. You may immediately begin to instruct me, and answer the questions I shall put to you. Apropos: shall I interrogate you in homerical verses, that you may see I am not so unacquainted with his works, as you might perhaps imagine?

MERCURY. But how came you to that acquaintance, as you have never been anything but a bargeman, and riveted to your oar?

CHARON. See how disdainfully you always speak of my profession? But for all that, it is not the less true that I retain in my memory many things that I heard him rhapsodize, when I was ferrying him over after his death. I shall not easily forget the storm that then came on us. He had just begun a song, not of the best augury to seafaring people, how Neptune compelled together the clouds and stirred up the sea with his trident, like a ladle in a porridgepot, and let loose all the tempestuous winds, and so forth: and when he had worked up the sea to that pitch in his verses, there came over us suddenly such a darkness, and such a tremendous storm arose that it nearly overset our ship. Upon this the good poet fell sea-sick, and so violently that he brought up almost all his rhapsodies, and at last even Scylla and Charybdis and the huge cyclops, with the fir-tree in his hand which he had torn up by the roots for a walking-stick.

MERCURY. It is no wonder that from so copious an evacuation you have retained some verses.

CHARON. Tell me therefore:

What man of might is that, so big, so tall,
By head and shoulders overtopping all? *Iliad. iii. 226.*

MERCURY. That is the athlete Milo of Crotona, and the Grecians are

giving him claps of applause, because he has just taken an ox upon his shoulders, and carried it along the middle of the stadium *.

CHARON. How much more will they clap me, when in a little time hence I shall carry this Milo himself and put him in my bark ; when he is laid low by the most invincible of all antagonists, he will come down to us, without conceiving how it was possible that death could trip up his heels. In what a low tone will he then sob and sigh, on recollecting these crowns and these handclappings—he who now so haughtily stalks about, and is stared at by everybody for shouldering an ox ! What think you ; does it ever occur to the man's mind, that he shall die ?

MERCURY. How should he in the full consciousness of such strength entertain the thought of death ?

CHARON. Let him alone ! He will soon give us cause enough for laughter, when in my boat he will not be able to carry a gnat, to say nothing of an ox. — Now tell me, who is the man yonder of that majestic port ? No Greek, by his dress.

MERCURY. It is Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, who transferred the vast empire which the Medes had been so long possessed of, to the Persians, who not long since subdued the Assyrians and conquered Babylon, and now proposes to himself no less an object than to invade Lydia, that by vanquishing Croesus, he may be master of all Asia †.

CHARON. And that Croesus, where is he ?

MERCURY. Turn your eyes this way, to yon great citadel, surrounded by a triple rampart. That is Sardis ; and you may perceive Croesus himself sitting upon a golden throne, just now engaged in conversation with Solon of Athens. Shall we listen to what they are saying ‡ ?

CHARON. With all my heart.

* Athenæus, *Deipn.* x. 2. adds, that Milo on the same day, all alone, ate up the ox. Probably he had some helpers ; though one may suppose an athlete, who used regularly every day to consume twenty pounds of meat and as many pounds of bread [*ibid.*], may have a pretty powerful digestion.

† That Lucian in causing Cyrus to conquer Babylon prior to his expedition against Croesus has been led into a mistake by a slip of memory, has been already remarked by Hemsterhuys.

‡ See Herodot. lib. i. cap. 30—33, whence the here following conversation between Solon and Croesus is taken.

CRÆSUS. Stranger of Athens, you have beheld all my riches and treasures, the prodigious quantity of uncoined gold that I possess, and all the splendour of my court: tell me now, whom do you esteem the happiest of men?

CHARON. What do you think will be Solon's answer?

MERCURY. Depend upon it, Charon, nothing unworthy of him.

SOLON. O Cræsus, the happy are few; but among those whom I know, I reckon Cleobis and Bito the happiest; the sons of the priestess. —

CHARON. Of Argos he means, the two brothers who lately died both at the same moment, after they had harnessed themselves to their mother's carriage and drawn her to the temple.

CRÆSUS. Let them then have the uppermost place among the happy: But the next after them, to whom do you assign?

SOLON. To Tellus of Athens; who as long as he lived was happy, and died for his country.

CRÆSUS. Then you do not account me happy?

SOLON. That I cannot know till you shall have lived out your course. For death is the only authentic judge on that point; and I esteem him alone happy, who is so to the final period of life.

CHARON. Excellently said, Solon, for not forgetting us; my boat, after all, you hold the only place where that question can be decided! — But who are they that Cræsus is now sending off with burdens on their shoulders, and what is it they carry?

MERCURY. Wedges of gold which he devotes to Apollo at Delphi*, out of gratitude for a prophecy, which will presently bring him to ruin; for the man has a firm belief in those matters.

CHARON. That shining pale reddish substance then is what they call gold? I am glad to have seen at last that of which I have heard so much talk.

MERCURY. Yes, dear Charon, it is that highly-prized thing which creates so much mischief in the world.

CHARON. I cannot see anything so peculiar in it, except that it weighs them down to the ground who carry it.

MERCURY. You are safely ignorant then how many wars, conspiracies,

* Herodot. i. cap. 50.

perjuries, robberies and murders are owing to it? What long perilous journeys are undertaken on its account; that it is the source of all commerce among mankind, and the greatest of tyrants, because all are slaves to it?

CHARON. On account of its difference from copper, I should think it not worth the pains. For of copper I profess to understand something; as you know I receive an obolus from every person, as the fare for ferrying over.

MERCURY. Copper there is in abundance, and therefore it is of inferior value; whereas gold is in smaller quantity dug up from a great depth: however, it is produced from the earth, as well as lead and other metals.

CHARON. What a silly set of beings mankind must be, to have such a monstrous passion for pale-yellow, heavy things!

MERCURY. Solon there at least appears not be one of its admirers: you see how he laughs at Cræsus with all his gold and his asiatic haughtiness. But hark, methinks he is going to put a question to him*.

SOLON. But if I may presume to ask, Cræsus, do you believe that Apollo is in want of these wedges?

CRÆSUS. Certainly! For of all the offerings devoted in his temple at Delphi, there is nothing of so great value.

SOLON. You think then to make the god happy, if, in addition to all other things, he possesses wedges of gold?

CRÆSUS. Why not?

SOLON. Then there must be great poverty in heaven, if they are obliged to cause gold to be imported from Lydia, whenever they have occasion for it.

CRÆSUS. And where in the world is more gold to be had than with us?

SOLON. With submission, is there iron likewise in Lydia?

CRÆSUS. Not much,

SOLON. It is deficient then in what is preferable?

CRÆSUS. And how should iron be preferable to gold?

SOLON. If you will not be angry, I will tell you.

CRÆSUS. Say on.

SOLON. Who is better, he who protects others, or who is protected?

CRÆSUS. Naturally, who protects others.

* The following conversation between Solon and Cræsus is of Lucian's own invention.

SOLON. If now Cyrus, as the report goes, should attack the Lydians, would you have golden swords made for your troops, or iron?

CRÆSUS. Iron, to be sure.

SOLON. If therefore you have not iron enough, your gold will fall into the persian captivity.

CRÆSUS. Heaven forbid! Talk not to me so captiously, man!

SOLON. May indeed that event be far from happening! You seem however tacitly to confess, that iron is better than gold?

CRÆSUS. What? You require me then to devote iron wedges to the god, and to fetch back the golden?

SOLON. The god wants not your iron either; but whether you now devote to him iron or gold, you enrich him not by it, but other people; the Phocians * or the Bœotians † or the Delphians themselves, or some tyrant ‡ or plunderer: Apollo certainly cares little for your goldsmiths.

CRÆSUS. My riches I see have put you in a very ill-humour.

MERCURY. You hear, Charon, the Lydian cannot endure to be told the truth with such freedom; a poor private man, who does not cast his eyes to the ground in his presence, but tells him frankly his opinion, is to him a strange and unaccountable phenomenon. He will however painfully recollect this Solon, when Cyrus, into whose captivity he will fall, orders him to the scaffold §. For it was but the other day that I heard Clotho reading from the book of fate what awaited these two kings; where among other things it was inscribed, that Cræsus would be taken prisoner by Cyrus, and Cyrus be slain by the massagetan dame, whom you see yonder riding on the white horse.

* Notwithstanding the protection of the delphic temple and its immense treasure was the primary obligation of the amphictyons, they could not prevent it from being pillaged at three several times by the Phocians, in whose territory Delphi lay. See abbé de Valois, *hist. de la seconde guerre sacrée*, in the 13th vol. of *Mem. de l'Acad. des. inscr. & belles lettr.*

† As next neighbours.

‡ Notwithstanding the anachronism, Lucian might here perhaps have had the emperor Nero in his eye, who at a visit he paid to Apollo at Delphi carried no gold away with him indeed, but ordered five hundred beautiful bronze statues which were very well worth gold to be conveyed to Rome.

§ For this, and all the following historical facts in this dialogue, Herodotus is the voucher.

CHARON. I see her.

MERCURY. Aye, that is Tomyris. She will cut his head off, and throw it into a tub full of blood. — Do you see that youth there, the son of Cyrus? It is Cambyses. He will succeed him in the government, and after a thousand disasters in Lybia and Æthiopia, at last die mad, because he will kill the Apis of the Ægyptians.

CHARON. Oh, the ridiculous creatures! And now who can behold without disgust with what pride and insolence they look down upon other men? Or, who could believe, that in a little while this will be in chains, and that have his head thrown into a tub full of blood? — But who is that, Mercury, in the purple garment with golden clasps, and the diadem on his head, to whom his cook is handing a ring, which he has found in a fish that he has just cut up? There on the *sea-girt isle*? *That man may perhaps even boast of being a king* * ?

MERCURY. You are again bringing in your homerican hemistiches, Charon. The man that excites your attention is the prince of Samos, Polycrates, who at this moment thinks himself the happiest of all mortals, but he will be betrayed by that very courtier whom you see standing by him, to his enemy the satrap Orætes, and by him be nailed to the cross, — as I likewise heard from Clotho.

CHARON. Well done, Clotho! Go on; off with their heads, and away with them to the cross, that these haughty folks † may know that they are but men! Raise them as high as you will, their fall is only the deeper! How I shall laugh when I have them once in my boat, and know them again man for man, though they will then be naked and destitute, and neither parade in purple robes and persian tiaras, nor take with them their golden couches!

* Allusion to *Odyss.* i. ver. 50 and 180.

† Charon is accustomed to view mankind no otherwise than in the state of perfect equality in which they are huddled together by death on the banks of the stygian lake. Hence his hatred against those who in life are so exalted above others of mankind, and in virtue of the celebrated right of the strongest, take so much upon them. A hatred that proceeds even to exultation in their distresses; which in the ferryman of the dead is indeed very natural, but however is rather cruel. For how can kings help it, that fate has made them kings, and that, just because they are but men as all others are, they can bear a superhumane dignity no better than any other man, if he were in their place?

MERCURY. Such will indeed be the lot of these lords of the earth. But, good Charon, turn your eyes now to the great masses of men and their occupations. Do you see how some are sailing to and fro upon the ocean, others carrying on war, others labouring in the fields, these crowding the courts of law, those the usurers' shops?

CHARON. What a swarm! What restlessness and confusion throughout. Their cities appear to me like bee-hives, where each individual has his sting and endeavours to sting his neighbour; while some, resembling the wasps, roam about, driving the weaker before them. But what are then those forms that gregariously, as in a fog, are perpetually hovering about them?

MERCURY. These are the hopes, Charon, and the cares, and the false imaginations, the ignorance and folly, voluptuousness, avarice and envy, and the various passions that perpetually haunt them. These latter, together with folly and ignorance, live with mankind as their constant countrymen and domestic inmates; but fear and hope, with their whole gang, flutter over them. The former, when it settles down upon them, often makes them lose their heads, as it were, from consternation and dismay, and sometimes throws them entirely to the ground: whereas the hopes always buzz close to their heads; but so soon as anyone eagerly catches at them, away they all go, and he grasps the air; in some such way as you in hell see Tantalus with perpetually parched lips snapping at the water, flowing near to his mouth. Strain your eyes as much as possible, and you will see the Parcæ over them, spinning on each one's peculiar distaff the thread which is the apportioned length of his life. Does not it appear to you as if the threads of a spider's web dropped down upon the several individuals?

CHARON. Yes; I see everyone hanging to an infinitely slender thread; which is generally interwoven and entangled with another.

MERCURY. You see very right, dear Ferryman. These involutions signify either, that one is decreed by fate to die by the other's hand; or that he will succeed to the heritage of one though his thread be shorter. You see to what a feeble thread all are suspended. A man is now drawn up to a great height, and is prominent above the rest: but when the thread can no longer bear the weight, it snaps short, and the fall occasions a so much greater crash; on the contrary another, who was raised but little above the ground, falls so gently that it can scarcely be heard by his neighbours.

CHARON. It is ridiculous stuff, Mercury!

MERCURY. In truth, it is not to be expressed by words how ridiculous it is; especially when we observe the astonishing exertion and solicitude wherewith they pursue the objects of their desires; and then how suddenly comes gaunt death, and carries them off in the midst of their hopes. He however has, as you perceive, an infinite number of officers and messengers marching before him, agues, fevers, consumptions, peripneumonies, swords and daggers and poisons, judges and tyrants. On all these they bestow not a thought, while health remains; but when once they are thrown flat upon their faces, then nothing is heard but, alas, alas, ah me, ah me, weeping and wailing! Did they but consider at first, that they are born to die; if they viewed themselves as travellers stopping to bait for a short time in life, and then be forced to depart as out of a dream, leaving all that they had behind them; they would then live more rationally and die with less reluctance. But now, since in prosperity they live as though it must last for ever, they are out of temper when one of the ministers of death appears, to arrest them with a consumption or a putrid fever, and carry them off; and complain as if some great injury had been done them in being dragged away so unexpectedly. For indeed it must mightily vex a poor fellow who has been industriously employed in building himself a commodious and substantial house, and urged the workmen to expedite the structure, on suddenly receiving intelligence that he must be off as soon as he has covered it in, and leave to his heir a mansion in which he has not had the satisfaction of once eating a meal. In like manner another, who is now in raptures that his wife has borne him a boy, and gives his friends a great entertainment on the event, if he knew that the boy must die in his seventh year, do you think he would be so delighted on account of his birth? But the reason is, that he is looking only to that happy father who has lived to have the satisfaction of seeing his son return as victor from the olympic games; whereas his neighbour, who has just borne his son to the grave, he bestows as little regard upon, as on the short thread by which the life of his own is suspended. And how many do you see who go to law about the boundaries of their estate, and how many who accumulate money upon money, and ere they have derived the least enjoyment from it, are summoned away by these harbingers of death!

CHARON. I see it all; and am revolving in my mind what there is so agreeable in life, and what that may be that makes men so dejected at the thought of losing it. For we have only to contemplate the lot of kings, who pass for the happiest among them, in order to see that even with them the comforts of life are far overbalanced by the discomforts: for fears and disquietudes; their own caprices and passions from within; hatred and plottings from without, and, what is still worse than all the rest, the misfortune to be perpetually flattered, are pure evils of daily occurrence, and inseparably attached to their station. Not to speak of the inconstancy of fortune, and the other crosses and disappointments, to which as men they are obnoxious in common with all others. Now, if such be the condition even of kings, how must the matter stand with private persons? — Shall I therefore tell you, Mercury, how mankind and the whole course of their lives appear to me? You must have often remarked those bubbles that rise in the spray of a rapid torrent, and swell into a foam? Of these bubbles the generality are so small that they instantaneously burst and vanish: others remain somewhat longer, and meeting more in their passage with which they become confluent they grow to a bigger tumour, but presently break as well as the former because by the nature of them it cannot be otherwise. Exactly so does the lives of men appear to me. All are for a short time tumid with the spirit of life, some more, others less; with many this inflation is of some though very short duration, others vanish the moment they arise; but break they must all.

MERCURY. Your similitude, Charon, might be put beside Homer's, who compares the generations of men with the leaves of trees*.

CHARON. Such being the case with them, Mercury, can anything be more absurd, than to see the poor people so vehemently contend with one another for lordships, posts of honour, and territorial possessions; seeing they must so quickly abandon their all, and come down to us with a single obolus in the mouth? Do not you think I ought, since we are on such an eminence, to bawl down to them as loud as I can, and exhort them to spare themselves these nugatory pursuits, and to live so

* Iliad iv. 146, &c.

as having death continually before their eyes*? If for instance I were to say: Oh, ye fools, why should you so strenuously contend for such things! Cease from toiling and moiling! you will not live always; nothing of that you treasure up here below is everlasting; none of you can take anything with him in death; he must go hence as naked as he came hither; your houses, your estates, your gold, all these must perpetually devolve from one to the other, and continually change masters. — If I could bellow this and more of the like sort distinctly into their ears, do not you think it would be of great utility to the human race, and that they would become much more rational?

MERCURY. My good Charon, you are not aware that their ears are so stopped up with ignorance and error, that you could not open them with an auger. They have more wax in them than Ulysses stuffed into the ears of his comrades to close them against the song of the sirens. Therefore how could you hope to be heard by them, though you should bawl till you burst? For what Lethæ effects with you, that ignorance does here. In the mean time however there are some few among them, who have no wax in their ears, and, through a natural inclination to truth, have a very keen sight, and take an accurate and perspicuous view of human affairs.

CHARON. Let me at least call out to them.

MERCURY. It would be superfluous to tell them what they already know. Do not you see how they everywhere separate from the common herd, laughing at the follies of which they are constrained to be the spectators, without countenancing them in any manner or degree? nay, how

* Lucian has given to his Charon, as we have hitherto seen, all that apathy and uninterest-
edness towards mankind which pertains to the character of a subterranean god, who can feel
no natural predilection for these creatures so entirely foreign to him. Hence whatever in hu-
man life would have moved even Heraclitus himself to weep, appears only odd and ridiculous
to him. But after all, the misery of mankind, from the point of view in which he contem-
plates it, seems to him so transcendantly great, that he cannot refrain from a sort of sympathy,
and an earnest desire to relieve them; and the silly method he would adopt, is precisely the
only one that could, as Charon, occur to him, because, according to his notions, it appeared
to him the simplest and most infallible. — This, on the part of Lucian, is one of those traits,
which immediately as they are put on paper every man finds very natural, and yet only en-
ter the head of a man of genius.

they make it plainly appear that they are delighted with escaping out of life to you, and the rather, since they are universally hated as the everlasting censors of the follies of their brethren.

CHARON. Brave fellows! Pity it is that they are so few!

MERCURY. These few must suffice *. — But it is now time to go down.

CHARON. Only one thing more, dear Hermes! and then your information will be complete. Let me now see the receptacles, where they deposit their corpses.

MERCURY. They call them graves, tombs, or sepulchres. You see yonder before every city the little mounds of earth thrown up, with several tombs and pyramids among them. These are destined to receive and to preserve the bodies of the dead.

CHARON. But what do the people there mean by perfuming the tombstones and hanging wreaths of flowers upon them? Some are setting fire to piles of wood near the hillocks, and digging pits in the earth, but why do they throw such a quantity of victuals into the fire, and why do they pour, if I see right, wine and honey into the pits?

MERCURY. Of what service it may be to them in the subterranean world I know not: these good people however firmly believe the souls of the departed come back, and solace themselves by hovering about in the steam, and in scenting the fumes of the burnt meat, and drink the honeywine from the pit.

CHARON. Well, for my part, I have enough to do in daily transporting hither so many of the dead; I should not have thought myself bound, as often as they are in a drinking humour, to ferry them back again! Oh, ye silly, ignorant fellows, not to know how vast the difference is between the state of the dead and the living, and how matters are carried on among us, where all

Are dead alike, the tombless and th' entomb'd;
Irus and Agamemnon with us stand
In equal rank, and fair-hair'd Thetis' son †

* A wise speech, Mercury! For what would come of it, if all mankind, following Charon's well meant advice, should sit facing a death's head; and because all is vanity here below, and everyone must go out of the world as naked as he came into it, act in life by anticipation the part they are to play in Charon's boat?

† Parody on book ix. ver. 319, 320, of the Iliad.

Has o'er Thersites no pre-eminence.
 All empty are the skulls, and dry the bones
 That wander o'er the meads of asphodel*.

MERCURY. By Hercules, you will drain all Homer out! But apropos of Achilles; I must however shew you his tomb. Do you see that point of land projecting into the sea? That is the trojan Sigæum where his tomb stands; and over against it in Rhœteum lies Ajax.

CHARON. For such great heroes these tombs are not remarkably grand, Mercury! But shew me the great cities of which I have heard so much talk with us, the Nineveh of Sardanapalus, Babylon, Mycenæ, Cleonæ, and particularly Troy itself, from whence I had once so many dead to carry over, that in ten whole years I could neither drag my boat ashore nor refit it.

MERCURY. Nineveh, my good ferryman, is so completely destroyed, that it is not even possible to say where it stood. That great city yonder, with the numerous towers and lofty ramparts, is Babylon, the scite whereof will soon be not more easily discoverable than that Nineveh. Mycenæ and Cleonæ I am ashamed to shew you; for I am certain, when you return, you will throttle Homer, for having made so much ado about such trifling things. They were once, it is true, in a flourishing state, but now they are departed; for cities also, dear Charon, die like individuals, and what is more surprising even rivers; accordingly, of the famous Inachus at Argos not even the bed is any longer to be found.

CHARON. Oh, away with your fine epithets, Homer! the sacred Ilion, the broad-streeted Mycenæ, and the elegantly built Cleonæ! — But, not to interrupt you, who are those warriors who are knocking one another on the head, and what is it for?

MERCURY. Those you see are the Argives and Lacedæmonians, and the commander of the latter, Othryades, who, already half dead, writes with his own blood the inscription beneath the trophy he raised for his countrymen †.

* *Odyss.* x. ver. 521. and xi. 338.

† Herodotus, who describes with some detail this battle of the Argives and Lacedæmonians, knew nothing of this circumstance, otherwise he would hardly have omitted it; it is however noticed by several antient writers. Both parties had agreed to decide the quarrel by a combat between three hundred against three hundred. These six hundred combatants fought with such

CHARON. What was the origin of the war?

MERCURY. It arose about the field they fought upon.

CHARON. What fools! They knew not then, if each of them possessed a whole Peloponnesus, Æacus will allot him scarcely a square foot of space, whereas this field shall be tilled by successive generations, and more than once this trophy will be turned up by the plough.

MERCURY. It must indeed be so. Let us however now get down, and after having replaced the mountains where we found them, go about our business; I to deliver my embassy, and you to your bark: for it will not be long before I bring you again a tolerably handsome number of dead.

CHARON. You have conferred on me a great favour, Mercury; and I shall set you down as my benefactor in my memorandum-book. For I am beholden to you both for this tour and the utility arising from it. — On what insipid trifles do these unhappy earthfolks waste their particle of life — and not a thought about Charon*!

fury, that of the Argives only two, of the Lacedæmonians the general Othryades alone remained alive. While now the former two were making the best of their way to Argos, to announce to their countrymen the victory they had obtained, Othryades (whom they had left half dead on the field of battle) raked together as many weapons as he could, of which he raised a trophy, and wrote under it with his own blood: The triumphal trophy of the Lacedæmonians.

* In consequence of a remark, very convincing to me, of Tiber. Hemsterhuys, I have omitted the unmeaning words (foisted in I suppose, by some *male feriato* between Πράγματᾶ and Κάροντι) βασιλεῖς, πλίνθοι χρυσαῖ, ἱερίμβαι, μάχαι, i. e. kings, golden wedges, hecatombs, battles, it being scarcely possible, that Lucian should have disfigured the concluding sentence of one of his finest compositions by such an insipid parathesis.

CONFERENCES

OF

THE DEAD.

I.

DIOGENES AND POLLUX.

DIOGENES. My dear Pollux, when you reascend to the upper world, — and to-morrow, I think, it is your turn to be alive again * — I have a commission for you to Menippus the dog †, whom you will find either in the Craneon at Corinth ‡ or in the Lyceon at Athens, where he is divert-

CONFERENCES OF THE DEAD. It is pretty probable, that Homer's *Nekyomantia*, or the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, by furnishing various materials for these dialogues, suggested to our author the first idea of this novel dress, at least to the Greeks *, for his satirical manner of philosophizing. Even the notions he has adopted of the dead and their condition in Hades are entirely homerical. Nothing can be more woeful than the delineation drawn by Homer of the state of the defunct. It is a strange intermediate situation between existence and non-existence, of which it is difficult, even with the aid of the homeric pencil, to form a tolerable conception; of which however Lucian has had the art to avail himself to admiration, in ridiculing with his peculiar humour the vulgar tenets respecting the state of souls after death, hell-torments, the deification of dead persons, &c.

* See dialogues of the gods, xxvi.

† That is, the cynic. See the first note on the *Icaromenippus*.

‡ This Craneon was at Corinth much about what the Lyceum was at Athens, a public square without the city, whereof one part was destined to the gymnastic exercises of the youths. Probably Lucian had no other reason for looking out for Menippus in the Craneon at Corinth, than because it was (according to *Diogenes Laertius*, lib. vi. cap. 77.) the usual residence of *Diogenes*, whom the cynics regarded as the founder of their order.

* The Romans had from *Horace* in his *Ulysses* and *Tiresias* the example of a satirical conversation in the kingdom of the dead, which perhaps was not unknown to our author, but that could not invalidate his claim to the honour of being held by the Greeks, for whom he wrote, the inventor of this species of collocation, since they were in general not more conversant with roman literature, than the English are with german.

ing himself with the wranglings of the philosophers. Tell him : Diogenes orders him, if he has laughed his fill at the follies that pass upon earth, to come down here, where he will find much more to laugh at. For there he is frequently undetermined whether to laugh or cry, and the thought sometimes occurs to him, who knows how it will fare with us after this life? But here he may laugh with thorough knowledge of the fact, and not give over laughing (as is at present the case with me), particularly when he shall see, what a wretched figure the rich, the satraps and kings make here, how we can only distinguish them by their howling, and how melancholy and dejected they are when they recollect their state there above. Tell him that, Pollux ; and bid him not forget to fill his pouch with lupines, and if in his way down he shall find a Hecate's-supper *, or a lustration-egg, let him pick it up.

POLLUX. I will not fail, Diogenes. But by what shall I know him ; what sort of appearance has he?

DIOGENES. Old, baldheaded, wears a threadbare cloak, with abundance of apertures in it, pervious to every wind, and patched with rags of all possible colours ; he laughs incessantly, and those conceited pedants the philosophers are generally the objects of his derision.

POLLUX. By this description I shall easily find him.

DIOGENES. May I dare to trouble you with another little commission to those philosophers themselves?

POLLUX. Only speak ; I shall think it no trouble at all.

DIOGENES. To comprise it all in few words : recommend it to them, in the strongest terms possible, to cease once for all wasting their time in insignificant trifles, in quarrelling about universalia, planting horns upon one

* It was the custom of the rich every new moon to offer expiatory sacrifices to Hecate in the crossways, consisting of bread and various kinds of provision, which were afterwards carried away and devoured by the poorer sort. This was called Hecate's *δειπνον*, supper. *Suidas et Athenæus*, lib. vii. But the Athenians used to purify, *lustrare*, the theatres, schools and other places of public meeting, by little and cheap oblations, as we are informed by *Suidas*, and to which the above seems to allude — *Catharsium Græcis videtur purificatio quædam dici. Morem quippe Athenis fuisse produnt, conciones expurgandi atque theatra, et omnino quemlibet populi conventum. Id vero minutis fiebat porcellis, quos nominabant catharsia. Ejusmodi obibant munus qui dicebantur à collustratione Peristiarchi. Ovi illustrationibus aptè monstrat Juvenalis illud, Nisi se centum lustraverit ovis.*

another *, making crocodiles †, and teaching young men to set a value upon such dry and barren sophistries.

POLLUX. But they will say, I am an illiterate blockhead; that I take upon me to tutor them in wisdom.

DIOGENES. Then tell them in my name, that they will repent it.

POLLUX. I will faithfully execute everything, Diogenes.

DIOGENES. To the rich, dear Pollux, I would commission you to deliver a word or two. Say to them in my name: you fools, why do you hoard up your gold, why do you plague yourselves in calculating your interest, and to what end do you accumulate thousands upon thousands, since you must shortly travel to the kingdom of the dead, with a single obolus in your mouth?

POLLUX. Good! it shall all be told to them.

DIOGENES. And to the beautiful and strong, to Megillus of Corinth and to the wrestler Damoxenus, say: with us there are neither yellow hair, nor black sparkling eyes, nor rosy coloured cheeks, nor plump sinews nor broad shoulders; nothing but bare skulls that have no reproaches to make one another on account of beauty.

POLLUX. This commission too will be no trouble to me.

DIOGENES. And to the poor, of whom so many are in absolute want and ever lamenting their indigence, say: you had better put an end to your wimpering and whining, for tell them that all here is upon a foot of

* See note on the Dream of Mycillus, p. 70.

† The crocodile was a famous sophistical problem with which the dialecticians used to tease one another. If the reader is so inclined he may try his ingenuity upon it. Here it is in the form of a tale. A mother earnestly besought a crocodile that was running away with her child in its jaws, that he would be so good as to restore her boy. That I will do, answered the crocodile, if you tell the truth to the question I shall propose to you. The mother agreed to the terms, "Tell me then," said the crocodile, "shall I restore your boy or not? — The question now is, what should the mother reply? Whether she answer yes or no, she does not recover her child. If she say: "You will not give it me," then he gives it her; and as she consequently has not spoke true, the wager is lost, and she must return the child to the crocodile. If she says: "you will restore it to me:" he answers, "You lie! I will not restore it to you," and devours the youth, and the mother cannot accuse him of any breach of the contract; for she has not spoke true. The grammarian Aphthonius advises the mother to make the former reply, and (as the crocodile, to convict her of the untruth, must render it up) to run away with the child. If she can run faster than the crocodile, the counsel of Aphthonius is undoubtedly the best for the rescue of the boy; but the sophism still remains unsolved.

equality, and they will see, that the rich have no privileges here. And, if you will, you may scold your Lacedæmonians * in my name, for this, that they are no longer what they formerly were.

POLLUX. Nothing against the Lacedæmonians, Diogenes! That I cannot bear. What you have commissioned me to say to the others, shall be duly delivered.

 II.

MENIPPUS. CRÆSUS, MIDAS *and* SARDANAPALUS,
his accusers. PLUTO.

CRÆSUS. Pluto, it is not possible to endure this dog of a fellow, this Menippus, any longer in our company. Therefore, either turn him out, or we shall be forced to shift our quarters.

PLUTO. What harm can he do you, since he is dead as you are?

CRÆSUS. When we kings are sitting together, and talking over the reminiscences of affairs above; Midas of his gold, Sardanapalus of his luxuries, and I of my treasures, and we seek to alleviate our regrets by groans and lamentations: then comes this fellow, laughing at our misery, and abusing us as slaves and villains; sometimes he even drowns our howlings with singing — in one word, he is insupportably troublesome.

PLUTO. What is this I hear, Menippus?

MENIPPUS. The plain truth, Pluto; I hate such mean miserable wretches, who, not content with having lived ill, are desirous to act as badly after death; and therefore are perpetually thinking on what they were above. For that reason I take delight in teasing them.

PLUTO. That however you ought not to do. The poor people have every reason to be sorry; what they were forced to leave behind them are no trifles.

MENIPPUS. How, Pluto, are you doting; that you can approve of such idle repinings?

PLUTO. That I do not; but I will have no disturbance among you.

MENIPPUS. Hear me then, ye most beggarly of all the Lydians, Phrygians and Assyrians, and let me tell you, that I will never leave you; go

* Pollux, as the son of Tyndarus and Leda, was a native Lacedæmonian.

where you will, I will follow you, to torment you, to sing in your ears, and laugh at you.

CRÆSUS. Is not this intolerable insolence?

MENIPPUS. No! But it was intolerable insolence when you caused yourselves to be worshipped on the knees, and disdainfully accosted free-born men, and thought as little on death as if you were to go on in that manner for ever. Now, that you are deprived of all that, you howl —

CRÆSUS. Gods! What numerous and extensive possessions!

MIDAS. What mountains of gold!

SARDANAPALUS. What exquisite delights!

MENIPPUS. Bravo! Now howl away! I shall join in the chorus, and will never cease singing in your ears the old burden Gnothi Seauton *; it will have an excellent effect when accompanied with your never-ending ohs and ahs.

III.

MENIPPUS. AMPHILOCHUS. TROPHONIUS.

MENIPPUS. I would fain know, Amphilochus † and Trophonius, how you two, being dead like others, come to have temples in honour of you, in the upper world, and to pass for prophets, and how the silly people can imagine you are gods?

TROPHONIUS. How can we help it, if the fools ignorantly entertain such an opinion?

MENIPPUS. They however would entertain no such opinion, if you had not played such tricks in your life-time, and given yourselves out for people who could foresee the future, and foretel it those who consulted you.

TROPHONIUS. Amphilochus for his part will without doubt be able to answer. I, my good Menippus, am a hero, and prophesy to those who

* **KNOW THYSELF**; a saying ascribed to Chilo of Sparta, one of those styled the seven sages, and which the Greeks found so excellent, that they inscribed it in golden letters in the delphic temple dedicated to Apollo. Plin. hist. nat. lib. vii. cap. 59:

† See the note, p. 115, on the Lie-fancier.

come down into my cave. One would suppose you had never been at Lebadia; otherwise you would not be so incredulous.

MENIPPUS. What do you say? Unless then I go to Lebadia, ridiculously dressed out in a linen gown, and with honey-cakes in both hands, creep down through a narrow orifice into the cave there, I cannot know that you, who stand there before me, are as dead as the rest of us, and that you excel others in nothing but impostures! — But by all the powers of prophecy, tell me what sort of a thing is a hero. For till this moment I have never been able to find it out.

TROPHONIUS. Compounded of a man and of a god.

MENIPPUS. Ha! I understand! It is not a man, nor is it a god, but it is both together. Whither is at present your divine moiety gone?

TROPHONIUS. It is dispensing oracles in Bœotia*.

MENIPPUS. I do not perfectly understand what you mean: but that you are over and over dead, that I see very plain.

* In Lucian's time the cave of Trophonius stood in high reputation. The legend of this pretended demigod is somewhat singular. He was a son of what was called a king, or burgo-master of the town Orchomenos in Bœotia, and a contemporary of the theban Hercules. His father Erginus was already very far advanced in years, when, by command of the delphic god, he married a young person, that he might not die without heirs to the riches which he had accumulated. It is not impossible, that Apollo by one of his plenipotentiary priests, might have contributed his assistance to procure heirs to the aged Erginus. Be that however as it might, Trophonius and Agamedes made themselves famous in their lives, not as fortune-tellers but as architects. They built for the delphic Apollo his fourth temple (after the third, a work of Vulcan's, had been destroyed by an earthquake) and a treasury for Hyrieus, king of the town of Hyria in Bœotia; but at the same time ingeniously contrived, by means of a block of stone, which could imperceptibly be taken out and again put in, to preserve a secret entrance to the treasure. Hyrieus at length perceiving that his store of cash was every day diminishing, placed near the vase that contained the money a kind of noose, wherein Agamedes was caught: and Trophonius, fearing lest his brother under the torture might betray him, thought he could do nothing better than to cut off his head, and thus make his fortune. But, as he was about to seize him, the earth opened and swallowed him up alive; and still in the time of Pausanias the place was shewn in the grove of Lebadia under the name of the grave of Agamedes. Trophonius, whom the earth swallowed up as an impostor, a thief and a fratricide, perhaps never imagined, that several ages afterwards he should be made to play the part of a prophet and demigod. Yet both came to pass. The Bœotians once were visited for the space of two whole years with an uninterrupted drought. They sent to Delphi, and received for answer, that no one could relieve them, except Trophonius, whom they must go in quest of to Lebadia. Happily a

IV.

MERCURY AND CHARON.

MERCURY. If you please, ferryman, we will reckon up how much you are in my debt, that we may have no occasion to dispute about it hereafter.

CHARON. I have no objection; it is better to come to a settlement, we shall have one care the less.

MERCURY. For an anchor, which you ordered me to get, five drachmæ*.

CHARON. That is a great deal of money.

MERCURY. By Pluto, I laid out five good drachmæ for it. And for a leathern thong to secure the oar, I paid a couple of oboli †.

CHARON. Well; put down five drachmæ and two oboli.

MERCURY. For a needle to mend the sail, which cost me five oboli ‡.

CHARON. Put that down to it.

swarm of bees helped them to discover the cave, which in the sequel, under the name of the cave of Trophonius, became the most celebrated oracle in Greece. It entered the mountain, at the foot whereof stood the sacred grove and the temple of Trophonius. Everything in this grove was miraculous, and thereby adapted to make the head of the superstitious still hotter. Whoever would apply to the oracle, must previously condescend for several days and nights to various kinds of purifications and preparations, must bring a multitude of oblations, and on the night when he was to descend into the cave, slay before the tomb of Agamedes, a ram, on the entrails whereof it depended whether his purpose would succeed or not. Was it unfavourable; all the preparatives and victims were of no avail. Was it favourable; the applicant, after solemn ablutions in the river Hecyne, was led by the priests to the sources of Lethe and Mnemosyne, in order to draw from the former forgetfulness of all distracting thoughts, from the latter the gift of recollecting whatever had happened to him in the cave. This done, he must perform his devotions before a statue of Trophonius, a sight of which was permitted only to those who desired to consult the oracle, and when by all these circumstances his imagination was properly exalted, a white linen gown was put upon him ornamented with fluttering ribands, and he was conducted to the cave, the mouth of which was only just large enough for a person with great difficulty to creep in. In this cave now he received, either by a vision or by a voice, the response to his question; and when his curiosity was satisfied, he crept out just as he had before crept in. *Pausan.* ix. cap. 37, 38.

* Three shillings and two pence three farthings.

† Two pence halfpenny ‡.

‡ Sixpence one farthing ‡.

MERCURY. For pitch to stop the chinks in the boat. Item : for nails, and for a rope that you used for tying the sail-yard to the mast. Total two drachmæ.

CHARON. Very well : them you bought cheap enough.

MERCURY. I cannot now think of anything more ; though I may have forgot something or other. And now when do you promise to pay me ?

CHARON. At present, dear Mercury, it is impossible to say : but as soon as ever a pestilence or a war shall bring better times, and send me dead by shoals, you may depend upon having your money. Besides, in that case I may now and then have an opportunity, in a crowd, by a small mistake in reckoning up the toll, to lay something by.

MERCURY. Then I have nothing to do, but to sit down and wish for the most dreadful calamities to fall on poor mortals.

CHARON. There is no other way for you to expect to be paid, Mercury. In times of peace, as you see, so few come to me, that very little is to be got.

MERCURY. It is however better as it is ; though I must give you the longer credit for it. You have not forgot the good old times, Charon, and it must be confessed they are now much altered, if we compare the present arrivals from the upper world with the former ones. Formerly they were all stately, good looking men, generally covered with blood and wounds : at present they are mostly pale, haggard or emaciated and languid spectres, who have either been poisoned by their own children or wives, or by their excesses and luxurious mode of life are summoned hither before their time ; and it is observable in the generality of those who come to us, that they have despatched one another for the sake of their money.

CHARON. Money is at present so precious a commodity, that there is but too good reason for it.

MERCURY. You will not therefore take it amiss, if I am a little more urgent, on this occasion, for the payment of what is due to me.

V.

PLUTO AND MERCURY.

PLUTO. Mercury, are you acquainted with a certain excessively old and excessively rich Eucrates, who has no children, but in lieu of them, fifty thousand good friends in full chace after his estate *!

MERCURY. I know him very well; you mean the wealthy Sicyonian? And what of him?

PLUTO. I wish, Mercury, that to the ninety years he has already lived, you would if possible deal him out ninety more and upwards. But as to those parasites, young Charinus, Damon, and the rest, despatch them quickly to us one after another.

MERCURY. That would carry a preposterous look with it.

PLUTO. Not at all. Every man would approve it, and think it right. For what reason have these fellows to wish for his death, and lie in wait for his substance, being in no wise related to him? The most preposterous of it is, that with such sentiments they profess to the world that they are the most zealously attached to him, and when he is sick put up great vows for his recovery, though everybody knows what they wish. In short, they are an infamous pack of hypocritical scoundrels, whose artifices ought not to succeed. Let him therefore be immortal! And as for them, let them have stretched their gaping beaks in vain †, by being forced to march off before him.

MERCURY. What faces the scoundrels will make, when they see themselves led away! But Eucrates plays his part very well, he knows how to cajole them and lead them about by the nose. The old fox makes as if death was sitting on his lips, though in fact he is in better health than

* The practice of legacy-hunting which even in Horace's time was become a sort of profession in that great emporium of the world (See *Gent. Mag.* vol. LXXXI. p. 115) had extended itself from Rome over the provinces, and was in so great vogue among the contemporaries of Lucian in Greece as to afford matter for his fine satirical vein in this and the four following dialogues to produce five pictures, which no reasonable critic will charge with uniformity, though the object and design are in all five the same.

† Horace employs the same figure, lib. ii. sat. 5. ver. 56. *corvum deludet hiantem.*

the young men that are already sharing his inheritance among them, and anticipating the happy life they shall lead after a little while.

PLUTO. Let Eucrates therefore cast his old skin, and like Ioleus*, begin again to live, and let them receive their due reward by being snatched away while indulging delicious dreams of riches and pleasure!

MERCURY. Put yourself to no trouble about it, Pluto; I will take care to conduct them hither in proper order. I think they are seven in all.

PLUTO. Do so. The old man shall see them all despatched before him; and from a superannuated greybeard let him be again a youth!

VI.

TERPSION AND PLUTO.

TERPSION. Is this fair and equitable, Pluto, that I should die in my thirtieth year, and old Thucritus at ninety still continue to live?

PLUTO. Very fair and equitable, my good Terpsion, that a man should live, who never wishes for the death of a friend, whereas you die because you were perpetually plotting against his life, and from eagerness after his estate had hardly patience to wait for his death.

TERPSION. How? Ought not an old man, who can no longer enjoy his wealth, to retire and make room for the young?

PLUTO. This is quite a new law that you would establish, Terpsion, that all those who could no longer enjoy their riches with pleasure, should be condemned to death: both fate and nature have determined otherwise.

TERPSION. Then I maintain that they have determined unjustly. It should have been settled in the constitution of things, that we should go out of the world according to seniority; the oldest first, then the next after him, and so on; not the reverse, that a decrepit greybeard, who

* This Ioleos in the heroic history of the age preceding the trojan war, played no inferior part. He was the nephew of Hercules, accompanied him on most of his adventures, and when he burnt himself on mount Oeta, was the first who sacrificed to him as a hero or demigod. When Ioleos was become impotent through age, the deified Hercules induced his consort Hebe (the goddess of youth) to make him young again. Ovid. Metam. ix. fab. 9.

has scarcely three teeth left in his head, is deprived of almost all his senses, and can hardly move himself from one chair to another, without the assistance of four servants ; in short, who is a laughingstock to children, and may properly be called a living sepulchre ; that such a one should continue to live ; whilst contrariwise the young, the beautiful, and the brave, the most vigorous young men must die ; which is no less preposterous and absurd, than if streams were to run backward to their sources. At least one ought to know the time when old fellows are to die, that we might regulate ourselves accordingly, and not pay our court to them for nothing. Whereas, as it is at present, the old proverb is often brought to pass, the cart draws the oxen.

PLUTO. All this, my good Terpsion, fate has more wisely constituted than you imagine. And after all, who bids you so greedily gape after other peoples' estates, and cringe to childless greypates, in hopes of being their heir ? You deserve to be laughed at when they bury *you* ; and whenever that happens it causes general satisfaction ; the more impatiently you have longed for their death, the more delightful it is to all men when you die before them. Verily you have invented a new art, to fall in love with old women and old men — who have no children, is understood ; for that circumstance is a necessary requisite for rendering them amiable to you. Some of them therefore, aware of the cozening quality of your love, are cunning enough to repay artifice by artifice, and in order to obtain admirers likewise pretend as if they could not endure their children. But, when the last will and testament comes to be made, the self-interested eye-servants are excluded, nature as she ought prevails, and the former gnash their teeth, and their disappointed hopes excite the general laughter.

TERPSION. What you say is but too true. What a deal of money have I lost by that old Thucritus, while he always seemed to be near his end, and whenever I entered his chamber, used to fetch a deep sigh, and begin to squeak from his inside, like a chick creeping out of the egg shell * ! In the full persuasion therefore, that he had already one foot in the grave, I fancied I could never send him presents enough, fearing

* Perhaps Sixtus V. who by the very same stratagem came to be pope, had taken a lesson from Lucian's Thucritus.

lest my rivals should surpass me in their liberal assiduity. The anxious solicitude in calculating and arranging my projects cost me many a sleepless night; aye, I am certain that my uneasiness and want of sleep together were the cause of my death: and the old sinner, who gulped down such a number of baits at my expense, stood by yesterday when I was buried, and laughed in his sleeve!

PLUTO. Bravo, old Thucritus, live as long as is in the power of man, and be rich, and laugh at the worthies who so earnestly long to be your heirs! May you not die till you have despatched all your adorers before you!

TERPSION. Nothing could give me greater pleasure, than if Charides were to die before the old man.

PLUTO. Depend upon it, Terpsion! Pheido and Melanthus too, and all the rest of them shall precede him, and be brought hither by the same sollicitudes and cares that expedited you.

TERPSION. I am glad of that. Long live Thucritus!

VII.

ZENOPHANTES AND CALLIDEMIDAS.

ZENOPHANTES. Oho! How happens it that we meet together here, Callidemidas? What occasioned you to be so prematurely carried off? For that I was suffocated by an indigestion which I got by overeating myself at the table of Deinias, whose company I kept, is well known to you, as you were present at my death.

CALLIDEM. Mine was owing to an accident, which it was less in my power to foresee. You know old Ptœodorus?

ZENOPHANTES. The rich old man, who has no child; whose house you always frequented?

CALLIDEM. I sedulously attended upon him for a long time; because he gave me hopes of a speedy departure, and leaving me his heir. The affair however training on beyond all patience, as the old fellow seemed determined to outlive Tithon himself, I discovered a short way to his inheritance. I bought some poison and bribed his butler, on the first op-

portunity when Ptœodorus (who is a pretty hard drinker) should call for a full flowing cup *, secretly to infuse the poison with the wine.

ZENOPHANT. And how did it turn out? You seem to have something at your tongue's end.

CALLIDEM. One day, coming together from the bath into the eating-room, where the butler had two full cups ready, one with poison for Ptœodorus, and one without poison for me. How it happened I know not, but by some mistake † he handed to me the poisoned cup; so that the old man voided his without receiving injury, and I immediately fell upon the floor, and was sent instead of him to the kingdom of the dead. But what is it then, Zenophantes, that makes you laugh so heartily? It is not civil to laugh at a friend in such circumstances.

ZENOPHANT. I laugh because I cannot help it, Callidemidas; the accident is too diverting. But what said the old man to it?

CALLIDEM. At first he was shocked indeed at the suddenness of the catastrophe; but on discovering I suppose how the affair happened, he laughed at the mistake of his butler at least as heartily as you do.

ZENOPHANT. Endeavouring to go the shortest way, good friend, you lost yourself. Whereas had you gone leisurely along the beaten road, it would have brought you safer to the inheritance, though perhaps a little later.

VIII.

CNEMON AND DAMNIPPUS.

CNEMON. *To himself.* Desperation! This makes out the old adage: the fawn catches the lion.

DAMNIPPUS. What puts you so out of humour, Cnemon?

CNEMON. Why am I out of humour, do you ask? Because I have been such a blockhead as to suffer myself to be over-reached, by leaving

* Callidemidas thought he had prudently chose this particular circumstance. In a full cup the poison is less observable, and he who from thirst calls for a full cup, will most probably empty it quickly, without inspecting the wine or drawing it over the tongue.

† Probably made on purpose, in order to be a gainer on both sides.

a man against my will heir to my estate, to the detriment of those of my family whom I wished most it should descend to.

DAMNIPPUS. How did you contrive that?

CNEMON. I paid my court to Hermolaus, who rolls in riches and has no children, in hopes of becoming his heir, and he seemed to accept my assiduities with pleasure. Now I thought it would be a very artful device, if I published a testament, wherein I should constitute him the sole heir to all my property: for I doubted not, that he had so much honour in him, as to make the like disposition in my favour.

DAMNIPPUS. And he?

CNEMON. What was in his testament I know not; for I was sent headlong out of the world, by the falling in of a roof upon me. And now Hermolaus is in possession of all that I was worth, like a greedy pike as he is, having swallowed the bait with the hook and all.

DAMNIPPUS. And yourself, the angler, into the bargain. You are therefore caught in the trap which you set yourself.

CNEMON. That is exactly what makes me so miserable.

IX.

SIMYLUS AND POLYSTRATUS.

SIMYLUS. So, Polystratus, you are come down to us at last! If I am not mistaken you must have lived to pretty near a hundred.

POLYSTR. Eight and ninety, dear Simylus.

SIMYLUS. How have you spent the thirty years that you have survived me? For I died when you were about seventy.

POLYSTR. Most pleasantly, extraordinary as it may appear to you.

SIMYLUS. Extraordinary enough, that one so old, infirm, and moreover without children, should have found enjoyment in life.

POLYSTR. In the first place, I could do as I pleased; then I had everything that could flatter the senses, a numerous retinue of the most

beautiful of both sexes, the most precious ointments, the most racey wines, a more than sicilian table *, and other things in proportion.

SIMYLUS. This is quite incomprehensible to me. — When I knew you, you were a very frugal man.

POLYSTR. All these felicities, you must know, my worthy sir, flowed in upon me gratuitously from others. By break of day my court-yard was crowded with a multitude of visitors, and on their admittance I received from them presents of all sorts, the finest and choicest productions of all parts of the earth.

SIMYLUS. Since my time then, Polystratus, I suppose you became a potentate?

POLYSTR. Not so; but I had ten thousand admirers.

SIMYLUS. You, at such an advanced age, with four teeth in your mouth, admirers!

POLYSTR. By Jupiter! and the first persons in the city. My age, my baldhead, my blear eyes, and my perpetual snuffing prevented them not from taking infinite pleasure in attendance upon me, and happy was he on whom I deigned to cast an amiable look.

SIMYLUS. Now verily you must, like Phaon †, have brought the goddess of love across the straights, and in recompense, like him, received from her the gift of becoming again young and beautiful and amiable.

POLYSTR. Not so neither: even as I was I attracted all hearts.

SIMYLUS. You speak riddles.

POLYSTR. And yet nothing is more common than this kind of love to rich heirless dotards.

SIMYLUS. Ah, now, my admirable friend, I begin to comprehend where your beauty lay. One may truly say, that it came from the golden Venus.

POLYSTR. I assure you, friend, I had no small enjoyment from my admirers; they wanted but little to adore me. I sometimes behaved mightily prudish, and to several of them I even shut the door in their

* Sicilian tables and sicilian luxury, *πολυτέλεια*, were, since Plato, Aristippus, Æschines, and other socratic philosophers had made acquaintance with the table of Dionysius of Syracuse, become proverbial with the Greeks.

† The darling of the poetess Sappho, of whom this story was related.

faces, while the honest souls were going to loggerheads on my account in the ardour of their emulation to outdo one another in attention and assiduities.

SIMYLUS. And how at last did you dispose of your effects?

POLYSTR. I openly let out just so much, as to induce each of them to believe that I should appoint him my heir; and by that stratagem I obtained from them whatever I chose: but my real testament was locked up in my bureau, in which I had sent them away with long chins.

SIMYLUS. Who was then the happy man? Some relation of the family I suppose?

POLYSTR. No, by Jupiter! but one of my slaves, a phrygian youth I had recently purchased.

SIMYLUS. How old, if I may ask?

POLYSTR. About twenty.

SIMYLUS. I understand — on account of his merits.

POLYSTR. And yet, notwithstanding he was a foreigner and a good-for-nothing fellow, he was more deserving to be my heir than they. And I can tell you, that since he is in possession of all my property, the principal personages of the city pay their court to him; and, in spite of his smooth-shaved chin and his barbarous accent, he is valued as much as if he had sprung from the most renowned family of the first city in Greece, and was nobler than Codrus, handsomer than Nereus, and wiser than Ulysses.

SIMYLUS. Aye, for anything I care, let him be governor-general of Greece, so the others get nothing of your inheritance!

X.

CHARON, MERCURY, *and several of the Dead*, as, MENIPPUS, CHARMOLEAS, LAMPICHUS, DAMASIAS, CRATO, *a Soldier, a Philosopher, and a Rhetor.*

CHARON. Silence; and hear how the matter stands! The boat as you see is small and in a crazy condition, and leaky in several places; if it is not equally trimmed, but inclines too much on either side, we overset and go to the bottom. And yet so many of you will press in,

and every one of you bringing so much luggage, that I am much afraid if you persist in taking it all with you, you will have reason to repent it, especially such as cannot swim.

THE DEAD. What must we do to get safe over?

CHARON. I will tell you. You must leave all these superfluities behind on the shore, and get in naked. Even then I think my bark will hardly contain you all. You, Mercury, take care to let none pass, who, as I direct, has not laid down his baggage. Stand therefore at the ladder, muster them one by one, and oblige them all to go on board naked.

MERCURY. I will not fail. Who is this that comes first?

MENIPPUS. I am Menippus. There you see, Mercury, I have tossed my wallet and my staff into the lake. Luckily the cloak I did not bring with me.

MERCURY. Get in, Menippus, noblest of mortals; take the first and highest place in the boat near the steersman, that you may have an eye over the rest. — But who does that smock-face belong to there? Who are you?

CHARMOLEAS. Charmoleas of Megara, so much admired by the ladies, that a single kiss cost one of them two talents*.

MERCURY. So? Lay aside then your beauty, and your lips with all their kisses, and your fine long hair and the roses of your cheeks, and your delicate smooth skin along with them. — So; that will do. Now you are light enough for the voyage; step in. — And you, with the purple robe and the diadem and the stern countenance, who are you by these tokens?

LAMPICHUS. Lampichus, tyrant of Gela †.

MERCURY. Why do you come so heavily loaded, Lampichus?

LAMPICHUS. Consider, Mercury, a prince should not come dressed like a beggar.

MERCURY. A prince not, but a dead man. Come, strip.

LAMPICHUS. Here are my valuables, and my purse.

MERCURY. Now off with your pride, ostentation and arrogance also; for if they enter with you they will overcharge the boat.

LAMPICHUS. At least leave me my diadem and my robe.

* Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds, ten shillings.

† Formerly a very great city in Sicily.

MERCURY. That will not do. They must go likewise.

LAMPICHUS. Then be it so! — Now, what more? You see I have laid everything aside.

MERCURY. Likewise your cruelty, your ignorance, your violence, your furious passions, and the other vices with which you are burdened; they must all go.

LAMPICHUS. Now I am as naked as you can require.

MERCURY. Get in! — And you, thick lump of flesh, who are you?

DAMASIAS. Damasias, the athlete.

MERCURY. Ah, now I recollect to have seen you often in the Palæstra.

DAMASIAS. I hope, Mercury, you will make no scruple to admit me, as I am naked.

MERCURY. Do you call that being naked, when you are packed up in such a quantity of flesh and fat, that if you put but one foot in the boat, you sink it? Away with it, and all the victorious wreaths and attestations and certificates that you carry about you.

DAMASIAS. Now you see I am in good earnest undressed, and not a hair heavier than the other dead.

MERCURY. The lighter the better. You may get on board. — You, my good Crato, lay aside your riches, your effeminacy and your luxury. Fling away your costly palls, and the pedigree and the escutcheons of your ancestors. Not a word of your nobility, and the pompous titles openly conferred upon you by the republic, and the inscriptions on your statues and the lofty monument that is to be erected over you! The recollection of these things only increases your heaviness.

CRATO. Well, they shall all go, though sore against my will. What can I do?

MERCURY. Heyday! what is there, an iron man in complete armour? Why do you trail that trophy along with you?

SOLDIER. Because I held out valiantly in the battle and came off victorious, and have received public testimonies of honour from the state.

MERCURY. Leave your trophies of victory upon the earth! In Orcus is continual peace; arms are entirely useless there. — But this venerable personage in grave attire, who walks with so consequential an air and raises his eye-brows so high, he there with the long beard, who is he?

MENIPPUS. He is a philosopher, Mercury; or, to speak more cor-

rectly, a modntabank and jackanapes. If you uncase him you will perhaps find some curious articles beneath his wide cloak.

MERCURY. Order him to undress. — Heavens! What a bundle of remnants of ignorance, of disputaciousness, of whimsies, of subtle conundrums, thorny quibbles and intricate speculations! How much labour in vain! How many idle conceits, what a parcel of fiddle-faddle and micrology! — Ey! There gold tumbles out, and voluptuousness and luxury and gluttony, and a whole heap of other trash. — I see all, whatever pains you take to conceal it. Disburden yourself likewise of your vain-glory, and the opinion as though you were better than others. If you were to carry with you all this trumpery, it would require a fifty oared galley for your transport.

PHILOSOPHER. It is all laid aside, since you will have it so.

MENIPPUS. Let him likewise have his beard taken off, Mercury! It is so thick and shaggy that it must weigh at the least five pounds.

MERCURY. Well thought of! It must off likewise.

PHILOSOPHER. Have you a barber with you?

MERCURY. Menippus shall take Charon's cleaver, and for want of a chopping-block, chop it off here against the ship's ladder.

MENIPPUS. There needs not so much ado; reach me the saw there — that will be more diverting.

MERCURY. The saw does it.

MENIPPUS. Excellent! There, now you look like a man, now you are free from that goatish mass of uncleanness. — Shall I proceed to diminish his eye-brows a little?

MERCURY. By all means! for he stretches them fancifully over his forehead, for what reason I cannot tell. — Now you may get in. — How? What is all this? You seem to cry at the thoughts of drowning, and are afraid of crossing the water. Get in, get in I say.

MENIPPUS. Hold! he has still the heaviest article under his arm.

MERCURY. What is it?

MENIPPUS. Adulation, which he found very lucrative in his life-time.

PHILOSOPHER. And you, Menippus, what if you were to put away your insolence, your flippancy, your carelessness, your jibes and sneers, and that everlasting grin? for you are the only laughter amongst us.

MERCURY. On no account whatever. They are light commodities,

and easily portable; and may be very serviceable to us on the passage. — You, Mr. Speechmaker, cast away your monstrous exuberance of useless words, your antitheses, your yardlong periods, your barbarisms and all that weighty verbosity, that renders your harangues so fatiguing.

RHETOR. I obey.

MERCURY. Thus then all is in order. Now loose the boat from her moorings. Haul up the ladder. Weigh the anchor. Stretch the sail. Stand to the helm, ferryman, and a prosperous voyage! — Now, what do howl for, you numsculls? And you particularly, Mr. Philosopher, do you cry because we have trimmed your beard?

PHILOSOPHER. I weep because I believed the soul immortal.

MENIPPUS. He lies! Believe me, he grieves for very different reasons.

MERCURY. And what may they be?

MENIPPUS. That he can no longer carouse at the tables of the opulent, and steal out of nights muffled up in his mantle to take his rounds of all the secret haunts of gallantry, and then the following morning preach virtue to his audience, for pay, — this it is that grieves him!

PHILOSOPHER. You, Menippus, are not sorry that you are dead.

MENIPPUS. How should I; seeing I met death unsummoned*? But while we are chattering here, do not I hear a noise of several loud voices from the earth?

MERCURY. Yes, Menippus, and from more than one quarter. For at Gela the people are all flocking together in the market to testify their joy at the death of the tyrant Lampichus; his wife is surrounded and pursued by the women, and even his little children are greeted by other children, wherever they appear, with a shower of pebbles. At Sicyon they are loudly clapping the orator Diophantus while holding the funeral oration of this Crato here, and amidst vehement bursts of lamentation, the mother of Damasius leads the choir of the women-mourners at his obsequies. Only for you, Menippus, nobody laments; you lie solitary and quiet on the earth beneath the open sky.

* Diogenes Laertius says (*lib. vi. 99.*) that Menippus hanged himself, not altogether voluntarily, but from vexation at having been cheated out of his estate, and reduced to extreme indigence. Lucian appears to have had other accounts of the matter, and in general a better opinion of Menippus than that injudicious critic and tasteless compiler.

MENIPPUS. Not so solitary as you may suppose Mercury: it will not long be so, you will presently hear the assembled dogs most piteously yelling, and the crows flapping their wings, when they come to bury me.

MERCURY. You are a brave fellow, Menippus! — Our passage is now over. Get you all ashore, and go strait-forward to the court of judicature! I, and you, ferryman, go back again to fetch others.

MENIPPUS. Happy voyage, Mercury! [*To the dead.*] We march forwards. — Well; what do you wait for? Arraigned we must all be; no remonstrances will avail; and the punishments are said to be very severe: they talk of wheels, vultures and huge stones — it will now appear how everyone has lived!

XI.

CRATES AND DIOGENES.

CRATES. Were you acquainted, Diogenes, with the rich Mœrichus, that immensely rich Corinthian, who had always such a number of ships at sea, and whose cousin Aristeas, also a very wealthy man, who used continually to have in his mouth the scrap from Homer*:

either despatch thou me
or I 'll despatch thee?

DIOGENES. Why do you ask, Crates?

CRATES. I will tell you presently. They were both of equal age, and each would fain be the heir of the other; so they mutually paid such court to one another, that it was a pleasure to behold them, and published testaments wherein Mœrichus left Aristeas, and Aristeas contrariwise Mœrichus, in case the one should survive the other, master of his whole property. The astrologers, dream-expounders and chaldean scholars †, even the pythian Apollo himself mingled in the game, and

* Iliad xxiii. 724. Not very dissimilar is that, Iliad ii.

Τιθναίης, ὃ Προῖτ', ἢ κάκλιαι βιλλεροφόντων.

Aut morere, Præte, aut interfice Bellerophonem.

† Χαλδαίων παιδες were probably pupils of the Chaldeans. By this latter term were designated (according to the definition of Hesychius) a sort of magi, who knew everything; or to speak

gave the victory now to Aristeas, now to Mœrichus, so that the balance was alternately vacillating from one to the other.

DIOGENES. And what came of it at last?

CRATES. Both died on one and the same day, and their estates devolved to a couple of relations, who dreamt of nothing less than such an event. For the two testators, on their passage from Sicyon to Cirrha fell in with a side-wind from the northwest, which occasioned the ship to strike the ground, so that she presently foundered, and with the whole of the equipage went to the bottom.

DIOGENES. Well done, northwest wind! We two, when we were alive, never hatched such plots against one another; and so little did I wish for Antisthenes's death that I might inherit his staff, though it was a stout cudgel of wild olive tree, as little, I imagine, as the time was tedious to you till my death put you in possession of my estate, namely, my tub and my wallet, wherein there might be at least half a peck* of lupines.

CRATES. That might well be, because we had no need of such things. Besides, we inherited all we wanted, you from Antisthenes, I from Diogenes, what was of infinitely more value than the whole persian empire.

DIOGENES. And that was?

CRATES. Wisdom, contentment, sincerity and liberty of the mind and the tongue.

DIOGENES. By Jupiter, I remember to have received that treasure from Antisthenes, and to have bequeathed it to you amply augmented.

CRATES. Others, however, set little value upon these endowments, and nobody plied us with assiduities and obsequious attentions, in the view of inheriting them from us: they only considered where the most gold was.

DIOGENES. Naturally! For where should they have put what they received from us? Their luxurious minds are as incontinent as an old

more properly a species of impostors, who addicted themselves to the interpretation of dreams, astrology, conjuration of spirits and the like mysterious arts, and professing to have fetched their pretended sciences from Chaldea, the supposed country of the magical philosophy, though they had as little seen Chaldea, as Cagliostro the grand master of the ægyptian masonry, had the pyramids at Cairo.

* Two chænices. A chænix was a measure containing the quantity of victuals allowed by the Greeks to a slave for a day.

rotten purse. If you should pour into them wisdom or candour, or veracity, all would immediately run through and be spilt, because they have no bottom capable of retaining it : as is the case with the poor daughters of Danaus who are doomed to pour water into a leaky vessel. Whereas gold they take fast hold of with teeth and claws and by all possible means.

CRATES. Accordingly, we remain even here in possession of our riches ; while they of all their money can bring no more than one obolus, and that only to pay the ferryman.

XII.

ALEXANDER, HANNIBAL, SCIPIO AND MINOS.

ALEXANDER. I ought to take precedence of you, African ! for I am a greater man than you.

HANNIBAL. That is precisely what I do not concede to you.

ALEXANDER. Let Minos then decide.

MINOS. Who are you then ?

ALEXANDER. He there is Hannibal of Carthage. I am Alexander, Philip's son.

MINOS. By Jupiter, two celebrated names ! But whence arose your dispute ?

ALEXANDER. It is about precedency. He there affirms himself to have been a better general than I. I say, that in the art of war I not only excelled him, but all that have gone before me, as all the world knows.

MINOS. Let each therefore plead his own cause. You, African, speak first.

HANNIBAL. It is of great moment to me at present, o Minos, that I have here learnt to speak greek * ; so that the gentleman there even in that particular has not the advantage over me. I lay it down as a maxim

* Lucian, who with all his wit, was unacquainted with many things, did not even know that Hannibal already in his life-time had learnt greek, and ought therefore to be read by Tib. Hemsterhuys's text.

that they merit the greatest commendation, who, notwithstanding they began with nothing, have attained to great eminence, and are deemed worthy of being invested with supreme command. I came with a small retinue into Spain, and served at first under my brother, but was soon appointed to the highest posts in the army, because I was found to be the fittest for them. I afterwards conquered Celtiberia, subdued the western Gauls, then passed over the lofty mountains adjacent to the Po, razed the strong places that opposed my progress, destroyed several cities, overran the flat country of Italy, forced my way to the very suburbs of the metropolis, and slew in one day so many of the enemy that the rings taken from their fingers were measured by bushels *, and their dead bodies served for bridges over the rivers. All this I achieved without styling myself a son of Ammon, or wishing to pass for a god, and relating dreams at my mother's expense. But notwithstanding I professed to be nothing more than a mere man, I engaged with the greatest masters in the military art, and with the bravest soldiers in the world, and obtained not my conquests, over Medes and Armenians, who run away before they see an enemy pursuing them, and leave the victory to whoever will claim it. Alexander, it is true, availed himself of a sudden caprice of fortune to amplify and extend an empire he had inherited: but no sooner had he got the better of the unfortunate Darius at Issus and Arbela, but he laid aside the manners of his country, that he might be adored as a god in the oriental fashion, exchanged his former habits of life for the feminine softness of the Medes, and either polluted his own hands, at banquetings, with the blood of his friends, or ordered them to be loaded with chains and executed. I too stood at the head of my country, without assuming more authority than it committed to me; and when it called me back, on the appearance of the enemy with a large fleet on our coast, I instantly obeyed, retired to the private station, and bore, even when unjustly con-

* At the famous battle of Cannæ, where so many equestrian Romans were slain that their rings amounted in quantity to three and a half *modii*. This is related by Livy, (*hist.* xxiii.) who however prudently adds: "The common and probable rumour went, that they did not amount to above half a *modius*" (about eight pints of our measure); and certainly even that was a great many! Lucian's Hannibal therefore considerably exaggerates the matter by measuring his booty of rings by the *medimnum*, one of which contained six roman *modii*.

demned, my fate with resignation. And all this I did, without having enjoyed the advantage of a grecian education, without having learnt to declaim passages of Homer, or having had an Aristotle for my tutor in philosophy; but entirely by the assistance of a happy natural disposition. These are then the reasons, wherefore I affirm myself to be better than Alexander. If however his superiority consists only in having worn a diadem round his head, let his Macedonians pay him reverence for it; but truly on that account he cannot be preferred before a valiant commander, who owes little to fortune but almost everything to prudence.

MINOS. This Hannibal has spoke like an honest man, and better than one should have expected of an African. And you, Alexander, what have you to say to that?

ALEXANDER. It would perhaps be the fittest course for me not at all to reply to such an insolent boaster; since fame must have sufficiently informed you, what a great king I was, and how great a highwayman he*. Nevertheless I will submit it to your judgment, how much or little precedence is due to him above me. Whilst yet very young, when I entered upon the government of an empire distracted by foreign aggressions, and shook by intestine divisions, I began by re-establishing tranquillity both within and without; I punished the murderers of my father; and after striking terror into the free cities of Greece by the destruction of Thebes, I was elected by them their commander in chief; but thinking it too little a matter for me to rest contented with my macedonian patrimony, I compassed in my imagination the whole circuit of the globe, and felt that it would be insupportable not to be the first of the kings of the earth. In these sentiments, with a small army I made an incursion into Asia, gained a signal victory on the Granicus, and after having subdued Lydia, Ionia, and Phrygia, and in short whatever else lay in my way, I proceeded to Issus, where Darius, with an army consisting of more thou-

* The superiority which his birth gave him over Hannibal, was merely the effect of luck, and he deserved the epithet of highwayman infinitely more than Hannibal. What were all his expeditions and conquests in Asia but the fortunate enterprises of a crowned highwayman? Whereas what Hannibal achieved, he achieved as a carthaginian general against the declared enemies of his country.

sands than I had single men to oppose him, expected me *. You cannot have forgot, Minos, what numbers of dead I sent to you that day; at least the ferryman declares that his boat was not sufficient, and he was obliged to have recourse to the contrivance of joining rafts together for the purpose of wafting very great numbers of them over. On all these occasions I was ever the foremost to expose myself to danger, and held it an honour to receive wounds. And thus (to pass over what happened at Tyre and Arbela) I penetrated into India, captured their elephants, subdued Porus, and made the ocean the boundary of my empire. I even passed the Tanais, beat the Scythians, a bold and hardy people, accustomed to fight only on horseback †, in a great battle. I was bountiful to my friends, and requited my enemies as they deserved ‡: and if men took me for a god, they may very well be pardoned, as it was natural to believe me such from the greatness of my actions. After all, I died a king, whereas this man died an exile from his country at the court of Prusias, the Bithynian: a death worthy of the most perfidious and cruel of mankind §. By what means he overcame the Italians, I forbear to mention; certainly not by valour, but by artifice, perfidy and chicanery: for in a regular engagement and open fight he never performed anything ||. When he reproached me with luxury, he seemed to have forgot Capua, where the great man lavished away, in the company

* This very circumstance is decisive against Alexander. What sort of an adversary must that be whose thousands suffer themselves to be beat by one Greek? Hannibal therefore had great right to brag of the circumstance that he gained his victory over the best troops that were then in the world, not, like Alexander, over Medes and Armenians, who ran away before they descried an enemy in chace of them.

† And for that reason were able to do nothing against the macedonian phalanx, and in general against the superior tactics and discipline of the Greeks.

‡ A poor reply to the charge of ingratitude and cruelty, which Hannibal had brought against him. Were Clitus, Parmenio, Philotas, Clisthenes, his enemies?

§ Here again Alexander makes a merit of his superior good fortune. Hannibal died a victim to the ingratitude of his fellow-citizens and the perfidy of the pusillanimous Prusias; and the two epithets bestowed on him by Alexander he did not deserve, how ill soever the roman historians may speak of him.

|| Against Romans even Alexander would probably in open fight have not achieved much. Such antagonists as Alexander had were nowhere easier to beat than in the open plain, where they had the more room — to run away.

of loose women in indolence and pleasures, the fruits of his victories and the most favourable moments. Had I not, disdainingly western conquests, turned my arms against the east, what mighty affair would it have been for me to have taken Italy without bloodshed, and subdued all the nations to Cadiz, aye, to the very heart of Africa? But all these nations, who were already sufficiently tame to bow the neck under the yoke of one sole master, appeared to me not worth the trouble of a conquest*! Of much more that I might allege, this may suffice: do you, Minos, deliver your verdict.

SCIPIO. Not till you have also heard me †.

MINOS. Who then are you, brave gentleman, and what countryman, that you interfere in this business?

SCIPIO. The Italian general Scipio, who gained the great victory over Africa, and took Carthage.

MINOS. And what then have you to say?

SCIPIO. That I acknowledge myself inferior to Alexander, but greater than Hannibal, inasmuch as I overcame him, and constrained him to an ignominious flight. What insolence therefore in such a one to presume to contend for precedence with Alexander, with whom even Scipio, his vanquisher, is not worthy to be compared.

MINOS. By Jupiter, you speak like a reasonable man, Scipio! I accordingly decree: that Alexander shall be the first, you the next after him, and Hannibal the third; for even he is by no means to be despised.

* A very pretty juggling piece of sophistry, which has only one defect, and that is, that even the dullest blockhead must see through it.

† Nothing more is necessary than to hold the two speeches of Hannibal and Alexander by the side of one another, for perceiving that Lucian gives the advantage to the African. Minos however was too patriotic a Greek not to be unjust in order to favour a Greek against a barbarian. But for giving greater plausibility to the sentence of the infernal judge (who in this controversy is as it were the representative of his whole nation) Lucian, for the sake of sparing the vanity of the Greeks, the rather as he himself was a foreigner, causes Scipio to interpose between them and take Alexander's side. The argument for Scipio's decision is however not at all decisive; for a battle won is not always a proof that the victorious commander is a greater man than the vanquished; and the compliment that Scipio pays to Alexander, though in conformity with the modesty which was characteristic in the great Roman, cannot redound to the prejudice of Hannibal.

XIII.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

DIOGENES. How is this, Alexander? So you were forced to die as well as the rest of us!

ALEX. As you see, Diogenes. Is it anything so extraordinary that a mortal should die?

DIOG. Ammon then was only passing a joke upon us, when he declared you his son, while you were only the son of Philip?

ALEX. Undoubtedly; I should scarce have died if Ammon had been my father.

DIOG. Yet in support of this pretence a tale was spread, that your mother Olympias had a mysterious intercourse with a dragon, that the dragon was seen in her bed, that you were the fruit of it, and that Philip was erroneously reputed to be your father.

ALEX. These reports did reach my ears as they did yours; but I perceive now, that of all that was said of my mother and the priest of Ammon not a word was true.

DIOG. Their lies however were of great service to you in your enterprises; for many submitted to you merely because they took you for a god. — But tell me, who succeeds you in that prodigious empire which cost you so much trouble?

ALEX. I cannot tell, my good Diogenes; I had made no dispositions about it, except that when at the last gasp I gave my seal-ring to Perdicas. — What makes you laugh, Diogenes?

DIOG. What should make me laugh, but that, while I behold you thus, I remember all the fooleries acted by our Greeks, to please you; how they flattered you from your first acceding to the government, chose you their commander in chief against the barbarians, some even associated you with the twelve great deities*, and built temples, and offered sacrifice to the supposed son of the dragon. But, with permission, where did the Macedonians bury you?

* The orator Demades was the first who was so devoid of shame as to make this proposal openly to the Athenians; the Athenians were thoughtless enough to confirm his decree, and several other cities followed their example.

ALEX. This is the third day that I have been lying in state at Babylon. In the mean time Ptolemy, the captain of my satellites, has promised, as soon as the present disturbances will afford him leisure, to convey me to Ægypt, and inter me there, in order to procure me a place among the ægyptian deities.

DIOG. And I shall not laugh, Alexander, when I see you, even in the kingdom of the dead still so silly as to wish to be an Anubis or Osiris! But sooth yourself with no such expectations, my divine sir! He that has once crossed our lake, and entered within the mouth of Tartarus, cannot return: Æacus takes too much care, and there is no joking with Cerberus. But are not you greatly surprised, when you look round you and perceive what all is come to, the satellites and satraps, and all the treasures and the kneeling nations, and the great Babylon and Bactria, together with all the elephants? — and the high triumphal car on which you shone and were gazed at as a meteor? and the regal diadem on the head, and the purple flowing down in ample folds, when you think upon the glorious life and the majesty and the fame which you were forced to leave behind you? That may well cause you to lament! — Why do you weep, silly man? Did not your wise Aristotle teach you how unsubstantial all those gifts of fortune are?

ALEX. Oh, that wise man, as you call him, was the vilest of all my flatterers! Let me alone, to say what Aristotle was! For I best know how much he was perpetually desiring to have of me*, what letters he wrote to me, how he abused my vain-glorious thirst of knowledge, how he was always complimenting me, and now praised me for my beauty (as if that too was in the number of real goods), now on account of my exploits and my riches: for even riches he pronounced to be a real good, to palliate the ignominy of his accepting so much from me. My good Diogenes, the fellow was a charlatan, who knew how to act his part in a masterly manner, no sage! All the benefit I reap from his wisdom is,

* Lucian here, as in several other parts of his writings, is not equitable to the great genius of whom Greece had cause to boast. If Aristotle was always requiring much of Alexander, it was for the advancement of the sciences, particularly natural history, in which, but for the liberal support of his royal pupil, it would have been impossible for him to have afforded so much as he actually did.

that I now bewail the loss of those things which you have enumerated, because he taught me to regard them as the greatest blessings*.

DIOG. Do you know what? Since we have no hellebore growing here, I will prescribe another remedy for your grief. Repair to Lethe, and swallow some copious draughts of its water; that will infallibly render you insensible to the loss of the aristotelian goods. — But are not those Clitus and Calisthenes, whom I see, with some others hurrying towards you with such fury as if they would enforce the law of retaliation against you, and tear you to pieces in return for the injuries they formerly suffered from you? Strike therefore into this other road to Lethe, and, as I said, drink till these phantasies leave you!

XIV.

ALEXANDER AND PHILIP.

PHILIP. Now, Alexander, that you are dead, you will not perhaps deny that you are my son; for Ammon's son would not have died.

ALEX. I never doubted that Philip was my father and Amyntas my great-grandfather: I merely acquiesced in the oracle, as it was of service to me in the prosecution of my designs.

PHILIP. How? What service could it be of to you, knowingly to suffer yourself to be cheated by priests?

ALEX. That is not what I would say; but the barbarous nations with whom I had to do were imposed upon by it, and did not dare to resist the supposed god: so that it was an easy matter for me to master them.

PHILIP. Consequently you acquire but little honour from your easy victories over all that cowardly, miserably armed rabble, planted behind a broad shield of plated shields: if you had had to contend with Greeks; if, like me, you had been to engage with the Phocæans, Bœotians, and

* Alexander, who was so dejected by the loss of these goods, that, like the generality of his equals in similar predicaments, he runs into the other extreme, speaks here as from the mind of Diogenes, and casts the several reproaches upon Aristotle, which the cynics and stoics in pursuance of their maxims used to do.

Athenians, with the heavy-armed infantry of the Arcadians, with the cavalry of the Thessalians, with the acontistes of the Elæans, and the pel-tastes of the Mantineans, with Thracians, Illyrians, and Pœonians, then you might think you had done something great. But these Medes, Persians, Chaldeans, these effeminate, with their golden accoutrements, rather decorated than armed men, — know you not, that they were defeated long before you, by the ten thousand Greeks, headed by Clearchus *, and had not courage enough to encounter so small a body, but ran away ere a dart of the Greeks could reach them.

ALEX. I should think however, my honoured father, that the Scythians and the elephants of the Indians were adversaries not altogether contemptible. And I may be permitted to observe, that I settled my business with them without having recourse to nefarious artifices; that I neither exasperated the people against one another, nor purchased my conquests with bribery, of traitors, nor swore false oaths, nor broke my given word, nor otherwise to promote my private views committed an act of treachery †. Besides, it redounds more to my honour than to my disgrace, that I generally brought over the Greek to my side without bloodshed; and how I chastized the Thebans you may probably have heard.

PHILIP. I know it all: I heard it from that very Clitus, whom you ran through the body with a halbard across the table, because on a comparison that had just been made between your exploits and mine, he had the courage to give me the preference. It is even said, that you laid aside the macedonian coat of mail, to put on the persian caftan, wore the high turban, and expected the generous, free born Macedonians to prostrate themselves before you after the oriental custom; and what was most ridiculous of all, you even aped the manners of the conquered ‡. Of your other exploits, as for example, your shutting up learned men with lions, and of your honourable marriages, and of your immoderate affec-

* Whose expedition and retreat, Xenophon, in his *'Ανάβασις Κύρου* has described in so masterly a manner.

† Like you — he means to add, though out of respect he leaves it to the conscience of Philip to make the application.

‡ What Philip in pursuance of his grecian prejudices finds so ridiculous, was, according to Montesquieu, very sound policy. *Esprit des Loix*, liv. x. chap. 14.

tion for Hephæstion *, I had rather say nothing. The only act I heard of to commend in you is, that you were continent respecting the wife of Darius, notwithstanding her great beauty, and that you took care of his mother and daughters.

ALEX. You find therefore nothing praiseworthy in my fondness for perilous adventures, and in my having, for example, been the first that leaped from the ramparts of Oxydracæ into the city, and so often voluntarily taken positions where I was most exposed to wounds?

PHILIP. No, Alexander! Not that I hold it unbecoming a king in order to set the example to his army, occasionally to expose himself first, and bear away honourable wounds: but because it was least of all in character for you. For, since you passed for a god, must you not, if you were seen wounded, and carried off from the field bleeding and fainting, appear ridiculous in the eyes of the beholders? Ammon turning out a convicted impostor and lying-prophet, and his priests audacious flatterers! For who could refrain from laughing on seeing a son of Jupiter fainting away, and wanting the physician's aid? And now, seeing you are absolutely dead, think you not, that numbers of people will cruelly scoff and jeer at these mummeries, when they behold the corpse of the deity lying like a clod, and proceeding to corruption and putrefaction as other carcasses do? Not to mention, that the pretended utility of this imposture, namely, in facilitating your enterprizes, has been rather prejudicial to the fame of your exploits; for everything that you might have achieved was always less than what might be expected from a god.

ALEX. Men, notwithstanding, think otherwise of me, and compare me to Bacchus and Hercules: and, in fact, I am the only one that sur-

* Alexander carried his impatience at the death of that favourite, so far, that he cropped the manes of all the horses and mules in Ecbatana, pulled down the pinnacles from the ramparts of all the neighbouring cities, and the physician who had the misfortune to survive him, he caused to be crucified. He assigned ten thousand talents to the erection of a monument to his memory, obtained an order from Jupiter Ammon, through an oracle, to sacrifice to him as a hero or demigod, and the first sacrifice he offered up to him, were the Cossæans, a people of Media, whom he had conquered about that time; and, to render the consecration of Hephæstion more solemn, he caused their women and children to be slaughtered with them. Plutarch in the life of Alexander.

mounted those rocks inaccessible even to the birds *, which neither of those two could ascend.

PHILIP. How is this? You are falling again all at once into the tone of Ammon's son. Are not you ashamed, Alexander, to compare yourself to Hercules and Bacchus? And will you not at length wean yourself from that arrogant bombast, learn to know yourself, and be conscious that you are of the dead?

XV.

ACHILLES AND ANTILOCHUS.

ANTILOCHUS. Achilles, what you lately said to Ulysses in relation to death †, was, it must be confessed, very unworthy the pupil of Charon and Phœnix. I heard you say, you had rather be a day-labourer in the upper world, to a poor man, who himself was forced to work hard for a scanty maintenance, than king of all the dead. If some base dastardly Phrygian talked in such a manner, nothing had been to be said upon it: but, that the son of Peleus, that a hero, who formerly more than any other had a predilection for perilous adventures, should think so meanly of himself, is a great shame, and in direct opposition to what you achieved in life. For it was entirely at your option to have played the king for a long series of years in obscure repose among your Phthiotians, but you voluntarily chose a premature and honourable death.

ACHILLES. O son of the wise Nestor, at that time I prized that wretched chimæra, glory, higher than life, I had not yet experienced how affairs stand here. But now I know, that this glory can be of absolutely no utility to us, whatever people there above may rhapsodize about it. Among the dead, one is of as much worth as another, dear Antilochus! Beauty and strength are gone! We are all immersed in the same darkness, without the least preference or distinction. The trojan dead

* To which the Greeks therefore gave the appellation Aornos or Aornis. See *Q. Curt.* viii. 11, and his commentators.

† *Odyssæy*, xi. 485, &c.

fear me as little as the grecian dead honour me ; here the most perfect equality reigns ; the bravest and the basest man, one is dead as well as the other. This is what afflicts me, and makes me repine that I am not a day-labourer and alive.

ANTILOCHUS. But what is to be done, dear Achilles? Nature has thought fit that we should all die. Nothing therefore remains for us but to submit to the decree without murmuring. Besides, do not you see how many of us, your former comrades, are already around you, and even Ulysses will shortly arrive. It is however always a comfort to have companions in affliction, and to see that it fares no better with others than with ourselves. Are not also Hercules and Meleager and other great men of that stamp, here, none of whom certainly would wish to return into life, if it could be done, in order to be employed as labourers by poor starvings who have themselves nothing to live upon, for daily wages.

ACHILLES. I recognize in this address the just notions of my old comrade : but however that be, the recollection of what I have lost with life, torments me, and I am sure that there is not one of you that is not of the same sentiments. If you do not confess it, so much the worse for you, for your very silence adds to your affliction.

ANTILOCHUS. By no means, Achilles ; but so much the better ! We see that complaints cannot relieve us ; we therefore chuse rather to suffer in silence, than make ourselves ridiculous by such wishes as yours*.

XVI.

DIOGENES AND HERCULES.

DIOGENES. Can that be Hercules? By Hercules it is, and no other ! It is his bow, his club, his lion's skin, his stature. But how can the son of Jupiter be dead? — With permission, o thou victor in the most glorious triumphs, be so good as to tell me, whether you are dead. While I was alive I sacrificed to you as a god. —

* A very salutary lesson to us who are alive.

HERCULES. And in that you did very right : for the real Hercules, lives with the beautiful footed Hebe in heaven, crowned with immortal youth, among the gods a god. I am only his form *.

DIOGENES. What do you mean by that, the form of the god Hercules? And how is it possible that one can be on one half a god, and on the other be dead?

HERCULES. Very possible. For it is not he that is dead, but only I, his figure.

DIOGENES. I comprehend : he gave you up to Pluto instead of another man, and who are you? You are, so to speak, dead in his name and on his behalf?

HERCULES. Thereabouts.

DIOGENES. But Æacus is otherwise a man that keeps a sharp look-out: how came it that he did not perceive the fraud, and suffered a spurious Hercules to pass for the real?

HERCULES. It came hence ; because I am perfectly like him.

DIOGENES. There you are right ; so perfectly like, that you might be him himself. Reflect, that it may be exactly the reverse ; that you are

* Homer's poems were in some measure the bible of the Greeks, and the book that was explained to children at school. By the perusal of this poet (at an age when all sensible images, especially those of the miraculous kind, sink so deep into the tender mind, that they are never again effaced) the foundation was laid for a great part of the religious trumpery, which to combat our author made the principal business of his life. Hence alone can be explained the apparent grudge to the prince of poets of which he is accused by Tiber. Hemsterhuys. Lucian had as high a value for the great bard as any other ; but the general promulgator of superstition, whose preposterous and absurd theology and witchery, which poisoned the minds of the Greeks in general in their very infancy, he could the less spare, as even the stoics attributed a sort of canonical authority to his rhapsodies, and what they could not prove by rational argument, they thought sufficiently demonstrated by quoting a couple of lines from Homer. The passage of that poet, which supplied the materials for the present dialogue, is in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, line 741, &c. where Ulysses says :

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould ;
A shadowy form ! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods :
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

Hercules, and your form * may be married to the fair Hebe among the gods.

HERCULES. You are a saucy fellow, and an impertinent witling! If you do not leave off your jeers you shall presently feel who the god is whose form I am †!

DIOGENES. I see you are ready to strike: but what have I to apprehend from you, since I am dead? Tell me however, I conjure you by your Hercules, whilst he lived were you his form with him? or in life did you make only one person, and split after death? he flying off to the gods, and you, his form, travelling, as it should seem, to the world beneath.

HERCULES. I should not have engaged in argument at all with such an obstinate quibbler: I will however just tell you, what of Hercules was of Amphitryon, that died; but what was from Jupiter, that is in heaven with the gods.

DIOGENES. Now the case is much clearer. Alcmena at the same time bore two Herculese, one by Amphitryon and one by Jupiter: you were therefore properly twins, by different fathers and one mother; and that was it, why nothing was said of it till now.

HERCULES. Not so, blockhead! We both compose him, the sole Hercules.

DIOGENES. That is not quite so easy to conceive, how two Herculese could be so compounded as to make but one; you must have

* For want of a proper word exactly fitting εἶδωλον, and having none but image, figure, shape, shade, form to chuse from, I adopted the last as the most suitable. It is here taken in that signification where it denotes a shadowy substance, a *corpus parastaticum* (as the theologians term it, in whose province this species of substance lies) an incorporeal body, having nothing corporeal but the form. After all then this *idol* of Hercules appears to be nothing better than what Homer, when speaking of others of the dead, styles *shades*, and very nearly akin to our *spectres*.

† The grand argument with the gentlemen that cannot bear a joke when they feel themselves touched to the quick; and have nothing reasonable to reply, is the herculean club, either in the proper or the figurative sense. You may depend upon it that they will argue with the substantial herculean club, or with chains, swords, halters, stakes and scaffolds, whenever they have the power; in defect of that they have recourse to invectives, particularly those odious abusive terms, which formerly marked a man out for the flames or the gallows, and still at least contribute to irritate the populace against those who attempt to enlighten them upon their absurdities, and to assert the rights of reason against εἰδωλα.

been then only a kind of centaur, a man and a god grown together into one being.

HERCULES. Do not you know then that every man is in like manner compounded of two parts, soul and body? What therefore should hinder the soul from being in heaven, whilst I, the mortal part, am among the dead?

DIOGENES. That would be fair reasoning, my noble Amphitryoniade, if you were a body; but as it is you are nothing more than an incorporeal form. I perceive, that at last you will even produce a triple Hercules.

HERCULES. And why a triple?

DIOGENES. Somehow thus: one of them is in heaven; you, the form are with us; and the body was burnt to ashes on Ceta; that makes, however, I should think, three. It rests with you therefore to find a third father for your body.

HERCULES. You are an impudent sophistical fellow. — By what other title are you to be known? who are you?

DIOGENES. The form of Diogenes of Sinope: I myself however keep company, by Jupiter! though not with the immortal gods, yet with the best of the dead; and divert myself with laughing at Homer and all such gallimawfries.

XVII.

MENIPPUS AND TANTALUS*.

MENIPPUS. Why do you howl so, Tantalus? Why do you stand by the pond side, weeping and lamenting at such a rate?

* Here again Homer is forced to pay the fidler. The passage brought in this dialogue before the tribunal of common sense, is found likewise in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses says:

There Tantalus along the stygian bounds,
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds),
Even in the circling flood refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lips applies
Back from his lips the treacherous water flies.

TANTALUS. Because I am perishing with thirst, dear Menippus.

MENIPPUS. Are you then so completely lazy, as not to stoop down to drink, or even only to take up some water in the hollow of your hand?

TANTALUS. Stoop as low as I will it is to no purpose; the water flees from me as soon as it perceives that I approach it; and even if I take up some and bring it to my mouth, before I can moisten my lips with it, it slips between my fingers, and runs away, and my hand is instantly as dry as before.

MENIPPUS. That is a very strange occurrence, good Tantalus. But why are you so eager after drink, since you have no longer a body? For what formerly rendered eating and drinking necessary, is buried in Lydiá; and you, the naked soul, how can you hunger and thirst?

TANTALUS. Therein my punishment consists, that my soul is just as thirsty as if it were a body.

MENIPPUS. Well then, since thirst as you say is imposed upon you as a punishment, we must believe it. But what is there so dreadful in it? You are not afraid of dying for want of drinking? At least I see no other kingdom of the dead, to which one can be summoned by death in this.

TANTALUS. There you are right; but that constitutes a part of my damnation, to be tormented with an avidity to drink without having occasion for it.

DIOGENES. You are really delirious, Tantalus! You are in want of a draught, it is true, but no other than a strong draught of hellebore. Your distemper is the direct reverse of that experienced by such as are bit by mad dogs; they have a dread of water; you of thirst.

TANTALUS. If I had but a good gulp of hellebore, I certainly would not reject it.

DIOGENES. Let the desire spend itself, good Tantalus: it fares with you as with all others of the dead, and nothing particular is done in your case. But indeed all do not thirst like you, as a punishment, but only cannot drink because the water will not wait for them!

The picture is exquisitely painted; the verse could not, with the permission of Aristarchus, in the original and in this Mr. Pope's translation be more beautiful; only as a tenet of faith it is no affair of ours.

XVIII.

MENIPPUS AND MERCURY.

MENIPPUS. Where then are those beautiful men and women of whom there was so much talk above, Mercury? Be so good as to conduct me to them, as I am quite a new-comer and know not how to find my way about.

MERCURY. I have not time for it, dear Menippus: look however yonder; rather more to the right: there are Hyacinthus and Narcissus, and Nireus, and Achilles, and Tyro, and Helena, and Leda, in short all the celebrated beauties of antiquity, all together in a cluster.

MENIPPUS. I see nothing but bare bones and skulls, in which nothing is to be discriminated.

MERCURY. Yet these bones, which appear to you so contemptible, have been extolled by the poets to this day.

MENIPPUS. But shew me at least Helen; for of myself I cannot find her out.

MERCURY. That scull there is the beautiful Helen.

MENIPPUS. That then was the cause that all Greece was stowed together in a thousand ships, that so many Greeks and barbarians were slain, and so many cities razed to the ground?

MERCURY. My good Menippus, you should have seen her when alive! You would for certain (as well as the old counsellors of Priam * in the Iliad) have confessed, that Nemesis herself could not take it amiss,

if such celestial charms

For nine long years should set the world in arms.

He that looks upon a withered flower can indeed not discover how beautiful it was, while standing in full bloom and brilliant in its natural dies.

MENIPPUS. What I wonder at, Mercury, is how it came to pass, that the Greeks did not perceive that it was for the sake of such a transitory and evanescent object, that they gave themselves all that trouble.

* As this speech of Mercury receives its elegance from an allusion to a celebrated passage in the Iliad, (book iii. 456, &c.) I thought it necessary, for the sake of perspicuity, to hook in this parenthesis. The Greeks, who had their Homer at the fingers ends were immediately aware of such an allusion, which can only be supposed of few english readers.

MERCURY. I have no time to philosophize with you, Menippus; look thou therefore for a place where you chuse to lodge. I must go and fetch over the rest of the dead.

XIX.

ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS, MENELAUS AND PARIS.

ÆACUS. How is this, Protesilaus? Why do you attack Helen, as if you were going to strangle her?

PROTESILAUS. Because I owe my death to her: and on her account I was forced to leave my house only half-built, and my young wife, a few days after our marriage, a widow*.

ÆACUS. Then apply to Menelaus, who despatched you to Troy for the sake of such a woman.

PROTESILAUS. That is true; he shall pay me handsomely for it.

MENELAUS. Not I, my good man, but in strict justice, Paris; who against the laws of hospitality and every law in the world, while I was his host, carried off my wife. He deserves to be strangled, not only by you but by all, Greeks and barbarians; for by that act he was guilty of the death of so many brave men.

PROTESILAUS. That is likewise true! To you then I will apply, detested Paris, and never quit you so long as I can use my hands.

PARIS. In that you would be very much in the wrong, Protesilaus: and the more since we have both taken up love as our profession, and consequently are brother artists in that art which is practised by the same god. For you must know, that love is somewhat involuntary, or rather that it is a divinity which carries us whithersoever he will, and against whom no resistance can avail.

PROTESILAUS. You are right! Could I but get hold of the god of love to tell him this!

ÆACUS. I will tell you in his name what he with good reason can urge in his justification. He can say: that Paris was in love with Helen, was

† Homer's Iliad, book ii. 696, &c.

certainly no fault of his: but of your death, Protesilaus, no one was guilty but yourself. Who bid you leave your young wife and run scampering to Troy, and then to be so fool-hardy as to expose yourself the foremost to danger, so that presently after the landing you fell a victim to your immoderate lust of glory?

PROTESILAUS. Now, Æacus, let me say in my own justification upon better grounds, that I am not to blame for it, but fate, and what Clotho has decreed us from the commencement of our lives.

ÆACUS. Rightly said! Why therefore complain of these innocent people?

XX.

MENIPPUS AND ÆACUS.

MENIPPUS. For Pluto's sake, Æacus, be so good as to shew me everything that is to be seen in the kingdom of the dead.

ÆACUS. Everything, my good Menippus, would not be so easy; but some information respecting the principal objects I will readily communicate to you. Cerberus there you are already acquainted with, and the ferryman that brought you over; the stygian lake and the fire-stream you likewise saw on your first arrival.

MENIPPUS. I know all that, and likewise know that you are doorkeeper here: the king also I have already seen, and the furies. I should deem it a favour, if you would shew me the men of the old times, particularly those that are most talked of in the upper world.

ÆACUS. This, here, is Agamemnon, that yonder Achilles; this, somewhat nearer, facing us Idomeneus, that next him Ulysses; then follow Ajax, Diomed, and the other chieftains of the Greeks in those times.

MENIPPUS. Ey, ey, master Homer! What is now become of the heroes of your rhapsodies? How miserably they lie all mingled together upon the earth, deprived of beauty and strength, in truth *weak heads* as you called them! so weak, that they might be blown with a breath to ashes*! But who is he there, Æacus?

* Alluding to Homer's *ταυῶν ἀμύθηα κάρηνα*, in the tenth and eleventh books of the Odyssey, ver. 536 and 49, the whole force of which, without a long enervating periphrasis, is

ÆACUS. That is Cyrus, and this Crœsus; that beside him Sardanapalus, he above the two Midas, and that yonder Xerxes.

MENIPPUS. What? Such a creature as you, put all Greece in consternation and dismay, by the conceit of throwing a bridge across the Hellespont, and sailing over the tops of mountains*? What a deplorable figure there does Crœsus make! And Sardanapalus too! I have a great inclination to give him a sound slap on the face, if you would give me leave.

ÆACUS. Not upon any account! You would smash his scull to a jelly, it is so soft.

MENIPPUS. But I may spit in his face?

ÆACUS. Would not you wish to see the sages?

MENIPPUS. Oh, certainly. I shall be much obliged to you.

ÆACUS. The first here is Pythagoras.

MENIPPUS. Accept my homage, Euphorbus, or Apollo, or by whatever appellation you please rather to be greeted!

PYTHAGORAS. Kind thanks, Menippus; the like salutation!

MENIPPUS. You have no longer perhaps your golden thigh?

PYTHAGORAS. No verily. But have you anything to eat in your knapsack? Let us see.

MENIPPUS. Nothing, my dearest friend, but beans, and them you dare not eat.

PYTHAGORAS. Give me some however. Since I have been among the dead, a few alterations have happened in my notions: I have here learnt, that beans and the heads of our parents have nothing in common between them.

untranslatable. What Lucian intended by *κόμης πάνια καὶ λῆρος πολὺς*, I believe I can guess; but I found no apt expression for it in our language — and must therefore leave it to hazard whether what I have substituted will pass for an equivalent.

* Menippus unquestionably points to the royal thought, which Xerxes, according to the relation of Homer's historian, conceived and actually began to execute, of causing mount Athos to be bored through. This story of Herodotus, like so many other wonders related by him with homerical simplicity, has very much the air of an idle tale. The enterprize would have been not less unnecessary than prodigious; but the most wonderful part of the transaction will always be, how it could come to pass that not the slightest vestige of so astonishing an operation on mount Athos should be any longer discoverable.

ÆACUS. This is Solon, that yonder the famous Thales, and close to him Pittacus, and the rest; there are in all seven of them, you see.

MENIPPUS. And amongst all the dead that I have seen, the only ones that have a serene and cheerful countenance. But he yonder, covered all over with ashes and blisters, resembling a cake baked upon the embers, who is he?

ÆACUS. That is Empedocles, who arrived among us half roasted from out the gullet of Ætna.

MENIPPUS. Hey dey, my noble master, with the brazen foot*, what was the reason of your throwing yourself into the crater of Ætna?

EMPEDOCLES. An access of black bile, Menippus.

MENIPPUS. Not at all; I know better: vanity and ostentation and a species of folly, which you should have expelled by hellebore, deservedly thus burnt you up, slippers and all, to a cinder. Your cunning device availed you nothing; for it came to light, that you died like others. — But, good Æacus, where is then Socrates?

ÆACUS. He is generally gossiping with Nestor and Palamedes, still carrying on his old game.

MENIPPUS. I would fain have the sight of him, if he were anywhere hereabouts.

ÆACUS. Do you see that bald-pate yonder?

MENIPPUS. I see nothing but bald-pates; that is the characteristic that will serve for all the dead.

ÆACUS. I mean him with the flat apish nose.

MENIPPUS. Neither does that help me: they have all such noses.

SOCRATES. Are you inquiring for me, Menippus?

MENIPPUS. Yes, Socrates, indeed I am.

* The epithet *χαλκός*, which Homer applies to horses (Il. xiii. 23), and Sophocles in his *Electra* (ver. 492) to the furies, is here jocosely bestowed by the sarcastic Menippus upon Empedocles. It refers to the brazen slippers with which that philosopher armed himself for his intended investigation of Ætna's crater against the heat of the ground, and which on his having the misfortune to fall in, at the next eruption are said to have been thrown out. For so, I think, the report current among the Greeks (that Empedocles threw himself into Ætna, that he might have no witness of his death, and therefore the more easily held to be a god), should be explained; though I have no desire to wrangle with any one, who with Strabo and others, shall think proper to look upon the whole as a fiction.

SOCRATES. How go affairs at Athens?

MENIPPUS. There are great numbers of young people, who affect to philosophize; and to judge from their dress and their gait, they should be taken really for great philosophers.

SOCRATES. I have seen very many of that sort.

MENIPPUS. You must likewise, I think, have seen in what condition Aristippus and Plato were when they came hither! The former smelt strong of pommade, and the latter had learnt to play the courtier with the tyrants in Sicily.

SOCRATES. But what do people think of me?

MENIPPUS. You are a happy mortal, Socrates, as to that! All the world believes you were an admirable man, and knew everything, notwithstanding (since methinks the truth should be declared) you knew nothing.

SOCRATES. That I always told them myself; but they took it only for irony.

MENIPPUS. Who are those that are pressing towards you?

SOCRATES. Charmides, Phædrus, and the son of Clinias*.

MENIPPUS. Ey, ey, Socrates, I see you still carry on your old trade; handsome folks are always high in your estimation†.

SOCRATES. How can I better amuse myself? I thought you were come to lodge with us, Menippus.

MENIPPUS. No. I shall take up my residence with Cræsus and Sar-

* Alcibiades.

† From this passage, as from several others, we are led to conclude, that Lucian was careless about introducing a strict consistency and agreement in his conversations of the dead: for in the 18th, Menippus, on being shown the most celebrated beauties of antiquity, saw nothing but bare bones and death's heads; and only a few moments before he found all the dead to have flat noses and bald pates. How does this tally with his jeering Socrates for his unabated liking to handsome youths, which seems to presuppose that Phædrus, Alcibiades, &c. still retained their comely appearance even in the kingdom of the dead. Perhaps he might be helped out of the difficulty by admitting that the dead, or at least the happier portion of them, retained the talent of deceiving themselves upon certain objects, and that accordingly Socrates saw his favourites, as they were formerly, not as they were then present. It will be still easier to obviate the difficulty, by assuming that Socrates, who was always good at a joke, merely returns Menippus raillery for raillery; and this may perhaps be the most natural interpretation of the passage.

danapalus; for I think it will afford me much entertainment to hear their groans and lamentations.

ÆACUS. And I shall return to my post; lest while I am off my guard, some of my dead may privily slip away. Another time you shall see more, Menippus.

MENIPPUS. Do so, Æacus; this may suffice for the present.

XXI.

MENIPPUS AND CERBERUS.

MENIPPUS. Cousin Cerberus, since I belong to the canine race, tell me for our relation's sake, tell me I adjure you by styx! how did Socrates behave when he came down to you? For, as you are a god, you must naturally do more than bark, and, whenever you please, can make yourself understood in human speech.

CERBERUS. While yet at some distance, dear Menippus, he certainly appeared to advance with unaltered countenance, as desirous of shewing to those who stood outside the mouth of Tartarus that he had absolutely no fear of death at all*. But as soon as he was descending in the shaft, and perceived how dark all around him was, and he being tardy on account of the hemlock, when I bit him by the foot and pulled him completely in: then he whimpered like a little infant, and presently after set up a doleful cry about his own children, and made the most curious faces in the world.

MENIPPUS. The man was then after all only a sophist, and his contempt of death mere grimace?

CERBERUS. Nothing more †! Perceiving now that he positively must

* Alluding to the discourse which Plato, in his Phædo, reports him to have held immediately before his death.

† If at all events Socrates must be abused in these dialogues, Lucian could not have fallen on a happier conceit than to let it at least be done only by dogs. I readily confess that I am ill at ease, when I am forced to see the man, whom I was taught by Xenophon in my earliest youth to love and to admire, treated as a hypocrite and a charlatan. In the mean time it cannot be disowned, that Socrates gave great openings to those who were not his friends, and that in so

die, he put on a magnanimous appearance, and made it appear as if he voluntarily acquiesced in what he was absolutely forced to undergo — in order to be admired by the spectators. I may say in general of all these people that pretend to be somewhat more than others: up to the brink of the mouth, they are bold and courageous; but their behaviour, when they are fairly entered, evidently proves them the reverse.

MENIPPUS. How did I seem to behave at my first coming down?

CERBERUS. You alone did honour to the family by your behaviour, and before you, Diogenes; because you did not come as if you were dragged and shoved down, but voluntarily, laughing and making game of everybody that takes on so tragically in the affair.

strenuous an opponent to all superstition, all false pretensions, and all juggling tricks, as Lucian, perhaps it may be pardoned, if he entertained some suspicion of the wisdom and virtue of a man, who pretended to have a dæmon, who believed in the oracle at Delphi, — fell into extasies, — ordered in the last moments of his life a cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius, — had the beautiful Alcibiades to sleep with him, in order to put his power over himself to a more dangerous trial than that which the monk Robert of Arbrissel is reported to have sustained between two beautiful nuns, — who introduced his scholars to the courtesan Theodora, because he heard that she let all she had that was beautiful, be seen gratuitously, — instructed this Theodora, in gratitude for her complaisance, in the arts of coquetry, and a great deal more of it. I am well aware, that it would be easy for me (even if it had not been done already by others) to vindicate Socrates on these several points, to the satisfaction of all good-natured souls, who fain would believe in wise and good men: but was it Lucian's fault, if a philosopher, in whom so many things were ambiguous, who, in his disciple Plato's writings, now acts the sophist, now the enthusiast, now the sceptic, and now the dogmatist, and who, even by the diploma which he caused to be drawn up for him from the Apollo at Delphi, must be suspected by a cold-blooded man ever upon his guard against all deceit, — was Lucian to blame for not thinking quite so charitably of such a philosopher, for not viewing him in precisely the same favourable light as we do? — or would it not be unreasonable in this particular at least to impute to him as a crime, what we readily excuse, or perhaps even approve, in Lactantius, Tertullian, Cyril, Theodoret, and others of their class among both ancient and modern christians?

XXII.

CHARON, MENIPPUS, AND MERCURY.

CHARON. Pay me my fare, scoundrel!

MENIPPUS. Bawl as long as you like, Charon!

CHARON. Pay me, I say; do you think I am to bring you over for nothing?

MENIPPUS. He that has nothing can give nothing.

CHARON. Who in the world is so poor, as not to have two farthings at command?

MENIPPUS. Whether there is such a one I cannot say; but as to myself I know that I have them not.

CHARON. By Pluto, I will throttle you, if you do not pay me!

MENIPPUS. Then I will crack your scull with my stick.

CHARON. So you imagine you have had this long passage for nothing?

MENIPPUS. Mercury, who brought me to you, may likewise pay for me.

MERCURY. By Jupiter, I should make a fine office of it, if I must pay for all the dead I bring!

CHARON. I shall not let you get off so. I will not quit you.

MENIPPUS. As to that, you have my leave to haul your boat on shore, and wait as long as you please; but how will you receive of me what I have not got?

CHARON. Did not you know then what you ought to have brought?

MENIPPUS. I knew it well; but I had nothing to bring. How could I help dying?

CHARON. You will be the only one that could ever boast of being ferried over for nothing.

MENIPPUS. Not so for nothing, my gallant captain: did not I work at the pump and help to row, and was not I the only one of all the passengers, that did not disturb you with crying and howling?

CHARON. All that has nothing to do with my fare; you must pay your halfpenny, it cannot be otherwise.

MENIPPUS. The best advice I can give you then, is to carry me back into life.

CHARON. That would be charming! That I am to lose my money, and get a good beating from Æacus into the bargain!

MENIPPUS. Then let me alone; do not be troublesome.

CHARON. Let us see what you have got in your wallet.

MENIPPUS. Lupines, and a Hecate-supper.

CHARON. Where in the world did you pick up this impudent dog's-face, Mercury? During the whole time of the passage, he has not for one moment held his tongue, laughing and jeering at all the passengers, and singing merry songs, while all the rest were crying.

MERCURY. Then, Charon, you do not know what a great man you have brought over? He is a free man in the proper sense, and asks nothing of anybody. In one word, it is Menippus.

CHARON. If ever I catch you again —

MENIPPUS. Yes, if! You shall certainly not catch me twice!

XXIII.

PLUTO, PROSERPINE, AND PROTESILAUS.

PROTESILAUS. Oh, unbounded lord and king of the regions of the dead, our Jupiter; and thou, exalted daughter of Ceres, let the supplications of a lover find favour in your sight *!

PLUTO. What do you desire of us? Who are you?

PROTESILAUS. I am Protesilaus the son of Iphicles, of Phylace, one of those who marched with the other Greeks against Troy; and the first that was killed there. I beg therefore permission for a short time to return into life.

PLUTO. You are then in love with life, my good Protesilaus? Such lovers we have here in plenty; but they love an object, which none of them can obtain.

* The tale that forms the basis of this piece of pleasantry is related by Hyginus, fab. 103.

PROTESILAUS. I, o Pluto, am not in love with life, but with my young wife, whom I left immediately after our marriage in the bridal chamber, when I embarked for Troy. Unfortunately I fell, the first moment after landing, by Hector's hand; and now the longing I have for my little dear, leaves me no repose, gracious sovereign, and if I may become visible to her only for a short space, I will willingly return.

PLUTO. You have therefore not drank of Lethe, Protesilaus?

PROTESILAUS. Oh, certainly, gracious sovereign; but my love is stronger than the efficacy of its stream.

PLUTO. Only have patience; she will in due time be here, and save you the necessity of travelling up to her.

PROTESILAUS. I cannot possibly wait for that, Pluto! You yourself have been in love, and therefore know the impatience of a lover.

PLUTO. What would it avail you to become alive again for a single day? Presently after your uneasiness would be greater than before.

PROTESILAUS. I flatter myself, that I should be able to persuade her to accompany me hither to you; and so for one subject you would in this short space obtain two.

PLUTO. You require what is contrary to all rule; it has never been done.

PROTESILAUS. Permit me, o Pluto, to assist your memory. On this very account did not you restore to Orpheus his Eurydice? And was not my cousin Alcestis, purely to please Hercules, sent back into life*?

PLUTO. You would then present yourself with that ugly bare scull before your beautiful bride? How can you hope to be admitted by her, since she would not at all recognize you? Most assuredly she would be frightened at you, and run away; and so you would take a long journey to no purpose.

PROSERPINE. Could not you, my dear, provide a remedy for that, if you would please to order Mercury, as soon as he shall have brought up Protesilaus into daylight, to touch him with his wand, and make him again the same handsome young man, that he was when he came out from the nuptial chamber?

...* The relationship rests upon their common descent from Æolus. Alcestis was the great grand-daughter, and Protesilaus the great grandson of that deity.

PLUTO. Well then; forasmuch as Proserpine is of that opinion, take him up again, Mercury, and qualify him for a bridegroom. But, hark you, forget not, that you have leave of absence only for one day.

XXIV.

DIOGENES AND MAUSOLUS.

DIOGENES. Hear you, Carian*; why do you give yourself such haughty airs, as if you thought yourself superior to any of us?

MAUSOLUS. In the first place, Mr. Sinopian, because I was king of all Caria, and ruler of several districts of Lydia; I enlarged my dominions by subduing various islands, extended my conquests as far as Miletus, and over-ran the greater part of Ionia. Besides, I had a personal superiority: I was beautiful, tall of stature, and of so robust a constitution, as enabled me to sustain all the hardships and fatigues of war. To be brief, the principal point is, I have a prodigious monument raised over me at Halicarnassus, which for magnitude and beauty has not its equal in the whole world, and is decorated with the most exquisite figures of men and horses, all carved to such a degree of perfection, and in such exceeding fine marble as you will not easily find even in a temple. And of all this have I no right to be proud, think you?

DIOGENES. Therefore of your crown, of your figure, and of the ponderosity of your monument?

MAUSOLUS. So I should think, by Jupiter!

DIOGENES. But, my handsome Mausolus, of your beauty and strength nothing more is to be seen, and if I should call in question your advantageous figure, you would not be able to give the judge a reason why

* Mausolus, king of Caria, made a considerable figure, in the time of the persian king Artaxerxes Mnemon, in the lesser Asia. The city of Halicarnassus, which he chose for his residence, was rendered by him one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the world. The monument erected to him by his consort Artemisia, the second of that name, obtained, as everybody knows, a place among what are styled the seven wonders of the world. The six others were the walls of Babylon, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the pyramids, the Jupiter Olympius of Phidias, and the colossus at Rhodes.

your scull is more beautiful than mine. Both are peeled and bare, our teeth grin on both sides in like manner, and instead of eyes we have both empty holes and flat, apish noses. As to your monument*, and the costly marble of which it is built, the inhabitants of Halicarnassus may certainly have reason to shew it to strangers, and to think much of themselves for possessing so great a work of art within their walls : but, my comely gentleman, what sort of enjoyment you should have of it, I see not ; you should then only say, that you bear a heavier load than the rest of us, since you have an enormous heap of stones lying upon you.

MAUSOLUS. Then all this must go for nothing ; and Mausolus shall be neither greater nor less than Diogenes ?

DIOGENES. As to the last point, my noble sir, no ; that equality I must object to. For Mausolus will wimper and whine as often as he is reminded of the objects that composed his superiority and his happiness in life ; whereas Diogenes will laugh at him. Mausolus talks of the monument that Artemisia, his wife and sister, caused to be erected to him at Halicarnassus : Diogenes does not even know whether his corpse has got a tomb anywhere, and cares nothing about it. But on the other hand he left behind him, among the worthiest of mankind, the remembrance that he lived the life of a man : and this monument, o thou first of all thy slavish Carians, is loftier and rests on a more solid base than thine !

* The elder Pliny, in the fourth chapter of the 36th book of his natural history, has given a short description of this magnificent structure, the dissertation on which by the count de Caylus, in the 24th vol. of the Mem. de l'academie de belles lettres, together with the annexed plan and drawings of the façades towards the south and towards the west, richly deserve perusal by all lovers of the arts. This mausoleum rests upon six and thirty columns, is 411 feet in its extreme circumference, and, including the superadded pyramid, 140 feet in height. The greatest Architects and sculptors, of the age when the arts were in full bloom, a Scopas, Timotheus, Leochares, Bryaxis, Pythis, were employed in the execution and decoration of this monument.

XXV.

NIREUS, THERSITES, AND MENIPPUS.

NIREUS. Here comes Menippus! He can immediately settle our dispute, which is the handsomest of us. Sincerely, Menippus, do not you think that I am handsomer than he?

MENIPPUS. Who are you then? That is, methinks, what I ought to know first of all.

NIREUS. Nireus and Thersites.

MENIPPUS. Which of the two is Nireus, and which Thersites? For at present that is not apparent.

THERSITES. I have therefore already gained thus much, that I am like you, and your superiority therefore cannot be so great, as blind Homer makes it to be, in styling you the comeliest of all the Greeks. Needs there any stronger proof, than that, notwithstanding my sugarloaf head and my few straggling hairs, I appear to the judge nowise inferior to you? But view us deliberately, Menippus, and then say which you deem the handsomest.

NIREUS. Naturally me, the son of Charopus and Aglæe.

Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the grecian race.

MENIPPUS. At least you are not the loveliest of them that are come under ground, methinks; the bones are alike, and between your scull and that of Thersites, there is perhaps no other difference than that yours is more liable to be broke; for it looks so thin, soft and unmanly, that one should rather suppose it a woman's scull.

NIREUS. Only ask Homer what sort of a man I was, when I served among the Greeks before Troy.

MENIPPUS. Dreams, my good Nireus! I know only what I see and what you at present are; what you then were they know best who lived with you.

NIREUS, &c. In this interlocution Lucian again introduces a pair of homeric persons, Nireus the handsomest of the men that marched against Ilion, as Homer says, and Thersites the most mishapen and hideous in the whole army, to dispute before Menippus, as arbitrator, the superiority in beauty, which Thersites will not concede to the handsome Nireus.

NIREUS. Here then I am not more beautiful than others, Menippus?

MENIPPUS. Here nobody is beautiful, neither you nor another : in the country of the dead all are equal.

THERSITES. I for my part am satisfied. That is all I desire.

XXVI.

MENIPPUS AND CHIRON.

MENIPPUS. I am told, Chiron, that though you are by birth a god *, you requested to die.

CHIRON. You are told what is very true, Menippus.

MENIPPUS. How came you to have such an affection for death, which to the generality is so unamiable ?

CHIRON. To a man of your understanding, I may speak out. Immortality was no longer pleasant to me.

MENIPPUS. How ? Was not it pleasant to you to behold sun-shine ?

CHIRON. No, Menippus. To me nothing is pleasing without variety ; always one uniform pleasure is to my mind no pleasure. Accordingly, always to live, as was my case, and always to behold the same sun, and always to nourish myself in the same manner, and to see the seasons and whatever they bring with them always revolving in the same order of succession, always one after another in perpetual rotation, and always to foreknow to day that to-morrow will be just the same — this at length grew tiresome, and at last I was absolutely weary of it ; for, I repeat it, pleasure lies not in the enjoyment of the same subject, however agreeable it may be, but in the continual change of new objects.

MENIPPUS. Well observed, Chiron ! But how do you find then your situation here in Orcus, since you are come hither of your own choice ?

CHIRON. Not unpleasant, Menippus ; that universal equality that reigns here, has in it somewhat popular that pleases me, and in general it is all one to me, whether it is clear or obscure around me. Besides,

* The centaur Chiron was both on the paternal and the maternal side immortal ; for his father was Saturn, and his mother Philyra, a daughter of Oceanus.

here, where we neither hunger nor thirst, I am relieved from the necessity of eating and drinking, which was indispensable there above.

MENIPPUS. Take heed, Chiron, lest you run counter to yourself, and are at last at the same point, from which you wished to depart.

CHIRON. How so?

MENIPPUS. If you were disgusted with the life there above, because everything was repeatedly the same, you will be soon satiated here, where everything is also a perpetual repetition of the same; and for the sake of change must betake yourself into another life, which I am afraid is impossible.

CHIRON. What then, Menippus, is to be done?

MENIPPUS. I see but one remedy, and that, to my knowledge, is nothing new: an intelligent man takes everything as it is, accommodates himself to it as he can, and holds nothing inevitable to be insupportable.

XXVII.

DIOGENES, ANTISTHENES, CRATES, and a *Beggar*.

DIOGENES. Antisthenes and Crates, suppose, as we have nothing to do, we take a walk together towards the entrance, to see what new comers there are, and how they severally behave.

ANTISTH. With all my heart, Diogenes; it will be an amusing spectacle to us, to observe how one bursts into tears, another, prostrate on the ground, intreats to be let go; others again, obstinately refusing to advance, foolishly wrestle with Mercury, who is pushing them forward, or lying on their backs, are absolutely not by fair means to be moved from the spot.

CRATES. And on the way I will relate to you what passed at my own descent.

DIOGENES. Let us hear it, Crates; I see by your looks that you have something very laughable to tell.

CRATES. Among a number of others who came down with me, the most considerable were Ismenodorus, one of our wealthiest Thebans, and Arsaces, satrap of Media, and Oroetes the Armenian. Ismenodo-

rus, who, on a journey to Eleusis, I think, in a hollow way near mount Cithæron, was murdered by robbers, sighed and groaned most piteously, holding his wounds together with both hands *. He often called on his young children by name, and accused himself of fool-hardiness, for having set out upon a journey across Cithæron, and the parts about Eleutheræ, and taken with him only two servants, when he had to pass through a country so wasted by the late wars, especially as he had with him five golden cups and four large golden beakers. The satrap Arsaces, a man considerably advanced in years, of a noble presence, and tolerably benign aspect, testified his displeasure after the manner of his country. He was extremely angry at being obliged to go on foot, and ordered his horse to be fetched; for that was killed at the same time with himself, both having been transpierced by a thrust from a thracian peltastis † in an engagement with the Cappadocians on the banks of the Araxes. Arsaces, as he told us himself, rushing with great impetuosity into the midst of the enemy, had advanced a long way before his troops, when the Thracian, who made a stand against him, having warded off the stroke of his lance with his semicircular shield, at the same instant thrust both him and his horse through with his long macedonian spear ‡.

ANTISTH. How could that be done at one thrust, Crates?

CRATES. Very easily. The satrap ran upon him with his couched spear of twenty yards in length; but the Thracian, as soon as he had parried the thrust with his buckler, so that the point of the lance passed on one side of him, planted himself on one knee, when couching his spear straight before the rider, rushing towards him at full speed, it entered the

* This, I conceive, renders the true meaning of the words: *καὶ τὸ τραῦμα ἐν ταῖν χειρῶν εἶχε*, which Massieu exchanges for another image: *en levant au ciel ses mains couvertes de blessures*, and Dr. Francklin translates by "his hands still bloody from the wounds he had received." I confess that the lucianic expression has something equivocal in it; but, as Ismenodorus did not die perhaps of wounds in both his hands, the real sense of the words appeared to me not problematical. The expression: "he had his wound (doubtless a mortal one in his breast) in both hands," depicts very naturally the instinctive effort of a man who comes by his death in so violent a manner, and in the consternation is not yet conscious of his new condition, and (though vainly) does just that which he would do if he could still hope to save his life.

† A sort of foot soldiers, who were so denominated from their little semicircular shields.

‡ Sarissa, a spear 14 to 16 yards in length, of the macedonian infantry.

horse's breast; and as the latter transpierced himself by the fury and violence with which he rushed on it, so it could not fail that Arsaces was stuck through the groin at the same time, and thus both at one stroke were stretched upon the grass. You perceive that it happened quite naturally, and was more the doing of the horse than of the Thracian. In the mean time the satrap was angry that he was put on the same footing with the rest, and would positively ride on horse-back into the kingdom of the dead. — As for Oroetes, he in fact had much need of a horse, although he was not a man of such high quality as the former: for he was so infirm in his feet, that he was hardly able to stand upon the ground, much less to walk. This is the case with the Medes in general; no sooner are they off their horses, than they totter with difficulty on their tiptoes, as if they went upon thorns. As he therefore lay flat on his face, and all attempts to set him upon his legs were ineffectual, kind-hearted Mercury at last hoisted him on his shoulders and carried him into Charon's boat. I never can forbear laughing when I see him.

ANTISTH. When I took this journey I never consorted with the rest. I left them to howl as they would, ran before, was the first in the boat, and looked out for the best place. During the passage the others wept, and got the sea-sickness: while I had great diversion with them all.

DIOGENES. I likewise had a curious party when I came down; the exchange-broker Blepsias, from the Piræus, Lampis from Acarnania, captain of the foreign mercenaries of his republic, and Damis, the rich old miser of Corinth, were my travelling companions. The last was poisoned by his own son; Lampis cut his throat for love of the fair Myrtio, and of Blepsias it was reported that the poor devil starved himself to death: and really he looked quite tawny, and was nothing but skin and bone. Notwithstanding all these circumstances were previously known to me, I inquired of each of them, out of curiosity to hear what they would say, the manner of his death. Damis accused his wicked son. You are rightly served, said I: for a man of ninety, possessing property amounting to upwards of a million, and allows his son of eighteen only fourpence a day to live upon, while he himself is swimming in luxury and superfluity, what better can such a one expect of his son? And you, master Acarnanian (for he too was sighing and groaning and wishing every curse to alight upon his mistress), why do you accuse love, and not rather yourself?

Why does the man of courage who never trembles before an enemy and was always foremost in the fight, and exposed himself to the greatest dangers ; why does he let himself be overcome by the false tears and the feigned love-sighs of the first little wench that comes in his way? With regard to Blepsias, he made himself such reproaches for his folly, that I had nothing to say to him. "What a blockhead and fool I was, exclaimed he, to imagine I should live for ever, and to scrape together and hoard up riches for heirs who were nothing to me!" You may figure to yourselves how pleasantly these fools shortened my time, and my journey, by their blubbing. — But we are now quite close to the mouth. Let us here stand still, that we may be able to observe the comers a great way off. There is a vast number of them, of all descriptions, and they are all weeping, except the newborn babes and infants ; even the oldest greybeards are lamenting that they are carried off so prematurely! Incomprehensible! Would not one be tempted to believe this raging passion for life was inspired into them by a magical charm? — I will however put a question or two to that very old man yonder. — Why do you weep so, good man? One would think you were old enough to come to us. You probably have been a king?

BEGGAR. Oh, no!

DIOGENES. But a satrap?

BEGGAR. Nor yet that.

DIOGENES. You were then very rich ; and now it grieves you to be forced to leave your opulence, and your good cheer in death?

BEGGAR. Nothing of the sort. I was nearly ninety years old; I gained a sorrowful livelihood by my angling-rod, eked out my scanty pittance by a small matter in the way of alms, and was in want of every comfort, was childless, and, in addition to all this, lame and almost blind.

DIOGENES. And in such a condition could you wish longer to live?

BEGGAR. Yes surely! To behold the sunshine is still pleasant, and nothing is worse and more horrible than to be dead.

DIOGENES. You dote, old man. Our ferryman Charon, is scarce older than you, and you are squabbling with fate like a fellow of sixteen! What can we object against young people, when old men of ninety are so enamoured of life! They, who should eagerly long for death, as the

only remedy against the troubles and hardships of age! — But, let us now turn about; lest we excite suspicion, as if we wanted to go through, if we are seen sauntering about the mouth of Orcus.

XXVIII.

MENIPPUS AND TIRESIAS.

MENIPPUS. Tiresias, a word or two with you! You were blind, it is said; that is a circumstance that no longer admits of investigation, since we have all vacant eyes, or rather empty holes in our heads instead of eyes, and therefore it cannot well be seen whether one was as blind as Phineus, or as lynx-sighted as Lynceus. But that you were a prophet, and had the advantage over all other men of having been at several times man and woman, I remember perfectly well to have heard from the poets. I pray you therefore, for every god's sake, tell me, in which sex you were the best off, in the male or in the female?

TIRESIAS. As a woman it was very much better with me, Menippus. For the women have far less to do and to care for than the men. Besides, they reign with unbounded sway over the male sex, without being obliged to go to war, or to keep watch on the city-walls, or to bawl themselves hoarse in the popular assemblies, or to appear at the bar.

MENIPPUS. I perceive, Tiresias, that you have never heard how bitterly Medea in Euripides*, deploras the unhappy lot of women, and how intolerable they find the pains they have to go through in childbearing. But, as the iambics of Medea have led me to it, had you ever a child, when a woman, or were you barren?

TIRESIAS. Why do you want to know, Menippus?

MENIPPUS. It is of no consequence, Tiresias; answer me only if you think proper.

TIRESIAS. I was not barren, and yet I never bare.

* Ver. 230—251.

MENIPPUS. That is curious enough ; I would only know, whether you had every thing that is requisite for being a mother.

TIRESIAS. Certainly I had.

MENIPPUS. How came it then to pass, that you became a man ; did the transformation proceed gradually, and as it were imperceptibly, or suddenly and all at once*?

TIRESIAS. I cannot see the drift of this question? You seem not to believe that all this really happened to me.

MENIPPUS. It would indeed be a great impropriety not to believe such things, Tiresias ; one should adopt them like a good pious sheep, without critically examining whether they are even possible ; that is understood!

TIRESIAS. You believe then as little that Ædon was turned into a nightingale, Daphne into a laurel, and Calisto into a she-bear?

MENIPPUS. If I should ever fall into company with those ladies, I shall hear what they say. But my precious sir, did you prophesy, when you were a gentlewoman, as afterwards? Or did you learn to play the part of a man and a prophet together?

TIRESIAS. I see you absolutely know nothing of my history; know not a word of my having been once called upon to settle a difference between Jupiter and Juno: have not heard that Juno, because my decision was not to her mind, deprived me of sight, but Jupiter to console me for the misfortune conferred on me the gift of prophecy.

MENIPPUS. How, Tiresias, do you here still preserve your old attachment to these lies? In that however you only act like other prophets; it is the general practice with you to say nothing to the purpose.

* This question undoubtedly loses much of its salt by reason that our modern notions of propriety allow of no closer translation. Grecian ears, as is well known, could admit far more than those of any modern European nation; and Menippus (who moreover as a cynic might say and name everything) instead of employing the words *gradually* and *imperceptibly*, enters into a detail, which not only represents the affair with far greater vivacity and perspicuity, but at the same time evidently shews Tiresias that he is making game of him.

XXIX.

AJAX AND AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON. Hear me, Ajax *: if you in your madness murdered yourself and intended to do the like to us all, why do you complain of Ulysses? Lately when he came down to have his fortune told, you did not once look at him, much less deign to speak a word to him, though he had been your comrade and good friend, but haughtily stalked by and took no notice of him.

AJAX. And that with good reason, Agamemnon; for my madness was entirely owing to him; by presuming to contend with me for the armour.

AGAMEMN. How could you imagine you should meet with no antagonist, and carry the victory over us all without a struggle?

AJAX. That I certainly might, on such an occasion; for the whole armour of Achilles belonged of right to me, as he was the son of my father's brother †. None of you, who were far superior to Ulysses, laid any claim to it, nor wished to dispute with me the well-earnt spoils. Only the son of Laertes, whom I so often rescued when he was in danger of being cut down by the Phrygians, presumed to advance a right of superiority over me, and pretended to be worthier of the armour of Achilles than I was.

AGAMEMN. Properly, my noble friend, you should throw the blame upon Thetis, who, instead of presenting to you the armour as an inheritance devolved on you from your cousin, she exposed it as a prize to whomsoever the Greeks should award it.

AJAX. By no means. My business is entirely with Ulysses, the only one who disputes it with me.

AGAMEMN. It may however be pardoned him, Ajax, as a human frailty, if he suffered himself to be carried away by the passion for glory; so pleasing, that there was not one of us, who for the sake of it would not abide

* The subject of this dialogue is again taken from Homer's *Necromancy* (*Odys.* xi. ver. 542—563), and Homer is again the passive party.

† Their fathers, Peleus and Telamon, were sons of *Æacus*.

the greatest perils: add to this, that the Trojans themselves acknowledged that he had the advantage over you.

AJAX. I know very well who that was * that condemned me; it is not permitted to say all we could of the deities. But that I shall not hate Ulysses, is what I cannot consent to, Agamemnon, though Minerva herself should command it.

XXX.

MINOS AND SOSTRATUS.

MINOS. Let the highwayman Sostratus here be cast into the fire-stream! That sacrilegious ruffian be torn piecemeal by the chimæra! Stretch this tyrant with Tityus, Mercury, on the wheel, that the vulture may gnaw his liver! But go, ye good, into the elysian fields, there dwell in the islands of the blessed, as the reward of that integrity, which you have displayed in your lives.

SOSTRATUS. Hear, Minos, whether anything can be objected against the justice of what I have to offer.

MINOS. To what purpose hear you again? Are you not convicted, Sostratus, of being a villain, and the murderer of so many people?

SOSTRATUS. Convicted I am; but whether I am justly punished, remains still to be made out.

MINOS. It has long ago been made out, or it must not be just that every one should receive what he has merited.

SOSTRATUS. At least, Minos, answer me a couple of short questions.

MINOS. Let us hear them. But be brief; for I have more sentences to expedite.

SOSTRATUS. Whatever I have done in my life, did I do it of my own voluntary motion, or in pursuance of an irresistible decree of the goddess of fate?

MINOS. In pursuance of the latter. That is self evident.

SOSTRATUS. The good, therefore, as well as we villains, as we are styled, act in whatever we do, as servants of that goddess?

* Minerva to wit; who on this occasion evidently shews her partiality for Ulysses.

MINOS. Clotho, that is to say : who at the birth of every individual ordains the actions of his life : certainly !

SOSTRATUS. Suppose now, one kills another; being obliged to it because he stands under the command of one whose will he cannot controul, as is the case, for example, of the public executioner or of a satellite; if the former receive the order for it from the criminal judge, the latter from the tyrant : whom will you make responsible for the murder ?

MINOS. Unquestionably the judge or the tyrant ; the sword certainly not ; for that is simply an instrument, employed at the will of him who is properly guilty of the deed.

SOSTRATUS. Excellent, Minos ; I thank you for the addition to my similitude. If therefore a servant brings to me a sum of money, with which his master has sent him to me, which of the two must I set down in my memorandum book, as my benefactor ?

MINOS. Naturally him who sent you the money ; for the other, who brought it, acted only as servant.

SOSTRATUS. Do not you perceive therefore how unjust it is in you to punish us, who, as servants of Clotho, have done what she commanded us, and to reward those for the good which they administered in her name ? For, that it could be possible for them to avoid what is imposed on us by an unconditional necessity, is what no man perhaps will maintain.

MINOS. My good Sostratus ; if you go so nicely to work, you might easily discover, that many other things occur in the world which do not exactly chime with reason. In the mean time, you have convinced me by your questions, at least that you are as great a reasoner as a highwayman ; and it shall be no detriment to you. Unbind him, Mercury, and let him go free. — But you, take heed, that you do not teach the other dead such questions.

THE FERRY,

OR THE

TYRANT.

CHARON. CLOTHO. MERCURY. CYNISCUS. MEGAPENTHES.
MICYLLUS. *Some others of the Dead.* TISIPHONE. RHADAMANTHUS.

CHARON.

MOST willingly, Clotho! my boat has been ready this good while, and in the best trim for the passage; the bilge-water is pumped out, the mast reared, the sail spread, and the oars tight lashed. Nothing is wanting on my part to prevent us from weighing anchor and departing immediately. Only Mercury, who ought to have been here long ago, detains us; we are in want of passengers, you see: if he had brought them down we might have made three trips to-day; as it is, the evening is far advanced before we have taken a farthing. I know very well that Pluto

THE FERRY. A little aristophanic drama, the scene of which lies in the subterranean world; and the contrast between the state into which (on the supposition that the personality of us continues) death naturally and necessarily transplants a wicked king and a harmless beggar, forms the principal subject. The vivacity of the representation, and the interest which Lucian by his native genius and humour has the art of communicating even to the tritest *lieux communs*, qualify this piece for a place among his best performances. As it is a conversation carried on partly by deities and partly by the dead, it unites the character and consequence of both descriptions — delicate ridicule of idle popular conceits, without making wry mouths himself, — and practical lessons of prudence, while he appears to have nothing in view but to entertain his reader with a tale of the other world.

will think it all owing to my neglect, when the blame is due to another. For certain our gallant captain of the dead has been drinking a cup of lethean wine there above, and forgot to come back to us ; or he is amusing himself somewhere in wrestling with any young fellows he meets, or in playing on the cithara, or acting the orator and dealing out his long-winded jokes. Perhaps the noble youth on his way may have found something to pilfer ; for that is likewise one of his seven liberal arts. He takes great liberties with us, since one half of him is in our service !

CLOTHO. How do you know, Charon, but there may be another reason of his detention, and Jupiter perhaps may have occasion for him longer than usual in his affairs with the upper world. For he, you know, is likewise his master.

CHARON. But his right does not extend so far, as to employ a common servant beyond his proper time ! We do not detain him, when it is his duty to be gone. However I know very well where the fault lies. With us there is nothing but asphodel-flowers and libations of thin honey-wine, and insipid wafers and meagre oblations to the dead. But in heaven all is gay and smiling, and ambrosia and nectar go jovially round. It is quite natural to let himself be detained there. From us he is always in haste to run away, as if out of a prison, as fast as he can : but when it is time to come down, then he has always somewhat to do, he marches deliberately step by step, and we have reason to be glad if he comes at last.

CLOTHO. Leave off your scolding, Charon ; here he comes you see, bringing with him a good number of people, or rather driving them before him with his rod, in a troop, like a flock of goats. — But what is that ? One of them is bound, another comes laughing along, another again has a large wallet hanging across his shoulders and a cudgel in his hand. The fellow has a terribly crabbed look, and is continually beating the others, to make them go faster. And do not you see how Mercury is all over dripping with sweat, how dusty his feet are, and how he puffs and blows and can hardly fetch his breath ? — What is the meaning of all this, Mercury ? Why in such a hurry ? You are surely out of your wits !

MERCURY. Enough to make me so, Clotho, as I have been obliged to run so long after this straggler, that I began to be afraid that I should not get sight of your boat to-day.

CLOTHO. Where is he then ; and what made him run away ?

MERCURY. That is easily guessed ; he had much rather have continued to live. He is some king or prince, as well as I was able to make out by his cries and lamentations, about the great felicity of which he says he was deprived.

CLOTHO. And the silly creature thought to run away, as if he could continue to live, when the thread I had spun for him was run out!

MERCURY. He wanted to run away, say you ? I assure you, if this honest man with the cudgel here had not helped me to fetch him in and to bind him, he would have been by this time beyond our reach. For from the moment that Atropos delivered him into my hands, he has struggled and lagged behind the whole way, or planted himself with his feet so fixed to the ground, that it was with great difficulty I could drag him along. Sometimes he threw himself on his knees before me, and fervently intreated me, under great promises, only to let him go for a short time. I naturally was inflexible, as he requested what was utterly impossible. When however we were arrived at the mouth, and I, according to custom, began to call over the dead I had brought with me, to Æacus, who compared and numbered them by the billet which your sister had sent him, he discovered that the cursed rascal, I cannot tell how, had found an opportunity to steal from our view and get clear off. We now running over the account again, discovered that one of the dead was wanting. Upon this, Æacus, knitting his brows, and frowning severely at me, began to charge me with having privily connived at the escape. Your dexterity in stealing is not everywhere properly applied, said he ; in heaven you may carry on such sport as much as you will, but in the concerns of the kingdom of the dead everything is attended to with regularity and exactitude, and we cannot be imposed upon. Here in the billet you see stand a thousand and four, and you bring me one short ; or perhaps you will pretend to say that Atropos has misreckoned. Confounded at hearing this imputation, I presently recollected what had happened on the way ; I looked round, and not perceiving that fellow, I concluded that he had given me the slip, and instantly pursued him on the road, that leads back into daylight. This honest man here followed me of his own accord ; we ran as if for a wager, and seized our fugitive just when he had reached Tænarus ; so near was he to getting clear away from us.

CLOTHO. And all this while, Charon, we were blaming Mercury for his supposed negligence!

CHARON. But why do we trifle our time away now; as if we had not had delays enough already?

CLOTHO. Very true; let them get on board. I will, as usual, with my diary in my hand, sit on the ship's ladder and examine each of them separately as he enters, who he is, whence he comes, and what was the cause of his death. Do you, Mercury, range and assort them properly. But first of all, throw in these newborn babes; for what answers are they able to give me?

MERCURY. See here, ferryman; three hundred of them in number, including the exposed and deserted.

CHARON. Oh dear, a bad haul! a precious cargo you have brought us, Mercury, of unripe fruit!

MERCURY. Now, Clotho, shall we throw in the unlamented into one heap with the former?

CLOTHO. The aged do you mean? Well; do so if you will: for why should I give myself the trouble to dive so deep into antient history? — Let all those come on, who are past sixty! What is the matter? Are they all so deaf with age, that they do not hear me? You had best hoist them in all together; they are so weak upon their legs.

MERCURY. Here are four hundred of them, less two, all ripe and mellow, and plucked in due season!

CLOTHO. That I will vouch for! They are all as shrunk and shrivelled up as dried grapes. — Bring up now those, Mercury, who died of their wounds! — But, in the first place tell me, what is the cause of your being here? — However, the shorter way will be to review them by the billet. Yesterday in Media fourscore and three of them were to be killed in battle, and among them Gobaris the son of Oxyartes.

MERCURY. Here they are.

CLOTHO. Seven have made away with themselves for love, and the philosopher Theagenes for the sake of a courtezan.

MERCURY. Here!

CLOTHO. Where are the two who slew one another on account of a throne?

MERCURY. There they stand.

CLOTHO. And a certain person, who was murdered by his wife and her gallant ?

MERCURY. There, close to you.

CLOTHO. Bring next, those who died by due course of law, them that were scourged to death, the impaled, the crucified. And where are the sixteen that were murdered by highwaymen ?

MERCURY. These in such a mangled condition are they. — Is it your pleasure that I should bring the women together with them ?

CLOTHO. Oh yes; and those who perished by shipwreck, because they all died together and in the same manner. And those who died of a burning fever, with their physician Agathocles. — But where then is the philosopher Cyniscus, who was forced to die of eating so many Hecate-meals and lustral-eggs, and in addition to them at last even devoured a cuttle-fish raw ?

CYNISCUS. I have been waiting for you a long while, best Clotho. In what have I offended, that you have left me such a terrible long time there above ? Verily you have almost filled your whole distaff with my twine. I was so satiated with life that I have frequently attempted to snap the thread ; but, I know not how it came about, it absolutely would not break.

CLOTHO. I left you to be an inspector and physician of human follies. But now go aboard, and welcome !

CYNISCUS. Not, by Hercules ! till we have seen this bound man embarked. I am afraid he will soften you by his prayers.

CLOTHO. Who is he then ?

MERCURY. The tyrant Megapenthes, the son of Lacydes.

CLOTHO. Mount on board.

MEGAP. Oh, not yet, most mighty sovereign Clotho ! Let me go back for a little while to the upper world ! I will return of my own accord without farther summons.

CLOTHO. And why do you wish to go back ?

MEGAP. Only to finish my house, which I have half built.

CLOTHO. Nonsense ! Come, step in.

MEGAP. I ask for no long time, o Parca ; let me remain at least but for a single day, that I may give directions to my wife respecting my property, and describe to her the place where I have interred much treasure.

CLOTHO. The decree is gone forth. Your prayers are ineffectual.

MEGAP. And is such a hoard of gold to be lost?

CLOTHO. Give yourself no trouble about that; your cousin Megacles will find it.

MEGAP. Scandalous! What! my bitterest enemy, whom from mere cowardice I did not send out of the world before me!

CLOTHO. Even he; and he will survive you upwards of forty years, and appropriate to himself your concubines, your fine clothes and all your riches.

MEGAP. That is unjust of you, Clotho, to bestow my possessions on my most inveterate enemy.

CLOTHO. How? Did not you yourself act in the same manner? Did not you appropriate to yourself all the estate of your predecessor Cydimachus, after having killed him and slain his children before his dying eyes?

MEGAP. Now however it was mine.

CLOTHO. The term of your possession is run out, as you see.

MEGAP. Lend me your ear, Clotho; I have somewhat to say to you in private. You others withdraw for an instant. If you will connive at my escape, I promise you, that I will deliver into your hands this day a thousand talents of coined gold.

CLOTHO. Foolish fellow! Your head then is still stuffed with gold and talents.

MEGAP. Moreover, if you require it, I will add to this two golden goblets which I got by the murder of Cleocritus, both of the purest gold, and each of a hundred talents weight.

CLOTHO. Shove him into the boat! He seems as if he never would come willingly.

MEGAP. I take you all to witness the injustice that is done me. The wall and the magazine for ship-stores now remain unfinished; if I could have lived but five days longer they would have been completed.

CLOTHO. Never mind it: another will finish them.

MEGAP. But what I now request is, you must own, extremely reasonable.

CLOTHO. And what may it be?

MEGAP. Only to live till I have subdued the Pisidians, imposed a tribute on the Lydians, and raised to myself a stately and sumptuous monu-

ment, with an engraved inscription recording the several great and royal achievements that I have performed in my lifetime.

CLOTHO. Why, instead of a day, you require at once twenty years!

MEGAP. I am ready to bring sureties for my speedy return; nay, if you please, I will in the mean time send you my only son as a hostage!

CLOTHO. You wicked wretch! And while you were above you so often prayed the gods that he might outlive you!

MEGAP. I did so formerly: but now I have learnt to understand the value of life better.

CLOTHO. You will see your son here himself in a little while; the present ruler will despatch him.

MEGAP. This however you will not deny me, good Parca!

CLOTHO. Well; what?

MEGAP. I should be glad to see how my affairs go on at home.

CLOTHO. That you shall learn, and you will have but bad reason to rejoice. Your wife will fall to the lot of Midas, who has been of a long time her gallant.

MEGAP. The damned rascal, to whom I gave his freedom, at her intercession!

CLOTHO. Your daughters are now parcelled with the present king's concubines, and all the statues and busts, that were formerly set up to you at the public expense, are broke to pieces and an object of derision to the passers by.

MEGAP. What! and my friends see all this calmly? Does no one of them take fire at it, and resent the indignity?

CLOTHO. Who then should be your friend; and for what reason? You are therefore ignorant, that all those people, who bowed to the earth before you, and found excellent whatever you said and did, did it merely from fear or hope, only hung their cloak to the wind, and were the friends, not of Megapenthes, but of the prince?

MEGAP. And at the banquets I gave them, their first care always was to present a libation to my health, and, with great acclamation, to wish me all possible happiness! There was not one, who was not ready to die in my stead, if it came to that; in short they had no other oath than by my life!

CLOTHO. And as a proof of their sincerity you lost it yesterday when

feasting with one of them, The last cup that was handed to you sent you hither.

MEGAP. That then was the reason of its tasting so bitter? But why did he do it?

CLOTHO. No unnecessary questions. It is time to get in.

MEGAP. I have only one thing at my heart, which lies peculiarly heavy, and on account whereof I wish I could once more obtain a peep into daylight.

CLOTHO. That must surely be somewhat of an extraordinary nature. What is it?

MEGAP. Cario, one of my slaves, as soon as he heard I was dead, late in the evening stole into the apartment where I lay, and where my concubine Glycerion quite alone was watching by my corpse. Finding the opportunity so favourable, and thinking there was nobody near, he took possession of the girl, with whom, as I perceived, she must have long lived on the same familiar footing. After the scoundrel had satisfied his desire, he looked back to me, and said: "There, take that, you damned rascal, for the blows you have so often given me for nothing!" And with that he twitched me by the beard, gave me slaps on the chops till he was tired, then hawking up as much phlegm as he could, he spat in my face, sent me packing to all the devils, and out he went. I was ready to burst with rage, but could do nothing to the villain; for I was already cold and stiff. But the cursed wench, as soon as she heard people coming, wetted her eyes with spittle, as if she had been weeping over my corpse, and with cries and tender ejaculations of my name, went out of the room. Oh, if I could but catch them both!

CLOTHO. Spare these threats, and walk in! It is time you should be brought to the bar.

MEGAP. And who dares presume to sit in judgment on a sovereign?

CLOTHO. On a sovereign, nobody. But on the dead, Rhadamanthus; whom you will presently get sight of, and then find that he judges everyone with the strictest justice according to his deserts. Detain us no longer!

MEGAP. If you will, make of me only a vulgar poor man, dearest Parca, only a slave! I will cheerfully be no longer a king — let me but live again!

CLOTHO. Where is he with the cudgel?—Mercury, drag him in by the legs, since he will not come in of himself.

MERCURY. Come along, you runagate! March! — You, Charon, take him in, and this stout companion here, with him! And for security sake let the tyrant be lashed to the mast.

MEGAP. The principal seat of right belongs to me.

CLOTHO. And why so?

MEGAP. By Hercules, because I was a reigning prince, and had ten thousand satellites.

CLOTHO. And did not Cario serve you right, in plucking such a brutal fellow as you by the beard? But the cudgel here, if you come to taste it, will sadly embitter your sovereignty!

MEGAP. What? Shall such a chap as Cyniscus dare to lift up his stick against me? It was but lately, when you took the liberty to argue with me, that I was within a hair of nailing you to the cross.

CYNISCUS. In return for it you shall now be nailed to the mast.

MICYLLUS. If I may be so bold, Clotho, is then one of us to be reckoned for nothing by you, and must I, because only a poor man, be the last to be shipped?

CLOTHO. Who are you then?

MICYLLUS. The cobbler Micyllus.

CLOTHO. And you think yourself aggrieved in being withheld so long from us? You have heard how much the tyrant promised to give us, only for a little respite: and yet delay is unwelcome to you!

MICYLLUS. I will tell you honestly what I mean, most excellent of the Parcæ. In my view of things it was a sorry favour, when the cyclops promised Ulysses that he would devour him the last*; for, whether I am the first or last, the same teeth await me. Besides, the case between me and the rich folks is extremely different. Their life and my life are diametrically opposite to one another. The tyrant thought himself happy; he stood in high respect, was dreaded by all men, and had a quantity of

* Odyss. ix. 369. Where Ulysses calls himself *Outis*, Nobody, and Polyphemus tells him:
When all the wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.

gold and silver, fine clothes, excellent horses, a sumptuous table, comely lads and beautiful women, which he must leave behind : it is quite natural therefore that he should repine at being torn away from them. I cannot tell how it happens, but it is as if the soul stuck fast to these things as a bird to a lime-twig, and cannot from long habit be easily separated from them ; they are bonds which are drawn the closer the longer they are worn, and the captives are so enured to them, that they break out into loud lamentations when they are violently delivered from their bondage. However insolent before, as soon as they are to set out upon this journey to the lower world, their heart is ready to break ; they turn about, like a forsaken lover, with longing looks to what they have left behind, and wish, were it only from afar, to have one more glimpse of daylight * ; as this fool does, who even attempted on the road to make his escape, and now fatigues you with his unavailing prayers for a release. Whereas I, who had neither fields nor tenements and premises, nor cash, nor household stuff, nor posts of honour, nor family pictures, to leave behind in the world, was immediately ready to depart. At the first beck of Atropos I threw down my paring-knife and the unfinished buskin I had in my hand, leaped up with joy, barefoot as I was, without even staying to wash my hands from the wax, and followed, or rather ran before, always looking forwards, because I had left nothing that could call me back, or induce me only to turn my head. And truly, as far as I perceive, everything among you pleases me passing well, and particularly the equality here introduced is very much to my taste. I suppose no debtor is here dunned by his creditors ; probably with you no more taxes or rates are to be paid, and, what is best of all, I imagine I am here safe from perishing with cold in the winter, nor shall be liable to sickness, nor get cuffs from my superiors. Here all is peace and quietness, and a world completely turned upside down : we poor folks laugh here, while the rich grieve and lament.

CLOTHO. I observe, Micyllus, that you have been exceedingly merry this good while. But what is it that moves your laughter most ?

MICYLLUS. That I will tell you, o most revered of all the goddesses !

* The cobbler Micyllus, we see, likes to hear himself talk, as must have been observed before in the confabulation with his house-cock. In the exercise of this talent perhaps the grecian shoemakers may have been the prototypes of our modern sons of St. Crispin.

Because, there above, I lived near the tyrant, which gave me the opportunity of narrowly watching all that passed with him ; and when I beheld him stalking about in his shining purple robe, and took notice of the number of servants, that walked behind him, and the quantity of gold in his palace, the drink-vessels beset with precious stones, and the numerous sophas with silver feet, and especially when the flavour of the many costly dishes, that were prepared for his table, stung my nose : then it appeared evident to me that he was more than a mere man, and the happiest and most glorious of beings. Oft, when I have seen him solemnly strutting about and swollen with state, and all who approached were put out of countenance, he appeared to be much more beautiful and great than he really was, and at least an ell taller than all other men. But since he is dead, and despoiled of all this pomp and finery, I find that he is a most ridiculous little fellow ; but still more am I forced to laugh at my own simplicity, that I could have so much respect for such a ragga-muffin, and estimate his happiness by the fumes of his kitchen, and admire him because his garment was tintured with the blood of the murex*. At last, however, when the money-scrivener Gnipho attracted my attention, when I beheld how the poor creature sobbed and sighed, and repented that he had not enjoyed his wealth, but was removed out of the world without having tasted it, in order to leave all his goods and chattels to the spendthrift Rhodocharis, who, as the next of kin, was his intestate-heir : — then I could no longer cease from laughing, on recollecting how pale and dirty the man always looked, how his brow was contracted with trouble and care, and how all he had of his riches consisted in counting of his thousands and tens of thousands contained in his money-bags, and with incessant toil scraping together piece by piece, what the lucky Rhodocharis will in a short time let fly by handfuls. — But why do not we put off from the shore? We might take the rest on board while under weigh. The crew will not let us want subject for laughter.

CLOTHO. Get in then, that the bargeman may weigh anchor.

CHARON. Hollo, you ; whither so fast? The boat is already full. You

* The murex, a species of shellfish, called also the purple-fish, from which was extracted the dye of that colour. *Plin. nat. hist. ix. 36. Arist. hist. anim. V. cap. 15.*

may tarry where you are ; early tomorrow morning we will give you a cast over.

MICYLLUS. It is not fair, Charon, to leave me behind, as ever since yesterday I have been a corpse. I will complain of you to Rhadamanthus, for not better minding the regulations. — Lackaday ; they are gone every mother's son, and left me here alone. — But why may I not swim after them ? Since I am once dead, I have no need to fear drowning. Besides, I have not a halfpenny to pay the fare.

CLOTHO. What are you about ? Stop, Micyllus ! It is against the law to go over after that fashion.

MICYLLUS. I shall perhaps be over on the other side before you.

CLOTHO. No, no, that will not do. We must lay to and take him in. Pull him in, Mercury.

CHARON. And where is he to sit ? You see that we are everywhere as full as we can hold.

MERCURY. If you please we may hoist him on the shoulders of the tyrant.

CLOTHO. An excellent thought, Mercury ! Mount therefore and bestride the caitiff's neck. — Now, off we go, and a good voyage to us !

CYNISCUS. It is best, Charon, to tell you the plain truth at once : I cannot pay a halfpenny for my passage : for besides this pouch and my staff, I have nothing in the world. If you will, however, I am ready to lend a hand at pumping or rowing. Give me but a stout oar, and you shall see that I can manage it !

CHARON. Row away then ! I am satisfied that you will earn your passage-money.

CYNISCUS. Shall I give you a song, to cheer the rowers ?

CHARON. Oh yes ; if you know a clever seaman's song.

CYNISCUS. More than one, Charon. — But do you hear how these wretches join the chorus with their crying and howling ? It will form a charming concert.

A PASSENGER. Alas, my treasure !

ANOTHER. Oh, my fine estate ! Who will take care of my grapes and the vineyard that I planted last year ?

ANOTHER. Ah me, ah me, the excellent house that I have left !

ANOTHER. Oh, how will my prodigal heir idly squander what he gets from me.

ANOTHER. Hu! hu! my poor little ones! *

MERCURY. Micyllus, have you then alone nothing to weep for? It absolutely is not proper that anybody here should go over with dry eyes.

MICYLLUS. Let me alone, Mercury; I have nothing to bewail, so we have but a good passage.

MERCURY. Sigh only a little bit, that we may not break an old custom.

MICYLLUS. Well, since you will have it so, Mercury, I will howl. — “Oh, my straps! Oh, my old slippers! Alas, alas, my worn out soles! Wretched man that I am, I shall never more sit without victuals from morn till night, nor in winter walk about without shoes and half naked, and my teeth chattering with cold! Who will get possession of my paring-knife and my awl?” Now I think you have had a very handsome lamentation. — We are almost at the end of our trip.

CHARON. Now, in the first place, let every one pay his fare. — You, and you, and you! — Have all paid? — Give your halfpenny also, Micyllus.

MICYLLUS. You joke, Charon; or if you are in earnest so much the worse! You may just as well attempt to milk a wooden cow †, as to squeeze a halfpenny out of me. In all my days I have never known whether a halfpenny is round or square.

CHARON. Verily the profits of this day's voyage are soon counted! — Get out, that I may fetch on board the horses, oxen, dogs and the other animals; for they must also be transported.

CLOTHO. Do you, Mercury, take charge of these, and conduct them onward: I shall row back to the other shore, to bring over the seresian princes Indopathes and Heramithres ‡, who are slain in a contest about their borders.

MERCURY. Come, move forward, my masters! or rather march in proper order behind me.

* I could wish, for the honour of Lucian's heart, that this line had not escaped him.

† In the greek: you write in the sand if you expect an obolus of Micyllus.

‡ It is so obvious perhaps as to need no repetition, that all the names which appear in this piece are fictitious: the expositors are *lepida capita* with their kind-hearted lamentations, that they can give no more particular account of these Indopathes and Heramithres.

MICYLLUS. By Hercules! How dark it is here! Where is now the fair Megillus? Or whereby could one here discern whether Phryne or Symmiche is the handsomest? Everything here is of one colour, nothing is either fair or fairer, and even my wretched rusty cloak, which I myself lately thought past wearing, is now of as much consequence as the purple robe of a king; beneath the covering of this darkness they are both alike invisible. — Where are you, Cyniscus?

CYNISCUS. Here I am, Micyllus. — Here, I say — if you please we will walk on together.

MICYLLUS. Well thought of! give me your hand. — Hear me, Cyniscus; since you have been initiated in the eleusinian mysteries, do not you discover a great similarity between things here and there *?

CYNISCUS. You are not much out in your conjecture. — Only look, yonder comes somewhat like a female torchbearer, of a terrific and menacing aspect! May it not perhaps be an Erinnys?

MICYLLUS. By her costume one would think so.

MERCURY. [*To Tisiphone.*] Here, I deliver to you these thousand and four, Tisiphone.

TISIPHONE. Rhadamanthus has been waiting for you this good while.

RHADAMANTHUS. Bring them up, Erinnys — and you, Mercury, arraign them at the bar.

CYNISCUS. O Rhadamanthus, I conjure you by your father †, let me be the first that shall be examined.

RHADAMANTHUS. And wherefore?

CYNISCUS. I am determined to accuse somebody of several misdemeanours, committed by him in his lifetime, and which are come to my knowledge. Now I cannot deliver a credible testimony, till it is first known who I am, and how I have lived.

RHADAM. And who are you then?

CYNISCUS. Cyniscus, right worshipful! my designation a philosopher.

RHADAM. Come forward then, and take your trial first. You, Mercury, call his accusers.

* This passage needs no elucidation, since certain modern mysteries copied from these old ones have ceased to be a secret.

† Jupiter, whose son by Europa Rhadamanthus was.

MERCURY. Whoever has anything to allege against this Cyniscus, let him come forth!

RHADAM. Nobody appears. That however is not sufficient, Cyniscus. Take off your clothes, that I may examine your brands*.

CYNISCUS. How should I have any brands upon me?

RHADAM. As many evil deeds as a man commits in his lifetime, so often, in a manner imperceptible, is he stigmatized in his soul.

CYNISCUS. Here am I as naked as you can require: look out now for the scars you speak of.

RHADAM. He is actually quite clear, to a few little faint blemishes, which are hardly discernible. But stay; here are some traces that seem to be the remains of old burns, but by some means or other they have been effaced or scraped out. How comes this, Cyniscus? How have you contrived to become so clear?

CYNISCUS. I will tell you how. There was a time, that for want of sound notions and right principles, I was good for little, and during that period I contracted many stains: but after I began to philophize, all these spots were presently effaced from my soul.

RHADAM. You applied an excellent remedy, good friend. Therefore, when you have brought the charge against the tyrant you mentioned, you may depart into the islands of the blessed, there to consort with the best of mankind. — Mercury, call up another.

MICYLLUS. My examination will not take up much time. I have been standing already a good while naked before you; I shall be despatched in an instant.

RHADAM. Who are you?

MICYLLUS. The cobbler Micyllus.

RHADAM. Well done, Micyllus, you are as clear as a blank sheet of paper! You may go on with Cyniscus. — Now usher in the tyrant, Mercury.

MERCURY. Megapenthes, the son of Lacydes, come into court! —

* Plato in his *Gorgias* has a story to this purpose, which is imitated by Claudian, in *Ruffin.* lib. ii.

Quid demens manifesta negas? En pectus inustæ
Deformant maculæ.

Whither are you going? This way! — It is you, tyrant, I am calling. Tisiphone, haul him in by force, since he is not inclined to come in of himself! And you, Cyniscus, let us hear what you have to lay to this man's charge: here he is, face to face.

CYNISCUS. Though there is no need to employ many words on this occasion, since you will presently discover by his scars, what sort of a creature he is, I will nevertheless contribute what I can to represent him in his true colours. Passing over then the enormities he committed in his private capacity, I shall observe to you, that since he collected together a pack of adherents, that were ready for everything, and with their assistance and a gang of desperate ruffians, who represented his satellites *, set himself up as the arbitrary sovereign of the republic, he has caused to be put to death more than ten thousand persons without verdict of law; and the immense riches which he artfully obtained by the confiscation of their property, he has lavished in all imaginable kinds of licentiousness and debauchery. His unfortunate citizens he harassed with the most cruel oppressions; he violated their virgins, corrupted their sons, and, intoxicated with power, trampled on all beneath him. For his acts of arrogance, insolence, and oppression, his haughty disdain of every man that was obliged to speak to him, it is impossible adequately to punish him. Sooner might one gaze at the mid-day sun, than dare to look him stedfastly in the face. And who is able to enumerate the new torments and modes of death invented by him, and from which his most intimate familiars were not safe! As a proof that this is no malicious slander or idle calumny, you need only call in those whom he has murdered. Look, however, without being called they are here! You see how they surround and torture him. All these, *o* Rhadamanthus, were cut off by the hand of this execrable wretch; some because they had beautiful wives; others because they would not patiently brook the dishonouring of their children; others because they had property; others again because they were persons of eminent ability and virtue, and too wise and too good to approve his proceeding.

* *Δορυφόροι* is indeed the general appellative of the body-guards or satellites who were entertained by kings and princes for their safety; but here the whole combination apparently requires a periphrasis, to express what these people, notwithstanding the titles with which they were decorated, really were.

RHADAM. What answer do you put in to this, culprit?

MEGAP. The murders I deny not; but all the rest, all the atrocities that Cyniscus accuses me of are pure calumnies*.

CYNISCUS. Shall I therefore call witnesses to these facts, Rhadamanthus?

RHADAM. What witnesses can they be?

CYNISCUS. His lamp and his bed. Both know enough of them for being able to bear testimony against him.

MERCURY. The lamp and the bed of Megapenthes, come into court, and make your appearance †! — They do not keep us long waiting. Here they are!

RHADAM. Tell then what you know of this Megapenthes. Let bed speak first.

THE BED. All that Cyniscus has accused him of is true, gracious lord Rhadamanthus. To say more I am ashamed.

RHADAM. This silence is the strongest evidence against him. Now, lamp, what say you?

The LAMP. What he may have done by day I know not, because then I was not present; but how he spent his nights, I would fain be excused from relating — suffice it to say, that I was obliged to witness many scandalous transactions and transcendent enormities. How oft have I forbore to drink my oil, in hopes to become extinct! but he forced me to enlighten his abominations beside him, and polluted my light in all imaginable ways.

RHADAM. No more witnesses need be called. Now strip yourself of your purple, that I may examine the number of your scars. — Heavens! he is all black and blue, covered over and over with brand-marks. — What punishment shall we inflict upon him? Shall we throw him into the fire-stream, or deliver him up to Cerberus?

* The murders he confesses, because the murdered folks present testify against him, and he therefore cannot deny them: but the private acts of infamy he denies, because he trusted they could not convict him of them for want of evidence.

† A personification in the true oriental taste. In the fictions of the eastern poets not only what to us are inanimate natural substances, but even the works of human art have souls, understanding and speech.

CYNISCUS. By your leave, I will propose a novel and condign punishment for him.

RHADAM. I will thank you for it : speak.

CYNISCUS. It is ever the custom, I think, for all the dead to drink the water of Lethe ?

RHADAM. It is so.

CYNISCUS. He alone therefore shall drink none of it. Let the constant recollection of what he was there above, and the perpetually recurring ideas of his former power and of the delights in which he wallowed, be his severest punishment.

RHADAM. I perfectly agree with you. This therefore shall be his sentence ! Lead him hence, bind him near to Tantalus, and leave him the recollection of his past life.

THE
DESCENT OF MENIPPUS,
OR
THE ORACLE OF THE DEAD.

MENIPPUS. PHILONIDES.

MENIPPUS.

HAIL to my threshold, house and peaceful hearth !
Delicious view ! returned to light and earth *.

PHILONIDES. How ? Do my eyes deceive me ; or is not that Menippus the dog † ? Verily it is himself ! Menippus, alive and merry ! But what mean these strange accoutrements, the hat, the lyre and the lion's skin ?

MENIPPUS. From the dark caverns of the dead I come,
Far from the gods, where Hades ‡ has his home §.

PHILON. Be gracious to me, Hercules ! Menippus therefore died without our knowing a word of it ; and now comes into life again !

MENIPP. No ; but, living, Hades took me in.

PHILON. But what in the world prompted you to undertake such an adventurous journey ?

MENIPP. Youth urged me on, and rashness more than prudence.

THE ORACLE OF THE DEAD.—After several times perusing this piece I could not help acceding to the opinion of those who doubt its authenticity, and take it rather for the work of some juvenile imitator, who had diligently read Lucian, and wanted to exercise himself in his manner, than a performance of our author. The reasons me hereunto moving are indicated in the notes and at the end of the dialogue.

* A couple of verses borrowed from the Raving Hercules of Euripides.

† 'Ου Μίνιππος ἐστὶς ἔστιν ὁ κύων ; εἰ μοῦν ἄλλος, εἰ μὴ ἐγὼ παραβλίπω, Μίνιππος ὄλος.

‡ Hades, the god of hell with the Greeks, as Pluto was with the Romans.

§ See the Hecuba of Euripides, where the ghost of Polydorus opens the scene with these verses.

PHILON. Have done with tragedizing, friend ; come down from your iambs, and tell me rather in vulgar prose, what this curious garniture portends, and what necessity compelled you to travel to the other world ? For it is never taken as a journey of pleasure, and the road is very far from delightful.

MENIPP. The want to draw futurity to sight
Urged me, my friend, to seek Tiresias' spright*.

PHILON. Are you out of your wits, that you talk to your friends only in verse ?

MENIPP. Marvel not, my old comrade ; it must be because I have been lately so much in the company of Euripides and Homer. I am stuffed so full of verses, that they come out of my mouth unawares, and whether I will or no. But tell me, how stand affairs in the upper world ? What is doing in the city ?

PHILON. Everything goes on after the old fashion ; they steal and cheat and extort and take interest upon interest just as formerly.

MENIPP. Poor wretched people ! did they but know what has lately been decreed by the subterraneans ! Laws have been promulgated against the rich, which, by Cerberus ! they will never be able to evade, let them turn and wind as they will.

PHILON. How say you ? The subterraneans have published new edicts concerning those who live here above ?

MENIPP. By Jupiter, and very many : but I am not allowed to speak openly of it, and to blab the secrets of the lower world ; I should run the hazard of being arraigned before Rhadamanthus for irreligion †.

PHILON. You have nothing of that nature to fear. Let me beseech you for Jupiter's sake to satisfy my curiosity ! You are speaking to a man who can keep a secret, and moreover is initiated ‡.

MENIPP. Friend, you demand too much of me, and great mischief may ensue to me. However, to please you, I must risk something. It

* *Odyss.* xi. 163, 164. † As at Athens one who had blabbed the eleusinian mysteries.

‡ That is, who besides was already apprised of the affair, and what he was to believe of these matters. For information on the state after death and the other world was a principal topic of instruction communicated to the initiated by the hierophants,

is then decreed: that all those rich, those great capitalists, who lock up and guard their gold, as Acrisius did his daughter Danaë *. —

PHILON. Pardon me, my worthy! Previous to giving me an account of the decree, I would fain hear what was the occasion of your journey to the lower world, and who was your guide. Then what you saw and heard there below. For it is to be presumed that one of your inquisitive turn would suffer nothing to escape his observation that was worth hearing or seeing.

MENIPP. I will humour you in this also. For how can one refuse anything to a friend that is so pressing †? I will therefore first of all tell you, how the desire of this descent arose in my mind, and what view I had in it. While when a boy I was learning to read Homer and Hesiod, and hearing what they related respecting the feuds and insurrections of the demigods, nay even of the gods themselves, and then of their amours with honest men's wives, and of their violences and robberies, and how the son hurls the father from the throne, the brother violates the sister, and the like: I thought it all mighty fine, and was not a little incited to a liking of it. But on growing up, I learnt to my great surprise, that the laws command the direct contrary to what the gods do in the poets, namely, not to commit adultery, not to steal, not to act unjustly, &c. This now put me into such a quandary, that I knew not what to do with myself. For the gods would not commit adultery and plot against one another, thought I, unless they knew that they were doing right: nor the lawgivers have enjoined the contrary, if it were not for our good. In this perplexity I resolved to have recourse to the philosophers, resign myself entirely to them on their own conditions, and request them to settle me in some direct, constant and safe course of life. How little did I pre-
sage, on coming to them in such dispositions, that according to the proverb, to shun the smoke I should run into the fire! But on viewing them nearer, I found among them so much ignorance and uncertainty, that I thought that the state of the illiterate was the golden life in comparison of their's. For one recommended to me pleasure as what alone repaid the trouble, and wherein alone felicity is to be found. On the contrary, another bid me incessantly labour and suffer, and macerate my body; the

* It will be recollected that this simile appeared before in the Timon.

† Mercury likewise says this to Charon, in the Surveyor-general.

dirtier and raggeder I look, the more despicable and loathsome I am to all men, so much the better! He perpetually dinned my ears with that famous verse of Hesiod * concerning virtue, and how hard a man must toil and how he must sweat to climb its pinnacle. One ordered me to contemn riches and all the comforts that can be procured by them, and to regard their possession as a matter of indifference: whereas another maintained that wealth was no less a good than wisdom and virtue. How their opinions respecting the universe ran counter to one another, I would fain say nothing at all: I was obliged day after day to swallow so many ideas and incorporeal substances and atoms and vacuums, in short such a promiscuous medley of words without meaning, that I got the sea-sickness by it. But what of all sad things was the saddest, while one maintained a flat contradiction to the opinion of the other, he produced such specious arguments to make good his party, that the victory appeared to be on his side, and of one and the same object one asserted that it was hot, the other that it was cold; so that there was no room for objection or reply, certain as I was that a thing cannot be both hot and cold at the same time. I nodded my assent therefore, now to one, now to another, as inattentively and unconsciously as a man in a slumber nods sometimes this way and sometimes that. However absurd this may appear to you, yet on a nearer inspection I discovered somewhat far more absurd: and that was, the gross contradiction between their lives and their maxims. Those who inculcated the contempt of riches, were so strongly cemented to them that no saw could cut them asunder; suing their debtors for interest, demanding wages for teaching, and refusing no manner of drudgery, when anything is to be gained by it. Others who affirmed glory to be nothing in the world but emptiness and vanity, gave themselves all imaginable trouble to become famous. Those who publicly railed at pleasure, and spoke of it as criminal in others, at home were intent upon nothing so much as to gratify their senses in all possible ways. In my hopes therefore of becoming wiser by these philosophers I found myself grossly deceived †. At first it provoked

* *Oper. & Dieb.* v. 290.

† On occasion of this declamation against the philosophers, likewise, we cannot fail to be reminded of having read the whole subject of it before in the apology of Parrhesiades, in the Resuscitated Philosophers.

me not a little ; by degrees, however, I tacitly comforted myself with the thought, that in my folly and ignorance, at least, I was not alone ; but had many profoundly learned men, and even far-renowned for their sagacity, to bear me company. Once as I lay waking the whole night through on account of these disappointments, and musing with myself what to do, I could hit upon no better device, than to undertake a journey to Babylon, and consult some magus there, one of the successors and scholars of the great Zoroaster : for I had heard, that they possessed the secret, in virtue of certain charms and incantations and other mysterious rites, to open the gates of the lower world, and give safe convoy thither and back again to whomsoever they pleased. Of all expedients therefore I judged it most eligible, to bargain with some one of these honest people for my descent, that I might find out the bæotian Tiresias *, and inquire of him, as a sage and soothsayer in one person, what rule of life was the best of all for an intelligent man to chuse and adopt. I accordingly sprang up without delay, and made all the speed I could to Babylon ; where immediately on my arrival, I informed myself of a certain Chaldean, named Mithrobarzanes, who was recommended to me as a man of profound wisdom and rare experience in the sacred art. I found him to be a person whose snow-white hair and long beard communicated to him an uncommonly venerable aspect : but though I urged him to make his own conditions, he could hardly be prevailed upon, and not till after many prayers and intreaties, to be my guide. Having at length consented, he conducted me every morning before sunrise for nine and twenty days in succession, reckoned from the new moon, to the Euphrates, where he washed me with his own hand, and looking to the rising sun, repeated or rather muttered a long prayer ; for the words came from him as from a senseless cryer, with such a rapid and mumbling utterance, that I could not make much out of it : but it appeared to me as if he was invoking

* In the *Odyssey*, by Circe's advice Ulysses repairs to the kingdom of the dead, to consult the soul of Tiresias respecting his voyage home to Ithaca : here Menippus proposes to undertake a similar descent in order to obtain from that soothsayer an oracle concerning the best mode of life. What Ulysses wisely did, Menippus does foolishly. The former wants to know somewhat future, and asks a prophet : what the latter would know is a moral problem, which reason alone can solve, and to which a soothsayer can avail him nothing.

spirits of some kind. Every time when this conjuration was ended he spat thrice in my face and then brought me home, not permitting me to look upon anybody that we met. During all this time dates and nuts were our only fare : milk, mead, and water from the Choaspes our beverage, and a grass-plat beneath the open sky our couch. Believing me now sufficiently prepared, he led me about midnight to the Tigris, purified me once more, wiped me dry again, walked several times round me with a sea-onion and various other things, while he mumbled the afore-said conjuration between his teeth. At length, after having hallowed and enchanted my whole body through and through, that the infernal spectres might not hurt me, he led me home backwards, to prepare ourselves without farther delay for the voyage *. He himself put on a long magical garment, somewhat resembling a median kaftan ; me however he furnished with this hat, this lion's-skin and this lyre, ordering me, if any one asked my name, not to say Menippus, but either Hercules or Ulysses or Orpheus.

PHILON. Why so, Menippus? I do not perceive the reason either of that attire or of this name.

MENIPP. It is obvious nevertheless, and no mystery lurks beneath it. He thought, as those gentry had descended before us alive into the lower world, it would be the easier for me, if he equipped me in their fashion, to elude the vigilance of Æacus, who keeps the infernal gate, and to pass unmolested in that tragedy-dress with which he was already well acquainted. When the day began to dawn, we descended the bank of the river in order to embark ; for he had provided a boat for us and the victims, and the mead, and whatever else was requisite for the mystic rites. After having stowed them all on board,

With grief and tearful eyes we now embark. *Odys. xi. 5.*

We were carried down the river for some time, till we entered a marshy lake, into which the Euphrates empties itself. We bore straight across, and came at length into a woody desert bay, never shone on by the sun,

* The whole of this relation has the air of a true description of the mysterious juggleries, practised by that class of impostors to which this Mithrobarzanes belonged, upon the simple souls that believed in magic, and applied to them for their mediation in producing supernatural effects, and to the disgrace of human nature are still not obsolete.

where we landed. After Mithrobarzanes had led me deeper into the forest, we dug a pit, killed the sheep we had brought along with us, and let the blood run into the pit. During this sacrifice, the magus with a burning taper in his hand, called, no longer with a low voice, but with the full force of his lungs, upon all the deities of hell, the Pœnæ, the Erinnyes, the nocturnal Hecate and the tremendous Persephoneia, to whom he gave a variety of barbaric and polysyllabic names, which I could not understand. At this the whole region began to quake, the earth gaped through the power of the incantation, the shrill barking of Cerberus was heard; to be brief, the business took an awful and terrific turn, so that even Erebus, king of the dead, trembled with affright*. The chasm was so large, that we could discern the objects in general that are to be seen in the subterranean world, the stygian lake, the river of fire, and Pluto's royal citadel. We therefore descended, and found Rhadamanthus half dead with fear; Cerberus indeed barked at us, and shewed his teeth as if inclined to dispute the passage with us: but as soon as I began to thrum upon my lyre, he quietly laid himself down. We therefore safely reached the margin of the lake: but we had like to have been disappointed of our conveyance over. The boat was already so full fraught with the dead, who all together set up such a dismal howl as, combined with other causes, led us to conclude that they were come from some battle †: for the generality of them were grievously wounded; some having their legs broke, others with fractured skulls, and others maimed in various ways, with their limbs either shattered or dislocated. Honest Charon notwithstanding made no difficulty of admitting me, taking me for Hercules; on the contrary, he not only willingly conveyed us across, but on our disembarking was so polite as to direct us which way to go. Being now quite in the dark, Mithrobarzanes again led the way, and I, keeping as close as possible to him, followed till we came to a meadow overgrown with asphodel, where the chirping shades of the dead hovered and flickered around us on all sides ‡. We still pushed forward, and presently came to the place where Minos holds his court of judicature. We found him seated on an elevated bench, with the Pœnæ, the Alatores, the

* *Umbrarum at tinnit rex imis sedibus Orcus. Iliad. xx. 61.*

† If this dialogue be Lucian's, it must have been writ A. D. 163. ‡ *Odysse. xxiv. 13.*

evil Genii, and the Furies standing around him. On one side were brought in a great number of unhappy wretches bound man to man in a long chain; whom we understood to be murderers, adulterers, toll-farmers *, parasites, pettifoggers, and others of the same pack, that are the pest of human society. On the other side came in a multitude of wealthy usurers, all pale, with swag-bellies and gouty-feet, each loaded with a collar of two hundred weight. We got as near as we could, to see what passed, and heard how the culprits made their defence. Who the accusers were you would hardly guess; they were a quite new and strange sort of orators.

PHILON. I beseech you to gratify my curiosity, if I am not too troublesome.

MENIPP. Do you know those shadows which our bodies cast when opposed to the sun †?

PHILON. I should think I do!

MENIPP. These same shadows bear witness against us after our death, and produce to our view all the offences we have committed in our life: and as they are always about us, and never quit the body to which they belong, their testimony is admitted as very authentic. After Minos has minutely searched into every particular, he sends them to the place of punishment, where the vicious receive what is due to their deeds. To those he is particularly severe, who were so proud of their wealth and their power, as only not quite to expect that all upon earth should fall prostrate before them. He rebuked them with the severest displeasure for the folly with which they exercised their prerogatives, and allowed themselves an unbounded indulgence, not remembering how short a time all this would last, and how deciduous they and their honours were. The poor wretches stood now divested of all their shining appendages, naked and with drooping heads, reflecting on the happiness they enjoyed with

* The toll-farmers here look suspicious to Solanus, as in all Lucian's other works they are spared from his lash.

† Could such a stupid question fall from Lucian's pen? The metamorphosis of the shadows into witnesses is certainly odd enough; the only defect in it is, that precisely there, where for defect of other witnesses, they are most wanted, namely, in crimes committed in the dark, they are entirely useless.

us, as one recollects a pleasing dream, with sorrow that it was only a dream. I own to you, that this sight gave me infinite pleasure, and that I could not refrain from going up to one or another whom I had known in life, and reminding him in a gentle whisper, of what he had formerly been, and how mightily he puffed himself up, and what a number of humble clients stood every morning at his gate, and were forced to brook the rude repulses and scornful treatment of his slaves, while waiting the moment when he, like a second sun, should rise upon them, shining in purple, or glittering with gold, and gaudier than the rainbow, and condescend to make them the happiest of mortals, to whom he should offer his breast or his hand to kiss *. You may imagine how it nettled them to be forced to see such my behaviour pass with impunity. In the mean time, Minos methought in one sole instance dispensed favour instead of justice, and that was in the case of the tyrant Dionysius of Sicily. His accuser Dio had impeached him of several heinous crimes; and, as the evidence of his shadow made against him, he was on the point of being chained to the chimæra: when Aristippus of Cyrene (who is held in great honour and can do much in the lower world) entered and exempted him from punishment, by deposing, that he had been of great service to several of the learned by his liberality †. We at length retired from the court of judicature to go to the place of punishment. Oh, my friend, who could remain unmoved at what I here saw and heard! Here at the same time was heard the smacking of whips, the shrieks of the wretches that were broiling in the flames, the creaking of the racks, and the rattling of the chains and wheels: one was torn in pieces by the chimæra, another mangled by Cerberus. Here no difference of station was of any avail: kings and servants, satraps and day-labourers, the rich man and the beggar, — everyone now bewailed the wickedness that he had committed without remorse in the intoxication and tumult of life. Some we knew, who were recently departed from the world; but they sought to secrete

* Reminiscences from the Nigrinus.

† This looks too much like an *avis au lecteur* of some poor hungry autorculus, who felt within him a strong natural instinct for sicilian tables, and would fain, by this *memento mori*, have softened the hearts of the great, for supposing it could proceed from Lucian, who had no necessity for such artifices.

themselves and turned away from us, or if they did look upon us, it was with the abject and sneaking gesture of a slave with the scourge waving over him; and exactly those who had been the most supercilious and unsufferable in life were now the most humble and cringing. The poor had the one moiety of their penance in a manner remitted, as they had intervals of rest before their torments recommenced. Among others I saw the famous mythological malefactors, Ixion, Sisyphus, the soft phrygian Tantalus, who was very much out of humour, and the earth-born Tityus. By Hercules, of what a prodigious huge bulk he was! Stretched out as he lay, he covered near an acre of ground. After we had passed by these, we at length entered the acherusian fields. Here we found all the celebrated demi-gods and heroines *, and the whole rabble of the dead, divided according to their several families and guilds. Some looked very old and sadly, or to speak with Homer, withered: while others appeared still fresh, and well compact, especially the Ægyptians, who from their being embalmed had a great advantage in point of durability. To know each separately however was by no means an easy task: for as they were brought down with bare bones, one was so much like the other, that it was hardly possible, after long viewing them, to guess which was which. They lay for the most part obscurely and promiscuously in a heap one upon another, without having retained the least degree of what with us is reckoned beauty. No wonder therefore, that among so many skeletons lying together, all as it were staring hideously from the empty hollows of their eyes, and grinning horribly with their bare teeth, that I was very much puzzled how to distinguish the deformed Thersites from the beautiful Nireus, the beggar Irus from the king of the Phœocians, or the cook Pyrrhias from the great Agamemnon †. For of any former marks by which they were once distinguishable nothing now was seen, and their bones were so alike, that the titles of each should have been inscribed upon them, for enabling one to discriminate them. This spectacle induced me to compare in my mind the life of man to some long show or pageant, and to consider the

* The sons and daughters of the gods or goddesses by mortal wives or husbands.

† Here again is all full of reminiscences from the Confabulations of the Gods.

goddess of fortune as marshalling the procession, regulating all, and assigning to each individual severally the part he was to perform, with the habit and decorations suited to it. On one she hangs a regal mantle, sets on him a tiara, fixes a diadem about his brows, and gives him satellites; another she clothes in a slave's jacket; another she tricks out to represent an Adonis; a fourth she attires as a merry-andrew: the more mottley the show, and the more contrasted the figures, the better! Sometimes, in the midst of the procession, perhaps the fancy takes her to vary the costume of the performers, forcing a Cræsus to exchange his regal ornature for the habit of a captive and slave, while she dresses a Mæandrios, who had hitherto marched among the slaves, in the princely attire of a Polycrates, and permits him for a while to wear that character. But as soon as the procession of life is over, everyone must return the mask with all its appurtenances, and with the body lay down the personage he represented. And yet among them there are some fools, who, when the goddess of fortune comes to reclaim the borrowed ornaments, complain and fret, as if they were robbed of their property, and refuse to return what was only lent them for temporary use. Like what you must have frequently seen upon the stage, when the same actor, according as the plot of the play requires, has been representing with becoming dignity, not only now a Creon, now a Priam, now an Agamemnon, but even done justice to his Cecrops or Erechtheus, awhile after, if the poet will have it so, must be contented to come on in the shape of a slave. But when the tragedy is ended, and the hero has put off his gorgeous garments glittering with golden tinsel, laid aside his vizor, and stepped out of his high-heeled buskins; he walks away like a poor devil, and the Atride-Agamemnon or the Creon-Mencecius is now plain Polus the son of Charicles of Sunium, or Satyrus of Theogiton, the Marathonian. Exactly so, and no otherwise it is with human life; so at least it appeared to me at the time when I had so immediately before my eyes the end to which all is hastening*.

PHILON. But have at least those great gentry, who here on earth have sumptuous and stately tombs and cloud-piercing monuments and statues

* These similes frequently occur with our author; it however must be confessed, that they are introduced with great propriety, and prettily enough expanded.

and columns and inscriptions, great advantages in the other world over ordinary people?

MENIPP. I believe you are doting, good friend! Had you seen Mausolus as I saw him, that king of Caria of whose sepulchre there has been so much talk, I am sure you would have been ready to burst with laughing, so miserably was he lying in a vile corner, where he was absolutely not to be known from the vulgar dead, and probably he had not so much pleasure in his monument as he was oppressed by the enormous load of it. Whenever Æacus allots to anyone his place, which at most does not exceed a foot square, he must be contented with it; and if he chuses to lie down, he must contract himself to that small compass. But you would have laughed yet more heartily, to see those who had been kings and great lords while in life, there going about begging, or from necessity selling herrings or teaching the a, b, c, and how they must bear to be insulted, and boxed about the ears as the basest slaves in the world. I at least could not by any means contain myself, on being shewn king Philip of Macedon, sitting crumpled together in a little hole cobbling old shoes to get somewhat toward his sustenance. Xerxes, Darius, Polycrates and a number of their sort, I saw with my own eyes asking alms in an alley*.

PHILON. What you have told of kings is strange indeed, and almost incredible. But what were Socrates and Diogenes and the rest of the sages doing, as far as you saw?

MENIPP. As for Socrates, he goes about, making game of everybody. Palamedes, Ulysses, Nestor, and the rest of the greatest talkers among the dead, are his ordinary companions. His legs were still very much swelled with the hemloc he had been forced to drink. But honest Diogenes conorted generally with Sardanapalus, Midas, and others of that set, and took great delight in hearing them deplore as they recounted their former good fortune; and when he is tired of it, he lays him on his back and sings, or rather growls as loud as he can, to drown their lamentations. This the

* Scurrilous attacks and dull jokes, which can hardly be supposed to have come into the head of such a man as Lucian, — as the conscience of the author himself seems to have whispered in his ear.

gentlemen take so heinously, that they intend to look out for another lodging*.

PHILON. Enough of this. But what was that decree you talked of at first, against the rich.

MENIPP. It is well you put me in mind of it. It was the main thing I was desirous to acquaint you with, but I have been imperceptibly led away from the subject. During my sojourn in the republic of the dead, the president of it ordered a general assembly of the people to be convoked wherein matters were to be handled relating to the public interest. I, seeing the dead running together from all parts, mixed among them, and attended the meeting as though I belonged to it. After several other affairs had been previously discussed, they came at last to the chapter of the rich. Many sad grievances were laid to their charge, they were accused of violence, of contempt of the laws and of decency, of haughtiness and of injustice. At length one of the demagogues stood up, and read the following decree: "Forasmuch as the rich in the course of their lives are daily found guilty of nefarious violences and thievish actions, and make the poor feel the contempt they have for them by all means they can imagine: be it therefore enacted, and it is hereby enacted by the council and people, that whensoever they die, the bodies of the said rich shall be punished like other malefactors, but their souls shall be sent back into life and there doomed to proceed into asses, and in that state to continue two hundred and fifty thousand years, compelled, as ass born of ass, to carry burdens and be drove by the poor, and that it shall not be lawful for them before the expiration of the said space of time, to die. This decree was framed by Craneion †, Skeleton's son, of the ward Nekysia, of the tribe Alibantis." — After the reading of this decree it was confirmed, by the magistrates giving their voices and the people holding up their hands;

* In the whole of this relation of what this Pseudo-Menippus pretends to have seen in the kingdom of the dead, it swarms with conceits, figures and expressions that appear in the Conferences of the Dead. As a proof, refer to the twentieth. Could indeed Lucian be thought to have so studiously imitated and copied himself?

† That is in english: by Baldscull, the Boneman, of the district of Corpsetown, of the tribe of the Vacated. A frozen joke, and moreover imitated from Momus in the Council of the Gods.

Brimo * growled her assent and Cerberus barked his, according to the usual form of passing of acts in the world below. And so much for what occurred in the assembly of the people. I now went to seek Tiresias, on whose account properly speaking I was come; and after having disclosed to him my business, I requested him to inform me which in his opinion was the best method of getting through life. Tiresias, who, by the way, was a puny, old, blind pygmy of a sallow complexion and squeaking voice, began by laughing at my question, and said: I can easily conceive that the discrepancy which prevails in the principles and opinions of the philosophers puzzles you: but I am not permitted to open my thoughts to you; Rhadamanthus has expressly forbid me †. Say not so, daddy, returned I: satisfy my inquiring mind, and suffer me not to wander in life, more blind than yourself. Hereupon he took me aside; and when we were far enough off, to be in no danger of being overheard, he laid his mouth close to my ear, and whispered: "They who there above live the happiest and the most rationally are the illiterate. Dismiss therefore the folly of attempting to fathom things that are too high for your comprehension; cease from breaking your head with principles and ends; distrust the syllogisms of your pretended sages as juggler's tricks, and strive solely and alone at this, to take the present always by the right end. Run by most things as fast as you can; keep yourself in a laughing mood, and regard nothing as sufficiently important, for giving yourself much trouble about it." — Saying these words he went back again to the asphodel-meads. I however begged Mithrobarzanes, since it was already grown late ‡, to reconduct me without longer delay into the upper world, he then bid me be of good courage, assuring me, that he would shew me an easy and a short cut home. In pursuance of this, he brought me into a district yet darker than any we had hitherto traversed; and, pointing with his finger to a faint gleam afar off, that seemed to fall in through a chink, he said to me: this is the sacred grotto of Trophonius through which the Bœotians descend into the nether world. Here, said he,

* Brimo a name of Hecate, adopted here by our author on account of its similarity in sound with the word *βρίμων, ἰμβρίμων*, &c. giving occasion to a calembour.

† A wretched subterfuge! What reason could Rhadamanthus have had for it?

‡ By what could he perceive that in the kingdom of the dead?

work yourself upwards that way, and you will be in the midst of Greece before you are aware. — You may imagine, friend, how overjoyed I was at these words. I took my leave therefore of the magus, crept with much difficulty through the forementioned chasm, and, heaven knows how it came to pass, am now in Lebadia.

SUPPLEMENT, RELATIVE TO THE GENUINENESS OF THE
FOREGOING TRACT.

To everyone who has read with some attention, even only so far as we have at present proceeded in our translation, it must be obvious, that this descent of Menippus for the most part looks more like a cento patched together from the thoughts, conceits, metaphors and phrases found in the writings of Lucian; particularly the conversations of the dead, the Nigrinus, Timon, Charon, Icaromenippus, the Angler, &c. than an original production of that author. That alone however would not appear to me a sufficient reason for calling in question the genuineness of the piece: for it is not to be denied, that Lucian has sundry favourite images and similes, that several times recur in his writings; for example, Danaë and her golden shower, the cumanian ass that wanted to pass for a lion, the comparison of mankind in general or some particular classes of society to actors and choristers, the apes taught to dance of Cleopatra, &c. and that he has made no scruple to repeat the same thoughts and reflexions, especially the same sallies against the philosophers and their morals, in divers of his works, aye even in those of the first quality, generally indeed with different applications, new touches and fresh colours. Even the circumstance, that this Menippus, who, after the example of the homeric Ulysses and his predecessors, Orpheus, Hercules and Theseus, descended to the subterranean world in their living bodies, is in some material points of invention and composition an evident imitation of the Icaromenippus, would not of itself alone have rendered it suspicious to my mind. But the absence of Lucian's genius which to me, some few good passages excepted, appears manifest in the greater part of this little performance,

the defect of a firm hand and uniformly consistent manner in the execution, and several dull scurrilous attacks, that are utterly unworthy of him, all this, in conjunction with the foregoing scruples, I think competent to justify the conjecture that this Menippus is a supposititious child, and the real offspring of some later juvenile writer; who, being a sincere admirer and diligent reader of our author, might, as it frequently happens, be tempted by the cacozeles, even to try his hand at somewhat in the lucianic manner, and produce a companion to his Icaromenippus, or rather an unsuccessful imitation of it.

I conceive the state of the case to be nearly this. Lucian had made Menippus, in order to rid himself of the uncertainty and confusion of mind, wherein the contradictions and hypotheses of the philosophers touching invisible and celestial objects had thrown him, to adopt the idea of making himself wings, and flying up to Jupiter in Heavensburg, there personally to see what was the true state of all these matters, about which they on earth so fondly raved, without understanding what they said. Absurd as this conceit was, from the impossibility of its execution, so reasonable is it in itself; and by the use that the genius of Lucian was able to make of it, it became by the whole combination of it, one of his wittiest, drollest and most instructive pieces. The imitator was pleased with the happy idea. An excellent counterpart may be made from it, thought he; but what he did not think, was, that a man must have Lucian's genius, for making somewhat witty out of such a conception. Lucian's Menippus ascends by miraculous means of his own invention into heaven, in order to have his doubts concerning objects of the speculative philosophy corrected by Jupiter. Good! thought the imitator; then will I, by the help of a babylonian magus, cause him to descend into hell, to fetch advice from Tiresias concerning his doubts with relation to the practical philosophy. He probably felicitated himself upon this ingenious device, and forgot for joy, that Tiresias was a prophet, who solely on account of that art or gift was styled a sage; and that a prophet may be very well qualified for the purpose for which Ulysses in Homer applies to Tiresias, but the question, "how we must live in order to be happy," — a question, besides, for the solution whereof there is no need of a journey either to heaven or to hell — he was not more able to solve than another, who employs his own common sense in the business.

One may conceive methinks how such a thought should occur to an imitator, but not how to the author of the *Icaromenippus*.

Yet, supposing that it might have occurred to Lucian, I must be very much deceived, if he should not have known how to give it the manner of execution, the graces, which peculiarly distinguish, like the pictures of Apelles, his performances, and whereof precisely in this *Menippus* I perceive nothing or next to nothing. On the contrary, what strikes me forcibly in it, is the endeavour (which always betrays the spiritless imitator of ingenious productions) to conceal the poverty of his intellect behind an accumulation of ideas, expressions, metaphors and phrases borrowed from his original, and to render the thievery indiscernible by here and there exaggerating and overcharging. The minute description of his preparation by the babylonian magus, and the whole detail of what he beheld in the kingdom of the dead, is devoid of humour and the vivacity, related with insipid gravity and exactly in the tone in which a man who firmly and stiffly believes in all these matters, might be supposed to speak of them. The only point which at first sight has a lucianic aspect, — the shadows, which, in imitation of the bed and the lamp that are brought in as evidences against the tyrant *Megapenthes*, he makes the customary witnesses at the tribunal of the dead, — is, however, upon a closer inspection, only an odd conceit of an extravagant imagination, but evinces little judgment and sense of propriety. After all, I intend not to deny, that in the whole there are two or three passages, in particular the advice which *Tiresias* whispers in the ear of *Menippus* at parting, that do honour to the imitator, and would be no disgrace to Lucian: and as the reasons I have adduced for my doubts, are yet not so palpable as necessarily to produce entire conviction in the mind of every reader, I made no hesitation to adopt this piece after the example of all my predecessors into this translation, and leave it now to the reader's own judgment, to determine for himself which side of the question he thinks the most probable.

JUPITER TRAGÆDUS.

MERCURY. MINERVA. JUPITER. JUNO. NEPTUNE. VENUS.
THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES. MOMUS. APOLLO. HERCULES.
HERMAGORAS. TIMOCLES. DAMIS.

MERCURY.

O ZEUS, what ails you, that you thus alone
Thoughtful and sallow, with the dismal hue
Of a philosopher, walk up and down
And talk thus to yourself? Unlock your mind!
Let me participate your anxious cares;
Perhaps a faithful minister's advice,
However poor, may sooth your lab'ring breast*.

MINERVA.

I too, o father Cronion, king supreme †!
The blue-eyed goddess, offspring of your brain,
Kneel at your feet. Tell, and no longer hide
What preys upon your heart; and let us know
What makes you sigh so deep, your cheek so pale.

JUPITER. *To himself.*

There is no grief, to speak the truth at once,
No sad event, no tragic misery,
But we gods must be worried with it all ‡!

JUPITER TRAGÆDUS.—The comic title of a little drama, wherein Jupiter, with aristophanic wit and humour, gets such serious wounds, as he has never since been able to recover from. The comic import in the epithet *tragædus* (the tragedian) produces in the original an untranslatable effect; because it multiplies the usual surnames of Jupiter, as Olympius, Ceraunius, Xenius, Horcius, &c. by the addition of one which nobody had thought of before Lucian.

* These lines seem to be a parody of a passage in a lost tragedy.

† A parody compounded of homerican verses.

‡ Parody of the first lines of the *Orestes* of Euripides:

There's not an evil in the power of words
T' express, no dire calamity, no scourge
Inflicted by the gods, whose weight the race
Of man endures not.

The subsequent verses also I suppose are parodied after Euripides or other tragic poets.

MINERVA.

Apollo, what may this exordium portend ?

JUPITER. *To himself.*

Can anything be more perverse and wicked
Than this pedantic race on earth ! — What ills,
Prometheus, hast thou brought upon me !

MINERVA.

Again, what ails you ? You speak in secret,
Speak freely then to your domestic choir.

JUPITER. *To himself.*

O my loud thunder and my lightning's flash,
What do you now avail me ?

MINERVA. Moderate your anger. We must have devoured all Euripides, to be a match for you in extemporizing.

JUNO. You perhaps may imagine that I am ignorant of the cause of these tragical exclamations ?

JUPITER. Thou canst not know it ; scold thou e'er so loud.

JUNO. Oh, I know very well what is the matter with you. You have again some amorous intrigue in your head. And you see that I do not scold ; I have been too long accustomed to these affronts. You have found out some other Danaë or Semele or Europa that brings on you these love-qualms, and now you are at a loss to determine, whether you will turn yourself into a bull or a satyr ; or drip as a golden shower into the lap of your fair-one. These sighs, these tears, this paleness are manifest symptoms of love.

JUPITER. Oh, how cunning you are, to think that such trifles should so much disturb my mind !

JUNO. What else can afflict you : since you are Jupiter ?

JUPITER. Dear wife, the concerns of the gods are come to extremities, and according to the proverb it stands upon the edge of a razor, whether we are any longer to be acknowledged and adored on earth as gods, or neglected by all the world and accounted for nothing.

JUNO. How ? Has the earth then brought forth new giants ? Or have the Titans broke their chains, overpowered their guard*, and again taken up arms against us ?

* The hundred-armed Briareus.

JUPITER. Be calm ! no danger threatens from below *.

JUNO. What have we then else to fear ? Truly I cannot conceive, if nothing of that sort disquiets you, what cause you can have to lay aside your proper character and assume that of a tragedy-actor †.

JUPITER. Timocles the stoic, and the epicurean Damis yesterday, I forget on what occasion, fell upon the topic of providence, and disputed about it before a numerous company consisting mostly of respectable auditors ; and that it is that forms the principal subject of my uneasiness. Damis asserted point blank that there were no gods at all, or at least that they had nothing to do in the government of the world, and were unconcerned about it. The worthy Timocles on the other hand took our part as well as he was able, till a crowd of people rushing in, broke off the business without a decision. They parted therefore, making an agreement to meet again another time and finish the discussion : and as the appointed hour is now arrived, everybody is in anxious expectation to hear who will gain the victory and have the greater probability on his side. You see then the danger, and into what a strait our affairs are brought ; all lies at stake in one man, so to speak, our existence or nonexistence. For one of the two will follow : either, in case we shall be declared empty names, we shall fall into utter contempt with mankind ; or we shall continue in possession of our hereditary prerogatives, if Timocles gets the better in the argument.

JUNO. This is a bad business, Jupiter. If it be so as you say, you had good reason for being in such a tragical passion.

JUPITER. And you were really of opinion, that the subject of my discontent might be on account of a Danaë or Antiope ? — Now, therefore, Mercury, Juno and Minerva, advise what should be done. As the affair concerns you likewise, it is proper that you should lend your assistance in our behalf.

MERCURY. I for my part am of opinion, that on a business of such importance a council of the gods should be convoked.

JUNO. That is also my opinion.

* Parody of the 118th verse of the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

† In the original : that of Polus or Aristodemus. They were celebrated performers in tragedy.

MINERVA. I think differently, and that it is by no means advisable to set all heaven in motion, and thereby to make it known that you are alarmed. It will in my judgment be far better, to adopt measures privately that Timocles shall obtain the victory, and Damis be exposed to the laughter and scorn of the company so as to be obliged to sneak off and hide his head.

MERCURY. But in the first place our stratagems to that end would not be long concealed, as the dispute between the two philosophers is openly carrying on; and you, Jupiter, will excite a suspicion among the gods, as if you went about to exclude them totally from the administration, if you suffer them to take no part in an affair of so great importance and of such general concernment.

JUPITER. Go then, and call them together! You have spoke to the purpose!

MERCURY. Oyez! Ye gods and goddesses, to council! Make no delay! Be quick! Affairs of the utmost consequence are to be laid before you.

JUPITER. How, Mercury! You perform your herald's office with so little ceremony, and in humble prose, when you are summoning them together on concerns of such magnitude!

MERCURY. How do you please then, Jupiter, that I should act?

JUPITER. How do I please? I say, you ought to make proclamation in sonorous metre, and give a certain poetical dignity and lofty strain to your expressions, that they may come with the greater inclination.

MERCURY. As you chuse: but for that purpose one ought to be an epic poet, or at least a rhapsodist. I am a very unpoetical being; I should botch verses together, some too long and some too short, and get laughed at for my hobbling versification. I have seen Apollo himself ridiculed on account of certain oracles, notwithstanding the aid which he derives from the obscurity of his prophecies, and the hearers being too busy to allow them leisure to examine his halting metre.

JUPITER. Do you know what, Mercury? Borrow from Homer: you may recollect in what manner he calls us together in his poem.

MERCURY. Not very perfectly; however I will try what I can do:

Ye male and female deities draw near,
Rivers and Oceans' sons forthwith appear;

Each nymph is summoned to attend the court,
 Then hasten all, to Jupiter resort,
 You who regale on hecatombs, repair,
 You of the foremost rank ; and you that are
 But of the second, to the nameless set
 That live on steams you from oblations get.

JUPITER. Bravo, Mercury ! You have acted the herald to admiration. They are thronging hither already from all quarters. Welcome them in, and place them severally according to the rank due to them either from the materials or the workmanship ; first, the golden, next the silver, then the ivory, all in regular succession ; after them those of bronze and of marble : among these however those of Phidias or Alcamenes or Myron or Euphranor, and other artists of the first quality, must have precedence. The rest, the commonalty, I mean the slovenly and ill-carved, may be silently stowed together in a corner ; for they are only present for the sake of filling up the assembly.

MERCURY. Your commands shall be punctually obeyed. In the mean time I know not how I am to act, if one, though of gold and of some hundred weight, should not be remarkably well executed, or even perhaps of quite coarse and bungling workmanship ? Has such a one nevertheless a claim to take precedence of the metallic ones of Myron, Polycletus and Phidias, and of the marbles of Alcamenes ? Or ought the art to have that honour ?

JUPITER. Certainly it ought : but the gold notwithstanding must have the preference*.

MERCURY. I understand : you would have me to arrange them by their wealth, not according to their excellency and merit. Come then, ye of gold, and take the foremost seats ! As far as I see, Jupiter, the prime benches are entirely taken up by the barbarians. For you know how it is with the Greeks ; they are, it is true, prepossessing and well shaped, of handsome countenance, and wrought with exquisite skill ; yet they are only of stone or brass, and the most precious are but of ivory ; or if even here and there a little gilding is bestowed upon them, it is only for the sake of ornament, and to exhibit a glittering outside : but within they are

* A fine trait of anthropomorphism in this Jupiter. *

made of wood, and peopled with whole colonies of mice, that have taken up their quarters there. Whereas this Bendis*, and the Anubis there, and the Attis and Mithra next to him, are of pure massive gold, and certainly of high value.

NEPTUNE. Ha! in what country is it the law, Mercury, that this ægyptian Dog's-face † should sit above me, being however god of the ocean.

MERCURY. You say right. But, o Earthshaker ‡, Lysippus cast you only of humble brass, because gold was rare at that time among the Corinthians: but this Anubis is richer than several mines of brass put together. You will therefore acquiesce in it, and not let it vex you, that one is preferred to you, who has so large a snout of pure gold.

THE CNIDIAN VENUS. Set me then on the foremost bench, Mercury, for I am golden.

MERCURY. Not so far as I can see, fair goddess; you, if I am not purblind, were hewn out of a white stone, out of pentelean marble § I think; and because it so pleased Praxiteles, you were elevated into Venus, and transferred to the Cnidians.

VENUS. But I will produce as an authentic witness, Homer, who in his rhapsodies everywhere styles me the golden Venus.

MERCURY. Oh, as to that, Apollo by him was called rich in gold; and yet you will see him presently sitting yonder in the third class ||, since the thieves ran away with his golden crown, and even drew out the pegs of his guitar. You have therefore reason to be glad, that you are not seated on the last bench of all.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES. We shall see who will presume to dispute with me for precedence §, since I am the Sungod, and of such vast

* A goddess of the Thracians, who has already appeared in the Icaromenippus.

† Anubis.

‡ An homeric epithet of Neptune.

§ On the mountain Pentelicus was a quarry of fine white marble. Strabo, lib. ix.

|| In the greek, among the Zeugites, who by Solon's partition composed the third class of athenian citizens, which consisted of such as had an annual income of only two hundred medimnes. See Plutarch's Solon.

§ This certainly the Bel at Babylon might have dared to do, who was so huge and had so good an appetite, that he daily consumed an oblation of twelve comb of wheat, forty sheep and three kilderkins of wine. But indeed in Lucian's time all mention of this Bel and of Babylon itself had been long out of date.

dimensions *. If the Rhodians had not thought me worthy of being fabricated so enormously large, they might at the same expense have made a whole dozen of golden gods : so that according to this proportion I am to be rated far more precious than any one of them, especially as the skill and the beauty of the workmanship with such a prodigious bulk is an additional advantage.

MERCURY. What is here to be done, Jupiter? I for my part know not how to decide in this case. If I look to the material, it is only of bronze; when I calculate on the other hand the prodigious sums he has cost, he belongs to a class above the other two †.

JUPITER (*to Mercury*). What business had the great booby to come to upbraid others with their littleness and to overload the bench? (*Loud to the Colossus*). But hear me, once for all, noble Rhodian, supposing even that the pre-eminence is unquestionably due to you, how will you take possession of your first place, unless the others all rise up, as only one of your hinder cheeks would fill the whole bench at once. The best way therefore will be for you to stand while the session lasts, with your head bending towards the council ‡.

MERCURY. Here is another knotty point, not easy to be untied. Both the contending parties are of bronze and of equal workmanship, both made by Lysippus, and what is the most material, both are of equally high birth, both being Jupiter's sons, in short Bacchus and Hercules. Who now should have precedence? For you see they are quarrelling about it.

JUPITER. With all these disputes respecting rank, we are only losing time, Mercury: the consultation ought long ago to have commenced. Let them for the present, without prejudice to their several claims, sit among one another, wherever each can find room. At some other time we

* Upon the fairest statement he was above a hundred feet in stature, and had cost the Rhodians three hundred talents; which is the more easily to be believed, as, by the account of Zonaras, he weighed 7200 cwt. when the calif Moavias, having conquered Rhodes, sold him to a jew, notwithstanding since his overthrow by a tremendous earthquake he had lain free 895 years.

† Namely, above those of gold and silver. In the greek here is again an allusion to the distribution of the citizens by Solon.

‡ For fear, I suppose, of hitting it against the ceiling.

will take this strife about precedence into consideration, and I shall then see, what order should be established amongst them.

MERCURY. By Hercules, what a clamour and uproar is here! Always the old complaint, that the portions are too short. Where is the nectar? Why is there so little ambrosia? What is become of the hecatombs, our common oblations *?

JUPITER. Command silence, Mercury; that I may propound to them wherefore they are convened. There is no time at present for such trifling.

MERCURY. Unfortunately, Jupiter, all of them do not understand greek; and I am not well skilled in so many different languages as to make myself intelligible to the Scythians, Persians, Thracians and Celts. It will perhaps be best, to enjoin them silence by waving my hand?

JUPITER. Do so.

MERCURY. Hark, they are all on a sudden become as mute as pythagoreans †! You may now begin as soon as you please; you see how they all look up to you, in eager expectation of what you have to propose.

JUPITER. I have never observed secrecy towards you, my son; accordingly I shall now honestly confess to you what is the state of my mind. You know how confidently, and in what a lofty tone I usually speak in the assemblies of the gods.

* It is observable that the anthropomorphisms are not spared in this divine drama; and Lucian thought himself as well justified in taking the athenian popular assemblies as the model of his assembly of the gods as Homer was in forming his gods after the model of his heroes. Those popular assemblies were generally conducted in a pretty noisy and tumultuous manner; and since the vulgar and poor citizens composed the majority, and, as is common in democracies, had always something to complain of in the administration; so it may easily be imagined, that a confused clamour about hard times, dear bread, scarcity of this or that kind of victuals for the supply of which it was the duty of the magistracy to provide, &c. was always the first thing heard on such occasions. This now Lucian applies laughably enough to the gods, and the allusion was the more apposite, as the gods had really then every reason in the world to complain of bad times.

† *Ευγε, ἀφωρότεροι γενέσθαι σοι τῶν σοφιστῶν.* There certainly seems to be somewhat wrong in this passage. Dussoul conjectures, for want of a better escape, that by the sophists the pythagoreans are to be understood, to the five years' silence of whom Mercury alludes. As this gives at least a convenient signification, and is quite suited to the playful tone of Mercury, I have, after the example of the french translator, made use of the hint. Reitzen's interpretation is inconceivably insipid.

MERCURY. Full well I know it ; I was always frightened when I heard you speak from the throne ; particularly when you threatened to let down your famous golden chain, and pull up the earth and the sea with all their deities from their foundations.

JUPITER. And now, my boy — whether it proceeds from the magnitude of the danger impending over us, or from the multitude of those that are present, for the assembly, you see, is uncommonly numerous in divinities — I am seized with a miserable giddiness in my head, I almost tremble, and it is just as if I was tongue-tied. But what is the silliest of all, I have clean forgot the exordium I had studied for my speech ! I had intended to begin my oration with a truly elegant exordium.

MERCURY. That is very unlucky, father Jupiter ! For your long silence must at last lead them to suspect that some terrible disaster has happened, which makes you so backward to begin your speech.

JUPITER. What do you think, Mercury, if I again rhapsodize * to them the old homerican exordium ?

MERCURY. Which ?

JUPITER. “ Hear me, all ye gods, and eke ye goddesses all ! ”

MERCURY. Pshaw ! you have so often chanted that of old, that we are surfeited of it. But if you will take my advice, let alone that jingling of syllables, and put together somewhat from one of the harangues of Demosthenes against Philip, with some slight alterations. It is the common practice with most of our modern orators.

JUPITER. I approve of your advice. It is the most commodious method of getting out of the difficulty, when one knows not what to say. I will therefore begin.

“ I doubt not, ye citizens — of heaven †, that at this moment you

* I retain the word *rhapsodize*, because it marks the peculiar half-singing declamation of the homerican rhapsodists.

† The ridicule in this address, can be but imperfectly rendered in a foreign tongue. The usual address of Demosthenes and those who spoke to the people at Athens, when assembled in quality of Sovereign, was : ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, ye men [citizens] of Athens. Jupiter, who in his flurry, and from being over anxious, forgets to alter the address, and is on the point of saying to the gods ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι. The ἄνδρες being already uttered, he suddenly recollects himself and so therefore comes out the ἄνδρες-θεοὶ in the original, which must have excited much laughter among the grecian audience.

would not grudge to give a large sum to be informed of the true nature of the business for the sake of which you are now called together. That being the case, it is your duty to give me your attention, and to receive what I say with good will. The present circumstances, ye gods, call loudly upon us almost in so many words, to apply to our affairs with seriousness and impression: but we all seem to be totally careless and unconcerned about them." I will therefore — because Demosthenes here leaves me in the lurch — circumstantially inform you what the affair is that has given me so much uneasiness, as to move me to convene this divine parliament. It is known to you all, that yesterday we feasted in the Piræus, that is, so many of us as were invited by the sea-captain Mnesitheus to the sacrifice that he offered for the salvation of his ship, which was near being wrecked not far from the promontory of Caphyreus. After the libations were over, all of you departed several ways as your business or inclination led you. Only I went back to the city, it not being late, in order to take an evening walk in the Ceramicus. As I went along I pondered in my mind the stinginess of Mnesitheus, who was not ashamed to set before sixteen deities whom he had for his guests nothing better than a tough cock, become phthisicky through age, and four grains of incense, so musty, that they were no sooner cast on the coals but they instantly vanished, and gave out not so much smoke as to excite even the slightest sensation in the tip of the nose: though while his ship was beating to and fro between the rocks and sandbanks, he promised us whole hecatombs. Meanwhile, musing on these matters, I was insensibly carried on to the Pœcile *, where I saw a vast crowd of people, some of them in the portico, others standing in the open air, while others again were sitting on the benches, talking vehemently with much gesticulation. I directly guessed them to be philosophers of the disputacious class. One should go nearer, thought I, to hear the subject of their debate. Being just then enveloped in one of the thickest clouds, I assumed their shape and habit, so that by means of a goat's beard which I let fall over my breast, I looked tolerably like a philosopher. In this dress I elbowed my

* The celebrated grand colonnade, which on account of the rare pictures with which it was hung, was named the Pœcile [the variegated], and because it was the most elegant of the kind at Athens, was styled by way of eminence the Stoa.

way through the crowd, without the possibility of its being known who I was, and found that damned booby, the epicurean Damis, engaged in a violent dispute with that worthy soul the stoic Timocles. Honest Timocles was all over in a perspiration, and had bawled himself so hoarse, that he was no longer able to articulate a word : whilst Damis, who remained quite cool, profusely laughed in his face, and, with such provoking malignity, that the poor man grew still warmer and more angry. And what do you think was the question between them ? One of no inferior consequence than concerning us, whom the cursed Damis denied to have any providence over mankind. We trouble ourselves, he said, about nothing less, than with the affairs that come to pass in the world ; to be brief, he gave it clearly to be understood that we were absolutely nothing ; for that was in fact the result of all his arguments : and there were not wanting people who gave him their approbation. The other however, Timocles, who was of our side, exerted himself beyond his ability, fell into a horrible passion, and attempted by every possible art of the most experienced fencer to obtain the victory over him. He extolled our great care and diligence in behalf of human occurrences, and proved with great accuracy and discernment how handsomely and orderly we govern and regulate everything in the world. Neither was he without some that agreed to what he advanced ; but the man was by this time quite exhausted, and no longer able to bawl with sufficient force ; so that in short the majority were more inclined to take part with Damis. I now, seeing the danger to which we were exposed, ordered the night to intervene * and part the combatants. They separated accordingly, having previously agreed to meet the next day and terminate the controversy. I mingled among the crowd, and heard, as they walked away, how they commended what Damis had said, most of them declaring themselves of his opinion. However there were likewise some, who were not so hasty in deciding between the two parties, and would not prejudge the question : but suspend

* As if it would not have come on without his orders. A fine stroke. Jupiter after the manner of certain kings and ministers of state, makes a merit of things which he has not done, and which without the least design, present means to his ends that must result from natural causes. Lucian thereby gives us to understand how the case stood with him respecting the providence that was attributed to the deities.

their judgment till they heard what Timocles had farther to urge on the morrow. This therefore is the cause, wherefore, deities, I have now called you together. It is no trivial matter, if you reflect that all our honour, our consequence and our revenue depend upon mankind. Let them once be persuaded, that there are no gods, or that they at least give themselves no concern about their affairs: it will fare very ill with the sacrifices, vows and tokens of reverence that we have hitherto derived from the earth, and we shall lounge about heaven in perfect idleness, be annoyed with languor and suffer hunger, if there be no more festivals and pilgrimages and sacrifices and nocturnal solemnities and processions, as heretofore, to entertain us. The affair then being of such magnitude, I hereby require you all to think seriously of some speedy means, by which Timocles may appear to get the better and to have the truth on his side, and Damis be obliged to retreat with derision and disgrace. For I must own, that I am not very confident in the abilities of Timocles to obtain of himself the victory, unless we assist him by some expedient or other. — Herald! now perform your duty as the law requires, and summon them to the vote.

MERCURY. Attention! Silence! Be still! — If any one of the deities, being of full age according to law, has a mind to speak, let him stand up *. — How? what does this mean? Nobody gets up, nobody stirs — the magnitude of the concern has struck them dumb.

MOMUS. May you all then be turned into water and earth †! — If I might have permission to speak my mind, Jupiter, I have several things to propose.

JUPITER. Speak out, Momus! For I have no doubt that your plain speaking will bring out something conducive to the general interest.

MOMUS. Hear then, all ye gods, what I shall frankly and openly say. I for my part have long since expected, that our affairs would come at last to this extremity, and that a host of such sophists would rise up against us, whom we ourselves have furnished with a pretext for their presumption. And, as true as Themis lives, it would not be reasonable

* The usual form in which the citizens of Athens were cited to speak in the popular communes. The legitimate age for liberty to speak in public on such occasions was the thirtieth year.

† An homeric verse from the Iliad. vii. 19.

to be angry with Epicurus or his scholars or their successors, if they have thought so injuriously of you. For what can be their sentiments, when they see the confusion and disorder that prevails in human life: how the best and most blameless are left to perish, in poverty, sickness, and thralldom, entirely unnoticed and neglected: while the most vicious and profligate of mankind are loaded with riches and honours, and have the command over those that are better than themselves; when they see sacrilege connived at, and escaping with impunity in some: while others who have done nothing criminal, are nailed to the cross, or scourged to death. — What wonder, if at length they are induced to think of us, that it is exactly as if we were not in existence at all. Especially when they hear such oracles as this:

The man that shall o'er Halys go *,
Will a great kingdom overthrow ;
or,
O Salamis divine, how many be
The mother's-sons that shall be slain by thee † !

as if the Greeks were not their mother's-sons as well as the Persians. And to finish all, if they should come to hear from the rhapsodists how we carry on amorous intrigues, get wounded, are made servants and imprisoned, disagree among ourselves, and are obnoxious to a thousand inconveniencies and wretchednesses, notwithstanding we pretend to be blissful and immortal; will they not then justly deride us, and can we take it ill, if they deem us unworthy of respect? And we forsooth are angry, if men who have not lost all understanding dwell upon these things, and will hear and see nothing of our providence: whereas we ought rather to be glad, that notwithstanding our conduct is such, there are still people who bring oblations to us.

And now, o Jupiter, — for we are here by ourselves, and there is in this whole assembly not a single man, those interlopers, Hercules, Bacchus, Ganymede and Æsculapius excepted — answer me upon your conscience, whether ever the concerns of earth have so much interested

* The oracle that was delivered to Croesus, on his inquiring at Delphi what would be the issue of his war with Cyrus. Lucian avails himself of it on every occasion.

† This answer was received by the Athenians to their inquiry of the delphic Apollo concerning the part they were to take on the invasion of Xerxes. Herodot. vii.

you, as to inquire who are the bad men, and who the good? You cannot affirm it with truth. Had not Theseus on his peregrination from Trœzene to Athens, sent out of the world those cut-throats whom he accidentally fell in with on the road *, the Skirons and the Pityocampes and the Cerkyones † might have long lived and amused themselves with murdering travellers, you and your providence notwithstanding. And had not Eurystheus, an honest and prudent man, induced by motives of humanity, taken pains to inform himself of grievances here and there in the world, and sent abroad this his servant [*pointing to Hercules*], being an active, stout, and hardy fellow, upon adventures: you, Jupiter, I am sure, would have cared little about the hydra at Lerna, and the stymfalic birds and the horses of Diomed, and the violence and drunkenness of the centaurs ‡. Instead of this, if the truth must be spoken, our whole employment is to sit here, and pay no regard to anything but whether our oblations are diligently paid, and the smoke of incense regularly ascends from our altars. Everything else may go on as it can, and whither the stream of time and chance shall lead. It therefore serves us right, and will continue to serve us right, if mankind after a while shall open their eyes, and discover that it avails them little to offer sacrifice to us, and present us with libations. You will see that such men as Epicurus and Metrodorus § and Damis will at last openly laugh in our faces, and stop the mouths of our advocates for ever. It is therefore incumbent upon you effectually to put an end to these grievances, since it is your own fault that matters are come to this pass. As for Momus he is little affected by it, since at the time when your affairs were in a flourishing condition, he was not one of the most respected, and had no share in the sacrifices on which you fared so sumptuously ||.

* See Plutarch, in the life of Theseus.

† Three famous robbers of whom Theseus cleared the country between Trœzene and Athens.

‡ All this refers to the history and exploits of the theban Hercules, which are too well known, to need repetition.

§ Metrodorus was a favourite scholar of Epicurus, and, according to Cicero's expression (*de Finib. ii 28*), almost a second Epicurus.

|| Momus belonged undoubtedly to the saturnian court; but by reason of his not being appointed to any special department in the administration of the world, nor had otherwise ren-

JUPITER. Let him doat on in his own way, gods! He always made it his business to cavil and to find fault with everything done by others. Nothing, as is well observed by the admirable Demosthenes, is easier than to censure, complain and rail; for we need only to set our mind upon it: but to offer such considerations as may put affairs into a better track, is only to be done by a wise counsellor, which office I am persuaded you will most sedulously perform, though this one should hold his peace..

NEPTUNE. I live generally under water, as you all know, and carry on my business in the great deep; where I provide as far as in me lies, for the safety of mariners, by conducting their ships and holding the winds in check. Nevertheless I agree in this (for neither am I indifferent to the matter now under discussion), that Damis should be made away with, either by a thunderbolt or some other means, before he goes to the disputation, lest he get the upper hand in the argument; because, as Jupiter observes, he is said to have an excellent mouth-piece. This would at once shew them, how we go to work with people who presume to take such liberties with us.

JUPITER. You joke, brother Neptune; or you have entirely forgot that the life or death of a man is not in our hands, but that it depends on the thread of the Parcæ*, whether one man shall die by lightning, another by the sword, a third of a fever, and a fourth of consumption. Do you think if the case stood only with me, I would have let those sacrilegious villains lately escape unblasted from Olympia, who shorn me of two of my hair-locks, weighing each six minæ†? Or would you yourself have connived at that fisherman of Oreos, who stole your trident at Geræstus?

dered any meritorious service to mankind, he, notwithstanding his antient and genuine divine nobility, was nowhere worshipped with divine honours.

* See the Convicted Jupiter.

† Both locks therefore together weighed upwards of seventy-eight ounces, and were doubtless of gold. The fact apparently was, that in Lucian's time a robbery had been committed on the olympic Jupiter. The same observation is probably applicable to the theft at Geræstus, a-seaport town of Eubœa, where Neptune had a temple. Oreos was formerly a respectable city in Eubœa, but at Lucian's time was reduced to a village inhabited only by a few fishermen.

But besides, would not it appear as if we took the matter mightily to heart, and had got rid of Damis for fear of his syllogisms, without letting it come to a trial how Timocles could stand it out against him? Would not it then appear as if we gained our cause only for want of an adversary?

NEPTUNE. I thought I had hit upon the most compendious way to obtain the victory.

JUPITER. Oh, certainly a fine contrivance in whale-fishing *! to stick your trident into your adversary before the conflict. In this case however to kill the enemy were to let him die unconquered, and leave the point at stake undecided.

NEPTUNE. Well, do you invent something more conducive, if my proposal is fit for nothing but to be thrown to the whales †.

APOLLO. If the law allowed us young and beardless gods to speak in public, I might perhaps have something to bring forward of service to the subject of our deliberation.

MOMUS. The deliberation relates to a subject of so great importance, that at this time not only those that are of age, but all without distinction should be allowed to speak. It would be highly diverting, if at a moment when our all is at stake, we were to subtilize upon what is lawful or unlawful. Besides, you are legally qualified to speak in the convocation, since you have been long out of your minority, and are enrolled in the register of the twelve ‡; so that little was wanting to your having been one

* In the original: a tunny-fish invention, *θυμωδεις*. As the idea and the word whale are more familiar to us, I conceived the alteration might be allowed.

† Neptune coins a new word of his own, *αποθυμιζω*, to suit his purpose. Gessner translates it very aptly: *ad thumos ablegare*. Suidas, who explains it by *αποτίμποιαι παραλογίζομαι*, seems not to have felt the humour and raillery of the expression.

‡ That is, the twelve great or supreme deities. These were, Jupiter, Neptune, Apollo, Mercury, Mars, Vulcan, Juno, Hestia [Vesta], Ceres, Minerva, Venus, and Diana. In the greek here is again an allusion to the athenian form of government. Two public civic-registers were kept at Athens; in the first were inscribed when the persons were born; in the other when they attained to majority. Accordingly, the latter was entitled, *ληξιάρχμοι*, because by inscription in it the right was obtained to manage personally the *ληξεις*, the paternal inheritance.

of the old council of Saturn *. Therefore no longer play the modest bashful youth upon us; speak boldly what you judge proper: you have the less reason to be ashamed of your smooth chin, as you are father of a son with such a long and bushy beard as Æsculapius. I will only add, that the present is the fittest occasion that could occur for you to shew that you do not reside on Helicon, and philosophize with the Muses in vain.

APOLLO. It does not become you, Momus, to say whether I shall have leave to speak or not. That right belongs to Jupiter. If he commands, I shall perhaps have something to offer that would be not unworthy of the Muses and our heliconian conversations.

JUPITER. Speak, my son; I grant you permission.

APOLLO. This Timocles appears to be an honest god-fearing man, and perfectly well-versed in the stoic dogmas. He has therefore drawn a great many young people to him, who attend his lectures, and pay him handsomely for it. Indeed he is not deficient in elocution, when speaking exclusively to his scholars: but whenever he is to harangue in a large mixed company, or even at any popular meeting, he is timid and abasht: and independently of that, he has the disadvantage of speaking in a vulgar and semi-barbarous dialect, on which account he is in common conversation a subject of ridicule. For instead of possessing an easy and flowing elocution, he stammers and is confused, especially when with such natural defects, he endeavours to speak with peculiar emphasis and extraordinary elegance. In short, he is a man of an uncommonly quick conception, and of a most perspicacious understanding, as is reported by those who are best acquainted with the affairs of the stoics: but whenever he undertakes to discourse or to expound, for want of composure he spoils all, because he does not utter his thoughts with precision and perspicuity, but jumbles and confounds his arguments together, so that you are inclined to think you are hearing riddles, and

* In this he wanted nearly as much as all the other great divinities. For in comparison with what is here styled the council of Saturn, or the old divine court, they were all new, Jupiter himself not excepted; as Prometheus in Æschylus plainly and loudly enough casts in his teeth.

cannot comprehend his meaning ; particularly when he is to repel objections. As therefore the generality of his hearers do not understand him, they naturally laugh at him *. In my opinion however the first duty of every speaker is to be clear and perspicuous, and too much circumspection cannot be exerted, to be intelligible to the auditors.

MOMUS. You do well, Apollo, to praise those who express themselves clearly, though what you commend you so little practise yourself in your oracles ; but generally, for your own safety, you give out somewhat so enigmatical and ambiguous between yes and no, that it may be turned either way, and one has need of a second Apollo, to interpret what the first has said †. But what is then your advice ? How is the incapacity of Timocles to be remedied ?

* Lucian seems in this characterizing of Timocles, (which, with that delicate sense of propriety so seldom neglected by him, he puts in the mouth of the censorious Apollo,) to have had in view some particular individual ; though perhaps certain readers will recollect several persons who might be supposed to have sat for the portrait.

† The vulgar reputation to which oracles attained in the early ages of Greece is easily accounted for from the superstition which attributed them immediately to the gods themselves. Herodotus is particularly fond of quoting them, and he has preserved some very curious specimens. Though he is by no means singular among the grecian historians in this respect, yet, on account of his venerable antiquity, it might not be unamusing to select a few as furnishing us with an idea of their general spirit and tendency. However one must serve. Their principal quality is the veil of obscurity that is cast over them, and which renders some even of the most antient of them diverting from their quibbling absurdity. The Spartans were at war with the Tegeatæ ; and, having sent to the oracle to inquire whether or no they were destined to come off victorious, were answered : That they should conquer, provided they first fetched home the bones of Orestes. Being ignorant where these remains were deposited, they sent a second time to make the necessary inquiry, and the oracle returned this ambiguous response :

Where in the midst of wide Arcadia's land,
The far-famed towers of Tegeæa stand,
Two adverse winds with furious force contend,
Form batters form, and ills on ills descend ;
There lies Orestes — bear his bones away,
And famed Tegæa shall become your prey.

It is easy to conceive that no great comfort accrued to the inquirers from this difficult problem. However, some time after, says the historian, as a certain Spartan was sojourning on some private business at Tegeæa, he was informed by a blacksmith, with whom he was accidentally conversing, that, in digging a well directly under the place where his forge used to stand, his workmen had found the bones of a man seven cubits in stature. Now our Spartan,

APOLLO. If we could assign to him a special pleader, Momus, one of the great masters in the art, capable of delivering, with propriety and animation, what Timocles has previously conceived and put into his mouth. —

MOMUS. There you have spoke indeed like a novice, that ought to be sent back to school. What? in a disputation between philosophers shall a mouth-piece stand by to tell those present what Timocles means? Shall Damis speak in his own person and for himself, and the other have an actor beside him, into whose ear he must pour his meaning; and then the actor shall make a long and diffuse preachment, though perhaps he himself does not understand what he has heard. How were it possible for the audience to refrain from laughing? We must therefore devise some better method. — But, apropos, my gentle sir, forasmuch as you profess yourself to be a prophet, and acquire no small revenue by it; for example, once some ingots of gold were presented you: suppose at this good oppor-

being as it should seem a clever fellow at telling riddles at an evening fire side, instantly be-thought himself of the words of the oracle. The smith's bellows might well have caused the contention of the winds, and the hammer and anvil, whenever the smith was at work, were certainly two forms perpetually battering each other. As for the latter part, it still seemed a little abstruse and metaphysical; nevertheless the shrewd riddler easily satisfied himself, that, as iron was the cause, or at least the instrument of war, and war was indisputably the greatest of human ills, so when the hammer came to blows with the anvil, it was little more than a poetical paraphrase, to say that ills were descending upon ills. He kept his counsel however, before the tegean black-smith, and only begged him, as a virtuoso or naturalist might do, to let him see these remarkable bones. He soon was a witness to the reality of the story; and, by comparing the situation of things with the representations of the oracle, was perfectly persuaded that the important discovery was made. He gave a handsome sum to his friend the black-smith for the possession of the great natural curiosity, which he assured him would make a most respectable curiosity in his museum at Sparta. On his arrival there he immediately reported his discovery, and presented his treasure to the ephori; and the consequence of all this was, that the oracle was finally accomplished in the total overthrow of Tegeæa, which presently ensued. Such is the wonderful account, with a little amendment which Herodotus gives us of this common termination of all oracles and prophecies. The accomplishment is uniformly adapted to the prophecy; or the story would be good for nothing. The greatest reverence for the gods was, as might be expected, inculcated by these oracular responses; and often moral precepts were conveyed in them, as well as in the epigrams and other poems of their wise men and legislators. It cannot be doubted that great use was made of so formidable an engine by generals and politicians, with whom it was of the first consequence to obtain the ear of the priestess of Delphi.

tunity you were to let us see a small specimen of your art, and tell us which of the two sophists will obtain the victory. For if you are a prophet, you must know beforehand how it will turn out.

APOLLO. How can that be done, Momus; having neither a tripod nor the needful incense, nor a prophetic fountain, such as the castalian, at hand * ?

MOMUS. These are subterfuges; we have you in the trap: you are afraid of being convicted of charlatanerie.

JUPITER. Prophecy away, my son; and deprive this sycophant of all pretence to slander you, and stop his mouth respecting your skill, as if it lay in a trivet and the castalian spring, and the incense pot, and that without all this apparatus, your art would be at an end.

APOLLO. It would indeed succeed better at Delphi or Colophon; where I have everything regularly belonging to the business upon the spot, my noble father! But even thus without the several implements and preparatives I will try to foretell who will come off victorious; but you will forgive me if my versification should sometimes err from the proper syllabic metre †.

MOMUS. Do but speak intelligibly, so as to need no interpreter; for at present we are cooking no lamb and tortoise ‡ in Lydia — you understand to what I allude.

JUPITER. Now, what are you going to predict, my son? Already I

* These and several other implements were requisite to the pythian Apollo when he was about to prophesy. The Pythia must have bathed in the castalian fount, and have drunk a certain quantity of the water; she must be seated on a tripod, and moreover be fumigated with a peculiar kind of incense. But Apollo himself, who communicated the prophetic virtue to the castalian spring, might be able to prophesy without these preparatives and auxiliaries.

† A dexterous allusion to the hobbling hexameters occasionally delivered by the delphic Apollo, since the Pythia Pheemonoe had introduced the fashion of pronouncing the oracles in hexameters. Plutarch, who otherwise is so rich in faith, will not indeed, I suppose on account of these miserable lines, allow that Apollo himself composed those verses, and shoves the blame of them upon the poets, who, as some say were hired by the priests at Delphi for the purpose of forcing upon the spot the oracles of the Pythia into verse: but in fact the case is not at all bettered by this evasion; the rule, *quod quis per alium facit*, &c. holds good against the god of the poets in this case as in that: for it rested solely with him to remedy the incapacity of the said versifiers, and inspire them with better poetry.

‡ See in the Convicted Jupiter an explanatory note on this subject.

observe the tremendous changes in you, which usually precede the act of prophesying, the altered complexion, the rolling eyes, the bristling hair, the corybantic agitation, in short, all the signs of inspiration, all awful and mysterious*.

APOLLO. Give ear † to the prediction of Apollo,
Touching a grand dispute that is to follow
Between a brace of bawling sophisters,
Who with their syllogisms stun our ears.
But when the vulture with his crooked claws
Shall catch the grasshopper, shower-bringing daws
Shall caw their last, the mules shall then prevail
But th' ass with horns shall his fleet foals assail.

JUPITER. What occasions you to laugh at such a violent rate, Momus? Verily our situation is not so very diverting! Cease then, you bird of ill omen, you are almost suffocated with laughing!

MOMUS. But, Jupiter, how is it possible at such a — clear and intelligible oracle not to laugh?

JUPITER. So much the better if you understand it so well: expound it to us forthwith!

MOMUS. It is so clear, that it needs no expositor ‡. It tells us as plainly as can be desired, that he is a charlatan, and we that believe in him, by Jupiter! are dull pack-asses and mules, and have no more brains in our heads than grasshoppers.

HERCULES. I, honoured father, though but a mere lodger here, will notwithstanding speak my mind without reserve. When the two fellows are met, if Timocles gets the better, we will let the disputation take its course: but should it otherwise turn out, I will, if you have no objection to it, heave up the colonnade, and throw it upon the head of Damis, that the execrable fellow may not insult us for nothing.

* See Hardouin's third dissertation on the oracle at Delphi; where from the several features dispersed among the antients, a masterly and tremendous image of the enraptured Pythia is composed.

† This oracle is a droll imitation of one no less ridiculous in the Knights of Aristophanes, ver. 195 & seq.

‡ In the original: that it needs no Themistocles. To the Greeks a very intelligible allusion to the ingenious manner, in which Themistocles in the second Median war expounded the enigmatical oracle of the delphic Apollo, on being consulted concerning the event of the war, in favour of his country.

MOMUS. Alas, alas, Hercules, that would be very hard-hearted of you! it was a true bæotian thought *! For the sake of destroying a single sinner you would dash to pieces so many innocent persons, and along with them demolish the beautiful Stoa and the Marathon-battle and the Miltiades and Cynægeirus †! If you convert all this into a heap of ruins, what will the orators henceforth do for a place wherein to make their sublime common-place thoughts and apostrophes into speeches? — Besides, you might perhaps have done this whilst you were alive: but since you are a god, you ought to have learnt, that the Parcæ alone have the right of such executions, and that we may not meddle in the business.

HERCULES. Therefore, when I slew the nemæan lion and the hydra of Lerna, the Parcæ did it, and I was but the instrument!

JUPITER. Certainly.

HERCULES. Then if one should wantonly insult me, or pillage my temple or overthrow my statue, I shall not dare to knock out his brains, unless the Parcæ have previously decreed it!

JUPITER. By no means.

HERCULES. Permit me then, Jupiter, freely to speak my mind. For I am no courtier; I am accustomed to call everything by its name. If our case be so, I shall take my leave of your divine honours, with many thanks for the savoury smell of broiled victims and the steam from the blood of sacrifices, which I have enjoyed! I will take up my residence in Tartarus; where at least the shades of the animals I have slain will stand in awe of me, if I only shew myself to them with a bow without a string.

JUPITER. Charming! so we have one of our own family against us! You have spared Damis the trouble of saying any more, since you so

* The Bæotians, on account of their rudeness and sluggish intellect served as a proverb to the rest of Greece; and Hercules was a native Bæotian.

† Which were depicted in the Stoa. Polygnotis had adorned this public edifice with master-pieces representing the several victories of the Athenians, particularly in the Median wars. The battle of Marathon, where Miltiades commanded, was in an especial manner esteemed. Of the Cynægeirus here mentioned it is related, that after having lost both his hands in detaining a persian ship, at length in a furious passion he laid hold of it with his teeth and grappled with it so long till his comrades could come and take complete possession of it; an exploit that well merited for him a place in the large picture of the victory of Marathon, as affirmed by Ælian, *hist. anim. vii. 28. Plin. xxxix. 8.*

wisely assume his person. — But who is that brazen man, that is running up to us in such haste, of so fine a shape and so perfect in all his contours, and wearing his hair tied up after the old fashion? Really, Mercury, it is your brother, who stands on the market near the Pœzile*; I perceive it by the quantity of pitch, with which he is bedaubed in consequence of having casts taken from him every day by the statuaries. — Well, my son you are in great haste. What news do you bring us from the earth?

HERMAGORAS. Just as our statue-founders
Had me under hands; as they bepitched me
On the breast and back, and a ridiculous corslet,
With apish art were melting on my form entire,
Like a seal impressed in wax †;
At once I saw a confluent crowd,
And among them a couple of pale, screaming
Sophistic wranglers, Damis and —

JUPITER. Give yourself no trouble, excellent Hermagoras, to speak any longer in heroics; we know already what you are about to relate. Tell me only whether they are come to close engagement.

HERMAGORAS. Not yet; when I ran off, they were precluding with darts and missiles, and skirmishing at a distance with invectives.

JUPITER. What now therefore remains for us to do, ye gods, but to bow down our ears from heaven and hearken to the debate? — Let the Horæ then push back the bolts, let the clouds remove aside, and the gates of heaven be set wide open. — By Hercules! what a number of people this business has drawn together! — Ey, ey, ey! that Timocles does not please me at all; he trembles, and seems to have lost all self-possession. The man will ruin the whole game for us. It is evident that he is not a match for Damis. — In the mean time, as we can do nothing else in his behalf, let us with all our might — pray for him ‡; silently however.

And to ourselves that Damis may not hear §,

* The new actor made by Lucian to enter as a messenger is the figure styled *Hermes Agoræus* [Mercury on the market], a statue of bronze much celebrated for its beauty. Lucian, for the sake of brevity and euphony calls him *Hermagoras*,

† This rambling trumpery is to all appearance parodied from tragedies.

‡ A desperate expedient; to make Jupiter, from pure agony of mind, forget that he is Jupiter!

§ Parody of an homeric verse. *Iliad. vii. 195. Sed taciti intra nos feriant ne Damidis aures.*

TIMOCLES. What is that you say, you sacrilegious Damis? There are no gods, say you, or at least that they care nothing about mankind?

DAMIS. Something like it. But first answer me, what grounds have you for believing there are gods?

TIMOCLES. I am not to be interrogated by you, monster of iniquity; you must first answer my question.

DAMIS. When I have nothing better to do. It is for you to reply to me.

JUPITER. As yet our's has the best of it by far, in scolding and abuse. Bravo, Timocles! Give it him soundly; there lies your strength. If you rely upon arguments, he will soon strike you mute as a fish.

TIMOCLES. By Minerva! I will not answer you first.

DAMIS. Ask then, Timocles; for I must have respect for so great an oath; only unaccompanied by abusive epithets if you will be so kind*.

TIMOCLES. Very well. Then you believe not, you scum and offscouring of the earth, that the gods care for us?

DAMIS. That is my opinion.

TIMOCLES. How say you? That all goes on without providence?

DAMIS. I do.

TIMOCLES. And no divine being orders and directs the whole?

DAMIS. No.

TIMOCLES. All things proceed without either plan or object, by a blind instinctive motion?

DAMIS. Yes.

TIMOCLES. And ye, good people, can hear this, and not pelt the blasphemous wretch to death with stones †!

DAMIS. Why do you incense the people against me, Timocles? Or, who are you, that you should put yourself into such a rage on account of the gods since they are not angry? They have never done me any mischief, though they must long ago have heard how I speak of them, — if however they do hear.

* For they were at Athens, in the city of Minerva, where a want of respect for the patron-goddess of the republic would have been a state crime.

† Observe this argument of the worthy Timocles! It is not indeed the most solid, yet it is the most powerful of his arguments, and would have rendered all others superfluous, had not the people been more reasonable than the philosopher.

TIMOCLES. They hear, Damis, they hear; and soon or late they will let you know it.

DAMIS. How should they have leisure to think about me, having such an endless multiplicity of affairs to mind; for you say the concerns of the whole world, which certainly are very numerous and intricate, lie upon their shoulders. They have however, I suppose for that very reason, left you yourself unpunished for your many perjuries and other offences which I forbear to particularize. — Excuse me if your own provocations urge me apparently to break our agreement, by returning railing for railing. Yet I see not what greater proof of their providence they could produce than by crushing such a sinner as you to dust. But it is plain that they are not at home, and probably have taken a voyage to attend

The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;

for they are in the habit of inviting themselves as guests to these honest folks.

TIMOCLES. What answer ought I to give to such impudence, Damis?

DAMIS. Only that which I have been desirous to hear, — what could move you to believe that the gods care for us.

TIMOCLES. First, the order that is observable in all nature; the sun and the moon which always keep their regular courses; the seasons of the year always returning in like succession; the vegetation of plants and the propagation of living beings, and that they are so artificially organized for feeding, moving, thinking, building themselves dwellings, clothing themselves, &c. All this appears to me as the work of a providence superintending the world.

DAMIS. You must be very much distressed for proofs, Timocles; inasmuch as you make that into a proof, which is the question, and ought first to be proved. For it is not by any means proved, that all these things are the effects of a particular providence. That there subsists a certain connexion among things, I readily agree: but it is not therefore necessary straightway to believe that it is in consequence of a preconceived plan; although they now remain similar to themselves, and have acquired a certain consistence and solidity. What you term arrangement, is perhaps nothing but necessity. And yet if one does not immediately agree with you, you fall into a passion, when you enumerate natural events

following one another, make an eulogy upon them, and regard their simple existence as a sufficient proof that all and each is preserved in its station and condition by a particular providence. Therefore, to speak with the comic poet,

That will not do, bring forward somewhat else!

TIMOCLES. Though I am not of opinion that it stands in need of any other proof: I will however propose to you one question more. Do you think Homer was an excellent poet?

DAMIS. Certainly.

TIMOCLES. Wherefore then should not I build my faith upon him, since he evinces in so clear a light the providence of the gods*?

DAMIS. My admirable sir, that Homer was a good poet, I shall readily grant to anybody; but to nobody, that he or any other poet can be set up as an evidence of the truth in matters of this nature. I believe that truth is not their aim; their object is to delight and enchant the hearers, and therefore they sing in verse, therefore their works are filled with fables and fictions, and in short everything with them is calculated to please. In the mean time I should be glad to hear, what passages of that poet in particular confirmed you so strongly in your opinion. Whether that †, where he says, speaking of Jupiter, that his daughter, his brother and his wife privily laid a plot to get possession of his person; and if Thetis had not out of compassion called the hundred armed Briareus to his aid, they would have seized the thunderer in right earnest by the head ‡, and set him in the stocks. A favour for which he is afterwards so grateful, that to please the said Thetis, he sends a treacherous dream to Agamemnon, in consequence of which great numbers of the Greeks were cheated out of their lives. Whence observe: It was impossible for him to turn Agamemnon by a smart stroke of lightning into a heap of ashes,

* The great and almost divine respect in which Homer was held by the Greeks seems to have induced Timocles to hope and trust that this popular argument would bring over the great mass to his side.

† Iliad, i. 396, & seq.

‡ I believe this turn should be adopted, in order in some degree to express the sarcastic *ἰππεύοντο ἡμῖν ὁ βίβλιος Ζεύς.*

rather than let himself be convicted as a public impostor. Or were you perhaps forced into your belief by the passage *, where Diomed first wounds Venus, then by Minerva's command even Mars: and presently after, the deities themselves, male and female, fall together by the ears, and Minerva overcomes Mars (I suppose because the wound still smarted which he had received from Diomed); but " 'gainst Latona brave and dextrous Hermes stands." Or were you most enlightened by that, where Diana, from vexation at not being invited as a guest by Æneus, sends an unnaturally huge wild boar, which the hunters could not come up with, to lay waste the whole country †? Was it perhaps by some of these beautiful-anecdotes, that Homer captivated your belief?

JUPITER. A thousand elements, ye gods! What shouts are raised by the people in applause of Damis ‡! while our's seems to have given in, and lost the battle: he is spiritless and trembles, and looks like one ready to throw away his shield, and is prying round him for a passage in the crowd through which he may run away.

TIMOCLES. You think then that Euripides likewise acted senselessly in representing the deities in person on the stage, shewing us how they protect the pious heroes, and crush the impious such as you?

DAMIS. O Timocles, thou most intrepid of all philosophers, if the tragic writers by this visible presentation of the deities have produced your faith, one of these two must be: either you must take the comedians, Polus, Aristodemus and Satyrus § for gods, or believe, that divinity resides in the masks, buskins, training mantles, purple robes, gauntlets, breast-plates, belly-cushions, jackets, stays and the various other properties necessary for the equipment of a tragedy-god: whereof the one, methinks, is as absurd as the other. Besides, as to Euripides, whenever the

* Iliad, v. 336 and 855 & seq.

† Iliad, xx. 72.

‡ We must conceive of the Athenians as a people passionately fond of all kinds of martial games, as wrestling, tilting, jousting, &c. and for a series of ages had been accustomed to hear their sophists argue pro and con upon all sorts of speculative questions. They considered it a philosophical duel between Timocles and Damis, not as an affair of the gods, but as a private concern of the two combatants; and they applauded, not him who was in the right, but him who could best parry and gave the cleverest thrusts. After all, the great mass remained as before on the side of the gods, and this it is by which Mercury consoles Jupiter at last.

§ Three tragic actors at the time of Demosthenes, named by our author in several places.

fable he is at work upon leaves him free scope, to speak his own convictions, do not you hear him say bluntly and without disguise,

Seest thou on high the æther's boundless space,
The earth beneath it in its warm embrace;
Think this is Zeus, acknowledge this as god*?

and in another place :

O Zeus! — if any Zeus there be
For I, I know him only by the name †;

and more of the like nature?

TIMOCLES. Then all men and nations have been deceived, who have in all ages believed in gods and worshipped them?

DAMIS. It is excellently done of you, Timocles, to remind me of the universal popular belief: for it is precisely thence that we may perceive how little solidity and authenticity there is in the reports respecting the gods. The confusion could scarcely be greater, and every nation had its own opinion of them. The Scythians sacrificed to the god Scymitar ‡; the Thracians to Zamolxis, a man who came to them as a fugitive from Samos; the Phrygians to Mene §, the Æthiopians to the Day, the Cylle- nians to Phales ||, the Assyrians to a Dove δ, the Persians to the Fire, the Ægyptians to the Water. And indeed the water is the general deity of the Ægyptians: but particularly the god of the Memphians is a Bull, and that of the Pelusiotes the Onion; others again confer that honour on the bird Ibis, on the Crocodile, the Cynocephalus θ, the Cat, or the Ape; aye, there are villages in Ægypt, where in one the right shoulder, and in the one facing it, the left, is the god; yet again others adore a half-head,

* Cicero quotes the same verses, and translates them into three latin lines in his dialogue *de Nat. Deor.* ii. 24. The tragedy whence they are taken is no longer extant.

† Likewise from an unknown tragedy of that poet.

‡ Acinaces. The Scythians used to swear by their scymitars; and that custom might perhaps have furnished the Greeks with a handle to the report which Damis adopts as an ascertained fact.

§ The Moon. See Diod, Sic. lib. iii. cap. 57.

|| An unknown god.

θ Perhaps Semiramis, metamorphosed into a dove, or pidgeon.

θ Probably here is meant a kind of ape, which Aristotle has described under that name, and Buffon takes to be of the same species which he denominates Magots. Likewise Anubis bears this surname, on account of his canine head.

others an earthen cup, or a dish*. How is it possible not to laugh at these gods, good Timocles?

MOMUS. Did I not tell you before, ye gods, that all this would hereafter come to light and be brought into discussion?

JUPITER. You did so, Momus, and with good reason reprimanded us; I will make it my business to reform these abuses, when we have once outstood the present brunt.

TIMOCLES. But, o you enemy of the gods, to whom can be ascribed the oracles and presages of future events, if not to the gods and their providence?

DAMIS. Talk not to me of oracles, my gentle friend, or I shall ask you, of which you would most wish to be reminded, whether of that which the delphic Apollo gave the king of Lydia†, and which was of such double meaning as to resemble certain busts of Hermes, that turn the same face to one whether viewed in front or from behind — for how did Cræsus know whether, after having crossed the river Halys, he should overturn the empire of Cyrus or his own? And yet this ambiguous verse, cost that unhappy prince some thousands.

MOMUS. The man says word for word what I so very much dreaded he would say. Where is our fine harper, now? Go down and vindicate yourself.

JUPITER. And you, Momus, you tease us to death with your unseasonable reproofs.

TIMOCLES. Look to what you are doing, you godless wretch! You will go high to overthrow the very thrones of the gods and their altars by your way of reasoning ‡.

* Damis appears here to confound hieroglyphics with deities. The adoration likewise of the right or left shoulder, of which he speaks, seems to me strangely enigmatical. Lucian's commentators and translators observe a profound silence upon the subject, probably because they were as little able as myself to find anything in other writers that could afford them some light upon it.

† Momus had already quoted it above.

‡ This sounds to us ridiculous, after Damis had overthrown the gods themselves. But Timocles only designed it to have an effect upon his audience: the critics might reason as much as they pleased, so long as the temples and altars of the gods were standing, there was nothing to fear: the Greeks could bear no joking upon that head.

DAMIS. All altars by no means! for what harm can it do, if they are heaped with incense, and the air perfumed by it all around? But the altars of Diana at Tauris, on which she regales her virgin heart with human sacrifices, I should with pleasure see razed to the ground.

JUPITER. It is a desperate quagmire that we are got into! The fellow spares not one of us! He says, like the bacchantes, whatever comes into his mouth; packs us all together, guilty and guiltless!

MOMUS. Alas, you will find few guiltless amongst us. Perhaps the turn is coming to one or another of the highest.

TIMOCLES. Do you not hear sometimes Jupiter thunder, you heaven-stormer?

DAMIS. How should I not hear the thunder, Timocles? But whether Jupiter is the thunderer, you perhaps know best, because you probably are come immediately from the gods somewhere. Those who come from Crete speak indeed quite differently: they affirm that a certain tomb is shewn there, with a pillar standing by it, informing us that Jupiter will perhaps never thunder more, he having been dead some time.

MOMUS. I foresaw long since that the creature would say this. Well, Jupiter, why do you lose colour, and tremble so that your teeth chatter*? One should be collected, and look down with contempt on the ragamuffin!

JUPITER. Fine time to talk about contempt, Momus! See you not what a number of hearers he has, and how eagerly they take in all he urges against us? How that Damis leads them captive by the ears!

MOMUS. Therefore you have nothing to do, but let down your golden chain,

And pull them up, with earth and sea and all.

TIMOCLES. Tell me, infidel, were you ever at sea?

DAMIS. Very often, Timocles.

TIMOCLES. And have you never observed, that the wind, when blowing with swoln cheeks upon the sails, carried you on with such a violence that the rowers were unable to keep the counterpoize, and that the ship was saved entirely by the man that stood at the helm?

* A genuine aristophanic trait, that the mention of his tomb should make Jupiter's teeth chatter. He felt how difficult it would be for him to bring a proof of his own godhead.

DAMIS. Certainly.

TIMOCLES. The ship therefore but for the helmsman could not have made its voyage: and can you believe, that the universe holds on its course straight forward without a pilot and director?

JUPITER. There Timocles has for once adduced something to the purpose! That simile will set him upon his legs again.

DAMIS. But, o great friend and minion of the gods, Timocles, you will also of course have remarked, that the pilot incessantly provides for everything that is conducive to the safety of the ship and the furtherance of the voyage; that he keeps in readiness always whatever is necessary, and issues out the proper orders to the sailors; again, that throughout the whole ship there is nothing useless or unfit, nothing that is not absolutely serviceable to navigation, aye, indispensably requisite. Whereas your other pilot, whom you hold qualified to govern this large ship, and his coadjutors* order nothing properly and as circumstances require. There is frequently neither the tackling nor a rope in its right place, not a sail properly stretched, the anchor gilt and the decorations of the stern of lead, the keel under water painted, while the upper and prominent parts are unsightly, and entirely destitute of elegance †. There among the sailors themselves you will often see a lazy lubberly fellow, who knows how to handle nothing properly, have under his orders one half or a third part of the ship's crew; while another that is expert at swimming and diving, or climbs aloft and runs along the yards with the utmost agility, and can give good advice in all emergencies, is set to the pump. With the passengers you will find it the same. There you will behold the most infamous jail-bird sitting next to the master; cata-mites, parricides, church-robbers, take the most commodious situations in the vessel, and are treated with the greatest respect; while a number of honest people are crammed together in the hold, and liable to be insulted and trod upon by such as ought to be their slaves. Only think

* Jupiter and the other deities.

† It was not possible here to give a verbal translation of the original; the ships of the ancients were very different from our's; many of their nautical terms have nothing synonymous in our language, and without an accurate knowledge of the construction of their ships and without a figure cannot be explained.

how it fared with Socrates, Aristides, Phocion, for example, on their voyage; how many times they were even in want of provisions, and how often they had scarce room enough to stretch out their legs on the wet boards about the pump: on the other hand, what jovial lives were led by such as Callias, Meidias, Sardanapalus, and with how much harshness and severity they treated those beneath them! — Thus, my very sagacious observer, matters proceed in your ship; and whence otherwise should happen such innumerable shipwrecks? Had it a commander, who kept an eye upon all and everything, and maintained a proper order, it would not be concealed from him, what sort of people he had on board. He would know how to distinguish the good from the bad, and treat every one as he deserved; would seat the best on the uppermost place near him, and the bad below; would make the most excellent his table companions and counsellors; would promote the able and industrious seaman to an officer's post, but give the idle and careless five times a day the taste of a rope's end. You see therefore, my excellent master, that your simile of the ship runs great hazard of foundering, from your having so miserably provided it with a pilot.

MOMUS. Damis is sailing on to victory with a fair tide and a favourable breeze.

JUPITER. It has but too much the appearance of it. That Timocles has absolutely nothing to bring out but such trite everyday stuff, that may be overturned by a finger*.

TIMOCLES. Well; since the similitude seems to you not apposite enough, hear then my final argument. It is, so to speak, the sheet anchor, which with all your might and skill you will never be able to stir †.

JUPITER. Let us hear what is coming out now.

TIMOCLES. See now whether this syllogism is not conclusive, and whether you are able to overthrow it! — If there be altars, gods must exist:

* Observe this sultanic deportment of Jupiter. Just now he thought the similitude of Timocles very apposite; at present, seeing the consequence adverse, it is wretched stuff, and his majesty has already forgot his own words.

† The Greeks termed the sheet anchor, which is the biggest of all, and is only let down in cases of extreme urgency, the sacred anchor.

but there are altars; therefore there are also gods*. What have you to say, in reply to this?

DAMIS. Let me have had my laugh out first.

TIMOCLES. You laugh as if you would never give over. I should be glad to understand what there is in my argument that appears to you so ridiculous.

DAMIS. Because you do not perceive on what a slender thread you have hung your anchor, and that too your sheet anchor. You think then that you have twisted a powerful cable by twining the existence of the gods with the existence of altars? By your own avowal you have nothing more forcible to adduce; our controversy is of course at an end, and we may go home.

TIMOCLES. You therefore yield yourself conquered, you being the first to retire?

DAMIS. What have I else to do, since you, like a person arrested, fly for refuge to the altars of the gods? Now I swear by your sacred anchor, that I am ready to enter into a covenant with you at the said altars, that during the remainder of our lives we will never again dispute on these topics.

TIMOCLES. You will still jeer me, you god-robbing, shabby, villainous, infamous, halter-sick miscreant! Does not everybody know that your father was a tatterdemalion, and your mother no better than she should be? that you murdered your brother, and are guilty of other execrable crimes, you lewd, lying, rascally, abominable varlet, you? Wait; you shall not get off without a sound drubbing. In the mean time I will beat a hole in your scull, you profligate, you cursed scoundrel!

JUPITER. Damis goes laughing away, and the other follows at his

* The argument, for a sheet anchor, is none of the strongest; however it is not by any means credible that Lucian would have put it into the mouth of Timocles if the stoics had not been in the habit of employing it. It is exactly of the same nature and force with the triumphant syllogism of the stoic Balbus in Cicero [*de Nat. Deor.* ii. 4], *Quorum interpretes sunt, eos ipsos esse certe necesse est: deorum autem interpretes sunt; deos igitur esse fateamur.* Balbus concludes, from the existence of augurs, as interpreters of the gods, to the necessary existence of the gods themselves; Timocles draws the same conclusion from the existence of altars; and as to such conclusions, especially in the presence of a commonalty, to whom the altars of their gods are more sacred than the gods themselves, nothing is to be replied, so Timocles had the last word, and kept the field. What would he more?

heels, railing and raving, at seeing himself so insulted. Look, it appears to me as if he was going to throw a tile at his head. — And what are we to do now, since the affair has taken such a wrong turn ?

MERCURY. Methinks the comic writer [Menander] is right, when he says : “ Make as if some mischance had not befallen thee, which has ; so it has not befallen thee.” For what great calamity is it at last, if some few persons go home in the persuasion that Damis is in the right ? Those who are of the contrary opinion, always form by far the majority : the Greeks in general, the vulgar and the dregs of the populace, with the barbarous nations, are all on our side.

JUPITER. For all that, Mercury, that was excellent which king Darius said concerning Zopyrus : and I likewise confess, that I had rather have one such champion as Damis, than be master of ten thousand Babylons*.

* This story is related by Herodotus in his homeric manner at the conclusion of his third book, so beautifully that it deserves to be read as told by himself.

THE
COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

JUPITER. MOMUS. MERCURY.

JUPITER.

CEASE henceforth, ye gods, to mutter between your teeth, and whisper your discontents to one another in retired corners, that so many sit down to our table, who are not worthy of that honour. This being the sole cause of our present convocation, let everyone freely and openly deliver what he has to object to these incidental abuses. — Mercury, perform your office.

MERCURY. Hola! Silence! Whoever of the full-aged deities, who is privileged to speak in debate, pleases to deliver his sentiments, he will be heard. The consultation is concerning natives and aliens.

MOMUS. I, Momus, will speak, with your permission, Jupiter.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS. Lucian in this piece prosecutes a subject which Momus, (whom he likewise this time makes his substitute), had already agitated in the Jupiter Tragedus. He feigns that the general subject of open conversation in heaven among the deities was upon certain grievous and insufferable abuses that had crept in among them, particularly on the undue augmentation of their number: and on the remonstrance of Momus, who had expatiated upon these several topics with his customary freedom, a decree is drawn up for instituting a formal scrutiny into the title of every one of the younger or foreign divinities, and the method whereby he had come by his deification. Even the antient deities, and the philosophers who adhered to them, by the way come in for their share. One single dull sarcasm of Momus excepted, this piece, in point of wit and humour yields to none other of Lucian's works: and there is no reason to apprehend that the intelligent reader will overlook the interest that this ingenious fiction has retained during a period of between sixteen and seventeen hundred years, and even still retains.

JUPITER. The proclamation has already granted you the permission: you therefore have no need of mine.

MOMUS. I say then, that it is abominable in some of us, that, not content with being in their own person become gods from being men, imagine from juvenile conceitedness and temerity, that their new dignity gives them a right to put their train of followers and attendants into one class with us. I beseech you therefore, o Jupiter, to give me leave to speak with full liberty, for I must do so, because the prejudice entertained against me I am but too well acquainted with. Everyone knows that I am not used to hold a fan before my mouth, or leave anything unnoticed that is not as it should be. I concede to no person or transaction a privilege of exemption from the severest criticism, and declare my opinion openly without fear or reserve, and without respect of persons. It is therefore quite natural that with the generality I should pass for a god of a troublesome temper and a bad heart, and have obtained from them the nickname of Blameall. Notwithstanding this, however, as the law allows it and I am called upon, and by you, Jupiter, particularly authorized, I will freely speak my mind on the matter now before us. I say then, that some of us, who might well be contented with having obtained admission to us and the right of sharing in the provision of the gods on the same foot with us, though half mortal, have carried matters to such a pass, that they bring their retinue, and even their pot-companions with them into heaven, and by stealth get them enrolled in our register-book; so that these upstarts and intruders now partake in all the distributions and sacrifices, and get an equal portion with us, though they never once think of paying their protection-fees*.

JUPITER. Speak not so enigmatically, Momus; explain yourself clearly, and express your meaning in plain and direct terms, adding specifically the names of those you have in view. Whilst you talk in generals, nobody knows to whom it is properly due, and one applies your expressions to these, and another to those. This reservation ill accords with that frankness which you so greatly approve in yourself.

* This and other allusions occurring in the present composition to the athenian regulations and usages, are among the little beauties of the lucianic style of writing, the peculiar charms whereof are obliterated by the hand of time.

MOMUS. Magnanimously done, Jupiter; in condescending yourself to spur me on to frankness! There is somewhat truly grand and royal in it! I will therefore give the brat his name. Here is Bacchus*, a half-man, and on the maternal side not even a Greek, but the daughter's son of the syrophoenician merchant Cadmus. He is now however deemed worthy of immortality, I shall therefore say nothing against his proper person; nothing of his feminine head-dress, of his being addicted to drunkenness, of his reeling gait; for I think it must be obvious to you all how soft and effeminate he is, how his brain is always giddy, and how he smells of the strong fumes of wine † from his very first rising in the morning. Yet, such as he is, he has obtruded upon us a whole new confraternity; and the spruce choir that are standing yonder around him, Pan and Silenus and the satyrs, mostly rustics and goatherds, and by their shape and manners monstrous compounds of brutes and men, he has coined into so many deities. One with his horns, his goat's beard and his goat's feet is more than half a goat; the other, an old baldpate with a flat nose, generally riding on his ass, except when he is so drunk that he can no longer keep his seat ‡, is a native Lydian; the satyrs, with their piqued pointed ears, and with budding horns, like those of kids, sprouting from the forehead, are Phrygians, I believe; and all of them have tails. A fine sort of gods, for which we have to thank him alone! And we wonder that mankind contemn us, when they see such ridiculous monsters of gods amongst us! That he has likewise brought in with him a couple of women, his sweetheart Ariadne, whose crown he has even placed among the constellations, and the ploughman Icarus's daughter §, of whom I would rather chuse to say nothing. But what is the most ridiculous of all is, that he has even taken with him Erigone's dog ||, lest the affectionate maid should grow melancholy on not finding again her lapdog

* A legitimated son of Jupiter and Semele.

† In the greek: of pure or unmingled wine. Persons of temperance and sobriety among the Greeks used to drink rarely and but little pure wine; and judging from the strength of their wines, it could not well be otherwise.

‡ The text says only *ἵτι ἔνν τὰ πολλὰ οἰχόμενος*. I hope however that Lucian would have approved this little dilatation of what he does no more than intimate. § Erigone.

|| He is yet to be seen in the sky to this day, under the name of Procyon or the Lesser Dog.

in heaven. Judge, ye gods, is not this arrogance and effrontery of a drunkard, to be called playing the fool with us? — But farther. I have yet a word to say regarding some others. —

JUPITER. Only nothing against Æsculapius and Hercules! For I see whither the current of your speech is carrying you, Momus. The former is a physician, and has set so many people again on their legs, that he alone in merit outweighs many others; and Hercules, my own son, has purchased immortality dear enough by his labours. Therefore no allegations against them, I pray.

MOMUS. To please you then, Jupiter, I will hold my tongue, though I had much to say. At least, if there were nothing else producible against them, they still bear brandmarks*, which bring their divinity very much under suspicion. If I were but allowed, Jupiter, to exhibit with frankness, one thing or another, respecting yourself, —

JUPITER. Oh, against me, you may speak as freely as you please. Would you call in question perhaps my denizenship of heaven?

MOMUS. In Crete they say what is still worse; they even shew your tomb. But I believe neither the Cretes, nor the Achæans of Ægion, who affirm you to be supposititious †. I will tell you what is principally reprehensible in you. You yourself, Jupiter, are the primary cause of these nefarious proceedings, and our college would not be disgraced by so many bastards, if you had not so frequently intrigued with mortal women, and under so many forms played the paramour with them, that we have often had our fears lest you might some time or other be seized as a bull, and slaughtered, or as gold fall into the hands of a goldsmith,

* See the 13th of the Confab. of the Gods.

† What Momus means by this is not perfectly clear. Let me offer my conjecture, which is this. — It seems the inhabitants of Ægion, a considerable city of Achaia, had an antient tradition, that Jupiter, while a babe, was put out to nurse by his mother Rhea (who was obliged to conceal him from his father Saturn) to the daughters of Olenus, Æge and Helice, who lived in those parts. To this tradition, as it appears, an antient usage of that town, mentioned by Pausanias, has reference, namely, of consecrating the handsomest boy of the district, a priest of Jupiter sculptured as a child, who as soon as he had reached man's estate, resigned that office to another boy. *Pausanias*, vii. 24. Now, as in pursuance of the vulgar opinion Jupiter was suckled by Amalthea in Crete, the inhabitants of Ægium, if they admitted the truth of their old tradition, must necessarily have held the cretan Jupiter to be spurious.

be dropped into the crucible, and from the sovereign of Olympus be transmuted into a collar or necklace, a bracelet or an ear-ring. By these means you have filled all heaven with demigods, for I can give them no other name; and it is really laughable, when one unexpectedly hears, that Hercules is declared a god, and that Eurystheus, in whose service he was, is dead, and the temple of the former slave and the monument of his late master stand beside one another. In like manner Bacchus is a god at Thebes; whereas his cousins, Pentheus, Actæon and Learchus were of all men the most unfortunate*. From the time that you, Jupiter, opened the door to these excesses with mortal women, the rest of the gods, and what is still more scandalous, the goddesses likewise, have taken you for their pattern herein. For who knows not Anchises, Tithonus, Endymion, Jason, and the rest of their sort? There is so much to be said upon this subject, that I chuse rather to break off.

JUPITER. Beware of saying anything against Ganymede †, Momus! I should take it very ill, if you displease the boy by any disparagement of his pedigree.

MOMUS. Then I will mention not a word of a certain eagle, which, likewise in heaven, perches on your regal sceptre, and has made his nest almost upon your head, probably that he may be respected as one of the family: to please Ganymede nothing more about him! But Attis and Corybas and Sabazius ‡, how happens it that these are called in hither? And that Mithres there from Media, in his caftan and turban, who knows not a

* Semele, the mother of Bacchus, had three sisters, Agave, Autonoe and Ino, of whom all the three here named sons are well known by their unmerited tragical end. Pentheus, king of Thebes, the son of the first, was destroyed by his mother; Actæon, the son of the second, was torn to pieces by his hounds; and Learchus, the son of the third, was dashed against a rock by his father Athamas.

† It would not be pushing the conjecture too far, if we were to suppose, that Lucian had at this moment Antinous, the deified Ganymede of the emperor Hadrian, in his mind, though he was too prudent to name him. Antinous had a temple at Mantinea in Arcadia, where sacrifice was regularly offered to him, and public martial games held every fifth year in commemoration of him. At Antinopolis, a city built in honour of him in Ægypt by Hadrian, he had an oracle: but more; Ganymede was obliged to give up to him his place among the constellations.

‡ Of Attis and Sabazius mention has already been made in the Icaromenippus. Corybas, says the fable, was the fruit of the love of Cybele for Jason, whom Momus had just before noticed.

word of greek, and does not so much as understand what it means when one drinks to his health. Upon these advertisements it doubtless is that the Scythians and Getes arbitrarily dispense immortality, without troubling themselves about us, and make gods by their own authority of whom they please; in the same manner Zamolxis, a slave by condition, has got himself, I cannot tell how, clandestinely slipt into our records. And yet, ye gods, this might be tolerable; but you, ægyptian dog's-face*, with the linen wrapper about you, who are you? and how came you to think you may bark among the gods? And what means that pided bull of Memphis † there, by the genuflexions he receives, by the oracles he delivers, and the prophets he keeps in his pay? I should blush to mention the storks and apes and goats, and the other still more preposterous deities from Ægypt, which I know not how have been foisted into heaven: but indeed how you other gods can patiently see that all of them are as much and yet more adored than yourselves, and how you, Jupiter, can endure to have a pair of ram's-horns clapt on your head, — is past my comprehension ‡.

JUPITER. What you observe respecting the Ægyptians is in reality infamous. However in most of these objects there lies at bottom a mystical meaning, which one that is not initiated should not presume to deride §.

MOMUS. After all, however, we have no need of mysteries, in order to know that gods are gods and dog's-heads dog's-heads.

JUPITER. Let the ægyptian affairs alone, I say; we shall at another time take them into consideration. Proceed, if you have any more objections to make.

MOMUS. Consider then Trophonius, and, what vexes me most, Amphilocheus ||; who, although the son of a matricide, nevertheless boldly

* Anubis.

† Apis.

‡ In Upper-Ægypt and Lybia, where, under the appellation of Jupiter Ammon, he was worshipped in the shape of a ram, or at least with ram's horns on his forehead.

§ A refined indirect sarcasm on mysteries. The initiated then were allowed to laugh — but who in Lucian's time was not initiated? The answer of Momus is still stronger; but to those who do not immediately understand it without a detailed account of the mysteries of the antients, which would be here too prolix, cannot perhaps be explained.

|| As these two rivals of the delphic Apollo, whose oracles were at that time resorted to by a great confluence of people, are so frequently mentioned in Lucian's works, nothing more is

acts the prophet in Cilicia, and, for the paltry gain of a few shillings, imposes on the poor people who consult him, with his lies. Thence it proceeds, that you, Apollo, have lost your credit, and that every stone and every altar, that is sprinkled with oil, crowned with roses, and served by any juggler, of whom at present there is such an abundance, delivers oracles. Matters are come to that pass, that the statues of the athletes Polydamas at Olympia and of Theagenes at Thasos * drive out fevers, and

here to be remarked, excepting that Momus doubtless terms Amphiaraus the father of Amphilochous a matricide, merely because he had made his son Alcmæon a matricide, by giving him express orders to despatch his mother Eriphile after his death. See Hygin. fab. 73.

* The legend of the deified athlete Theagenes is so curious, that it deserves to be more generally known, as a supplement to Lucian's *Lie-fancier*, and as an instance on what models the christian legend-makers of the subsequent ages moulded their productions. Theagenes was born at Thasos, the capital of an island in the Ægean sea, lying over against the city of Abdera. His putative father Timosthenes was a priest of Hercules, to whom that god (as the Thasians reported) once did the honour to assume his form, and in that disguise to become the father of a second Hercules, neither the priest nor his wife knowing anything at all of the matter. The young Theagenes so early as his ninth year gave a decisive proof of his herculean origin. As he was returning one day from school, a huge statue of brass that stood in the market struck his view so agreeably, that he lifted it on one of his shoulders, and ran away with it as fast as he could, intending to carry it home. A vast crowd immediately came together, and the rabble were very abusive to the boy on account of the robbery; when one of the most respectable in appearance interposed, appeased the populace, and in lieu of punishment ordered the lad to carry back the statue and put it in its old place. Young Theagenes obeyed, though reluctantly, the command, and bore the statue with equally little trouble again to its station, as if it had only been cut out of pasteboard. This transaction laid the first foundation of that fame which in the sequel, by his extraordinary strength and dexterity in all athletic exercises, he acquired. He was proclaimed conqueror, once in the olympic, thrice in the pythian, nine times in the nemean, and ten times in the isthmian games; and in general bore away the crown in all the martial games wherever he appeared in every part of Greece; in all, according to Plutarch's statement twelve hundred, and according to Pausanias no fewer than fourteen hundred crowns; which, to say the truth, are a great many crowns. The abbé Gedoyn, however, who finds this amount too large by more than a thousand crowns, does not reflect that throughout the whole legend of this deified athlete everything is miraculous. After his death one of his enemies went every night to the brazen statue, which the Thasians had erected to him, and flogged it with all his might, in hopes that the deceased Theagenes should feel the stripes which he inflicted on his representative. The statue at length becoming weary of the joke, rushed unawares on this simpleton and struck him dead. The family of the deceased prosecuted the statue for the murder; and the sentence ran thus: that the brazen Theagenes, as

that sacrifice is offered to Hector at Ilion, and in the thracian peninsula opposite, to Protesilaus. Since we are now grown so numerous, perjuries and every species of wickedness prevail *, and we are justly falling into contempt. And then such a number of supposititious and spurious deities! But I hear besides so many odd names of things, and what they signify are neither to be found among us, nor can generally exist, and I therefore take the liberty, Jupiter, to laugh at these monsters. Or, where may be that virtue, which is boasted of so much? where is nature and fate and fortune? big words, the abstract notions whereof militate against one another †, and which nowhere really exist but in the muddled heads of the philosophers that hatched them. And yet these figments

the condign punishment of him, and as a warning to others, should be cast into the sea *. The sentence was executed; but the Thasians were thrown into a sad plight by it; for they were a little while after visited with a dearth which brought on a grievous famine. They had recourse at length to the delphic god, who gave the response: that their calamity would not cease till they had recalled all the exiles of the country. The Thasians obeyed the oracle; but were nothing the better for it. They consulted the Pythia a second time, and received in answer, that they had forgot to recall their fellow-citizen Theagenes. They now bethought themselves that the statue of Theagenes, which they had cast into the sea, must be meant, and their despair was thus consummated; for how could they hope to find and recover the statue? However, when they were least of all ready with an expedient, it was drawn up by some fishers, into whose net it had miraculously entered. The Thasians therefore brought it along in great solemnity, replaced it in its pristine station, and from that hour paid divine honours to the athlete Theagenes. Several other grecian and thracian cities acted in like manner, and the statues of this new god came into great repute, for being so gracious as to deliver all those who called upon them with due faith, from every kind of distemper.

* The more gods or tutelar beings, the less morality. That is in perfect consistence. For the greater the competition on the part of the gods, the more is everyone interested in procuring them a vast number of adherents and worshippers; and then of course the moral character of the latter is not taken so strictly into observance.

† Ex. gr. fate and fortune, fate and virtue. If all follows by a preordained necessity, as the stoics maintained, there can be neither fortunate nor unfortunate accidents, nor merit and virtue.

* Pausanias observes, that the Thasians had probably borrowed from the Athenians the law in virtue of which this sentence was passed. For the latter had an analogous law of Draco, in pursuance whereof even inanimate objects that had occasioned the death of a person were prosecuted in form. So necessary did that lawgiver find it to impress upon the minds of so irritable and thoughtless a people as the Athenians, the utmost possible abhorrence of murder.

have got so firm a footing in the minds of the silly people, that not a man of them will sacrifice any longer to us, because he well knows, that if he even offered ten thousand hecatombs, fortune would bestow upon him nothing but what is destined to him, and what the Parcæ have spun for him *. I should be glad however to learn of you, Jupiter, whether you ever saw virtue, nature or fate, with your eyes †? For you must have heard of them frequently in the disputations of the philosophers, or you must be stone deaf; otherwise they bawl loud enough for you to hear them. I have much more to advance; but it is time for the present to have done; for I see that some begin not to relish my discourse, and are pursing up their mouths to hiss; particularly those who feel themselves hit by the freedom of my tongue. To conclude therefore, Jupiter, I will, if you permit me, read over a decree, that I have drawn up relative to this subject.

JUPITER. Let us have it. Your censure was not without foundation; and some check must be put to the abuses, that they may not make farther progress.

DECREE.

With good luck ‡!

The seventh of the current month.

At a general council of the gods, beneath the auspices of Jupiter, under the presidency of Neptune, on the motion of Apollo, Momus the son of Night has drawn up this decree, and Sleep has declared his approbation thereof. Forasmuch as a great number of foreigners, as well Greeks as barbarians, who, without being in anywise qualified for our civic privileges and immunities, have found means clandestinely to get themselves enrolled in our register-book, and to arrogate to themselves

* See the Convicted Jupiter, where this point is set in the strongest light.

† The censure of Momus appears to relate solely to this, that these rational conceptions are spoke of as actual existences, and that they therefore seem to represent a sort of divinities, of which we cannot tell rightly what to make, not where they ought to be placed. This ill habit is still notoriously prevalent, and gives occasion to much confusion of various kinds and popular mistakes and erroneous ideas.

‡ Lucian here allows his Momus to forget that he is wishing luck to those whom he had just before declared monsters. But in the first place, this is part of the form proper to the style of a decree of the grecian courts of judicature: and secondly, notwithstanding the various arguments against abuses and every proposed correction of them, after all they must, as usual, go on in the old train.

the divine dignity, have so crowded heaven, that our table is overstocked with a tumultuous rabble of people collected from all quarters, of every nation, language and tongue ; and thence has already ensued such a deficiency of nectar and ambrosia, that we are obliged to pay twelve ounces of silver for a pint of nectar. And whereas these intruders have insolently presumed to shove out the antient and true deities from the first seats, and to seat themselves, contrary to all propriety and antient usage, in their places, and claim precedency of adoration on the earth : it is therefore the pleasure of the council and the citizens that, on the next ensuing winter-solstice, a general council shall be held, and a committee composed of seven of the gods that have attained their full majority shall be appointed, three of whom to be taken from the old council under Saturn, and four elected from the Twelve, whereof Jupiter is to be one ; the said committee shall first be required to take a solemn oath by Styx, and then begin their sittings, and after Mercury officially as herald has duly called together those who think they have a right to assist in the divine councils, they shall, each bringing along with him his sworn witnesses and producing his regular testimonials and records, one after the other, before the said committee, and then, strict examination having been first made of their validity, the postulants shall either be declared true gods, or sent back to their appropriate graves or to their family vault. But if at any time afterward any of the rejected, and on the scrutiny of the committee once for all cashiered, shall ever dare again to look into or set his foot in heaven : he shall be hurled down to Tartarus. Next, be it ordained, that every deity shall mind his own business, and neither Minerva meddle with healing, nor Æsculapius with fortune-telling ; and let Apollo, instead of carrying on such a variety of professions at once, select one alone, and be either a fortune-teller, or a fidler, or a physician. Furthermore, let orders be issued to the philosophers that they henceforth abstain from framing empty terms, and from talking silly stuff upon subjects that they know nothing about. Touching the temples and altars that may have been raised in honour of the rejected ; let their images be demolished, and, in their stead, either the image of Jupiter or Juno or Apollo, or some other deity, be erected ; but for the others, of the commonalty, in lieu of altars let a tombstone with a pillar be raised. Whoso-

ever disobeys this decree or refuses to appear before the committee, he shall be adjudged *in contumaciam* without farther process.

Such is our decree.

JUPITER. It could not possibly be better and more equitable, Momus. So many of you therefore as are of this opinion, hold up your hands *! — Or rather let it be thus ratified without any more to do; for here are but too many who will not hold up their hands for a very good reason. — You gods may now go your ways. But, when Mercury shall again summon you, be sure to appear again, and let everyone bring with him his original patent, the name of his father and of his mother, and the place of his nativity, and how he came to be made a god, and of what stock and family he is descended. If anyone cannot produce these legal documents, let him have as magnificent a temple, as he may on earth, and be reckoned ever so powerful a god by mankind: the committee will pay no regard to it.

* In the popular meetings at Athens, we learn from Aristophanes that the people held up their hands to denote their consent to anything proposed. This was called *quirtionia*, a term afterwards adopted by christians, to indicate the ordination of their spiritual magistrates, formerly performed by the sole imposition of hands; and hence comes the manner of speaking in french, *j'y donne les mains*; or in english, *I hold up my hand for that*.

THE
CONVICTED JUPITER.

CYNISCUS AND JUPITER.

CYNISCUS.

FOR my part, Jupiter, I will not importune you with prayers for great riches, for heaps of gold or for a diadem; objects which, though in the view of most men are the most covetable, yet are not so easy for you to dispense as they imagine: for, from what I am able to discern, you gene-

THE CONVICTED JUPITER. Never perhaps did a composition more accurately correspond to its title than this; where Jupiter is constrained to hear from a no less naïve than intrepid cynic, between themselves alone, the truth in so blunt and convincing a manner, as he was probably never before told by any child of earth. The saddest trick that can be played to dogmas which are not founded in reason, is, by holding them up against one another. We are thus spared the trouble of refuting them, and may calmly look on, and see, how, like the Spartans of Cadmus, they destroy and annihilate one another. This is the play, which Lucian in the present dialogue exhibits for our benefit. The inconsistency of the pagan doctrines, concerning fate, the providence of their gods and the rewards and punishments after death, here present themselves in a light, by the splendour whereof Jupiter himself is stupefied and reduced to silence, or, what is worse, to the necessity of having recourse to such pitiful evasions, that Cyniscus at last out of pure compassion, takes leave of him. And, content with having knocked him on the head, in open combat, and deprived him of his power, his dignity and his dominion, grants him, as a vanquished king now led in triumph, his life, at least for so long, as after such blows, it can naturally last. The questions which he proposes to Jupiter, were indeed already debated in the Jupiter Tragedy between Damis and Timocles not to the advantage of the divine party; but Lucian, as it appears, held it necessary notwithstanding to make a final decisive attack. Jupiter is forced to creep out of his hiding holes, and so thoroughly convinced of the badness of his cause, that the most shameless sycophant must have blushed to adopt it any longer. This it is, I conceive, that Lucian effectuates in this little dialogue in so masterly a manner, and with so much delicacy, that I know of no completer pattern, for converting the antipodes of reason, as Homer says, into water and earth.

rally act by such petitions as though you had not heard them. One favour only I should be glad to request of you, which you may easily grant me.

JUPITER. What then may it be, Cyniscus? It shall not be an un-availing prayer; especially if you are so discreet in your desires as you say.

CYNISCUS. I beg an answer only to one not difficult question.

JUPITER. That is indeed a slight request, which I can easily grant. Ask then what you will.

CYNISCUS. It is nothing more than this: you have probably read the poems of Homer and Hesiod. Tell me then, is all true that these poets have sung respecting the goddess of fate and the *Parcæ* * — namely, that what they spin for every one at his nativity is inevitable.

JUPITER. Very true. Nothing happens which the *Parcæ* had not previously ordained; whatever comes to pass in the world is gradually wound off from their spindles, and has immediately from its beginning its determinate issue, without the possibility of the slightest alteration.

CYNISCUS. When therefore Homer in another place says †:

That ere the Fates have snipt thy thread of life

Thou enter not dire Pluto's realm, —

and more of the like nature, we are to suppose, that he did not know what he said?

JUPITER. No otherwise; for nothing can come to pass contrary to the law of the *Parcæ*, and no one goes either earlier or later out of life than in due course of his thread. Whatever the poets sing from inspiration of the Muses is true; but when they are again deserted by those goddesses, they are liable to error, and say frequently the reverse of what they had sung in their enraptured state. But they are to be pardoned, if as mere men they are ignorant of the truth, when the divinity who spoke from their mouth ‡, is departed from them.

* The passages of these poets to which Cyniscus refers are the 127th and 128th ver. of the 20th book of the *Iliad*, and the 218th and 219th of the *Theogony*.

† In the 336th verse of the above cited book of the *Iliad*.

‡ It is observable, that Jupiter would fain help his poets out of the nooze, without disturbing his mind with the thought that he even thereby sets an inevitable trap for the hearers or readers of them. For what means had they for ascertaining which of the two contradictory passages was the one inspired? Especially as Homer puts them both in the mouth of a deity, the former in Juno's, the other in that of Neptune.

CYNISCUS. That then we will take for granted. Now allow me only to ask, are there not three Parcæ: Clotho, Lachesis, and, if I mistake not, Atropos?

JUPITER. Certainly*.

CYNISCUS. But the Heimarmene †, and the goddess of fortune, whose names we so often hear, who then are they, and what power have they? Is it equal to the potency of the Parcæ, or does it exceed it? For I hear everybody say, that nothing is more powerful than fate and fortune.

JUPITER. You require to know more than is lawful, Cyniscus. But to what end do you propose to me the question respecting the Parcæ?

CYNISCUS. I will answer you that very readily, if you will first tell me, whether they likewise have the controul over you, and whether you gods as well as we men must hang to their thread?

JUPITER. That we must, my dear Cyniscus ‡. — Well; what do you laugh at?

* Jupiter speaks in conformity to the vulgar opinion, which is in general at the bottom of whatever is here and in other places of our author said of the Parcæ, or Moiræ, as they were usually called by the Greeks; and I acquiesce in it the more willingly here, as this chapter of the grecian theology is equally confused, obscure, incoherent, and left to the inclination of poets and allegorical picture-makers to do as they please with, as all the rest.

† Lucian terms what we call fate *εἰμαρμένη*, which word appears to me to have the same signification with *πεπρωμένη*, and is by some employed as a synonyme of Moira, by others however distinguished from her and even from Pepromene, so that the question of Cyniscus, who cannot very well tell what to make of these several names, is quite natural. As Jupiter however understands no more of the matter than other people, he has recourse to the ordinary evasion: that it is not lawful to see clearly into these subjects.

‡ Here again Jupiter answers agreeably to the homeric and vulgar theology, which made the deities dependant on fate or necessity, and therefore likewise on the Parcæ, who carry the law of necessity into effect. — As however nothing was fixt and determinate in the grecian theology, so the common faith did not prevent some who were alarmed at its consequences from believing differently. Pausanias, speaking of the statue of Jupiter Olympius at Megaræ, states it therefore as the reason why the Horæ and Moiræ were represented hovering over the head of that god; that it was universally understood that Pepromene [Fate] was subject to Jupiter alone, and that the Horæ were governed and kept in proper order by him. But Lucian's Jupiter, weak as he is, has so much understanding at least, as to know, that a necessity subject to his absolute controul was no necessity at all; and is therefore modest enough not to magnify himself either upon the Parcæ hovering over his head at Megaræ, or the statues and altars, which by the testimony of the said Pausanias, he had here and there under the title of Moiragetes [the

CYNISCUS. At that passage in Homer, where he makes you deliver a speech to the assembled gods, in which you threaten them to draw up the whole world by I know not what sort of a golden chain. You would let this chain down from heaven, you said, and if all the gods, instead of the weight, should hang on it and attempt with all their might to pull you down, they would accomplish nothing : while you, if you chose, would

Pull them up, with earth and sea and all.

Formerly those verses made me shudder, so awful was the idea they gave me of your power and majesty ; and now I see you yourself together with your chain and your menaces hanging to a slight thread, by your own confession. Clotho might with greater justice boast that she made you dangle at her distaff, as an angler does a little fish at his rod.

JUPITER. I know not what you mean by these captious questions.

CYNISCUS. This, Jupiter, is what I mean — But I pray and conjure you by the Parcæ and Heimarmene, that you will not be angry or out of humour, on hearing the plain truth which I am about to speak ! — If matters really go thus, if all is subject to the Parcæ, and nothing can be altered which they have once been pleased to decree ; to what purpose do we offer hecatombs to you, and pray you to be kind to us. For I see not of what use the observance of these ceremonies can be, since by our prayers, we can neither get the evil averted from us, nor obtain anything good at your hands.

JUPITER. I know very well whence you picked up these subtilities : from the damned sophists, who are so impudent and impious as to deny our providence, and by the like conundrums restrain other honest people from sacrifice and prayer as vanities, asserting that we give ourselves no trouble about what passes among you, and have not the least controul over the affairs of earth. But they shall have small joy of it, the wretches that hold such wicked discourses !

Parcæ-leader], but rather graciously acknowledges, that he can alter nothing in the decrees of Fate, but is subject even personally to them. Lucian could cause Jupiter to make this avowal with the greater justice, as the delphic Apollo himself, when Croesus, after the fatal termination of his war with Cyrus, made him very bitter reproaches on account of the encouraging oracle he had received from him, put him off with this excuse : that to avoid fate [τὴν ἀποκαταστήσει μοιρήν] was not possible even for a god. Herodot. lib. i. cap. 91.

CYNISCUS. No, Jupiter, by the distaff of Clotho I profess to you, that it is not at the instigation of those people that I have put these questions : what I said resulted I think quite naturally from our discourse, and I know not myself how it came about that we descended so low ; it follows I say of itself from our discourse that sacrifices are altogether superfluous. However I would crave leave to put one other small question to you : but answer me without reserve, and if you please, a little more solidly.

JUPITER. Well ; ask then, since you have so much leisure for such trifling.

CYNISCUS. You say all goes through the hands of the Parcæ ?

JUPITER. I do.

CYNISCUS. And, you gods, can you change anything of it or not ?

JUPITER. We can change nothing of it.

CYNISCUS. Shall I now draw the conclusion from the premises ? Or is it sufficiently obvious without it ?

JUPITER. Oh, very clear ! But we are not sacrificed to for the sake of interest, as if we returned service for service, or that the benefit to be expected was to be purchased of us : but in a view to honour us thereby as superior and more perfect natures.

CYNISCUS. I am satisfied, on hearing from yourself, that mankind do not sacrifice because it is of any utility to them, but that it is merely from good nature, and as a token of their great estimation of more perfect beings. Were now one of the sophists here, whom you just now mentioned, he would probably inquire of you : wherein the gods are more perfect than we, since they are merely fellow-servants of mankind, and are subject to the same mistresses ? For from their immortality it does not exactly follow that they are more excellent than men ; on the contrary, it is so much the worse for them. For as to us, if we are slaves our whole lives long, death at least sets us free : whereas with you it is of perpetual continuance, and your bondage is eternal, because it turns round upon a thread that has no end.

JUPITER. But, my good Cyniscus, this eternally endless duration is happy for us, because we are in the fruition of all conceivable goods.

CYNISCUS. Not all, Jupiter ; even with you, a great difference prevails and much confusion. You are indeed happy, because you are king, and can draw up the earth and sea as with the ropes of a draw-well :

whereas Vulcan is lame, and after all but a sooty mechanical blacksmith ; Prometheus was once even crucified ; to say nothing of your father *, who to this day lies shackled in Tartarus. They speak too of some of your amorous freaks, adding that you were wounded, and have engaged in servitude to men ; as for example, your brother was hired by Laomedon †, and your son Apollo by Admetus : and all these in my judgment are not very happy. Hence it follows, that though some of you are favoured by fortune and fate ; yet with others it is directly the reverse. I omit to mention, that you, as well as we, are attacked and plundered by robbers, and oftentimes in a moment from the height of opulence sunk into the extreme of poverty. Many of you, who were of gold and silver have even been melted down, — because it was their fate.

JUPITER. You begin to be insolent, Cyniscus ; but have a care ! You may hereafter repent having provoked me.

CYNISCUS. You may spare your threats, Jupiter ; since, as you are aware, nothing can betide me excepting what the Parcæ have long since fore-ordained. Why else are so many church-robbers tolerated with impunity ? Most of them happily escape you, since it was not their fate to be caught, I suppose.

JUPITER. Did not I say before, that you are one of the vile crew who expel our pronœa ‡ from the world ?

CYNISCUS. One would think, Jupiter, that you, I know not wherefore, are horribly afraid of these people, by your imagining that whatever I

* Saturn or Cronus, according to the common tradition, was deposed from the throne by Jupiter on the advice and with the assistance of Prometheus, and kept prisoner in an inaccessible cave of Tartarus. Æschyl. Prom. Vinct. ver. 219, & seq.

† It was a considerable space of time before the gods could brook the arbitrary and tyrannical government of Jupiter. His brother Neptune, one of the most dissatisfied, performed a principal part in the famous insurrection of the deities, in punishment for which he was sentenced by Jupiter to serve for a time as servant to the trojan king Laomedon.

‡ The appellative given by the stoics to the providence, which they ascribed to the deities, without prejudice to the necessary fate, and on the subject whereof they waged eternal war with the epicureans. The reason of my retaining her grecian name is because Cyniscus personifies her in the next succeeding speech, and regarding her proposes a question to Jupiter, which he does not judge proper to answer. Balbus likewise, in Cicero's *dial. de Nat. Deor.* makes of this Pronœa, whom he styles *anum fatidicam stoicorum*, a sort of goddess, in order the better to enable him to make merry with her. Lib. i. cap. 8 and 9.

say comes from their school. But from whom should I desire to obtain authentic information of the truth but from yourself? You would do me therefore a signal favour by acquainting me who your said Pronœa properly is. Whether perhaps one of the Parcæ, or some still greater goddess, under whose supremacy even the Parcæ likewise stand?

JUPITER. I have told you once already that it is not lawful for you to know everything. But, Mr. Brazenface, you that at first desired only to ask me one little question, now cannot tell when to leave off, confusing my head with your fine-spun sophisms; and, after all, the whole drift of your curiosity is that you would fain prove, that we care nothing about human affairs.

CYNISCUS. That is by no means chargeable upon me. Said you not yourself but a few moments ago, that it is the Parcæ who bring everything to pass? It is only to be lamented then that you have let yourself out so far, that you are obliged to retract your own words; or you gods must contend for providence with fate, and wish to deprive it of its prerogative.

JUPITER. By no means; fate does all, but all through us.

CYNISCUS. If I rightly understand you, you are then properly a kind of servants or journeymen to the Parcæ; and accordingly they would be always the providences, and you only, if I may be allowed the expression, their instruments.

JUPITER. What do you mean by that?

CYNISCUS. I mean, like as the axe and the gimlet help the carpenter to work, though no one would think of confounding these tools with the workman himself, and a ship is not the work of the hatchet and the auger, but of the shipwright: so it is Heimarmene that cuts out everything in this great vessel of the universe, and you are nothing more than the axe and the borer of the Parcæ. Men ought therefore to direct their sacrifices and vows to the said Heimarmene, instead of offering them up to you, and honouring you with their prayers and oblations. Yet even to them it would be unreasonable to pay that honour: for as far as I can see, even the Parcæ are unable to alter in any even the smallest degree what is from the beginning determined respecting each individual. Atropos certainly would not permit anyone to unwind the spindle and frustrate the labour of Clotho.

JUPITER. You therefore contend that the Parcæ are unworthy of the

worship of men, and you would perhaps be glad to see all religion abolished. We however deserve, were it for no other reason, the honour they shew us, inasmuch as we predict to mankind by oracles, what the Parcæ have decreed concerning them*.

CYNISCUS. In general, Jupiter, the foreknowledge of future events can avail us nothing, seeing it is absolutely impossible for us to avert any future evil : unless you will undertake to say, that if some one on being foretold that he will die by a pointed iron, could shoot himself to render impossible the accomplishment of the prediction. But even that is not possible : for the goddess of fate will easily find a way to deliver him up to the blade. She will allure him to the chace ; and Adrastus, while aiming his spear at the wild boar, will miss it, and slay the son of Cræsus, because the spear, by the omnipotent command of the Parcæ, is hurled against the young prince †. The famous oracle received by king Laius, is truly ridiculous :

Sow not the filial furrow ; the gods forbid !
If thou dost, thy son will kill thee ‡.

The caution was very superfluous, methinks, since it was already an ascertained fact that all this would so turn out ; and so it appeared in the sequel : Laius sowed Cræsus, and his son killed him. Accordingly I cannot see why you should require to be paid hard cash for your predictions. Not to say how contrarious and inclining to both sides your

* Sad enough, if nothing else is left for Pronœa to do ! That is the reason why Balbus in Cicero calls her *animum fatidicam*.

† Lucian here presupposes, that the tragical story of Atyr, a son of the famous Cræsus, king of Lydiæ, is well known to all his readers from their Herodotus. That poetical historian relates it (book i. chap. 34 to 45) in his homeric manner with such an affecting simplicity, that it deserved to be read over again by himself.

‡ The oracle in Euripides (*Phœnissæ*, ver. 18, 19) runs thus :

Μὴ σπείρει τέκνον ἄλοκα δαιμόνων βίᾳ,
Εἰ γὰρ τεκνώσεις παῖδ' ἀποκλιθεῖς ὄφρ'.

For the sake of the whole combination I was obliged to retain the singular expression, sow not the filial furrow, although I cannot find in it the great *verecundia* which Mr. Joshua Barnes admires. Besides, the merit of it, if it be one, must be placed entirely to the account of Euripides ; for the oracle, as Laius is said to have received it immediately from the Pythia, consists of five hexameters, and expresses it, with Mr. Barnes's leave, incomparably more chastely than Euripides. It is found towards the conclusion of the prologue to the *Phœnissæ* in Barnes's edition.

oracles generally are; so that Croesus for instance could not possibly be certain whether by passing the Halys his own empire would be overturned or that of Cyrus, for the oracle carried both constructions.

JUPITER. Apollo, my good Cyniscus, on account of the trial Croesus put him upon, with the lamb's and tortoise's flesh *, had just reason to be angry with him.

CYNISCUS. A god ought not to be angry! But in my judgment, it was decreed that the unfortunate lydian prince should be deceived by the oracle, and the goddess of fate had so spun it for him that he must misunderstand the prophecy! And so it comes at last to this, that your prophetic art is owing to her.

JUPITER. You leave us then nothing to do; and we gods are mere supernumeraries! We have no superintendance over the affairs of the world, and are in fact no more worthy of the sacrifices offered to us by men, than the borer and axe of the carpenter! You may think indeed that you have a right to contemn me, because I stand quiet with the swinging thunderbolt in my hand, and allow you to reason so saucily about us.

CYNISCUS. Throw in welcome, Jupiter, if it is my fate to be struck by lightning! I shall not lay the blame upon you, but on Clotho alone, to whom you are forced to lend your arm; I shall even pronounce the thun-

* Croesus resolves, ere he asks the advice of the most celebrated oracle of the time, respecting the part he should take against Cyrus, to ascertain its trustworthiness. He accordingly gave orders to the ambassadors whom he despatched to Dodona, Delphi and five other oracles on the hundredth day after their departure from Sardis, to inquire of these seven different oracles: what king Croesus on that day was doing. The answer of the Pythia at Delphi was:

To me the number of the sands and the waves of the sea is known;
 I understand the dumb, and have no need of sound to hear;
 And a strong scent moves my senses, and a tortoise
 Which in brass with lamb's flesh is boiled,
 Has under it brass, and is with brass covered.

On the return of these several messengers with the oracles they had received, it was found that the Pythia alone had hit upon the truth, for Croesus had actually on that particular day, in order to do something that the priest of the consulted oracle could hardly guess, boiled a tortoise with lamb's flesh in a brass pot, which was covered with a brass lid. A pretty story, the truth of which no one will presume to doubt, on being informed that it has no inferior a voucher than the father of history, Herodotus, in the 46—48 chapters of his *Clio*.

derbolt itself innocent of the injury. Only one question I could however wish to ask you and the goddess of fate, if you would answer me in her behalf. It is something whereof you have reminded me by your menaces. How is it, that you leave free from molestation the false-swearers, church-robbers and highwaymen, and other reckless and profligate people of that stamp; and so frequently dart your lightning at a poor oak or a rock or the mast of a ship, which never did any harm, aye, and sometimes even at a kind and inoffensive man?— Why do not you answer me, Jupiter? Am I again asking what it is not lawful for me to know?

JUPITER. No, Cyniscus, but you are an impudent fellow; and I know not whence you have raked together all that stuff, with which you have now been so delightfully amusing me.

CYNISCUS. Then I dare not perhaps presume, to ask you and Pronœa and the goddess of fate, wherefore it was that the virtuous Phocion, as Aristides before him, died in great indigence and poverty: while Callias and Alcibiades, two of the most dissolute scoundrels in the world, and the haughty Midias and Chorops of Ægina, who starved his own mother, rioted in superfluity. Why was Socrates condemned by the eleven *, while Melitus † walked the world without molestation? Why was Sardanapalus king, and so many worthy Persians hammered to the cross because they could not be satisfied with his profligate administration? I will let these few suffice, though I could multiply instances to an endless extent, that vile and vicious men prosper in the world, while the good are kicked about like footballs, suffer want, crawl with emaciated bodies, and are weighed down to the ground by all kinds of distress and misery.

JUPITER. You know not then what horrible punishments await the wicked after death, and in what felicity the good will then abound?

CYNISCUS. You speak concerning the kingdom of the dead and of the

* These magistrates had their appellation, *oi ἑδεκα*, from their number. They were also styled *nomophylakes*, and composed a peculiar criminal court, whose peculiar province extended partly to the examination and punishment of the various delinquencies that tended to disturb the public tranquillity, partly to the inspection of the prisons, and the execution of the sentence of death passed by the areopagus and the heliastes.

† The accuser of Socrates, by profession a composer of drinking-songs and a tragedy-maker, and (as we readily credit the schollast of Aristophanes, in *Ranis*, *ad vers.* 183.) a fellow of bad morals and a dull poet.

Tityuses and the Tantaluses? Well; whether and how all that may be I shall have a close inspection of when I am dead. For the present however, I should be glad to pass my bit of life, as long as it lasts, happily, though even sixteen vultures should prey upon my liver when I am dead; and I should pray to be excused pining with thirst here, like Tantalus, that I may sit at table with the heroes in the islands of the blessed, and bask in the elysian meads.

JUPITER. What do I hear? You do not believe then that there are rewards and punishments, and a judgment where the life of every one will be examined?

CYNISCUS. I have to be sure heard that a certain Minos of Crete presides there below, as judge over all this: and he being your son, as it is reported, may I be allowed to put one question more, respecting him?

JUPITER. And what have you to inquire regarding him, Cyniscus?

CYNISCUS. Who are properly those whom he punishes?

JUPITER. That is understood, of course, the wicked; for example, murderers and church-robbers.

CYNISCUS. And who are those, whom he sends to the heroes?

JUPITER. The good, who have led a virtuous and blameless life.

CYNISCUS. Why so, Jupiter?

JUPITER. Because these deserve reward; those punishment.

CYNISCUS. If however a man has done wrong against his will, would you deem it just to punish him?

JUPITER. By no means.

CYNISCUS. And if a man has involuntarily done good, would you not judge him for the same reason unworthy of reward?

JUPITER. Most assuredly.

CYNISCUS. Therefore, best Jupiter, nobody can justly either be punished or rewarded.

JUPITER. How so*?

* This question of Jupiter, may perhaps appear to us almost too stupid for him to utter; but it is (as in general the whole part he performs in this dialogue) highly characteristic. The gentry of his stamp are so mechanically accustomed to the incoherence and inconsistency of their ideas and positions, that every question, however easily to be foreseen, comes unexpectedly upon them, and they are astonished even at the most natural consequences that arise from the comparison of their own propositions together, as at some strange and unheard of african monster.

CYNISCUS. Because we men do nothing voluntarily, but stand under the command of an inevitable necessity; supposing that to be true on which we were agreed at first setting out, that the Parcæ are the prime cause of all things. For if a man murders, they are the murderers, and if he robs a temple, he does no more than execute what they have ordered. If Minos therefore would judge justly, he will put the goddess of fate in the place of Sisyphus, and the Parcæ in the situation of Tantalus: for wherein have they been guilty; since they merely executed the command of their superiors?

JUPITER. Such questions deserve no farther answer*. You are a shameless, sophistical fellow, and I shall listen to you no longer.

CYNISCUS. I had indeed a couple of questions more at my tongue's end, namely: where the Parcæ have their habitation? and how they can exactly attend to the management of such an infinite multiplicity of matters, even to the minutest particulars, since there are but three of them †?

* Excellent, Jupiter! That was the only possible and decisive answer, and you, without considering for a moment, found it on your lips.

† The latter of these questions it might perhaps be difficult to answer to the satisfaction of an ordinary imagination. To the former the divine Plato has replied, in the tenth book of his Republic, where he tells us, from the mouth of a certain Armenian, named Her, (who having been upwards of ten days in the other world, was returned from thence, in order to relate what he had there seen and heard,) surprising things indeed. Among the rest, this Her saw the distaff of Necessity, *Ἀνάγκη*, who to all appearance was the identical person with the Heimarmene of Lucian, and the mother of the Parcæ. This distaff hangs down from the outermost empyreal sphere which surrounds the whole heaven, is of adamant, and may be of pretty large dimensions, since its spindle consists of the eight orbits, intersecting one another, of what are denominated the seven planets and the fixt stars of heaven. On each of these orbits sits a Siren "constantly singing one and the same tune, whence, from the symphony of these eight notes a perfect harmony resounds." — The said distaff is in perpetual gyration with its spindle and the eight Sirens in the lap of Necessity. Round the distaff, at equal distances sit the Parcæ, Lachesis, Clotho and Atropos, each on her peculiar throne, clad in white, and with fillets round their heads; they also sing, the first the past, the second the present, and the third the future; wherein the harmony of the eight Sirens serves them as an accompaniment. During this song each of these daughters of Fate has, besides her own business, the spinster's work of their mother to do — the description whereof, together with the whole detail of circumstances with which human souls are dismissed by these goddesses into the world below, may either be read in Plato himself, or his ingenious and learned translator, by those who delight in or can indulge their fancy in a species of allegorical figures, which, in my conception, has a tendency to bring on a premature dotage.

At least, having such a terrible quantity of work to do, they must lead a life of constant exertion and turmoil, and even could not have been born under a propitious and favouring conjunction of planets. Verily I would, provided it was left to my choice, not barter my existence against theirs, but had rather live the poorest of all poor devils, than for ever to sit twirling a distaff and be burdened with so many affairs, and obliged to give particular attention to each of them. — However, as you seem to think a reply would give you trouble, dear Jupiter, let us be content with the answers you have before given, since they are amply sufficient, to set in a proper point of view the subject of fate and of the pronœa. Probably I am fated not to know more.

SATURNALIAN TRACTS.

I.

THE SATURNALIA.

SATURN *and his* PRIEST.

PRIEST.

INFORM me, o Cronos, since at present it seems you are restored to the government, and we have celebrated your festival with burnt-offerings and other due solemnities, what shall I obtain for my share of all the oblations that have been presented to you?

SATURN. That is your affair! you should consider what is most to your own benefit and advantage; or, do you think that because I am ruler, I

SATURNALIAN TRACTS. Under this general title are comprized several ingenious trifles for which the saturnalia furnished our author with both the materials and the occasion, and in which he gives scope to his singular talent of jocosely philosophizing, and of clothing a no less acute than liberal censure on the manners of his time in the light attire of the graces, and with all that wit and that urbanity which distinguish his best performances. The saturnalia of the Romans, or *xpóna* of the Greeks, were a festival appointed in honour of Saturn and the golden age of his former reign, which in Lucian's time was kept during seven days, namely from the 17th to the 23d of December. The spirit and design of it, as well as the manner of its celebration, we best gather from these essays of our author. A festival, the object of which was to keep alive the memory of the liberty and equality of mankind in the infancy of the world, and once a year at least for seven days, to obliterate, in a manner, the odious though necessary distinction of rich and poor, presented to the genius of Lucian too fair an opportunity for satirizing those abuses which defeated the liberal design of the festival, the avarice and the luxury of the rich, and the foolish wishes and pretensions of the poor, and to divert himself with the inconsistency of mankind, here and everywhere apparent, with perfect saturnalian freedom and good-humour, to suffer it to pass by without availing himself of it. For the rest, it appears pretty plain, from the contents of these pieces, that they were not composed all at one time, but separately in the course of several years, and afterwards collected into a sort of whole, and brought out under one general title.

must of course be a conjurer, able to divine your wishes? Ask, and as far as I am able I will comply with your request.

PRIEST. With considering I have long ago done. What I desire, is nothing more than the common objects which every one would fain possess, a large estate, plenty of ready cash, to be a great man, to have a number of slaves, a splendid wardrobe, silver vessels, and whatever else is precious and valuable among men. Of all these give me, most excellent Cronos, the more the better; that I also may enjoy perfect satisfaction in your reign, and not be the only one who throughout his whole life must be denied these comforts.

SATURN. See there now, you have already requested more than I am able to grant! It is not in my power to dispense these favours, and therefore you must not be angry, in case you do not obtain them. Ask them of Jupiter when the government shall again in due time devolve on him, which will be soon: for I undertake it but provisionally. The entire sovereignty lasts no longer than seven days, when they are past I am again a private individual, of no more consequence than others, but am absorbed in the great mass. But even in these seven days I am not allowed to transact anything of a grave and important nature: to fuddle, carouse, gambol, cast the dice, chuse holiday-kings, feast the slaves, sing and dance naked, and perhaps begrime my face with soot, and allow myself to be ducked in cold water, all this I may do as much as I please*: but as to what concerns opulence, gold and other matters of the like importance, Jupiter gives to whom he will.

PRIEST. And with him that will is difficult to perceive. To him at least I have lost the inclination to apply, having long and loudly enough done so to no purpose. He either does not hear when one asks anything of him, or perhaps he even shakes his ægis, brandishes his lightning, and makes grim faces to frighten the poor folks; and if he vouchsafes to favour

* Saturn here, it must be remarked, places himself jocularly in the situation of those who celebrated his festival with these frolics after the antient usage in the juvenility of the world. The smearing with soot, and leaping into a tub of cold water, were (as we shall presently learn) penalties to which for the greater diversion of the company, the more distinguished and freeborn guests were obliged to submit, if they had acted unhandily in their office of waiting on the slaves sitting at table, and committed faults contrary to their duty as servants, of which the slaves, as *periti in arte*, might be supposed the best judges.

one with a gracious nod by making him rich, he does it without any regard to merit, passing by honest and intelligent people, while blockheads and the worst rascals in the world he overwhelms with riches. I wish to know therefore what you can do.

SATURN. Truly no such absolutely small and despicable matters, when measured by the extent and effects of my authority. Unless you regard it as a trifling affair to be victorious at dice, and when the adversary has only cast up an ace, always to throw six. Some by one lucky throw have made a round sum of money; whereas the fortunes of others have been wrecked on these petty rocks. But besides, to drink one's fill at pleasure, to be declared the best singer by the whole company at table; and whilst others, who have awkwardly performed the office of waiters, as a penalty must leap into the water, to be proclaimed conqueror, and to carry off the portion of the vanquished *, is that no grand affair? And if at last you are so lucky in your cast as to become king, and in virtue of that office have the sole privilege of exemption from all ridiculous commands, but may yourself give out as many as you please, ordering one to say scandalous things of himself, another to dance naked, a third to take the piping-girl on his back and carry her round the house three times: and this is however a plain proof that I have donations of consequence to bestow. You might object that this royalty is after all a mere jest, and of short duration: though that would be very unreasonable of you, since you see, that I myself who confer them have so short a time to reign. Therefore, to cut the matter short, if your desires are set upon any of the

* At the saturnalia masters and slaves mutually exchanged their characters, and while the servants sat and caroused at table, they were waited upon by the master of the house and his visitors, who, to do the thing properly, must acquiesce in having all kinds of ridiculous punishments dictated to them. The table being cleared, the company threw dice, and he that turned up the most dots was king; but probably his office lasted only for the evening. In the sequel the sports of christmas took place, in the christian world, of the saturnalia; and the bean king, who on twelfth-day is elected by means of a cake in which a bean is baked, (the cake being divided into so many portions as there are persons in the company, he who has the bean in his slice is king,) seems evidently an imitation of this king at the festivities of the antient saturnalia. The old custom of chusing the king of twelfth-cake is still retained, not only in Britain and Germany, but in France, where *Le Roi boit* resounds in every street, and in the greater part of Christendom to this day.

forementioned things which I am able to bestow, ask boldly. I shall neither scare you away with an ægis nor with thunderbolts.

PRIEST. But, best of all the Titans, of all this I can make no use! However, if you will but answer me a couple of questions which I should be glad to have resolved, I shall think myself sufficiently compensated for all my trouble with the sacrifices, which I in quality of your priest have offered to you, and remit you all other demands.

SATURN. Ask ; I will answer you.

PRIEST. In the first place then, I should be glad to know, whether what we hear of you be true, that you ate up all the children that Rhea bore to you, and that she, in order to save the little Jupiter, gave you a stone to swallow instead of the child ; but Jupiter on coming to years of maturity, made war upon you, drove you from the throne, and hurled you bound, with all your adherents, down to Tartarus*?

SATURN. Hark you ; if this were not a holiday on which it is allowed to get drunk, and talk all manner of stuff to masters, you should soon learn that I can be angry. Are not you ashamed to put such questions to an old hoary-headed god like me?

PRIEST. But, dear Cronos, I speak not this of myself ; but Homer and Hesiod have affirmed it ; and I must, though reluctantly, add, that almost everybody believes these reports.

SATURN. And can you imagine a cowherd, as that Hesiod was, could know anything authentically of me? Consider only a moment, whether any man in the world, I will not say a god, could be capable, of his own mere motion, of devouring his children ; unless he were a Thyestes, who, through the inhumanity of his brother, unwittingly fell into that predicament? Supposing however it were so, how could he, without being perfectly hardmouthed and secure against the tooth-ache, eat up a stone for a child? And neither is it true, that we waged war against one another, any more than that he took the government from me by violence ; I voluntarily abdicated and ceded it to him ; and that I am not bound yet in Tartarus, perhaps your own eyes may help you to see, unless you are as blind as Homer.

* All this was nevertheless in the common legend of Saturn thoroughly confirmed by the testimony of inspired poets.

PRIEST. But what could be your motive for voluntarily vacating the throne?

SATURN. That I will tell you. In one word, I was grown old, and afflicted with the ordinary malady of aged people, the gout; which probably gave rise to the public report, that I was imprisoned *. — I was no longer competent to the multiplicity of affairs that the wickedness of the present generation of men cast upon me; for to be perpetually running to and fro, with the lightning in my hand, to blast the perjurers, robbers and murderers, whom the world is so full of, was too hard work for an old man, and required a younger arm. Consulting therefore my own ease, I made over my post to Jupiter; and it really appeared to me that I acted very discreetly, in dividing my empire among my sons, in order to nurse my body in peace and quiet; and, instead of giving audience to clamorous petitioners, and puzzling my brain with their contradictory supplications, or be obliged to thunder, lighten, and discharge volleys of hailshot, pass my life, as befits a man of my years, with the nectar-bowl, and in familiar conversation with old Iapetus and other gods of my own age. — Accordingly Jupiter now governs the world, and has both hands full of employment; excepting these few days, during which I stipulated to resume the government under the conditions aforesaid, in order to put mankind upon re-collecting how happy they formerly lived under me, when the earth of its own free bounty yielded bread for them, without the necessity of labour; not as corn in the ear, but grew ready baked out of the stalk: the tables spread themselves spontaneously with all kinds of provisions, the wine flowed in streams, and milk and honey oozed out of the rocks. For at that time, mankind were all good and of pure native gold †. This was

* A fine piece of satire may be descried lurking behind the manner in which Lucian makes the aged Saturn vindicate himself against the absurdities imputed to him. A god having the gout, is, as god, not a hair better, than one that eats a stone and believes that he has ate his child. But, admitting that the gods were nothing more than men in disguise, if the latter be absurd, the former is very possible: and this very humanity of the deities, with the various passions, follies and weaknesses incident to the human nature, it is, that Lucian, in his divine confabulations, with the utmost possible bonhomie and hearty merriment turns into ridicule, because with it the foundation of superstition falls to pieces, and therefore all that is built upon it is crumbled into one common ruin.

† A jocular allusion to the description given by Hesiod in his poem *ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι* of the golden age, ver. 108, & seq.

the sole motive of my present brief administration, and the reason why in these few days we see and hear nothing but revelling and singing and playing, and an equality between slaves and freemen; for under my reign there were no servants.

PRIEST. I had formed a quite different idea of the matter, Saturn; I imagined that this humanity to slaves and fetter-wearers had its origin in the circumstance which you explain as a fiction; and that you meant by it merely to do honour to your companions in misery, by binding yourself to submit to the will of a superior, not able to forget your own fetters.

SATURN. Can you never have done with your impertinences?

PRIEST. Well; I say not a word more. Only resolve me this; was it the custom in your time for men to play at dice?

SATURN. Certainly; not however for whole talents, and still greater sums, as at present; but only for nuts, that the losing party might not have cause to repine and fret.

PRIEST. There they were right! What else had they to throw for, seeing they were all over pure gold themselves? Apropos; whilst you were speaking a thought came across my mind: if one of these men made of pure gold could be procured in our days and produced in public, what would become of the poor wretch? The mob I am sure would rush upon him, and tear him to pieces, as the Mænades did Pentheus, the thracian women Orpheus, and the hounds Acteon, and fall to loggerheads for the largest share. At least nothing better is to be expected of people who have such a hankering after gain that even the holidays must be made a source of revenue to them. Instead of having amused them in the company of one another, they go away rejoicing at having plundered their friends; while the sufferers forget themselves so far as even to swear at you, and in their rage demolish the poor dice, though perfectly innocent of the damage they have wittingly and willingly brought upon themselves. Now only answer me this. How comes it, that you, who a god of such an infirm state of body, and so advanced in age — that you should for your festival make choice of precisely the most inclement season of the year, when all is covered with snow and stiffened by frost, when the northwind keenly blows, the trees are sapless and stripped of their foliage, the gardens and meads disrobed of their flowery mantle, and men, shrivelled up with cold, crowd around the hearth, as if spent

with age and decrepitude ; in short, a season when neither young nor old can properly indulge in pleasure ? And yet this is the season that you have selected for your feast.

SATURN. Teaze me no more with your interrogatories, man, I beseech you. — Here, we ought to be drinking ; and instead of that, you have been consuming the time in impertinently philosophizing, till a good part of the festival is over. So no more of it. Let us now live jovially, and surrender ourselves to unbounded liberty and mirth ; and then, agreeably to the old custom, play for nuts, chuse kings, and do whatever they command us, and thus make good the old saying, “ once a man, twice a child.”

PRIEST. May the punishment of Tantalus be the portion of him who dislikes your proposal, best Cronos ! Now therefore let the full bowl go round ! I am perfectly satisfied with your first answer : and I intend to commit this our conversation, with all that I have asked and you so graciously answered, to paper, that such of my friends as deserve to know it may have the pleasure of reading it.

II.

CRONOSOLON.

Cronosolon, priest and prophet of Saturn, and superintendant of all that appertains to his festival, to all whom it concerns, does it to be known.

Forasmuch as everything that the poor are to observe, has been already publicly set forth in a particular edict*, and I the less doubt that they will punctually regulate their lives by the law, as the heavy penalties annexed to the transgressions will infallibly follow at the heels of them : now therefore, ye rich, to you I issue my earnest exhortation to do nothing in contravention of the laws, and these my ordinances not to neglect ; for whoever shall presume to do so, know, that he does not contemn me, but Saturn himself, who appeared to me, not in the vision of a

CRONOSOLON. A word compounded of Cronos and Solon, for designating the legislator of the Saturnalia.

* This apparently has reference to some treatise now no longer extant.

dream, but not long ago when I was awake and master of all my senses, corporeally, and appointed me lawgiver of his festival, He was neither fettered nor so dirty and mouldy as the painters, confiding in the veracity and fidelity of the brainsick poets, represent him ; of all the attributes they give him, he had nothing but the scythe, which seemed to be very sharp-whetted. Moreover he looked brisk and vigorous, and his whole costume was such as becomes a king. But what he said was truly worthy of a god, and deserves to be communicated to you. For, when he saw me walking up and down with a sorrowful countenance, and absorbed in thought, he knew immediately, as was to be expected of a god, the reason of my melancholy ; and that I was out of humour, because in defiance of the intemperature of the season, I was compelled, from poverty, to go abroad clad only in a single tunic. For it was very cold, the wind blowing fiercely from the north, the ground was covered with snow, the water-brooks congealed into solid ice, and I very badly defended against the chilling blasts. Added to this, I saw the holidays so near and everyone busily employed in making the necessary preparations for sacrificing and feasting, while I was not at all jovially inclined. Being, as I said, in this dejected mood, he approached me from behind, took me by the ear and shook me, as is always his custom when he appears to me ; and what is the matter with you, Cronosolon, said he, that you look so cast down ? And may I not well be so, my master, was my answer, at seeing the most impious and profligate wretches wallowing in riches, accommodations and pleasure, whilst we of the learned, I and such numbers of my equals suffer penury, and are at a loss to know how to procure even a scanty sustenance ? Even you, my gracious lord, have alas no inclination to remedy the evil, by putting all in the world upon a fair and equal footing ! — Upon the whole, returned he, it is not well feasible to alter anything in what Clotho and the other Parcæ have imposed on you : but however I will mitigate the evil of poverty to you, as far as my power, during the festival, will permit ; and the means shall be these. Go, Cronosolon, and write me down this instant some laws, to regulate what is to be observed at the festival, that the rich may not only feast among themselves, but let you and the rest of you come in for a share in their good cheer. — Alas, said I, I know not how to write laws ? How shall I set about it ? — I will tell you how, replied he ; and began imme-

diately to open his mind to me. And when I had learnt all he had to deliver, he added, now tell them from me, that if they do not exactly perform all these things, let them not imagine that I bear this sharp scythe in vain; or it would be truly laughable, if I, who did not spare my own father Uranos, should hesitate to capon the rich, and make them like the Galli *, who going about with timbrels and pipes collect alms for the mother-goddess. This he said to me with such a menacing countenance, that it will be the safest way for you not to transgress the laws.

LAWS OF THE SATURNALIA.

FIRST TABLE.

Let nobody presume, during the time of the festival, to employ himself in doing anything public or private but what tends to the promoting of play, of pleasure and of mirth. Let none be suffered to work on those days excepting cooks and confectioners.

Servants and freemen, poor and rich are on a footing of equality.

To be angry, to be in ill humour, to utter threatening words, is forbid to all without distinction.

Let none, during the saturnalia, dare to call anyone to account for entrusted property.

Let no man, as long as the holidays last, count his money, or the number of his garments; all writing, and all gymnastic exercises are interdicted; it is likewise prohibited, to compose or to deliver any other speeches than such as are pleasant and facetious, and calculated solely for pastime, jocularly and diversion.

* A fanatical strolling set of priests of the phrygian goddess Cybele, commonly confounded with the Idæan mother, and inasmuch as she is so, with Rhea also styled the mother-goddess. [See the note in p.304.] The emperor Antoninus Pius, who antecedently to his elevation had been proconsul in Phrygia, and had from particular considerations conceived a singular devotion for mother Cybele, restored to respect her service which had fallen into considerable contempt, and is the first emperor of whom we have coins with the figure of this mother-goddess. Probably her priests the Corybantes or Galli profited of these favourable circumstances, to lay under contribution the stupid superstition of the common people the more boldly, by going about (as we may conclude from this passage) with the image of their goddess, accompanied with the sound of timbrels and pipes, to collect alms.

SECOND TABLE *.

A great while previous to the festival the rich shall make out a list of the names of their respective friends, at the same time setting apart a sum of money, about the tenth part of their yearly income, all the superfluous clothes of their wardrobe, all the household furniture that is too mean for them, and a fair proportion of silver utensils.

On the day before the festival commences, by a general purification of the whole house, stinginess, avarice, covetousness, and all the like inmates usually lodging there, shall be banished thence. The houses being thus cleansed, they shall next sacrifice to Jupiter Plutodotes, to Hermes Dotor and to Apollo Megalodoros †, when the evening twilight commences the aforesaid catalogue shall be read over to their friends, the presents deposited, and after having allotted to them severally donations suitable to their merit and quality, let them be sent to their said friends before night-fall.

For carrying them let them employ no more than three or four of their oldest and trustiest domestics.

Let it be specified in the letters accompanying these presents, what and how much is sent, that no suspicion may fall upon the bearers, of having purloined a part of it.

Let the messengers when they have delivered their errand, in lieu of drink-money, be satisfied with a single goblet of wine, and ask for nothing more.

Let the presents made to the learned, as is but just, be double to those made to others.

Let the compliments with which the presents are accompanied be as short and modest as possible, refraining from all expressions that might be disagreeable to the receiver, and without vaunting the value of the donation.

* All the laws of this table relate to the antient custom of making little presents to friends and acquaintances at the saturnalia, which has likewise been retained in our christian saturnalia to this day.

† These surnames, which all refer to giving, seem to have been coined by our author expressly for present use: for they are otherwise not common. The Bestower of Riches; the Munificent; the Giver of great and noble Gifts.

Let no rich man send anything to another rich man, nor invite his equals to the saturnalia.

Let nothing be reserved of what was provided for this solemnity, for another : and let no man grudge or repent of his donation.

Let him who, by reason of being absent abroad, received nothing in the foregoing year, be indemnified for his loss.

Let the rich call to mind, that one or other of their friends may find it inconvenient to pay his house-rent or defray other current expenses ; these let them pay for him : and to such ends let them inquire after the circumstances of their friends, in order to discover what each is most in need of.

On the other hand, let the receivers abstain from all dissatisfaction, and accept the donation, whatever it be, with gratitude.

Let not a jug of wine, a hare nor a fat hen pass for a saturnalian present ; much less let any turn the laudable antient usage into jest by making ridiculous presents*.

Let the poor scholar send the rich, in return, either an old book on merry and symposiac subjects, or one as good as he can make of his own composition ; and let the rich man accept it with a pleasing and gracious countenance, and immediately read it : but should he lay it aside, or perhaps throw it into a corner, let him know that he has thereby incurred the threatened penalty of the scythe †, though he have made the due presents before.

He that has no book to give, may send a wreath of flowers or a few grains of frankincense.

Should however a poor man pretend to make a present to a rich man of purple stuffs, silver or gold, things which are above his means : let such present be confiscated, and the money it produces delivered into the saturnalian treasury : and let the said poor man the following day receive

* The addition " whatever it may be" might easily have been brought into abuse ; an elucidation therefore presently follows of the preceding article, which in such always presumable cases, sets bounds to their contrivances to serve their friends as cheaply as possible. Saturn we see has an eye to everything.

† Namely, combabification. That is indeed rather severe ! But Saturn is a sovereign, who knows how to set a proper value upon scholars, notwithstanding that in a reign of only seven days he could hardly lay his account in any particular gratitude from them.

from the rich man not fewer than two hundred and fifty blows with a ferula on the hand.

SYMPOSIAC LAWS*.

As soon as the shadow on the sundial is six feet long, let all go to bathe; before the bath they may play for nuts †.

* That is, laws relating to the saturnalian holidays, having it in view to set bounds to the avarice and haughtiness of the rich and the insolence of their servants.

† Supper was the principal meal with the Athenians. They usually went to the bath before supper, especially when they ate from home. The ordinary hour of supper was, according to Aristophanes, when the shadow on the dial was ten feet long; from which we may infer, that the dials were horizontal, with upright gnomons, denoting the hours by the intersection of the umbral line, with the sun's place marked in the zodiac of the dial. In their banquets of debauch, female players on the flute, and dancers, were introduced; all of whom, as well as their courtizans, were slaves, and therefore obliged to endure all the amorous brutalities of a very licentious people. After eating, they passed the best part of the night in drinking and singing, single, or accompanied with the lyre. Those who had a mind to chaunt verses of Æschylus took a branch of myrtle; they also chaunted *scolia*, which were either serious or bacchanalian airs. He who had begun an air was not allowed to finish it; they interrupted him by substituting another song, thus making a hotch-potch of it. In the *Wasps* of Aristophanes a humorous example of these *scolia* occurs, to which we refer the reader. We should not however confound the words *scholia* and *scolia*; the first comes from a greek word denoting *leisure*, and signifies the learned annotations produced by the leisure of men of letters; the other designates cross-purposes, anything left-handed, clumsey, aukward, &c. Towards the end of the carousal, when heated with wine, neither the lyre nor the cup was given in continuation, but at hap-hazard, crossways, &c. and the person thus called upon was under the necessity of making a *scolium*, and of patching some new song to that already begun. Timocreon of Rhodes made a scolium against Plutus, which has been preserved by the greek commentators on Aristophanes, and is as follows: *Blind Plutus, thou shouldst never appear either on earth or sea: thy habitation ought to be black Tartarus, and the banks of the Acheron; for to thee we are beholden for all the evils of life.* As the Athenians sat a long time over their cups, they made it a rule, to prevent any from sleeping at table, to give the pyramus to the person who should pass the night without sleeping; this was a cake made of boiled honey and roasted wheat, an excellent ragout for such as relished it. One of the pastimes of the banquet was called *cottabising*, an exercise invented by the Sicilians, and performed (according to the greek scholiasts) by placing a staff in the midst of the hall, and on the top of it, transversely, a balanced yoke, at the two ends of which two equipoized basons were suspended. Under each bason was a vessel full of water, and within an image of gilt copper, called *manes*. Into one of these basons was thrown the wine that remained in the cup after being drunk; the rencounter of the bason with the water and the *manes*, produced a noise called *cottabus*, and he who performed this feat the best, expected to prove the most agreeable to his mistress.

At table let everyone sit as chance directs. Let neither station nor family nor estate, give a right to be served before others.

Let all drink the same wine ; and let the rich plead neither head-ache nor stomach-ache, as a pretence for being served with better wine than the rest.

Let all the portions of meat be equal ; let not the waiters favour anyone more than other. Let them be prompt in their duty, and not present anyone at pleasure with a dish, or without being asked for it, or set before one person a large, another a small portion, before this a knuckle, and that a hog's cheek ; but let in all things a perfect equality have place.

Let the butler look down, as from a watch-tower, with keen attention on every guest, less upon the master of the house, and still with keener hearken. Let the salvers be furnished with goblets of various sizes.

Let none refuse to drink a health when he is challenged ; and let everybody drink whenever he pleases, without waiting till a rich man has made a beginning. On the other hand, let no man be forced to drink more than he can.

To introduce a dancer or a harper, who is still a pupil, to the feast, it shall not be lawful.

To cut jokes upon one another is free to everyone, provided they are not injurious.

Let such as are inclined to dice, throw for nuts * ; whoever has played for money, let him the following day have nothing to eat.

Everyone may remain as long and depart as soon as he pleases.

When the rich man treats his domestics, let his friends assist him in waiting on them.

These laws let every rich man cause to be engraved on a brazen pillar in the centre of his great hall, and diligently read ; and they may rely upon it, that so long as the pillar stands, neither famine nor pestilence,

* Aristophanes makes mention of some games that were in use at Athens, as *dice*, *cockal*, *odd and even*, which are well enough understood : another, which may be literally rendered *gob in mouth*, seems to have been merely vulgar, and was performed by throwing fruit, &c. into the air and catching it in the mouth. Another sport, which may be rendered *the beaten quail*, appears to have been calculated for children.

nor fire, nor any other plague shall enter their dwellings : but if, what I hope will never be, it should be demolished, may heaven defend them from what will then ensue *!

* A euphemian turn, to avoid directly saying that something dreadful would befall them : for the antients, as I have elsewhere suggested, studiously abstained from all speeches of ill omen, especially on mirthful occasions.

Having on such various occasions noticed the deities and their festivals, it is time to speak of the sacrifices. The first remark that here offers itself, is, that the trade of making nosegays and garlands must have been at that time very lucrative, as few days passed whereon there was not occasion for crowns, wreaths, chaplets, festoons, &c. Not only all who sacrificed, or who assisted at the sacrifice, were obliged to wear crowns, but it was customary to be crowned with flowers even at debauches, and also to adorn by way of devotion, the doors with festoons of flowers and branches of olive. These crowns, especially those which were brought from the sacrifices, were effectual safeguards, insomuch that it was not lawful to maltreat any person that was crowned, although it were a slave. When they were minded to punish a slave, they first pulled off his crown, in the manner of the Russians of our days, who first take off the mitre or cap of their popes, before they fall to beating them. The furniture required for immolation was a basket containing the salted barley, the fillets and the knife; some fire; a ewer filled with lustral or holy water, and a brush, which after dipping it into the water, was to make an aspersion about the altar and on the standers by. Salted barley was afterwards scattered over all the persons present at the sacrifice. Next followed the prayer, which began with these consecrated words : *Who are the persons here attending ?* To which the response was, *The good.* After this introit, the god to whom they were sacrificing was invoked; and in the prayer, after naming the Athenians, a formula was uniformly — *And for those of Chio;* as there was a community of prayers between the Athenians and the people of Chio. Before pronouncing the prayer, a herald cried out : *Peace; attention; silence!* The libations were then made, and when these were ended, they exclaimed, *The libation is made; invoke the god: the oremus* afterwards of the latin church. There only remained to cut the throat of the victim, to carve it, and to make an oblation of certain limbs and portions of it. A fire was kindled, a table was brought to cut upon, and the tongue was cut out and appropriated to the herald or crier. The entrails were offered to the god, after being roasted with the other parts. The quarters also, destined for the god, or for his priests, were then offered, and new libations were made, unless it be thought that those already spoke of were made here. In the sacrifices salt was not forgot. As the carcase was not entirely burnt, it may be easily imagined that the sacrifice was followed by a junketing wherein wine was not spared. One of the most essential rites of the sacrifice was, eating the entrails of the victims, and the horridest imprecation that could be uttered against anyone was to say to him : *Mayest thou never have a part in the sacred entrails of the victims.* Messieurs the sacrificers must have had stomachs not over nice, to cleanse the tripes of so many animals. A black sheep was sacrificed to appease a tempest. A milk-white sow was offered at the opening of the assembly in which they treated of public affairs.

SATURNALIAN EPISTLES.

I TO SATURN.

GREETING.

NOT long ago I took the liberty to disclose to you in writing my circumstances, acquainting you that from pure poverty I am in danger of being left completely empty at the festival you have announced to us ; adding, that it was highly absurd, that some of us are immoderately rich and wallow in luxury and pleasure, without concerning themselves in the least about the poor : while these, who would be relieved by a small part of their superfluity, pine with hunger, and that before the face of Saturn ! On you, best Saturn, it is incumbent, first of all to do away this inequality. Were that once done, you might proclaim your feast whenever you would ; but as the matter now stands, we are either ants or camels, as the proverb has it *. Think of a tragic actor, who should stand with one foot in a high cothurnus †, while the other was quite unshod : in this trim, he must needs appear, when walking, now a giant, now a dwarf, according as he stepped with one foot or the other : this actor is the image of the inequality in human life. Some who have fortune buckled to them,

* *Formica camelus* was a noted proverb among the Greeks and Romans, signifying anything that is excessively disproportionate, either by its vast bulk, as the camel, or by its diminutive size, as the ant ; and so Lucian here applies it.

† It was a custom among the Greeks and Romans, for the actors of tragedies to wear a buskin or shoe with a high cork heel, to make them appear the taller ; whereas the comedians wore only sandals or soles without any heels at all. Seneca in his 76th epistle uses the same similitude on the like occasion : *Nemo ex istis quos purpuratos vides felix est ; non magis quam ex illis quibus scēptrum & chlamydem in scenā fabulæ assignant. Cum præsentē populo elati inceperunt, & cothurnati, simul exierunt, excalceantur, & ad staturam suam redeunt, &c.*

stride in buskins over us, or rather tread us under foot, and yet we, as well as they, could strut about and present ourselves as demigods, if we were but provided with the necessary requisites. — Indeed I hear the poets say, that, of yore, when you were sole monarch, the world wore a very different aspect. The earth produced all its bounties, unploughed and unsowed, and every man found his table profusely covered, without caring about how it came to pass. Rivulets were seen everywhere flowing with wine and milk, aye, even with honey, and above all, the very men of that age were golden, and poverty did not dare to let itself be seen by them. We on the contrary are not even of lead, but somewhat still worse; the generality of us can scarce earn a morsel of bread by severe toil, and there is nothing but penury, lamentation and despondence to be heard of amongst us, and perpetual anxiety how to procure the necessaries of life. And yet, you may believe me, we should be far less pitiable if we were not obliged to see how happy the rich are; they, who with so much silver and gold in their coffers, possessed of so many changes of apparel, such a number of slaves, equipages, estates and entire villages, and in short, the utmost abundance of everything, think so little of parting with any of it to us, that they do not once deign to look upon people of our stamp.

This, dear Saturn, is what vexes me the most. We find it really intolerable, that one person should have nothing else to do, but to stretch himself upon a purple couch, to attend to the tardy digestion of an abundant repast, to pamper his body, to be complimented on his happiness, and to make holiday every day in the year: while we, poor creatures, even in our dreams have no other thoughts but where we shall get four oboli to procure us the next day a belly-full of dry bread or barley-broth, and a handful of cresses or a knob of garlic, or a couple of onions by way of side-dish, and a lodging for the next night. Therefore, dear Saturn, one of the two! either make it otherwise, and restore to us the antient equality; or command at least the rich not to keep all the good things to themselves, but of their numerous tons of gold, to throw down a bushel at least amongst us, and of the quantity of their garments to let us have what otherwise the moths would consume, without their caring about it; and bestow upon us, for our comfort, some of those mouldy old clothes rather than let them lie rotting in their chests and presses. In the next

place, command them constantly to invite four or five of the poor to table, not as is the custom in our days, but in a more popular manner, so that all may be treated alike, not as the custom at present is, the master of the house to keep all the nice bits for himself, having the servant to stand by him with the dish till he is crammed to satiety, and can eat no more ; and at last when he comes to us, and we stretch out our hands for it, the servant just shews us the empty dish or the few orts that remain in it, and passes us by ; nor when a wild boar is served up, that the carver should set the half of it, together with the head, before the master of the house, and offer to the rest the scarcely covered bones. I also pray, that you would be so kind as to order him who hands round the cups, not to wait till he has been asked seven times for drink, but immediately as one of us the first time wants a draught, to hand to him a cup as full as that he pours out for the master of the house himself ; and again, that all the guests be served with the same identical wine : for I know not where it is writ : one man shall get fuddled with generous and racy muscadel, while I must get the gripes with stum.

If you will, o Cronos, reform and set to rights all this, then we shall be able to say, you have made your life life again, and your feast again a feast : if not, then let the rich keep your saturnalia by themselves ; we will sit at home and say our prayers : that when they return home from bathing, the servant that brings them wine may tumble down with the flask and break it all to pieces before their faces ; that the cook may burn up their ragouts to a cinder, and from inadvertence pour the fish-brine into their lentil-soup * ; that some ravenous bitch steal into the pantry, while the cook is busy about something else, and devour the whole of their blackpuddings † and hagges, and half of their pastry ; and that while the

* The lentil-broth or soup, φακὴ, appears likewise in Athenæus as a dainty dish ; the grecian cooks must therefore have had a particular receipt for preparing it. In the just named author I find nothing more of it, than that the lentils from Gela in Sicily are preferably recommended for this use ; and that, at the entertainment which affords him so much subject for his culinary learning, the lentil-broth was boiled and served up with fowls and vegetables in it.

† With respect to the considerable difference between the antient and modern cookery, I know not whether I have selected here the fittest word for ἄλλας, usually translated sausage, which comprises the several very different species of it. The whole combination of this passage seems to me to indicate that likewise here the discourse turns upon dainties. The same may be ap-

wild-boars, stags and sucking-pigs are on the spits, the miracle may be renewed, which Homer relates of the solar-oxen, and not only crawl, but leap up, and with the spits sticking in them behind, run back into the forest; aye, that even their fat hens, though already plucked and drawn, may fly out of the dishes, that they may not entirely be engrossed by those insatiable gluttons; and what will vex them more than all, that ants of the indian family * may gnaw holes in their money-bags, and in the darkness of the night scatter their contents in the street; that their fine clothes, from the negligence of the wardrobe-keepers, may be ate through by our dear friends the mice into the likeness of a sieve, with meshes wide enough to let them serve for a hunting net; and that their yellow locked boys, to whom they are pleased to give the names of Hyacinthus, Achilles and Narcissus, at the moment they are presenting the drinking-cup to them, may suddenly lose their hair and be as bald as the palm of their hand, and may their chins at the same instant be clothed with a rough bristly beard in the style of the wedge-shaped beard of the comedians, growing up to the eyelids, leaving the white and smooth spots more apparent! — These and the like petitions we shall not fail to prefer, unless they quickly resolve to renounce their immoderate selfishness, and to be rich not barely for themselves but for the common benefit, and to allow us a due portion of their superfluity.

plied to the *πλακῆς*, which for lack of a more definite term is generally rendered cakes. Of these there was a great variety of sorts, which the famous Apicius still farther augmented by several new ones of his invention; and I have reason to suppose, that even what we term pastry or confectionery, at least some kinds of it, were comprehended under that general denomination. The Greeks refined so much on this main article of their gastronomy, that Athenæus names four authors who wrote whole volumes on the preparation of cakes. For more on the subject the reader must be referred to himself in the 14th book of his oft quoted work.

* In septentrionali Indiæ regione, formicæ cornutæ & pugnacissimæ esse feruntur, aurumque ex terræ cavernis egerere atque cumulare. Ipsis color felium, magnitudo luporum Ægypti esse dicitur. Indi id aurum in maximo solis æstu furantur, cum formicæ domi latitant, quæ tamen nonnunquam odore excitatæ, celerrimo cursu auri prædones, camelis & dromedariis fugientes, assequuntur, atque lacerant. Plin. lib. xi. cap. 31. Strabo likewise speaks of these ants, lib. xv.

SATURN TO ME.

TO HIS MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND,

GREETING.

Are you gone mad, good friend, that you look to me for a reformation of the present state of the world and a new and equal distribution of the goods of fortune, knowing as you should do that these are matters that belong to another jurisdiction? Or are you, in the name of wonder, the only one who does not know that I have long since laid down my regal dignity and divided my empire among my sons, and that it is Jupiter to whom the care of such things properly appertains; to be brief, that my present government extends solely to dice-playing, revelling, singing and carousing, and even that for no longer time than seven days? Respecting therefore what relates to concerns of such magnitude as the abolition of inequality, and that either everybody should be poor or everybody rich, let Jupiter declare his sovereign will! But in case anyone sins in matters relating to my festival, or is guilty of a niggardly conduct, that comes under my cognizance; and I have actually issued a rescript to the rich to send the bushels of gold and the clothes which they shall give you at the feast, and likewise regarding the abuses complained of in their entertainments; since it is just and equitable that they should satisfy you on all these points, unless they have any objections thereto to offer.

In the meantime I will not conceal from you, poor, that you are very much deceived, and entertain an extremely erroneous opinion of the rich, if you imagine them completely felicitous and only living pleasant lives, because they have a sumptuous board, handsome youths and beautiful women in their service, and wear soft raiment. It is easy to see that you form a false estimate of these things. Know therefore that their enjoyment brings with it no small cares and troubles. For there is not one of these supposed children of fortune, but must keep his eyes open day and night, lest he incur damage from his steward either through ignorance and negligence, or purposely robbed; lest the wine in the cellar turn to vinegar; lest the corn in the granary get alive; lest thieves convey away his golden cups, and the sycophants put it into the heads of his fellow-

citizens that he wants to domineer over them. And this is yet scarcely a thousandth part of their plagues! In short, if you would know how greatly their lives are embittered by fears and solitudes, of a truth you would no longer wish to be in their place. Besides, do you think if there were anything so glorious in being a great and rich lord, that I should ever have been so senseless as to resign these advantages in favour of another, to live as a private person and suffer myself to be commanded by others? But I knew right well how little I sacrificed by giving up my empire, and have never had reason to repent it.

You next complain, that the rich gorge themselves with game and expensive pastry; while you even in the holidays are forced to put up with cresses, leeks and onions. But see now what reason you have to complain! At the hour of eating (a good appetite presupposed *) one is about as agreeable as the other: but what comes afterwards makes a great difference. You do not, like them, rise up the next morning with the headache, nor does your stomach vent its complaints, by the symptoms of a bad digestion, that you overloaded it yesterday: they on the contrary who have moreover rioted the greater part of the night in other luxuries, by such various excesses are apt to contract apoplexies, inflammations of the lungs, or the dropsy. Or, can you point me out one of them that is not so pale and wan as to look more like a dead corpse than a sound man? Where can you shew me one of them, provided he has arrived to a certain age, that goes upon his own legs, but must be borne upon the shoulders of four men; and although all gold on the outside, yet within is like the tragedy dresses, pure miserable rags and tatters stitched together? Indeed you know not how their fish tastes; but neither do you know their sensations in their consumptions and their fits of the gout, and the other distempers that unavoidably attend a dissolute life. Likewise good cheer, because they indulge in it every day, at length loses all its pleasure for them; and you might sometimes see them longing as much for cabbage and onions as you may do for hares and partridges. I pass over many other incidental circumstances that embitter their lives: now an undutiful son, now a wife who conceives an attachment to one of the domestics,

* This little addition is not in the text, but Lucian must have thought it while he was writing, though it lagged behind in his pen.

now a favourite girl that endures their odious caresses out of pure necessity. Of all these plagues you see and know nothing; you see only their gold and their purple habiliments; and when you behold them drawn in state with their milk-white prancers, you gaze at them open-mouthed, and bow down to the ground. Whereas were you so discreet as to make nothing of them, not stare at their silver-decked calashes, not while you converse with them be always squinting at the huge sparkling emerald on the finger, and admiring the finery of their dress; in a word, if you let them be as rich as they would without your caring about it; I think they would come of their own accord and invite you to table, in order to make a show to you of their costly sophas, and tables and drinking-cups; which unless they were viewed by others, would be of no consequence to them. In reality you would find, that it is generally for your sake alone, and not for their own particular use, but that they have them, that they may be admired by you. All this I tell you, for your comfort, since I understand both the life of the rich and of the poor, and I think you should principally cherish, on my festival, the thought, that you will all together shortly go out of the world, and leave behind you, they their riches, you your poverty.

To conclude, I shall write to them, as I promised, and doubt not that my admonitions will find acceptance with them.

SATURN TO THE RICH.

GREETING.

Not long ago an address from the poor was presented to me, wherein they bring complaints against you, alleging, that you let them have no share in your fortunate circumstances. The result of it was, that they intreated me, to introduce a community of goods, in consequence whereof every one should have his due proportion of them; for it is no more than equitable, said they, that an equality should be established, instead of as now the course is, that some have too much and others nothing at all of the comforts of life.

I gave them for answer: that this point had best be referred to Jupiter. But as to what concerns the present festival, and any wrongs they think inflicted upon them by you at this season, I found the cognizance of them certainly within my province, and therefore have taken upon me to issue this rescript to you. As far as I can see, what they ask of you is very fair. For, how can we, say they, when we are almost perishing in this inclement season with cold * and hunger, put on holiday-looks and pretend to be merry? If therefore I would have them partake of my feast, they prayed me to enjoin you to give them all the garments you can spare and that are not fine enough for you †; at the same time of your gold to let it rain a little into their laps. If you agree to this, they will not urge their complaints to Jupiter on the score of your abundance: if not, they threaten to sue for a new distribution at the next court session held by that god. To me it appears, that you might without difficulty comply with these requests, in consideration of the great advantages of which you will be left in undisturbed possession. One thing too, which I had like to have forgot, is, that they should be glad to see inserted in my writing somewhat with regard to the share they wish to have in your entertainments. They com-

* What is said in the *Birds* of Aristophanes of the benign vapour of the furnace, or stove, which warms in the winter by darting its rays on all sides, inclines us to think that the Greeks did not warm themselves by a clear chimney-fire, as we do; but that their apartments were heated by stoves, as was practised by the Romans. In fact we find no antient authors that have treated of architecture making mention of chimneys in apartments, nor of the means to prevent them from smoking, although this makes one of the principal cares of modern architects. The Germans, the Swedes, the Russians and other northern nations adhere to the antient method of warming themselves by the vapour of stoves; and it appears that chimneys are, in our days, very rare in the palaces of Rome, being thought to disfigure an apartment. Among the Greeks, none but the very lowest class of people warmed themselves by a clear fire. They repaired for that purpose to the furnaces of the baths, and their skins, marked and spotted, shewed plainly that they had felt the piercing warmth of a clear, ardent fire.

† The common habit of the Athenians was a vest and mantle, or a cassoc in lieu of the mantle. Their shoes or socks were made of leather, blacked with grease and soot by means of a sponge, and were tied with leather thongs. Mention is made by Aristophanes of a species of bark, of which a dress called *amorgis* was made, which might be peeled like hemp. The purple of Sardis is spoken of as a valuable stuff worn only by the most opulent citizens. The clothing of the slaves in winter consisted of short jackets or waistcoats, surtouts of hides, and bonnets of dog-skin.

plain that it is at present the custom with the generality of you to make good cheer alone and with locked doors; and if after long intervals you do ask some few of them to table, they reap more discomfort than pleasure from your hospitality, being generally treated in so scornful a manner; for example, they are not allowed to drink the same wine that is filled out to you. Fie upon it! how illiberal is this of you, and how very blameable they are in not rising up immediately upon such treatment, and leaving you to enjoy your repast alone! Then again, even of this they are not suffered to drink as much as they like, they say; but your servitors seem all, like the companions of Ulysses, to have stopped their ears with wax. The rest of the behaviour is so bad, that I am ashamed to repeat, what they complain to me of, respecting the distribution of the portions, and the servants who stand with the dishes beside you till you are quite gorged, and then pass briskly by them; and more of the like contemptuous behaviour unbecoming men of generosity and fortune. For universal equality is unquestionably the most pleasant and delightful part of an entertainment; and for what other reason is the chairman at your symposiums styled *Isodiaites**, but for the purpose of reminding you, that all should be mutually done upon the foot of equality. See therefore to it, that they have no longer cause of complaint against you, but that they may rather hold you in respect and love you; especially as they would be satisfied with so little; and a donation, which you would never feel the want of, but which should come to them in the hour of need, would secure to you their grateful attachment for ever. Besides, you ought never

* It was the custom both with the Greeks and Romans at festive entertainments, after the cravings of appetite were stilled, to continue sitting a good while together in order to drink and be merry. At which time they used to elect a sort of president, who gave out the healths, kept a strict watch over the observance of the drinking-laws, and sentenced the transgressors, *pro pana*, to such a number of cups. He was styled by the Romans *rex* or *magister convivii*, and it is probably this jocular office that is meant by the lucianic Saturn under the name of *Isodiaites*; for there seems to be no greater reason for applying this word to Bacchus, notwithstanding *Isodiaites*; (which appears here to be the most eligible reading) is also one of the many surnames of that deity. Moreover, I have retained the word symposium in the translation, because the subject relates to the second act of the entertainment, namely, about putting round the *poculum hilaritatis*, whereon the Greeks laid so much stress, that a feast was styled by them *symposium* [*combibium*], and therefore derived its appellation, not from eating together, but from drinking together.

to forget, that you make such a conspicuous figure in society, only because you have so many poor fellow-members of it, and ten thousand are in motion for your accommodation and pleasure; and that you would have nobody to admire your opulence if you were ever so rich in private for yourselves alone. Give therefore to the multitude an opportunity to gaze with wonder at your plate and your costly furniture; let them put about the friendly bowl among them, were it only that while quaffing it they may consider its massive gold; poize in their hands its vast weight; and while they admire the elegance of the figures upon it, estimate the ingenuity of the workmanship as nearly equal to that of the gold itself*. If you then goodnatureedly and amicably pay attention to all this, you will gain one advantage by it, you will avoid envy. For who would envy him who makes it his pleasure to let others participate in his prosperity? Who would not rather wish that he may rejoice in his possessions to the extremity of age? But after the rate that you now manage your affairs, your good fortune is without witnesses, your opulence an object of envy, and your lives vacant and deprived of their highest zest. For I should suppose it is not equally agreeable whether a man sits alone, filling his belly, to use a common expression, as the lions and wolves do †, or whether we eat in society with honest people, who vie with each other in being agreeable to us in all possible ways, and in the first place will not suffer the feast to be dull and unentertaining, or quite silent and without a sound to be heard, but make the time merrily pass on in animated con-

* This I imagine is what Lucian meant by the expression τὸν χρυσὸν ὅσος ἱκανοῖσι τῇ τέχνῃ, and find the trait uncommonly true and characteristic. Rich folks, to whom gold is somewhat familiar, would admire the heavy golden cups more for the fashion than the weight; but the poor man is most struck by the consideration that so elegant and artificial a goblet is at the same time so ponderous in gold; and thus his admiration is doubly flattering to the vanity of the possessor.

† The text says properly: Those of the wolves that live singly, τῶν μονιῶν τῶν λύκων; and this appears to presuppose the erroneous opinion, as if only a particular species of wolves lived singly: to which probably the circumstance, that wolves are frequently seen going troopwise in quest of prey, may have given rise. Notwithstanding however these accidental predatory gangs, the wolf lives instinctively solitary and unsocial, so that even his connexion with the wolfess is but of short duration, and is independent on all enticement and affection, the mere furious impulse of a momentary want. Buffon, Hist. Nat. vol. xii. art. Wolf.

versation, diverting stories and harmless jests, in short with a thousand varieties of entertainment on which Bacchus and Aphrodite and the Graces smile, — and then the next day, all the people have to relate so many fine things of your goodness and affability, and how much one is delighted at your house; which will not a little contribute to make you universally beloved. All this were worth purchasing, for much money. For, supposing that the poor were to come to a resolution to walk about with their eyes shut, would not it vex you, if you had nobody to whom you could display your gaudy clothes, the number of your retinue, and the great rings sparkling on your fingers? Not to say, that the poor must at length hate you, and will annoy you by plots and machinations of various kinds, if you continue to exclude them from all participation in your good cheer. Indeed the curses with which they menace you are terrible; and heaven forefend that they should proceed to such extremities as actually to level them at you! For if so, you would never again get a taste either of a pudding or of a tart, except what the dog may have casually left; your lentil broth would savour of fish-brine, the black and red game would even on the spit run out of the kitchen back to the forest, and the fowls in the pot would come to life, and without feathers fly down the gullets of the poor; aye, what is worse than all, your fair pages would instantly become baldheaded, and besides this, let the wine-jug slip out of their hands and be smashed in a thousand pieces*. This therefore is what I submit to your consideration. Adopt such measures as may best conduce to the proper ends of the festival, and be the most advisable for your personal safety, by mitigating the hardships and indigence of the poor; since at a small expense you may make them your friends, who are by no means despicable.

* It formed a part of the beneficent superstition of the ancients to believe in the fulfilment of curses in case they originated in indignation excited by just causes. Accordingly, the earnestness with which Saturn speaks of the infallible consequences of the threatened imprecations of the poor produces here a so much more comic effect.

THE RICH TO SATURN.

You think then, Saturn, that the poor have preferred their complaints to you alone, and that Jupiter has not already long ago been deafened with their clamours about a new division of property, and with their eternal doleful murmurings against fate for having made such an unequal distribution? But, as he is Jupiter, so he knows on whom the blame lies; and it is for that reason that he takes so little notice of their applications. However, we by no means refuse to lay our vindication before you, as our former sovereign. Having then always had in view what you have wrote to us upon, how laudable it is to let some of our superfluity flow down upon the necessitous, and how much pleasure would accrue to us if we kept company with the poor and conversed affably with them, so neither have we failed to live with them upon so equal a footing that none of them have just cause of complaint upon that account*. Whereas they who at first represented their wants to be very small, no sooner did we open our doors to them, but they were incessantly making one demand after another; and if everything was not immediately granted them at the first word, we might lay our account in it that they were angry and became our enemies, and would most provokingly argue with us; and that with such good effect, that though they told lies, their invectives nevertheless obtained credit with their hearers, because it was known that they had lived on a familiar foot with us; insomuch that no other alternative was left for us, but to adopt one of these two evils, either to give them nothing and so live in hostility with them, or to surrender everything to them and thus soon be reduced to beggary ourselves. If however we were

* This I conceive (*salvis melioribus*) to be the true meaning of the above passage, and I see no reason to depart from the common reading *ισοδιαίλος* and *συνδιαίτος*, as the apparent allusion of the rich gentry to the foregoing *συνδιαίτης* of Saturn loses nothing by it. The matter is not worth a more detailed discussion, and if any prefer to read with Gesner *συνδιαίτης* and *ισοδιαίτης* they will gain nothing by it in behalf of the meaning of the passage; for after all, the rich intend to say nothing more, than that they were willing to treat their poor friends always as their equals, as they had done before, till by their licentious deportment they were forced to the contrary.

inclined to condescend to them in many respects, yet at least their behaviour at table was quite insupportable. Not content with cramming their paunch till it can hold no more, they are not ashamed, after having drunk above their quantity, now to squeeze the hand of a fair wench that presents the cup, now to take liberties with the mistress or even the wife of the landlord; and then when they had discharged the contents of their overloaded stomachs all about the hall, they bespattered us the next day, by spreading reports that we had let them hunger and thirst at our table. If on perusing this you should perhaps be tempted to think it exceeds credibility, only recollect your former parasite Ixion, whom the honour of sitting down at your board, and being on a foot of equality with you, made so presuming, that the genteel guest in a drunken mood even attempted the chastity of Juno herself. These and similar excesses are what have forced us to adopt the resolution, for our own security, to exclude them from our houses. But if they will promise, and you will be bound for them, to be satisfied with what is reasonable, as they now pretend they are willing to be, and behave decently and mannerly at our tables, they may again come into our company and eat with us, and much good may it do them! Neither will we neglect your command, to send them a proper supply of clothes and likewise money; and nothing in general shall be wanting on our side; only they on their part must not deal falsely and fraudulently with us, not be flatterers and mumpers, but friends. To conclude, if they will but do their duty, you shall have no reason in any respect to complain of us.

THE
LIFE'S-END
OF
P E R E G R I N U S.

LUCIAN *to his friend* CRONIUS.

AND so that wretched fellow, Peregrinus, or, as he rather chose to style himself, Proteus, has completed the resemblance with his homeric namesake, and the ambitious blockhead, after having metamorphosed himself successively into a variety of shapes, has at last taken the humour, so ardent was his passion for glory, to turn himself into fire*! He might as to that particular be named a second Empedocles; with this difference however, that the former when he threw himself into the crater of Ætna, would be seen by nobody: whereas this doughty hero chose the most frequented of all the national assemblies of Greece, for the scene of his magnanimous exploit, and caused an enormous pile of wood to be erected

PEREGRINUS. Since our author in this epistle to his (otherwise unknown) friend Cronius, represents the character and extraordinary end of the singular enthusiast, as in the Alexander he exhibits the life of the consummate impostor: it would perhaps be superfluous to recommend them to the particular attention and reflection of the reader. The whole of the matter rests upon this, whether and how far Lucian deserves credit in this production; a question which to me seemed of sufficient consequence to be more minutely discussed in a brief dissertation annexed to this piece.

* In allusion to the formerly quoted verses of the 4th book of the *Odyssey*, where the daughter of the sea-god Proteus, speaking of her father, says to Menelaus:

Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape,
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb. POPE.

that he might leap in, in the presence of an infinite crowd of spectators, and after having previously apprised the public of his intended exhibition by an elaborate harangue.

The silly old fellow! I hear you laughingly exclaim. What consummate folly, to burn oneself for the sake of being famous! Oh, the stupid dolt! — and all the rest of the interjections commonly employed to give vent to our feelings on the like occasions. These you may use at so great a distance without running any risk: I for my part was not more sparing of similar exclamations, while standing directly over against the fire, and in the hearing of a great number of people, not a few of whom thought they saw somewhat admirable in the conceited bravery of the old man, and took my levity very much amiss. Some indeed there were who joined me in laughing. Little was wanting however to my being torn to pieces by the cynics, as Actæon was by his dogs, or his kinsman Pentheus by the raving Mænades.

The tragical farce merits a circumstantial description. What sort of a person the author was, and what tragedies he has been acting all his life, in defiance of whatever Æschylus and Sophocles did in that department *, you are no stranger to. No repetition therefore being requisite, I may immediately commence my narrative with the prelude that reached my ears directly upon my arrival at Elis.

Happening to pass by the gymnasium of that place, I heard a cynic, in a loud growling voice, holding forth upon their common-place topic as usual, that is, in a declamatory encomium upon virtue, affirming that it is banished from all parts of the country, and went on abusing and railing at all mankind without exception.

At length, when he had pretty well exhausted his lungs, he turned his discourse upon Proteus; and I will endeavour to deliver to you what he said as nearly as possible in his own words: you have so often heard these mountabanks, that you will immediately recognize the bird by his notes. “And has any man the audacity,” cried he, “to accuse Proteus of a vain lust of glory! O ye gods of heaven and earth, of the rivers and the ocean, and you, o father Hercules! What! that Proteus, who lay-bound

* That the *tertium comparationis* is to be sought for here simply in the wonderful and astonishing, scarcely needs mentioning.

Syria,— him, who remitted to his country a debt of five thousand talents*— him, whom the Romans cast out from their city † — him, who can be no more misapprehended than the sun, and who might even vie with Olympius himself? — him would they dare to accuse of vanity, because he chuses to pass out of life through fire? Did not Hercules do the same? Did not Æsculapius and Dionysos die by a stroke of lightning? and did not Empedocles leap into the crater?”

When Theagenes (for that was the bawler's name) had done speaking, I asked one of the bye-standers, what he meant by his fire, and what Hercules and Empedocles had to do with Proteus? — You are ignorant then, returned he, that Proteus intends to burn himself presently at Olympia?— Burn himself! cried I, in amazement: what is the meaning of that? and why will he burn himself? — But when he was going to answer me, the cynic began again to roar so horribly that I could not understand a word the other said. I listened again to the astonishing hyperboles in praise of Proteus, poured forth by the former in a torrent of words. To compare him with him of Sinope ‡ and his master Antisthenes, he said, would be doing them too much honour. Even Socrates would not be good enough for that: to make short of it, he at length challenged Jupiter himself to vie with his hero; after all however he thought it best to strike the balance between them, and concluded his speech to the following effect. “ In a word, the two great wonders of the world are Jupiter Olympius and Proteus: the one was formed by the art of Phidias, the other by nature herself; and now will this glorious image of deity return to the gods in a chariot of fire, and leave us poor orphans behind!” —

* Nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand, seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling, a handsome round sum in the mouth of a beggarly cynical dog, who probably in his whole life had never seen together five hundred drachmas.

† This sounds oddly enough from the lips of a panegyrist: but if the cynic did in fact express himself so laconically on this circumstance in the biography of his hero, he needed to be under no apprehension of being misunderstood by his audience; for the Greeks in general entertained a violent prejudice against roman names, and the disgraceful expulsion of their philosophers from Rome and Italy under the emperor Domitian had excited too much notice to be already forgot. When therefore they heard, that so great a sage as Peregrine had been chased out of the city by the Romans, they thought of no other reason for it, than that for which even Epictetus was forced to quit Rome.

‡ Diogenes.

The man sweated like roast-meat in bringing out his mad stuff; but at the last words burst out in so comical a sort of weeping, that I could scarce refrain from laughing; he even made as if he would pluck up his hair by the roots, taking care however not to pull too hard. At last a posse of cynics put an end to the farce, by leading off the sobbing orator and administering to him words of consolation.

He however had no sooner come down from the pulpit than another got up, lest the audience should separate before he had poured his libation on the flaming sacrifice of his predecessor *. His overture was a loud fit of laughter, by which it was easy to perceive he procured his diaphragm a necessary relief. He began nearly thus. As the mountabank Theagenes concluded his pitiful speech with the tears of Heraclitus, I contrariwise begin mine with the laughter of Democritus — and then he burst out afresh into such a continued peal, that most of us present could not help keeping him company. At last, composing himself, he proceeded: how was it possible good people to do otherwise than laugh, on hearing such perfectly ridiculous trash delivered in such a tone, and to behold how men in their dotage, for the sake of a little paltry renown, are almost ready to cut capers in the public market? But, that you may know somewhat more particularly of this image of deity, that is shortly to be burnt, give ear a little to me, who am of a long time acquainted with his character, and have studiously observed his life; besides I have diligently inquired of several of his countrymen, and of persons, who of necessity must know him thoroughly.

This great masterpiece and wonder of the world, this canon of Polycletus then †, was, in Armenia, when scarcely attained to manhood, caught in adultery, and forced with a radish in his hind-quarters, to make his escape by leaping from the roof ‡, to avoid being flogged to death.

* The circumstance that Lucian does not name this speaker as he had done the former, does not indeed throw suspicion over the narrative itself, but it affords sufficient reason for placing, what he makes this anonymus say, to his own account.

† i. e. he was reckoned the ideal exemplar of moral perfection, like as the statue of Polycletus, which received the name canon [the rule], was held the most consummate model of the just proportions of the human form.

‡ Among both Greeks and Romans it was lawful to take rather a cruel kind of private revenge on one caught in adultery. One of the most ordinary (as may be inferred from a passage

Notwithstanding this, he soon after seduced a beautiful girl, whose parents, from poverty, suffered themselves to be bribed with three thousand drachmas *, to save him from the infamy of being carried before the governor of Asia. To pass over however his juvenile tricks of this nature †: for at that time this image of deity was as yet a rude lump of clay, and very far from having attained his formation and accomplishment. But what he did to his father is by no means to be past over, though probably you may have heard of it before: it is reported that, because the old man lived threescore years too long for him, he strangled him ‡. As the affair was soon bruited abroad, he thought it expedient to banish himself from his native city, and to roam about from one country to another in an unsettled and vagabond condition.

About this time it happened, that he had himself instructed in the admirable wisdom of the christians §, for which he found an opportunity in Palæstine, having previously made himself acquainted with their priests

in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, ver. 1079 & seq.) was, that which they termed *ῥαφανδοσθαί*, i. e. sticking a pretty full grown radish into the after-part of the miserable sinner, as that word is explained by the scholiast of Aristophanes. Notwithstanding Lucian, as appears at first sight, commences the punishment of the young Peregrine with a sound drubbing, I believe however I have hit upon the true import of the entire period, and knew not well how otherwise to account for the leap from the top of the house. The operation with the radish forms the commencement then the unhappy patient was bastinadoed so long till, all other means of escape being shut out, he is forced to take a desperate leap from the roof. Fortunately, the houses of the antients in general were not high. * A hundred and twenty-five pounds.

† In reality as a specimen these two are amply sufficient.

‡ We see from the substance and style of this declamation throughout, which Lucian lays in the mouth of an anonymus, that the orator does not intend to spare Peregrine, or put the best construction on any of his actions that can be interpreted to his disadvantage. The parricide of which he accuses Peregrine had never been proved in a court of justice, and it is not impossible, that notwithstanding his flight, he was innocent, and only withdrew from examination for fear of failing in the evidence of his innocence: but all circumstances taken together, it must be confessed, that this is not probable; and that Peregrine had still strong suspicion against him. However, the man could not indeed be his friend, who upon bare suspicion, though never so strong, brings against him a positive and direct charge of such atrocity, as that he had strangled his father. For so says the text, in blunt terms; and I have purely for the sake of euphony made an alteration by inserting, "it is reported."

§ Here the gall of the orthodox greek scholiast, as at several more passages, overflows: "Aye, it may well be admirable indeed," he exclaims, "you cursed fellow, and far above all admiration, though its beauty is unapparent and invisible to such a blind braggart as you!"

and scribes. In this so surprising was his proficiency, that his teachers were in a short time only children in comparison of him. He even presently became prophet, thiasarch, rector of the synagogue*, and in one word all in all among them. He expounded and commented on their books, and wrote a great many himself; in short, he succeeded so far, as to be regarded by them in the light of a divine man, receiving laws from him, and constituting him their president †." Moreover, these people worship the famous magus, that was crucified in Palæstine for having introduced these novel mysteries into the world ‡. It came at length to that pass; that Proteus, for committing the same crime, was arrested and thrown into prison; a circumstance, that contributed not a little, to fan in him that singular vanity which had actuated him through life,

* The text employs the words *προφήτης*, *διασάρχης*, and *ξυναγωγῆς*. The double meaning of the first is well known. Thiasos was properly the appellation of the troop of satyrs, fauns and frantic women, with whom Bacchus traversed the world; in the sequel this term was applied to every pack of enthusiastic bacchantes and in general to every religious brotherhood, and the president of it was styled the thiasarch. That the jews denominated the place of their religious assemblies synagogue, was doubtless known to Lucian, and he seems therefore, in using the term synagogue-ruler, to cast the christians and the jews into one mass; partly because the former were of jewish origin, partly because he might take them for people of the same class. Whether however he was unacquainted with the titles presbyter and episcopus, usual among them, or why he prefers to change them for others, does not appear.

† *Προσάτης*, in much about the same sense, as, according to Solanus's remark, Cyril of Jerusalem, in his 6th discourse to the candidates for baptism, calls the apostles Peter and Paul *προσάτας τῆς ἐκκλησίας*. What office it properly denoted cannot indeed be precisely ascertained; it must however have been not inferior to the episcopal, if the christians in Palæstine submitted to his regulations, as the anonymus, perhaps without sufficient grounds, pretends. The expression of the text, *ὡς θεὸν αὐτὸν ἐκείνοι ἠγάγον*, I have rendered "they held him a divine man," because I am persuaded, that Lucian meant nothing more by it.

‡ All my strenuous efforts to reduce this period, beginning with *τὸν μίγαν γὰρ ἐκείνον ἔτι σέσωσιν ἄνθρωποι* into due consistence with the foregoing, having proved ineffectual, I hope for pardon of the *pii manes* of Solanus and J. M. Gessner, if I think it probable, with the learned Tanaquil le Fevre, that either somewhat is defective in the text, or the whole passage has otherwise suffered some irreparable damage. Gessner's conjecture, that Lucian, instead of *μίγαν* wrote *μάγον*, appears to me more than probable; for *μίγαν*, which he here can have taken neither seriously nor ironically, yields no tolerable meaning: whereas it is sufficiently known, that Jesus, on account of the miracles attested of him and confirmed by public report, was cried down by the Jews, who did not believe in him, as a magician, who performed these marvellous acts by the power of sorcery.

and that fondness for the marvellous, and that restless endeavour after the reputation of an extraordinary character *, which were his ruling passions. For no sooner was he in confinement, than the christians, who looked upon it as a great disappointment to the common cause, attempted by all possible means to procure his enlargement from prison; and not succeeding, they let him at least want for nothing, and were the more assiduous in affording him every supply that could conduce to his accommodation and comfort. By the first dawn of day, a number of old women, widows † and young orphans were seen hovering about the prison; some of the most principal even bribed the jailers, and passed whole nights with him. Likewise sumptuous meals ‡ were carried in to him, and they read their sacred books together; finally, their dear Peregrine, as they used to call him, was to them a second Socrates §. Several even came from different cities in Asia, as deputies from the christians in those parts, offer their assistance, to be his advocates when on his trial, and to com-

* Lucian, by the word *δοξοκωμία*, which appears likewise once or twice in Plutarch, may imply at once all that I, in order not to lose anything of its force, have been obliged so largely to paraphrase.

† Without doubt the deaconesses are here meant, who, according to the ordinance of St. Paul, might not be under sixty years of age, and whose function it was, among other things, to administer all possible relief to the necessitous, sick and imprisoned brethren and sisters, for Christ's sake.

‡ The reader has no need of any suggestion of mine for enabling him to perceive that this is meant of the *ἀγapai* or love-feasts, the nature of which, as well as the abuses that had crept into them even in the days of the apostles, are sufficiently known. Accordingly I see not why Solanus makes such a stir about Lucian's saying *δίψνα ποικίλα* (meals of several dishes), or how he can deny that the *ἀγapai*, frequently at least, were such repasts. Still less do I see, wherefore it should be denied. If several persons eat together, and each brings with him one dish, several dishes are produced, and what is to be said against it? Does Lucian then accuse them of gormandizing and getting drunk?

§ Solanus here again thinks it his duty to stand forth as the apologist of people in whom he is as little interested as the man in the moon, and with whom he is not more acquainted. The anonymus, introduced as a speaker by Lucian, obviously means, by saying "they called him a second Socrates," neither more nor less, than to express the uncommonly high opinion which these christians then entertained of their dear brother Peregrine, as a supposed great saint and martyr to the truth. It is true, he does not express himself after their manner, but after his own, which was more familiar and fluent to him; but what great injury does he do them thereby? So much the worse for them, if they did not feel that he paid them much honour by it!

fort him. For these people in all such cases, where the interest of the whole community is concerned, are inconceivably alert and active, sparing neither trouble nor expense. Accordingly Peregrine, by his imprisonment amassed money to a large amount, in consequence of the presents that were sent him, and raised a considerable income from it. For these poor people have taken it into their heads, that they shall body and soul be immortal and live to all eternity; thence it is, that they contemn death, and that many of them run voluntarily into his clutches. Besides, their original legislator * taught them, that they were all brothers, when they had taken the great step to renounce the grecian deities, and bow their knee to their crucified sophist †, and live in conformity to his laws. All things else they despise in the lump, holding them vain and worthless ‡, without having a competent reason for being attached to these opinions. Whenever therefore any cunning impostor applies to them, who understands the proper trick, he finds it an easy matter to lead these simple people by the nose, and very soon to become a rich man at their expense §.

* T. le Fevre reasonably asks, who Lucian could mean by this first lawgiver of the christians (whom he distinguishes from the crucified), and conjectures, that it might be the apostle Paul.

† The epithet sophist was not in Lucian's time a term of reproach, though it had somewhat equivocal in it, and it is certainly to be presumed, that he does not intend it here to be taken in the most favourable acceptation.

‡ I here follow T. le Fevre, who proposes to read *κεία* for *κοία*, notwithstanding everything that Du Soul and Gesner object against it. The lection *κοία* appears to me to yield no precise meaning, because Lucian says: they had no competent reason for thinking in that manner. This may be said of the extravagant and universal contempt for all earthly and temporal objects which he (not without reason) lays to their charge; but by no means of the community of goods which at that time had place among them; since to the latter they had a very good and palpable motive. A common salvation-bank is an excellent expedient for giving consistence to a religious society, still under persecution but sedulously intent upon its preservation and extension.

§ It may be proper, without breaking out into an unseasonable warmth with honest Moses Du Soul, to bring to our recollection a few facts, the historical certainty of which is incontestible, regarding the whole of this in several respects remarkable passage; and which may serve at least when taken together, to ascertain the point of view whence Lucian beheld the whole of the affair which forms the subject of it, and render his judgment of it comprehensible to us.

I. The christians (to leave them their old legitimate denomination) were indeed about this time, that is, in the latter half of the second century from the birth of Christ, already dispersed over several provinces of the roman empire, and were particularly numerous in Asia, Syria and

Peregrine, however, after a formal trial, was set at liberty by the governour of Syria, a great lover of philosophy, who, on perceiving

Ægypt, but (for various reasons irrelevant to our present purpose) were extremely reserved respecting the dogmas and ceremonies of their religion, or what they themselves denominated their mysteries, towards all that were attached to the predominant religion: it was therefore quite natural for even enlightened men among the latter, as Tacitus, Pliny, Lucian, &c. to form in general erroneous ideas of their principles, tenets and sacred rites; but of the person of Jesus himself they knew nothing more distinctly, than what common report had circulated regarding his life and death: consequently were very far from forming a just and worthy conception of him. Besides, inveterate prejudices stood in their way against him. Both Romans and Greeks had an exceedingly contemptuous opinion, on several accounts, of the jews — and *he* had been a jew. Under the idea of a wonderworker, men like Tacitus and Lucian conceived an impostor, juggler, fortuneteller, or somewhat of that nature, exactly as with us at present it is the first thought that enters the mind of a reasonable man, on hearing of a Gessner, Schrœpfer, Cagliostro, and others of similar pretensions. Thaumaturges, magicians, sorcerers, necromancers, &c. in their conceptions, all belonged to one and the same class — and *he* was declared to be a thaumaturg. These two causes were more than sufficient to communicate to them the most hostile prejudices against him, and to deter them from all farther inquiry.

II. That primitive simplicity and purity of heart, which was a characteristic of the first disciples of Jesus, had at that time, among those who called themselves christians, already very much declined; not only because in the very nature of things it could not be otherwise, as soon as the professors of the new faith and practice could number themselves by hundreds of thousands; but likewise, principally, because even from the days of the apostles, a multitude of half-jewish and half-heathenish enthusiasts, visionaries, theosophists, theurges and adder-charmers, sieve-turners, and adepts of various sects and denominations, concealed themselves beneath the christian name, and the diverse, though it were only accidental and momentary commixture with these fanatics or impostors, must naturally have had a baneful influence on the christian community itself, no less than on the judgment of the pagans concerning them. It is a fact of universal notoriety, that from these impure sources issued a quantity of spurious or forged scriptures, for the most part filled with the most preposterous nonsense and the most insipid stories, under the name of the apostles and their disciples, aye, even of the patriarchs before and after the flood, &c. and were current among the christians; concerning the authenticity or spuriousness whereof nothing was yet decided. All this must necessarily, with many, and perhaps it would not be saying too much, with the generality of the professors of christianity at that time, have so much the more encouraged the disposition to fanaticism (which besides is so natural to the Asiatics), as even of itself nothing is easier than the imperceptible transition from pure and genuine enthusiasm to the ungenue, and moreover so many other internal and external causes gradually alloyed with so much human impurity the divine quality that prevailed at first in the temper of christians, till the continually debasing gold was at last no longer deserving of the name.

This circumstance explains, not only how it came to pass, that the enlightened part of the

what absurd notions had filled the head of this poor creature, and that he was fool enough out of vanity and the lust of posthumous fame

world thought so despicably of the christians; but also how feasible it was for such a creature as Peregrine (for a time at least) to play a conspicuous part among them. We have only to open our eyes, for perceiving what in our days (which however with respect to the possibility and the facility of illumination have almost immense advantages over them) has passed and is still passing, for enabling us to draw very safe conclusions of what was at that time possible and probably actually happened.

III. The generality of christians in Lucian's time might lack the temper and spirit of Christ (which in all probability was really the case), and yet be actuated by that ardent zeal for the common cause, and impelled by the party-spirit and that brotherly mind, by which all new sects, orders and secret societies, founded on mysteries and labouring under oppression and persecution, and only to be preserved by that fraternal unity of mind, are distinguished, and which Lucian remarks as a striking characteristic feature in them. For it is that very spirit of community that composes the life and soul of each individual into a society united for social ends, and which communicates to it solid consistence, durability and more extensive operation in the world at large. With whom has this powerful impulse ever been more efficacious than with the jesuits? Surely these latter will not take it amiss, if I style the christians under the emperors of the second and third centuries, considered as a religious order, the jesuits of those times: at least I am persuaded, that that appellation, with the whole force of it, characterizes them better than any other. Is any thing more necessary to enable the unprejudiced judge of human affairs to comprehend whence it proceeded, that the man who in the "Resuscitated" declares himself the sworn foe to all undue pretensions, all imposture, all chicanery, fanaticism and juggling, and exhibits himself as such in all his writings, thought of the jesuits of his age, nearly as all sound judging men, friendly to the interests of society, do in ours; regarding the order of Loyola; and in general of all secret societies founded upon mystical hypotheses, and aiming at super-human objects?

IV. Now although these considerations seem to render it easily comprehensible, why Lucian (who regarded the christians as a despicable sect of fanatical enthusiasts, and without being himself initiated into their mysteries, could no otherwise think of them than as did all other intelligent and learned pagans of his time)—why, I say, Lucian saw neither the little that he had heard of their articles of belief, nor their common spirit and brotherly mind, in a favourable light: yet I am not so partially prejudiced in his behalf as not to perceive the influence of the epicurean principles, to which, especially in his later years, he was avowedly attached, on his judgment respecting the christians, or to approve the temper and notions, from which some of his expressions, which are hardly to be excused even in a rational epicurean, seem to have sprung. An epicurean cannot indeed, upon his theory, avoid believing, that people, "who have firmly fixed it in their heads, that they shall live, body and soul together, eternally," have adopted an erroneous conceit; but how he could abuse the poor devils [*κακοδαίμονες*] on account of a conceit (if it even were but a conceit) so delicious, soothing and benign, so elevating to the temper and affections, is not perhaps to be comprehended. They condemn death by reason

voluntarily to die, chose rather to give him his discharge, as not thinking him worth chastising. Peregrine therefore returned home; but presently found that the report of his parricide was still glowing beneath the embers, and several were concerting measures for commencing against him a prosecution in due form. The half of his paternal estate had been consumed in his travels, and the remainder consisted of about fifteen talents in landed property; for the whole of what the old man died worth amounted at most to thirty thousand crowns, and not five millions, as Theagenes ridiculously asserted; a sum, which the whole town of Parium*, with five other neighbouring towns besides, including men, cattle and all the rest of their appurtenances, if to be sold, would not fetch. As I observed therefore, the suspicion of his crime was still alive, and he had every reason to believe that accusers would shortly start up against him. The common people in particular were incensed, and complained that such a good creature as the old man was, as represented by all who knew him, should be put out of the world in such a shameful manner. Now let us see, by what cunning device the sagacious Proteus contrived to extricate himself from this bad business. He had in the mean time let his beard grow to a bushy size, and usually went in a dirty cassoc of coarse cloth, with a wallet upon his shoulders and a staff in his hand. In this tragical attire he now appeared at a public meeting of the Parians, and declared that he had adopted the resolution to make over the whole estate of his late father, of happy memory, to the public. This liberality had so good an effect upon the needy part of the populace, who are always eagerly gaping after eleemosynary presents, that they burst out into loud testimonies of their gratitude and admiration. This is to be called a philosopher, cried they, a real patriot, a true follower of Diogenes and Crates!† By this the mouths of his enemies were stopped, and whoever

of this belief, he says: but why should they be censured for what to the Greeks, free and uncorrupted by bondage and luxury, was the highest glory? And he, who in so many of his compositions derides the grecian deities, and makes it his constant business to strip them of all respect, how can he make it a reproach to the christians that they would have nothing to do with such gods?

* This Parium, Peregrine's birth-place, was a roman colony in Mysia, situate on the shore of the Hellespont, and had therefore municipal rights and a sort of democratic constitution. Hence the public assemblies of the people, which the text farther on more particularly mentions.

† Peregrine, notwithstanding his appearance before his Parians in the habit and costume of

had attempted to mention the parricide would have been sure to be pelted with stones. Nothing now remained for him but to betake himself to a second peregrination, for thus he might reckon upon an ample allowance from the christians, who were everywhere at his service, and let him want for nothing. In this manner he subsisted for some time. But afterwards, having ruined himself with them, he was, I think, said to have been seen eating * some food that is interdicted by their tenets, and therefore they refused to tolerate him any longer amongst them, and he was reduced to such extreme distress, that he thought himself justified in reclaiming of the town of Parium the property he had relinquished to it. He accordingly applied to the emperor for a mandate of resumption; but the city now sending deputies with a counter petition, he did not succeed, but was commanded to stand to the transaction, since it was effected of his own voluntary motion. He next set out upon a third journey, to Agathobulus †, in *Ægypt*, where he signalized himself by a quite new and admirable method of practical virtue; he shaved one half of his head, daubed his face over with mud, whipped himself with a rod, and invited others to do it for him, and, to shew that such acts were among the adiaphora, played a number of other ridiculous and scandalous pranks, whereby he endeavoured to acquire the reputation of being an extraordinary man ‡. After these ex-

a cynic philosopher, and was pronounced by them, in their fanatical transport, a second Socrates, had not yet professed himself with the cynics. This was not till afterwards, when he resorted to the school of Agathobulus after he had been disowned by the christians, and no other resource was left him.

* "It seemed good to the holy ghost, and to us (thus write the apostles and elders at Jerusalem, to the brethren in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia, Acts, xv.) to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: that ye abstain from meats offered to idols," i. e. not to eat the flesh of victims, "and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication." This apostolical constitution was strictly observed among the christians, and the penalty of excommunication was at least impended over the eating of idolatrous offerings. With Peregrine it was the more rigorously exacted, owing to the higher authority in which he had stood among them.

† A cynic philosopher, as it appears, who began to distinguish himself as such about A. C. 120. Vide Euseb. chronic. 5. h. a. Our author names him among the teachers of his Demonax, and there is no existing reason why he might not have lived about the year 150, and even much later at Alexandria.

‡ All these absurdities, which the anonymus, perhaps with some exaggeration, lays to Peregrine's charge, were calculated to intimate his initiation into the order of cynics, whereby

cellent preparatives, he shipped himself for Italy, where he had no sooner entered the territory, than he began to abuse and vilify all the world, particularly the emperor, who was known to be a sovereign of such a mild and gentle disposition*, that he thought he might boldly utter anything against him. As it may easily be imagined, the monarch cared little about his slanders, holding it beneath his dignity to punish a wretch who made a profession of philosophy, on account of words, especially as he carried on the trade of calumniating and insulting as his ordinary vocation. In the mean time even this circumstance conduced to increase his reputation: for among the common people there was no lack of simple souls with whom he established his credit by his very extravagance; so that the superintendant of the police at length, no longer able to brook his insolence, ordered him out of the city; because, as he said, such philosophers were not wanted at Rome. But even this augmented his celebrity, everybody talking of the philosopher, who on account of his bold tongue and for speaking the truth too freely, had been banished the city: and this similarity placed him on a level with a Musonius, a Dio, an Epicuretus †, and whoever else of that class had experienced the same fate ‡. On his departure from thence into Greece, after first venting his passion for invective, on the inhabitants of Elis, he next endeavoured to persuade the Greeks to take up arms against the Romans, proceeding to abuse one person

he made public profession of the renunciation of several conventional notions and all the laws of propriety and decorum, and to live as a free child of nature, able to tolerate and endure everything, to despise bodily pain, &c.

* If Peregrine burnt himself A. C. 168, as Eusebius affirms, and between his expulsion from Rome and his death, according to our author, about eight years had elapsed, then no other emperor can here be meant than Antoninus Pius; and to him the character thus described perfectly agrees.

† Of whom the first was exiled from Italy under the emperor Nero, as were the two others, together with all the philosophers, as many of them as were then in Rome, by a decree of the emperor Domitian.

‡ Brucker, in his uncritical *Histor. Crit. Philos.* vol. ii. p. 523, has here been misled by an old, but false, latin translation, *et tunc temporis profectus est ad Musonium, &c.* to entangle himself almost ridiculously in chronological difficulties, out of which even his refusing credence to the whole of this history will not be able to extricate him. Indeed if Peregrine had been banished from Rome by Domitian, he must, when he burnt himself in anno domini 168, have been at least 120 years old. Had the profound scholar but been at the pains to read over

for his eminent learning and station *, who among several other meritorious acts in behalf of Greece, had constructed an aqueduct to Olympia at his own expense, that the spectators of the games might no longer perish by thirst †. This benefaction, Peregrine turned into a subject of reproach to him, pretending that by it he designed to render the Greeks effeminate. It is fit, said he, that the spectators of the olympic games should be able to endure thirst, and the damage would not be so very great, if some of them caught the fevers to which they had hitherto been exposed on account of the aridity of that district, and of which great numbers had felt the fatal effects. He had the effrontery to say all this at the very instant when he was solacing himself with the water thus conveyed. A degree of impudence, at which those present were

le Fevre's little note on the word *προσῆλαυσι*, he would have spared himself this distress and a couple of quarto pages which do little honour to his critical sagacity.

* The person here adverted to is the celebrated Tiberius Claudius Atticus Herodes, the most respectable, most eloquent, most wealthy and public-spirited of all the Greeks living under the Antonines. With the exception of the great Cosmo di Medici, any private man can with difficulty be named who employed a princely fortune in so noble a manner as this Herodes Atticus, as he is commonly called. Among the works whereby he embellished Athens, was a stadion (foot race-course) of white marble, whereof some remains are still to be seen, and a magnificent theatre, similar to one he had likewise erected at Corinth; Philostratus also records several other works no less splendid than beneficial, for which Greece was beholden to his munificence; and Pausanias rehearses a quantity of excellent and valuable performances of art set up by him in the temple of Neptune at Corinth. Herodes was appointed by Antoninus Pius tutor to his adoptive sons. In A. C. 143, he was invested with the consular dignity, and was afterwards appointed imperial præfect over the free cities of Asia, and president of the panellenistic and panathenean festivities.

† The spectators of the olympic games, assembled from all parts of the world, suffered so much in the sultry season from the heat of the sun and the contracted space, that, as we are informed by *Ælian, Var. Histor.* xiv. 18, a master could threaten his slaves with nothing more horrible, than to send them to Olympia to see the games. The want of water rendered this inconvenience still more insupportable. Herodes therefore acquired no inferior degree of merit on behalf of the public by constructing at his own expense an aqueduct to Olympia; and now a fellow, out of affected singularity and cynical instinct to barking, blames everything that others praise, and could make so meritorious a work a reproach to him. — Philostratus likewise, in his account of Herod. Attic. (*Vit. Sophist.* ii. p. 563) mentions this affectation of Peregrine, on every occasion to growl at a man like Herodes, and the cold contempt with which the latter returned it.

so exasperated that they ran together, and were going to cover him with a volley of stones, and would have effected their purpose had not the audacious fellow, to save his life, taken refuge with Jupiter *. At the next olympiad he presented himself again before the Greeks, and made a speech, at which he had been labouring during the four years interval, wherein, after apologizing for his flight the last time, he extolled to the skies the man who had brought the water to Olympia. Being aware however that nobody minded him, and that he might come and go without exciting the smallest notice, — for his tricks were now rather stale; and having nothing new to amuse and surprise them with, and not knowing how to excite the attention and admiration of the public, as that had been from the very first the object of his passionate cupidity — he at length hit upon this present mad frolic respecting the funeral pile, by announcing to the Greeks at the last olympic games, that he would burn himself at those next ensuing. And this is now the wonderful adventure, about the performance whereof, as it is said, he is busily employed, having already dug a pit, and got together a large quantity of wood, for presenting to us the spectacle of a super-human fortitude of mind. According to my judgment he ought rather to wait for death with calm resignation, and not run out of life like a fugitive slave. If however he is so firmly resolved to die, why exactly by fire, and with so much tragic apparatus? To what end that particular manner of death, since he had the choice of a thousand others? And, supposing even that he had a marked predilection for fire, as an herculean mode of dying: why does he not look out quietly for a retired woody mountain, and burn himself there alone; or if he must have a Philoctetes † present, why may not this Theagenes serve his turn? But that is too unostentatious; he is determined to roast himself at Olympia in the view of an immense crowd of spectators; which is next to doing it on the public stage; not

* Namely, in the temple of Jupiter at Olympia, which, like all temples, was a sanctuary.

† This faithful friend and companion of Hercules was the only one of those belonging to him, whom he could prevail upon to set fire to the funeral pile, on which he burnt himself, in order to put an end to the agonies inflicted on him in consequence of the jealousy of Deijanira.

but it is a death, by Hercules! he well deserves. For what is more equitable than for parricides and atheists * to suffer the punishment due to their deeds? Only in this respect he was rather tardy—he who for his crimes ought long ago to have been in the glowing hot bull of Phalaris, instead of dying in an instant by a single mouthful of fire! For I have heard from several, that there is no quicker method of dying than by fire; since we need no more than open the mouth for being dead on the spot. But I suppose he has contrived this spectacle merely because it tickles the vanity of the vain-glorious wretch, to burn himself in a place, so sacred, that no other honest corpses may even be buried in it. You have probably heard of one, that ages ago, who likewise had the ambition to make himself famous, resolved to succeed, though by no better method than by setting Diana's temple at Ephesus on fire †. Peregrine appears to be pregnant with a similar thought, so deeply has the passion for fame eaten into the poor man's mind. It is true, he pretends it to be for the benefit of mankind, that he may teach them to scorn death, and endure the most dreadful with patience. I should however be glad to ask, not him, but you, whether you would wish malefactors to be his pupils in this school of patience, and learn to despise death and burning alive and other such terrible punishments? I am certain that you are very far from entertaining such a wish. Whence does Peregrine learn that by this extraordinary doctrine he would be serviceable only to good men, and not make the bad more enterprising and fool-hardy? However, supposing it possible that none were present at this show, except those whom he perhaps might desire in a view of general utility: then I ask you once more, whether you would wish that your children should be

* Peregrine perhaps merits the former of these shocking appellations, but why the latter? I know no other reason than because he had been a christian; and those of that faith were by the heathen populace and their priests saluted with the odious appellation of atheists, because they did not believe in their gods. But can this be imputed to Lucian as a crime?

† The person in question is a certain Herostratus, who in the time of Alexander the great rendered himself memorable by this act of ambitious vanity. Lucian's *anonymus* affects not to name him, pretending a respect for the antient edict of the Ephesians, by which it was forbade ever to pronounce his name; in order that by the failure of his design he might be the more poignantly punished. Valer. Max. viii. 14. But for the athenian historian Theopompus he would perhaps have never been known.

led to the imitation of such an exploit? You will certainly say no. But why do I interrogate you thus, since we are sure, that not one, even of his own disciples, will be tempted to follow him in this instance? And yet Theagenes will be much to blame, if he, who is so zealous an emulator of this man in every other respect, should not be eager to accompany his master on this journey to Hercules, as they call it, since in order to be a partaker of the sovereign felicity, in the twinkling of an eye, nothing more is necessary, than to leap head-foremost into the fire. For the true emulation consists not in adopting the knapsack, the staff, and the mendicant's cloak; such actions may be easily aped: whereas it would be an act worthy the high spirit of that personage, to collect together a heap of fig-tree billets, as green as they could be got, and let himself be suffocated with the smoke. For seeing the fire is not proper only for a Hercules and Æsculapius, but also for church-robbers and murderers, who are not unfrequently seen to undergo that punishment, in the due course of justice: you should, for the sake of its having something peculiar in it, prefer to die rather by smoke than fire. Besides, Hercules had a strong motive; he did it to relieve him from the torments of an incurable disease: for he, as the tragedy says, was consuming under innumerable tortures from the blood of the centaur Nessus. But what reason has Peregrine to leap into the flames? — “What? By Jupiter! to give proof, that he is nothing inferior in point of fortitude to the brachmans; is not that reason enough?”—By that comparison Theagenes thought he had said somewhat pompous: as if there might not be in India vain-glorious fools, as well as amongst us. Well; after all, if these are his sentiments, then let him follow their example in earnest. For, if we may believe Onesicritus*, who saw Calanus burning himself,

* The pilot of Alexander [the great] adds the text. He had been a disciple of Diogenes Cynicus, had attended Alexander on all his adventures both by water and by land, and wrote a book of his transactions and exploits in the manner of Xenophon's *Cyropædia*. He was an ocular witness of the voluntary uction of the brachman Sphines or Calanus, as he was denominated by the Greeks, from his custom of greeting them in the language of his country, by the word *Cale*. But if Fabricius (*Biblioth. Græc.* vol. ii. p. 224) pretends to have read in Lucian *de morte Peregrini*, that Onesicritus burnt himself along with him, he must have read Lucian's text very slightly; for this author says not a word of it.

the brachmans do not jump into the flames, but when the pile begins to kindle, they stand motionless close to it, suffering themselves for a while to be scorched, then quietly lay down upon it, and are consumed to ashes, without shrinking or changing their posture for a moment*. On the contrary, what great feat will Proteus have achieved, in being stifled by the violence of the surrounding flames instantaneously on his leaping into them. Though there is room to hope that at all events he may jump out again half-smothered; in case he has, as some pretend, so contrived the apparatus, that the pile is hollow in the middle, and the pit over which it is to be raised of a convenient depth†. Others however say, that he has changed his mind, and tell of certain dreams, signifying to him, that Jupiter does not permit the profanation of a place sacred to him. But as to that he may be perfectly at his ease. I am ready to swear ever so tremendous an oath, that not one of all the gods would take it amiss, if Proteus were to die the most miserable death. It would now however be difficult for him to retreat: for the cynics by whom he is surrounded leave him no rest, by incessantly egging him on and pushing him, as it were, into the fire. You may rely upon it, that they will not allow him to start back; and if he should only fall on the lucky project of pulling a couple of them into the fire along with him, he will have done the cleverest feat in his life. Besides, I understand, he is resolved no longer to be called Proteus, but has exchanged that name for Phoenix, because that indian bird, as the report goes, on having attained the extremity of age, gathers a quantity of sticks together and burns itself. He likewise spreads abroad an antient oracle among the people, to prove that he is decreed by fate to be the guardian spirit of the night. It is therefore evident, that he is even ambitious of having altars erected to him, and hopes to be set up gilt‡. Neither is it, by Jupiter! at all impossible, that among the multitude of fools there are in the world, some may be

* So likewise Plutarch, in the life of Alexander, relates the death of the indian philosopher, probably from the same Onesicritus.

† There might have been several more contrivances, if the show was to be only a farce. A story of that kind may be read in the history of Aboulfarnaris and Canzade in the *Mille et un Jours*.

‡ i. e. that gilt statues should be erected to him. I have preserved the greek phrase, because (like our saying, he deserves to be set in gold,) it has an ironical varnish.

found capable of pretending that he has cured a quartan ague, or honoured them with a nocturnal visit. I even doubt not, that the infamous scoundrel will get his disciples to build a chapel, and endeavour to set up an oracle on the spot where he perished *; especially as his predecessor, the first of the name, Jupiter's son, was a prophet. Aye, I will even venture to predict, they will even institute priests, with whips, brand-irons, and other such mummeries †, and perhaps, if heaven so please, nocturnal mysteries and processions, and burning torches round his pile of wood. At least I understand from some of my acquaintance, that Theagenes, not long ago, was heard talking about a prophecy of the Sibyl concerning these things ‡, and quoted from her the following verses:

But when Proteus, of cynics far the best,
Near the temple of Zeus shall build his nest,
And setting it on fire, mount through the flame
To high Olympus; men of every name
That eat earth's fruits, shall duteous homage pay
To night's great hero, who partakes the sway
With Hephæstos and Heracles, the kings
Enthroned, dread guardians of all earthly things.

Thus runs the oracle, which Theagenes pretends to have from the sibyl.

* That this philosophical prophecy of Lucian was actually fulfilled, we have a proof in a passage of the apology for the christians by Athenagoras to the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Aurelius Commodus, where he says: "Nor is it less currently reported, that likewise a statue of Proteus (who, as doubtless you are apprised of, threw himself into the fire at Olympia) delivers oracles." From what he says a little before, we perceive that Parium, Peregrine's native city, was in possession of this prophetic image. *Bibl. Patrum Max.* vol. ii. pars 2. p. 155.

† The reader is I suppose acquainted with the penances of the East indians, from Sonnerat or other earlier accounts. The superstitious notion that there is somewhat meritorious in such self-inflicted torments, has prevailed from very remote ages in the countries of the east: and proceeded by little and little from them to the Greeks and Romans, and likewise early enough got into vogue among the degenerate professors of the christian name.

‡ The sibyl, or sibyls, (for the number of these fantastical prophetesses is in dispute, and rises from one to ten,) must in Lucian's time have been very convenient to the use of every impostor in the furtherance of his designs. Even some christians then made it their business to forge sibylline oracles, and affix to them the requisite attestations of authenticity in the design of giving validity in sundry places to their religion. (See Origen, *contra Cel.* lib. i. 5 & 7.) A fraud the easier for them to practise, as the new compilation which the emp. M. Aurelius had caused to be made of all the sibylline oracles that were discovered, gave new life and fresh encouragement both to the faith of the simple souls in these follies, and the industry of the artful and designing.

But I will communicate to you another, from Bacis *, upon this very subject, which you will find extremely suitable. Thus speaks Bacis :

But when the cynic with the various names,
Scourged on by the Erinnyes of fame, leaps into the flames,
The fox-cubs behind him shall follow the fates
Of the flying wolf, and jump in as his mates.
If any from fear would avoid Hephæstos's power,
Let all the Achæians pelt him with stones in a shower :
That he no longer presume to talk of fire in spite of the cold,
And distend his purse with usuriously got gold,
Though master of thrice five talents by his paternal estate.

What think ye, my masters? Is Bacis a worse hand at oracles than the sibyl? The admirable disciples of Proteus have no time to lose in looking round for a convenient situation, where they may (to use their own technical term) "evaporate themselves."

Here the stranger ended his speech, amid the vociferations of the surrounding concourse : " Let them burn ! They richly deserve the flames ! " and laughing scampered away. That Nestor, Theagenes, however remained unconcealed among the clamorous throng †, and no sooner had the noise struck his ears, than he galloped up, mounted the pulpit, and bellowed out a prodigious number of execrations against the honest man that had just got down, and whose name I could not learn. But I left him to bawl till he burst if he pleased, and went to see the athletes ; where I heard that the judges of the games had already taken their accustomed seats. All this, my friend, passed at Elis.

Being come to Olympia, we found the gallery behind the temple filled with a number of people, talking, some in vituperation and some in commendation of this design of Proteus. At length, attended by a vast con-

* This Bacis (or Bakis) was a Bœotian, and, according to common report, inspired by the nymphs who in days of yore had a peculiar oracle in Bœotia. He must have lived prior to the time of Herodotus, since he in his eighth book quotes an oracle of his. The Greeks were imposed upon by a whole collection of oracles, that were ascribed to this inspired Bœotian, and probably furnished an opportunity (as well as the sibylline) to sundry impostors of profiting by them, to extort money from the great and wealthy ideots, among whom are at all times to be found admirers of such rarities. It is a droll conceit of Lucian's *anonymus* to oppose to Peregrine's forged oracle of the sibyl, an extemporary one of Bakis, the authority of which those who appealed to the sibyl could not without the utmost unpoliteness dispute. For what is right for one is reasonable for the other.

† Parody on the first line of the fourteenth book of the *Iliad*.

course of people, Proteus himself appeared; and, taking his station where the criers generally carry on their strife of lungs *, made a harangue to the multitude; setting forth the events of his past life, descanting on the many perilous adventures he had gone through, and giving a detailed account of the several troubles and hardships he had suffered for his fond attachment to philosophy. He spoke a long time; but being pressed upon so much by the crowd, I could hear very little †; and at last, for fear of being squeezed to death (as was the fate of more than one), I thought it safest to get away ‡ and leave the sophist to follow his destiny, who was now straining his voice, as if determined to have the satisfaction of making his own funeral oration: "he would set a golden crown upon a golden life; for it was proper that a man who had lived like Hercules should also die like Hercules, and resolve into the æther from whence he flowed. I would even be a benefactor to mankind in my last moments, by shewing them, how death should be contemned, and I may reasonably expect that all mankind will be my Philoctetes." These last words excited a great commotion among the surrounding populace; the most simple and credulous burst into tears, and exclaimed, save yourself in tenderness to the Greeks! Others, who had more firmness, cried out: abide by your resolution! This exhortation seemed to disconcert the old fellow considerably; for he could have wished that all present would have

*. The whole host of commentators that have puzzled themselves about this passage might have been convinced, from the commencement of the 22d chapter of the *Eliacor.* of Pausanias, that in the sacred grove of Altis there stood a kind of altar, where the criers decided their wagers who had most power of voice. For with the Greeks every species of talents, even the criers or heralds, had their public pitched-battles; there were likewise virtuosos among these, and it was not a matter of indifference to the nation, whether those persons who were so frequently employed in their democratical constitution in political and religious transactions, performed their office well or ill. Perfection in the art of a crier was the more difficult of attainment, as it was a sort of singing, or an intermediate sound between saying and singing, and probably, according to the difference of objects, &c. was produced with different modulations.

† The more is the pity respecting us; for really it must have been interesting to see what turns and what elucidations a man like Peregrine could have given to the most equivocal passages in his biography, particularly his adventures among the christians.

‡ Lucian did not go away, as we might be led to conclude from the word ἀπῆλθον, for how then could he have heard what followed: he only got farther off, to avoid being so pressed upon by the crowd, but afterwards found opportunity to advance near enough to hear and see what he relates.

withheld him, and forced him to live, against his inclination. But alas! this "Abide by your resolution" fell so suddenly and unexpectedly upon him, that he turned still paler than before, though his countenance was then truly cadaverous, and it threw him into such a trepidation, that he was obliged to give over speaking.

You may imagine how ridiculous the whole of this juggle appeared to me. For a creature so desperately in love with fame, as this, deserves no pity in his disappointment, as perhaps there never was one of all that have paid their addresses to this goddess of plagues, that had fewer pretensions to her favours. However he was attended back by a numerous suite, and his insignificance was glutted with glory, as he surveyed the throng of his admirers; the fool at the same time not considering, that the wretches who are conducted to the gallows generally have a very numerous train of attendants.

The olympic games were now over, and the finest that I ever beheld; though I have been present at them four times. So many strangers going away together, and therefore no more conveyances to be had, I was obliged to tarry behind. Peregrine, who had put off the business day after day, at last announced the night when he would present us with the exhibition, and burn himself for our good. I got up about midnight, to go with a friend strait to Harpine*, where the pile was prepared. Travelling from Olympia, if you keep to the east of the great race-course, you have exactly twenty stadia to go. On our arrival we found the stack of wood placed over a pit an ell in depth. It consisted for the most part of billets of fir intermixed with dry brushwood, that the whole might more speedily be set in a blaze.

As soon as the moon was up (for it was proper that Luna should be a spectatrix of this glorious achievement), Peregrine appeared in the habit he commonly wore, and with him the chieftains of the Dogs †, principally the great Patræan ‡, who bore in his hand a burning torch, and

* Or rather to the ruins of a dilapidated small town of that name, which was at the distance of about an hour's drive from Olympia. Pausan. in Eliac. cap. xxi.

† The cynic philosophers, who were vulgarly so entitled.

‡ Theagenes, to wit, who was of Patræ, formerly a respectable city of the achæan confederacy, and by the tone which Lucian adopts seems to have been at that time a well-known personage.

performed not amiss the second character in this comedy. Proteus too himself was armed with a torch. Both advanced from this and from the other side, and set fire to the pile. Proteus — now hear me with attention, I beseech you — Proteus laid down the wallet, the cynical cloak, and the famous herculean club; and then stood in a tolerably dirty shirt. This done, he called for a handful of frankincense, threw it into the fire, and turning his face towards the south (for this too belonged to the etiquette of the play) exclaimed: Oh, ye maternal and paternal dæmons, receive me amicably! And, having uttered these words, he leaped into the fire, and was immediately by the surrounding and aspiring flames withdrawn from sight.

At this catastrophe of the tragedy, I see you laughing again, dearest Cronius. For my part I had not much to object to his invoking the maternal dæmons: but hearing him call upon the paternal, the thought of what I had been told of his parricide came into my mind, and I could not help laughing myself. The cynics who stood round the pile did not indeed shed tears, but gazed at the fire, in a certain solemn, mournful silence, till not longer able to contain myself, I said to them: Why do we tarry here, silly people? It is no pleasing entertainment for the eyes, to see an old fellow roasting, nor for the nostrils to be filled with the horrid stench. Or do you perhaps expect a painter to draw your picture, as a companion to that of the friends standing round the dying Socrates? — This the worthies took unkindly of me; they began to scold me at a furious rate, and some of them even lifted up their clubs at me. On my threatening, however, one and another, to fling them into the fire to their master, they were quieted and let me alone.

On my way home a variety of reflections on the passion for fame occupied my mind. How great I thought must be the power of it, since even men, who appear to merit our highest admiration, are so controuled by it; and therefore I found it the less surprising that this poor creature had not been able to resist it, who had already given so many proofs of a confused and crazy head *, and whose whole life was deserving of such an end.

* This remark, simple as it may appear, has somewhat in it at once uncommonly delicate and just, which I leave the reader to develope for himself.

On the road I met several who were going to the sight, but had set out too late. They had been led into mistake, by a rumour that was spread the day before, that he would mount the pile exactly at sun-rise*, in order to testify his reverence to that luminary after the manner of the brachmans. On my telling them that all was over, some of them turned back, who were not greatly intent upon barely viewing the spot where the transaction had taken place, or perhaps on procuring a relic from the fire. But you can hardly conceive, my friend, how much I had to do in answering the various questions that were put to me: the people wanted to be informed of every even the minutest circumstance. When the inquirer appeared to be of the more intelligent sort, I related to him the plain fact as I have to you: but to the simpletons who came openmouthed, eager to gulp down anything right marvellous, I had recourse to some tragical embellishments of my own invention, telling them with the utmost gravity; that as soon as the pile was in a blaze, and Proteus had jumped in, the earth began to quake tremendously, after which a rumbling noise ensued, and from out the flames a vulture flew up †, taking his course direct to the skies, screaming out in an articulate voice: Soaring above the earth, I ascend to Olympus. At this account the poor people were all amazement, shuddered with awe, secretly sent up devout ejaculations to the new demigod, and inquired of me whether the vulture took his flight towards the east or towards the west? I gave them for answer whatever first came to my tongue's end. Shortly after, being on the great place of assembly, I heard an old greybeard, who to judge from his exterior one would have taken for a most creditable reporter, talking of the uston of Proteus; and among other things relating how he had

* As Calanus in Ælian (Var. Hist. v. 6), who describes the death of that brachman, with some other circumstances than as related by Plutarch.

† In conformity to the description handed down to us by Herodian of the apotheoses of the roman emperors, it formed a part of the solemnity to let an eagle fly up from out of the flaming pile of wood on which the corpse of the new deity was burnt, to intimate that this bird of Jupiter soared aloft, conveying with him the immortal part of the deceased to the seat of the gods. Lucian therefore (for the purpose of diverting himself at once with Peregrine, and with the weak souls with whom he conversed) causes a vulture to fly up from Peregrine's faggot-stack, and perhaps little dreamt that the christians a couple of years afterwards would cause a dove to fly up from the flames of St. Polycarp.

seen him but a few moments before in the gallery of the sevenfold echo*, where he was walking up and down in white raiment, with an olive wreath on his brows, uncommonly cheerful and merry; in conclusion he added, with a great oath, that the vulture which I had let fly to carry on my joke with the credulous noodles, just before, he saw with his own eyes mount up from the fire. You may therefore picture to yourself what miraculous things will in consequence be related of him; how the bees will flock to hive in his fire-place, what crickets will there be gathered together, what flocks of crows, as formerly at the tomb of Hesiod, will there flutter about †, and so forth! Of this I am persuaded, that the Elians, no less than the other Greeks, to whom he had already wrote circular letters ‡, will presently erect statues to him in abundance. For it is confidently affirmed that he issued briefs to several considerable cities, containing various exhortations and new institutes and regulations, as a sort of last will and testament; and some of his disciples, under the titles of messengers from the dead, or couriers from the shades below, are employed in the transmission of these epistles.

Such then was the end of this wretched Proteus, who, to comprise it all in two words, never had either inclination or esteem for truth, but whatever during his whole life he said and did was merely to acquire to himself a name, and to be wondered at by the brutish multitude, and who was so vehemently possessed by that foolish passion, that he even leaped into the fire, that he might reap that glory from it, the fruition whereof, by the very means employed, he is for ever deprived.

Yet before I conclude, I must relate to you one thing more, at which you will heartily laugh. You remember my telling you, on my arrival

* Also this gallery (stoa) pœcile, likewise called the hall of echo, stood in the sacred grove of Jupiter, which was so full of temples, halls, statues and monuments, that Pausanias with their bare nomenclature has filled several chapters of his description of Olympia.

† The tale to which this alludes is circumstantially related by Pausanias, ix. 38. In the opinion of the antients, there was somewhat divinatory and divine in bees, crickets and crows. Hence they were reported to have a great predilection for the tombs of prophets and poets.

‡ Dr. Pearson (*in Vindiciis S. Ignatii*, lib. ii.) may have been not much out in thinking that Peregrine by these circular letters issued to the principal cities of Greece, aped the martyr Ignatius, who despatched similar epistles to the christian congregations.

from Syria, that I sailed from Troas in the same ship with this very man, and what I told you of his luxurious manner of life on the voyage, and of the fine boy whom (that he might have an Alcibiades *) he had perverted to cynicism; and what a miserable figure he made in the storm that came on in the Ægean sea, and how for fear he crept down amongst the women, and seemed to cry with them for a wager. About nine days before his last (in consequence I suppose of having overloaded his stomach), he was taken ill in the night of a violent fever, attended with frequent vomitings. The physician Alexander was therefore sent for, and what I am going to mention I had from his own mouth. He assured me, that on entering his apartment he found him rolling upon the floor, from impatience of the heat he endured, and imploring in so heart-rending a manner, as if it were a lover suing to his mistress, for a draught of cold water to mitigate his pain. He, the physician, refused it; observing to him at the same time that as he wanted to die, he ought to be glad that death was come of his own accord to his door: he had now only to go along with him, and had no occasion for any other fire. To which Proteus replied, that it was too vulgar a death for him, and he would die far more gloriously!

Thus far the physician Alexander. I myself found him a few days before his death applying to his eyes, on account of an inflammation in them, a sharp ointment that occasioned them to water exceedingly. Æacus therefore you see grants no admittance to the bleareyed! It is just as if one going to be hanged should be solicitous about the cure of a sore finger. What think you Democritus would have done if such things had appeared to him? He would have laughed outright at the fools. And yet here is so much of the laughable, that that great laugh would have outdone even himself in laughing. Do you therefore laugh your fill, my friend, especially if you hear that there are others who praise and admire him.

* A stroke at Socrates, of whom the comely and ingenuous Alcibiades was the favourite, though from generous and patriotic motives.

ON THE CREDIBILITY OF LUCIAN IN HIS ACCOUNT OF PEREGRINUS.

The authenticity of the account handed down to us by Lucian in this tract, of the character, the biography and the death of Peregrinus, has been called in question by some of the learned, though for the most insufficient reasons; but in proportion to the defect of solidity in argument, a tone of confidence and defiance has been resorted to by Jac. Brucker, in his *Histor. Crit. Philosophiæ*, vol. ii. p. 518 to 527. Everything that he has made his anonymous at Elis advance concerning the pretended christianity of this cynic has been disputed, or perhaps it might be said even declared a slanderous fiction, because the old christian writers, Athenagoras, Tatian, Tertullian, and Eusebius, who make mention of Peregrine, have preserved a profound silence on this point. It has been surmised that in the lucianic narrative itself circumstances appear which render its credibility doubtful; and at last, to the disadvantageous character attributed to him by our author, the favourable testimony of A. Gellius has been opposed, whereby the assertions of the former are attempted to be, if not entirely enervated, at least to be deprived of their preponderance.

In the mean time, the aforementioned venerable fathers of the church agree with our author in two main circumstances, namely, that a cynic philosopher, named Peregrinus or Proteus, lived about the time noticed by Lucian, and that he solemnly threw and burnt himself on a pile of faggots at Olympia in view of a multitude of spectators. Athenagoras, in his apology for the christians to the emperors M. Aurelius and Lucius Verus *, and Tertullian †, mention this transaction as one that occurred in their

* *Legat. pro Christ.* cap. xxii. where, speaking of a pretended miraculous image of this Proteus, he adds: the man is not unknown to you, since it is the same who threw himself into the fire at the olympic games.

† *Ad martyros*, cap. iv. where, with a view to encourage the christians to meet martyrdom with the greater boldness and intrepidity, he adduces heathenish examples of a similar contempt of the most cruel kinds of death, and upon this occasion names likewise our Peregrine, *qui non olim se rogo immisit.*

time; and Eusebius places it in his chronicle in the first year of the 236th olympiad, which, according to Scaliger, coincides with the year 166 of the christian æra, and the fourth of the reign of the aforementioned emperors. Ammianus Marcellinus also, a writer of the fourth century, mentions it in expressions used only in speaking of a fact of universal notoriety*. We may and must therefore admit the validity of this spectacle of a voluntary uction, which Peregrine exhibited to a considerable portion of his contemporaries at Olympia, as a matter of fact of the nature of those facts which lie beyond all possible doubt, and produce the same internal certainty in our minds as though we ourselves had been standing close to the woodstack; incredible soever as it may appear to the common sense of mankind in general, that a man, not mad as a bedlamite, could, without any other motive than an immoderate thirst of fame, adopt such a resolution, and inconceivable as it may be, judging from present laws and manners, that he was permitted, by the magistracy of the place and by the spectators, to carry it into effect. The fact being once historically ascertained is, by reason of its being so far remote from the customary order of nature, the more remarkable and important, and men of reflection will regard it as a real acquisition to the most interesting of all sciences, the knowledge of mankind, that we have before us the account of so singular a transaction from an eyewitness, and (what is here a circumstance of primary magnitude) so rational, unbiassed, and incredulous an eyewitness as Lucian was.

* *Lib. xxix.* The subject being relative to a young philosopher named Simonides, who for having participated in a conspiracy against the emperor Valens, was by that merciless tyrant condemned to the flames. "He burned," says Ammianus, "without flinching; after the prototype of the celebrated Peregrinus Proteus; who, after having formed the resolution voluntarily to depart out of the world, at the olympic games, before the eyes of all Greece, ascended the funeral pile he himself had previously raised, and was consumed by the flames."—It is clearly seen from the expression *ascenso rogo* that he did not transcribe the lucianic account; for Lucian, who was near enough to the pile to observe everything, expressly says, that he leaped into the flames, which makes a great difference. Ammianus therefore derived his account from another source, and the memory of a transaction so unusual in Greece, which had had such a multitude of eye-witnesses from all quarters and places, must naturally have been preserved through the mere oral tradition of several generations; and it is the common fate of such transactions precisely, to be a couple of centuries afterwards related with different circumstances.

The credibility of our author with regard to the last scene of this extraordinary drama extends, I think, to the several circumstances which precede and accompany it, and immediately form parts of it. Lucian writes in quality of eyewitness, concerning a fact which besides him had some hundreds or thousands of eyewitnesses; he does it at a time when the memory of it was still entirely fresh, and does it in a manner that was offensive to the great bulk of the populace, and must be shocking to the worshippers of the new demigod. Is it conceivable, that a man like him, whose talents and writings had already acquired him consideration and respect, and who was intent upon maintaining and increasing his reputation, should, merely to indulge a wanton scurrility, have the audacity, in a composition where historical veracity was concerned, and on a subject where falsehood could be so easily demonstrated, purposely endeavour to impose upon the world?

If however his credibility in all that relates to the catastrophe of Peregrine's tragedy should be granted, — does he therefore deserve to be admitted as a competent witness in whatever he makes the anonymus at Elis relate to the prejudice of this enthusiast, particularly in the assertion, “that Peregrine for a pretty long time had resided among the christians in Palæstiné, and played a considerable part among them, as also that on account of their faith he was thrown into prison,” &c.?

Here methinks much is to be distinguished and explained. And first, as to the anonymus, it would be nothing impossible, that whatever Lucian says of him, is literally true, and among the numerous strangers that were then at Elis some one might have been found, who was more particularly acquainted with the private history of the philosophical mountebank than others, and from disgust at the impudence of the cynic Theagenes, who, on ascending the pulpit when he had left it, communicated to those present all that he knew and thought of Peregrine, without fear or reserve; at least I see not, how anyone would be able to maintain the contrary: be this however as it may, since Lucian must have very well known, that an anonymus can be no valid witness, so neither could it have been his intention, to require us to admit all these anecdotes barely on the credit and belief of his anonymus. It is however sufficiently evident, that he himself had no doubt of the truth of it; and whence could that proceed, but because he was convinced of it from

other accounts and arguments? He therefore makes the report of the *anonymus* his own; and if he feigned that interlocutor likewise, and only introduced him speaking, for the purpose of rendering his composition more lively and entertaining, that concerns only the form of the latter, and would detract as little from the historical validity of the facts related, as the speeches with which Thucydides and Livy embellish their histories can invalidate the credibility of them. To be brief, in behalf of these anecdotes we rely, not upon the *anonymus*, but upon Lucian himself, who in writing this account to his friend Cronius of the life's-end and character of Peregrine, neither had nor could have the design to impose upon him by untruths, but in making his *anonymus* assert, that "he had long studied the character of Proteus, observed his life, and besides had made inquiries of his fellowcitizens and other persons who knew him accurately," makes himself tacitly responsible to his readers as guarantee for the truth of it. For what in the world should have moved him to defame a man so generally known, and so respected by many as Proteus was, by premeditated lies? Or what legitimate cause have we to accuse him of such scandalous malice, or to deem him capable of it? What was he to gain or to lose by it, whether Proteus was a vicious or an immaculate and blameless man? What might be the source of such an inveterate personal hatred against him? Or by what right should we, to favour Peregrine, presuppose such personal hatred in Lucian, and admit possible causes, in case such could be feigned, as sufficient for declaring his testimony partial and invalid?— "But Lucian himself does not disown, that he hated Peregrine."— This, in my opinion, is no weak argument in behalf of his honesty on this subject. Had he been conscious of any personal grudge and malicious animosity, he would have assumed every possible appearance of impartiality; and when speaking in his own character of Peregrine, would have spoken more leniently of him. But he hated the fanatic, not the man, or he hated him neither more nor less than as he hated all fools, swaggerers, hypocrites, impostors, and pretenders to superhuman perfection: * he held him to be one of those persons whose whole life is one continued lie, and from selfdeceit is the occasion of deceit in others; and

* *i. e.* with that hatred which is the immediate effect of the love of truth. See the *Resuscitated*, in the former part of this volume.

as Proteus in that class had among his contemporaries scarcely a superior, and numbers of puny beings suffered themselves to be the dupes of his juggling tricks and the moral spells of the extraordinary man: how could Lucian, who in so many parts of his works declares everlasting war against all people of that description, suffer this archenthusiast to enact so pompous a tragedy before his eyes at Olympia, without acting by him as he had acted before by so many other sham-philosophers of far less consequence?

We may therefore on competent grounds admit, that Lucian in his account of Peregrine intended to speak the truth, and that he was warranted to affirm it, seeing he had long known and observed this man, and had made it his business to pump out all possible information about him, from his countrymen and others who had been acquainted with him for a long time. And what weight now, against such a biography, can the mere silence of some authors, who only mention Peregrine by the way, have on an article, where, in case they knew the truth, had a sort of interest in being silent? For, although it is somewhat very human to be deceived, yet it could not prove agreeable to the christians, that some of their own body should be so grossly imposed upon by such a fellow as Peregrine. Verily they had every reason to be ashamed of such proselytes, and the wisest course they had to take, after having cut off and cast from them such an offensive member of their community, was to bury the whole affair in eternal oblivion, and as occasion offered, so far from doing the like again, to make as if he had never been one of theirs. But either I must greatly err, or the silence of the contemporary church-writers and their immediate successors is in favour of our author, and may with reason be regarded as a tacit avowal of the truth of the lucianic account. For who can imagine, that learned men, such for example as Athenagoras and Tertullian, both contemporaries of Lucian, had not read the literary compositions of a man who had attracted so much notice, especially those which so nearly affected their party? or, if they had read this treatise on Peregrine's last hours, that they should have been silent on the positive assertion, that this cynic in his younger years had acted so considerable a part among them, if they had the means of proving the contrary? *

* Tertullian was indeed considerably younger; but if, according to the opinion of the most learned writers in that department, he was born towards the middle of the second century, then

The pretext, as if in the fact of Peregrine's connexion with the christians in Palestine, as reported by Lucian, or the anonymus, several suspicious and untenable circumstances should appear, is, as far at least as the whole account is designed to be overturned by it, of no greater weight than the silence of the church-writers. It is true, Lucian could have but very defective and confused conceptions of their religious assemblies, where all went forward as mysteriously as in a freemason's-lodge, and far be it from me, to attempt to justify him on the manner of expressing himself respecting Christ and the faith in him! But this derogates nothing from the reality of the generality of what he incidentally says of the christians in his time with regard to their constitution and temper, and of their extraordinary central-union, their credulity, inclination to enthusiasm, and to the marvellous, &c. and very well agrees with the conceptions which every unprejudiced mind must form of them from their own writers and historians. And why should we wish to deny what is so evident and notorious? What has the truth and divinity of the christian religion to do with the human frailties, crimes, follies and vices of its professors? And is it not absurd, to endeavour to turn people, who in reality concern us no nearer than our own contemporaries and fellow-believers, at the expense of truth and common sense, into beings entirely different from what they were, and (as I might perhaps venture to affirm) could be under the then present circumstances? The question is not respecting particular individuals, and the little invisible handful, in which the temper and spirit of Christ actually resided, but the whole party taken in the aggregate. — Who that is not totally deficient in the knowledge of the world and of mankind, and is not entirely unacquainted with the sources * of what goes under the title of ecclesiastical history,

the first moiety of his lifetime falls exactly in Lucian's second, and he might when Peregrine crowned the farce of his life by so solemn a termination, be about 15 or 20 years old.

* From the Tillemonts, Bollandi, Sanarellos, Caves and their fellows, it should not certainly be derived! Partial however as the sources are, they are often sufficient for enabling a philosophical inquirer, who attaches himself to facts, not to the names to which they are ascribed, to come at the truth. Indeed not always: for who would imagine, that, for instance, so intelligent, humane and well-disposed an emperor as M. Antoninus Philosophus was, should have caused Justinus, simply on account of the christian religion, to be scourged and beheaded, if he had not other important motives for it, founded on the conduct of the latter, and infringing

will take upon him to deny, that the christians of those times, benevolent and harmless persons as (like the congregations of the United Brethren in ours) they might be, in comparison of the common herd, were generally simple, credulous and easy to be deceived? that they were frequently deluded by people of such a description as Peregrine, and therefore might be also deluded by him? Besides, Lucian says not, that he was one of those coldblooded villains, that of set purpose deceive, without being previously deceived themselves. Peregrine was a man of an ardent imagination and excessively impassioned for the extraordinary and miraculous; this character, says Lucian, he maintained through the whole of his life, and died as he had lived. Such persons deceive others only because they are the dupes of their own imagination, vanity and fanatical disposition; and precisely such persons they were who then performed, and such they are who still at this present day perform, great parts among the tribes of simple, goodnatured, credulous souls, who are poor in understanding and rich in benevolence. Peregrine was an enthusiast; and probably, when he attached himself to the christians, as honest and sincere as an enthusiast can be. His imagination caught fire; he was by nature no ordinary man; transported on his initiation into those mysteries, entirely new to him, and so full of promise in what is extraordinary, he soon became in the eyes of his new brothers and sisters, more than a man; his fiery faith, his eloquence, his zeal for the good cause carried them captive; they held him to be a holy person, made him their president, and submitted to his regulations. In all this what is there improbable, inconsistent, incredible? It is a history of events, that in all ages have come to pass a thousand and a thousand times, and of which we ourselves have seen instances enough in the present age; and are still seeing at the present day. — Saint Peregrine, to all appearance, carried his zeal beyond the bounds, which Trajan and the very tolerant emperors who next succeeded him, had prescribed to the religious orders and sects; he was, in pursuance of the edicts and police-regulations*, put in prison, and now

on the public order and security? But from defect of more precise accounts, likewise on the other side, nothing can be positively affirmed respecting such transactions and events.

* Brucker is in an error in saying that the christians of that period were persecuted solely on account of that name. But the edicts against suspected secret meetings subsisted indeed

ensued to him and his adherents, what usually ensues to all small parties and communities living under oppression. He was considered as a martyr; his zeal in behalf of the cause for which he suffered, and the affection of his brethren for him, their participation in his sufferings, their rivalship in serving him, in attending upon him, in collecting money for him of the brethren, even of the most distant congregations, and the like, increased from day to day. The several circumstances herein mentioned by Lucian, harmonize (as has already been remarked in the notes) beautifully with the behaviour of the christians in similar predicaments, as we learn from their own records, and prove that Lucian was well informed in such matters as one of the profane might know of them. After what has been said we need only call to mind, that Lucian was at home in Syria, where the scene lay of all that passed between Peregrine and the christians, and therefore, especially through his acquaintance with persons of rank and consequence, was at the fountain head from which he might derive very authentic information on topics of that nature.

The only plausible objection to the credibility of the lucianic report of the life and character of Peregrine, that I have yet to discuss, is taken from the favourable testimony of him given by Aulus Gellius, the author of a well known mass of Collectanea, under the title of Attic Nights; which to philologists, particularly the micrologists amongst them, has its value, and indeed very little in behalf of the talents of this honest man; but however proves thus much, that he had read a great deal, and heaped together a tolerable stock of dry historical information, *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. Such a one comes indeed, where the matter depends on the judgment of men who are not perfectly easy to be judged, when brought into a parallel with a Lucian, into no consideration whatever: but where the question hinges merely on facts, which he has either seen or heard, his word is certainly to be taken as well as another's. Here then

still, and might perhaps here and there occasionally be abused by the inferior magistrates and governors from private motives injuriously to the christians. For want of an accurate chronology of Peregrine the particular time when he stood in connexion with them cannot be ascertained; but from the very circumstance, that at the celebration of what they called their mysteries, he was arrested and cast into prison, it may be conjectured, to have been prior to A. D. 152, as the year in which the emperor Antoninus Pius by an edict forbade all magistrates to molest the christians.

is what, in the eleventh chapter of the twelfth book of his *Nights*, he says of our hero.

“ While we were at Athens, we became acquainted with the philosopher Peregrinus, afterwards surnamed Proteus, a man of great wisdom and fortitude, *virum gravem et constantem*, who lodged in a cottage without the city. As we visited him frequently, we had the opportunity of hearing him, by Hercules! make many useful and beautiful observations, whereof the following as the most excellent are still fresh in my memory. A wise man, said he, would not sin, though his sin should remain concealed alike from gods and men; for we should refrain from vicious deeds, not from dread of punishment and disgrace, but from the love of whatever is just and fair. But he that is not by nature so degenerate, or by education so formed, that he from his own free motion refrains from evil, all such people, he observed, more heartily give a loose to sinning, the more certain they are of being able to sin undetected and unpunished, and would therefore take more heed and do less evil, if they knew, that nothing is so artfully contrived, that it will not sooner or later come to light. We should continually have in our mouths these lines of Sophocles, one of the wisest of poets :

Conceal nothing of what thou dost, for all
Is unveiled by what sees all and hears all, time.”

Thus far the compiler Gellius! — And because a head of such strength, because a Gellius, who moreover at the time when he made such frequent pilgrimages to the hermitage of Peregrine, in all probability was still a youth *, and not very far advanced in the knowledge of mankind, styles this cynic, who must indeed not have been the man that Lucian describes, if he could not impose upon a young Roman of that stamp, a *virum gravem et constantem*; therefore Lucian, in pronouncing him a fantasiast, enthusiast, philosophical adventurer and vainglorious fool, is to be a slanderer! And what can the moral, which good Gellius heard from his mouth, and which without the trouble of setting a foot out of Rome, he might have learnt ten times better from Cicero's book *de Moribus*, a moral, which was common to the cynics together with the socratics and

* As may be fairly concluded from what he says at the beginning of the second chapter of the first book.

stoics and one of their everyday common-places; what can this moral attest on behalf of the character of the man who preaches it? Who would form a judgment of a man, especially of one who pretends to be somewhat extraordinary, by what he says, and not by what he does, by that wherein he has been uniformly consistent his whole life through? Peregrine might have spoken or written a shipload of the like moral maxims and golden sentences, and yet be the same fantasias, enthusiast and charlatan, that he must have been, if only one half of the facts are true that Lucian relates of him. But it would be absurd to dwell any longer on the refutation of such miserable objections and subterfuges.

As the case appears to me, the narrative of Lucian contains internal evidence of its truth, to which the other arguments adduced give additional weight. A death like Peregrine's would, independently on such a preceding life, be inexplicable; but by presupposing as true what the anonymus at Elis and Lucian himself in his proper person relates of the history of his juvenile and riper years, and of his carriage in the latter days of his life, we reciprocally comprehend, that the man who had played such a character in life, might very well resolve on such an exit, and that he who thus resolved to die, must also have thus lived.

In conclusion, a word or two respecting the chronology of Peregrine's history. The ridiculous mistake which misleads Brucker to find an insoluble chronological knot in the lucianic relation, I have detected above, in the remark p. 596. Peregrine, according to Lucian's account, which the formerly quoted passage of Philostratus likewise confirms, was a man advanced in years, when he burnt himself in A. D. 168. If we admit that he was then between 60 and 70, his birth falls in one of the first five years of the second century. Our author, following him in his statement, adds, that he was, after his expulsion from Rome, three times present at the olympic games; the first time when he descants upon the aqueduct of Herod, and escaped lapidation only by flight into Jupiter's temple; the second time, when he gave public notice that he would burn himself at the next ensuing olympic meeting, and the third when he fulfilled his promise. These three olympic meetings make up together exactly the eight years that elapsed between his banishment from Italy and his death. Now if we assume, that in his sojourn at Alexandria, and at Rome, eight or ten years may have likewise gone by; that he was at

least thirty, when he exiled himself from his native city, on being suspected of having murdered his sexagenarian father, and in his ramble about the world, he may have spent a few years, ere he joined the christians: then the period of his residence among the latter will be somewhere between the years 140 and 152. I readily confess, that this statement is not strictly accurate, nor could be; but it is grounded at least on probability, helps us to represent the biography of Peregrine in better order, and, as far as I know, stands in no contradiction either with any circumstance in the lucianic relation itself, or with such as may be known from other writers.

The credibility of our author in his representation of the character, and the circumstances that were known to him of the life of the enthusiast Peregrine, seems to me sufficiently established by this little disquisition. Could I but say the same as to its completeness! But how far is all that the anonymus communicates concerning him, from being satisfactorily clear, or from gratifying our legitimate longing after the most circumstantial detail of the most important epocha of the life and actions of so extraordinary a man! I, for my part, would gladly give one half of all the christian chroniclers and legendary writers for a thoroughly correct and thoroughly complete narrative of Peregrine's adventures with and among the christians; perfectly convinced that it would diffuse a very instructive light over an epocha of the history of mankind, known to us only from partial, defective, and impure accounts. But Lucian could not give more than he had, and even that little which he gives, merits our gratitude, and is much for those who know how to use it.

THE
RUNAWAY SLAVES.

APOLLO. JUPITER. MERCURY. HERCULES. PHILOSOPHY. ORPHEUS.
The RUNAWAYS and their MASTERS. A WOMAN and her
HUSBAND.

APOLLO.

IS it then true, honoured father, that one lately threw himself into the fire in the presence of a crowd of spectators at Olympia? I am told he was an old man, and grown famous for adventures of this stamp.

JUPITER. But too true, Apollo; I had rather he had let it alone.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVES. Those who have directly declared this piece spurious have proved nothing thereby but that they have not read it with attention; to me at least it appears to be stamped with a triple characteristic mark of the spirit, the humour, and the style of Lucian, so plain as to be absolutely unequivocal, and I reckon it among the wittiest productions of his genius. Only it is necessary, in order to understand it thoroughly immediately upon the first perusal, to presuppose an hypothesis respecting the occasion and the design of it; and which, to my astonishment, none of the commentators and translators have yet fallen upon: although without it the entire composition of the piece, and particularly the connexion of it with the fire-works of the enthusiast Peregrine at Olympia, remains a sort of riddle. Gessner is the only one who, in a note upon this piece, has come near to that hypothesis, and at least has guessed a part of this riddle. I represent the affair to myself thus. Lucian, by his *Latter End of Peregrine*, had stirred up a great wasp-nest, and brought upon him the whole numerous order of cynics. Probably they had made him very rudely feel their vengeance, by oral or perhaps scriptural evacuations of their gall, and every other way that may be attributed to people of their description. But they had to do with a man that could not be insulted with impunity, and who possessed the talent of getting always the more polished part of the public to his side, by having the art of managing even his private affairs in such a manner as to render them entertaining and engaging to his readers. This was therefore, in my opinion, the immediate occasion of the present composition; and methinks one sees in it that he sets about the work in the determinate purpose of sending it so home to his adversaries that he might reasonably

APOLLO. The man was therefore worthy a better fate, than to go off in smoke?

JUPITER. It might be so perhaps? What I know for certain is, that the vile smell of roasting was abominably annoying to me. If I had not

hope to be at peace with them for a long time to come. In all appearance, one individua from among these cynical classes had so particularly misbehaved, that he even merited particular chastisement. Lucian, as we see by several of his writings, regularly made it his business strictly to observe, and to point out to the general observation, these counterfeit philosophers, enthusiasts, and charlatans, of whom he was the perpetual opponent, in order to get as much as possible into their secrets, and, according to his own expression, to enable him the more easily to strip the lion's skin over the ears of the eumæan jackasses. Unfortunately, for the said Quidam (whose assumed name he designates indeed mysteriously, but so as to be easily guessed by many of his contemporary readers) he had particularly sifted out, that this spurious son of Diogenes and Crates was gone off with the wife of an honest man, by whom, in a grecian city that is not named, he had enjoyed the rights of hospitality, and had retired with her to Philippopolis in Thrace, where he and a couple of his comrades enjoyed this newly appropriated Hipparchia in common among them, and thought they could play their fraudulent parts in security. This discovery, so welcome to Lucian's revenge, and the no less fortunate circumstance, that these scoundrels, disguised in the garb of cynic philosophers, were formerly slaves, and had run away from their masters, became now, in a head like his, the ground-plot of a little drama, wherein, by means of a fiction and composition, of which Aristophanes himself would have had no cause to be ashamed, he puts all that his readers should know of the disgraceful story, and the principal characters of the piece, into a performance which is acted as it were behind a transparent curtain, and where the personal satire of the second act (about which he was chiefly concerned) is prepared in a very delicate manner, by the general satire, which in the first he puts into the mouth of Philosophy in the form of an action for damages on account of injuries received, preferred to Jupiter. A brief sketch will suffice to shew the agreement of my hypothesis with the piece itself, and in the light which the latter receives from the former to clear up all that was unintelligible to some commentators. In order to relieve the poverty of his materials, and give dignity and interest to the whole, Lucian, as he frequently does, makes gods and heroes, with all becoming gravity and decorum, take part in the action. He opens the scene of the first act (which lies entirely in heaven) by a conversation between Jupiter and Apollo respecting the death of Peregrine, as an affair of recent date; whereby he furnishes himself with an opportunity of indicating, in a half-concealed manner, both the time and the occasion of the drama. They are interrupted by the arrival of Philosophy, who bitterly complains of the injuries she has received from the sham-philosophers, and supplicates Jupiter for revenge. He, as his manner is, knowing no better way of acceding to her petition than by means of his thunderbolt, Apollo proposes to him to send down Mercury with full powers to examine and punish the delinquents. Jupiter acquiesces in the advice, and, that he may add something of his own, gives Hereules as a coadjutor to Mercury. They set out therefore, with Philosophy, on their way to Thrace to find out the criminals, where

galloped ready to break my neck into Arabia, I think I must have been stifled; and even as it is, with all the fragrant perfumes, and the great plenty of balsamic odours, in which those parts abound, I could not get the nauseous stench of it out of my nostrils; and still at this moment, when I think of it, it turns my stomach.

APOLLO. But what could the man mean by so doing? What pleasure can one find in leaping into a fire, and being burnt to a cinder?

JUPITER. If you come to that, my son, the blame lies with Empedocles, who threw himself into the gullet of *Ætna*.

APOLLO. He had indeed a violent fit of the spleen. But what then had this man, that occasioned him to take such a singular freak?

JUPITER. That I will tell you in the very words of the speech he made to the assembly in justification of his voluntary death. He said, as well as I can remember, — But what is here? who is that woman, all dissolved in tears and in such violent agitation, that comes running up to us in so much haste? In all appearance she must labour under some great affliction — How? Can it be Philosophy? And she calls upon my name in such a piteous tone! — What ails you, my daughter? Why do you weep? What has moved you to abandon mankind and to come hither? Have the idiots * perchance hatched a new plot against you, as formerly they condemned Socrates to death on the accusation of Anytus?

Philosophy supposes they will be found. They arrive in the second act at Philippopolis; and, just when Mercury is on the point of publicly crying, in an advertisement of a pretty accurate description, the ringleader of those whom they are seeking, they light upon several men, of whom some are in search of their runaway slaves, and another of his wife that has run away with them. It presently appears that both parties are in quest of the same persons, and therefore have one common interest in the success of their pursuit. Orpheus, who is attracted by the sight of his old friend Hercules, comes up and puts them upon the track: the fugitives are discovered, the philosophical mask is pulled off, the three cynics are recognized as common handicrafts and slaves, and Cantharus, the most guilty of them condemned to a chastisement suited to his crime. I must be much mistaken, if anyone who combines this plan, and the manner in which Lucian has produced it, with my hypothesis, can doubt for a moment that it is the true key to the whole, which without it would be a tolerably flat puzzle; whereas by it it becomes a master-piece of personal satire.

* I have retained here the word idiots (especially as it is not an unusual one likewise in our language) because in the sense in which it is employed by Jupiter in this place, it could not be expressed by a single English word. He thereby, namely, puts the idiots in contrast to the

PHILOSOPHY. Nothing of that, my father. On the contrary, the great mass shew me every kind of respect; they love and admire me, they even go nigh to adore me; though they do not particularly well understand what I say. But my — how shall I call them? — my pretended familiars and friends, people who wear my name as a mask, it is they who have used me most abominably.

JUPITER. What is it that I hear? the philosophers have entered into a conspiracy against you *?

PHILOSOPHY. Not at all, my father; they have just as much cause to complain as I.

JUPITER. I should be glad to know who could be your offenders, if they are neither the philosophers nor the idiots.

PHILOS. There is still a middle class, a sort of mongrels, who are neither one nor the other. In their attire, their countenance, their gait, in short in their whole costume, they are like us; they pretend to serve under my banner, bear my name on their front, profess to be my scholars, companions and trusty brothers, but their lives are worthless throughout, being a confluence of ignorance, insolence and lewdness, bringing disgrace and derision upon my name. These people, dearest father, have distressed me so much, that I was forced to take flight.

JUPITER. It is indeed abominable, my child! But what is the particular offence they have committed?

PHILOS. Judge yourself, my father, whether it is a trifling one. You remember the time when you took to heart the ruin into which the world was fallen by iniquity and an unceasing transgression of the laws of reason; and, revolving in your mind that ignorance and lack of instruction were the primary cause of this mischief, in pure compassion to the poor human race, you sent me down to them, with strict charge to insist upon their abandonment of this fierce brutal way of life, and the habit of insulting one another, and deciding everything by blows, and that, instructed

philosophers in somewhat like the manner in which afterwards all who did not belong to the clergy were insulted with the epithet laics.

* Jupiter always, with our author, keeps up his shah Baham character; of what goes on in the world he uniformly knows nothing; except what he is immediately informed of by his nose: he is a true epicurean deity.

in their true interests by me, they might live together in social order and harmony. You see, my daughter (these were your own words) how matters stand with mankind, and how ill at ease they are through their ignorance. I can no longer be an unconcerned spectator of their misery; and being convinced that nobody but you can remedy the evil, I have accordingly selected you for that purpose, and commission you to take up the cause of these miserable wretches*.

JUPITER. I remember perfectly well to have said much of that sort about that time. And how did it answer? How did they receive you on your first flying down to them, and how did they then conduct themselves towards you?

PHILOS. My first flight was not to the Greeks. I judged it fittest to do the hardest work immediately, by first of all taking the barbarians under my discipline. I therefore passed by the Greeks, whom I expected to have an easier task in subduing, and presently habituate to my curb †, and hastened directly to the greatest nation on the earth, the Indians, whom I with no great expense of labour ‡ persuaded to get down from their elephants and trust to me: in short, I succeeded so well, that the Brachmans, a happy race of men, dwelling between the Nechræans and Oxydraces §, live entirely after my precepts, and are therefore held in great respect by all their neighbours; who have moreover a very singular method of going out of the world.

* Philosophy here treats Jupiter as an artful minister does his prince: she puts into his mouth what he should have said; and Jupiter takes the matter as his regal dignity demands, by recollecting perfectly well to have said the same things. Strokes of this kind are the genuine sign-manual of Lucian, which in the whole of this drama it is impossible to mistake, and to which I here once for all would invite the reader's attention.

† A witty reason, though it does not hold good, and is extremely flattering to the Greeks, why Philosophy established her seat so late among them. Does not Lucian here intend, by the way, to ward off the reproach which his half-countryman Tatian levels at the Greeks on account of that circumstance, in his oration against them, though he does him not the honour to name him? Tatian's discourse at least coincides in point of time with that in which this little performance of Lucian seems to have been writ.

‡ As a people that have in all ages been distinguished for their gentleness and humanity.

§ Our author here, it may be observed, makes the Brachmans (who for wisdom stood in high reputation with the Greeks, since Alexander's time, though they had but very confused notices of them) a distinct nation, as Ptolemy, Suidas and others have done. The station which

JUPITER. You are speaking of the gymnosophists; of whom I have heard besides what you mention, that they get upon the top of a vast funeral pile and suffer themselves to be burnt to ashes, without once making wry faces or changing their posture for an instant. However, that is nothing so extraordinary. It is not long since, that I saw something of a similar kind at Olympia; and you may probably have been present when the old man burnt himself.

PHILOS. No, my father; I would not venture to Olympia, for I was afraid of those vile scoundrels I spoke to you of, whom I saw marching thither in troops, on purpose to abuse the people assembled, and to fill the gallery behind your temple with their yells. I consequently did not see in what manner the man you speak of died *. — From the Brachmans I repaired straight to Æthiopia †, descended from thence to the Ægyptians ‡, whose priests and prophets I instructed in theology; whence I betook me to Babylon to initiate the Chaldeans and the magi, then to the Scythians, and finally to the Thracians, where Eumolpus and Orpheus were my first scholars. These I now sent before me to Greece, Eumol-

he allots them between the Oxydraces and the Nechræans (a people unknown to all geographers) would be a prodigious tract of country, if, as M. du Soul conjectures, we ought, instead of Nechræans, to read Arachosians. But the real history of the Brachmans, or indian gymnosophists, is enveloped in such darkness as to be scarcely penetrable: for it is lost in hoary antiquity, and, like the history of the Atlantides, was gradually so defaced by fables and the subsequent commixture with more or less similar priestly tribes and religious orders, that it seems labour lost to attempt to introduce light, order and certainty into that chaos.

* Philosophy affects scarce to know Peregrine by name, because Lucian here designs to have nothing to do with him, having done ample justice to him already, but with his disciples, the cynics namely, who in whole troops, as she says, resorted to Olympia to assist at the triumph of their order; which had great need of such assistance.

† Moses du Soul here, sneeringly as it should seem, puts this wise question: *quinam ibi philosophi memorantur?* His memory must have been very treacherous not to remind him of the æthiopian gymnosophists, who are sufficiently known from Philostratus's life of Apollonius.

‡ This route which Lucian causes Philosophy to take from the Bramins to the Æthiopians, and from them for the first time to the Ægyptians, agrees perfectly with Herder's very probable hypothesis, which is also corroborated by Diodorus Siculus, that the Ægyptians were a people of southern Asia, who travelled westwards over the Red sea, or even farther down, and from Æthiopia by degrees spread themselves over Upper Egypt, but the lower districts they had only by their industry gradually gained from the mud of the Nile. See *Ideen zur philos. der gesch. der menseheit*, vol. III. p. 111, 112.

pus to adapt the instructions he had received from me to the mysteries in practice with them, Orpheus, that he might assist the effects of the former by the power of music. I quickly followed them *. I was at first received by the Greeks rather coolly; after conversing however with them for a space, I at length brought together seven † out of them all, who were my friends and pupils; afterwards one more from Samos, another from Ephesus, and one from Abdera ‡; in fine, upon the whole a very small proportion. After these, I know not how it happened, the clan of the sophists grew up about me, like the ivy climbing and twining round a tree §; a race, who without penetrating deep enough into my doctrines for comprehending their nature and end, yet, so to speak, kept up a sort of distant correspondence with me: a mongrel breed, centaur-like, between philosophy and charlatanery, who, although not absolutely ignorant, were nevertheless unable to fix their eyes steadily upon me and look me full in the face, but from the dulness of their optics saw in me only a grizzly spectre and a shadowy form. These upstarts however boasted much of their sharp-sightedness; and thus arose among them that vain and unprofitable, but in their opinion invincible art of tying indisso-

* Lucian in this speech of Philosophy presents the reader with a no less elegant than accurately drawn outline of her antient history, which affords a fresh proof of his not common erudition, and describes the progress of the arts that polish life, and the refinement of the human race (which he justly makes the business and principal work of philosophy) from one people to another, with historical veracity. The correctness of his representation he particularly evinces by making the founder of the eleusinian mysteries, Eumolpus, and Orpheus, who was regarded as the father of poetry and music, the first scholars and chief instruments of Philosophy among them. For it is certain, that the mysteries in some sort were the foundation of civilization and illumination in Greece; and how much the muses' arts (which were for a very long period almost entirely confined to religious and political uses) contributed to that end among the Greeks is acknowledged by their wisest men; and is also the chief reason that music was so long preserved by them in its earliest, primitive form, why its farther improvement and perfection was so narrowly circumscribed, and why Plato maintained, that in a republic no alteration could be produced in its music, without endangering the morals and the tranquillity of the state.

† The renowned seven sages.

‡ Pythagoras, Heraclitus and Democritus.

§ Gorgias, Protagoras, Prodicus, Hippias, Theodorus of Cyrene, and others of their followers; for she is speaking only of that species of sophists.

luble knots, and of surprising their opponent now by sophistical and absurd answers, now by unanswerable questions intangling them in a labyrinth from which there is no outlet. My friends* could not behold these injurious proceedings without chastizing and checking them. Whereupon they grew angry, combined against my partizans, arraigned them at the bar, and proceeded at last so far as to force them to drink hemloc †. At that moment my wisest course would have been to take my flight, and withdraw entirely from all intercourse with these people. But unhappily I suffered myself to be persuaded by Antisthenes and Diogenes, and presently after by Crates and Menippus, to remain with them a little while longer—which I ought not to have done! For how much uneasiness and vexation should I have spared myself, which I was obliged in the sequel to undergo!

JUPITER. You are growing warm, dear Philosophy, and I do not yet learn wherein properly consists the injury you have sustained.

PHILOS. Then take it in its whole magnitude and extent. Those of whom I have complained to you are a pack of base, vulgar fellows, who instead of having been brought up in a liberal manner under my own eyes, were either born slaves, or have wrought as daylabourers, or else carried on some low trade, cobbled shoes, worked with the hammer, scoured clothes or combed wool ‡. Employed from their childhood in such occupations, they have never had the opportunity even to learn my

* Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, &c.

† Notwithstanding Philosophy speaks in the plural number, in order to render the transaction more affecting, yet it is understood that Socrates was the only one that met with this fate.

‡ Dr. Francklin here makes a remark, which I cannot pass over. "If, says he, we only substitute the word Religion instead of Philosophy, this dialogue will be extremely applicable, from beginning to end, to the enthusiasts of the present age. [He wrote this in the year 1780.] Our methodists are, with respect to the regular clergy, exactly what Lucian's sophists were when compared to the true philosophers, composed, like them, of the lowest orders amongst us, proud, impudent, ignorant and illiterate, resembling, above all, their Grecian predecessors, in laying heavy contributions on all their deluded followers." — I am afraid the good doctor is rather partial to his brethren of the regular clergy; making this allowance, the comparison of the methodists to the spurious cynics in Lucian's time may be apt enough. However, in several provinces of the German empire, under the drawing that Philosophy makes of her enemies, you may boldly write *monks*, without the necessity of altering a single feature in the portrait.

name. But coming to years of maturity, and seeing with how much respect my friends are accosted by the community at large, how kindly they take their frankness of speech, what value even the great set upon their conversation and merits, how they avail themselves of their advice, and even bear their rebukes with downcast eyes in silence: all this appeared to them very desirable, and a man that owned such advantages they thought must be a person of vast consequence. How glad they should be to establish such a lordship! But how set about it? To acquire the necessary requisites for enabling them to play such a part, was too difficult a task, or rather for people of their description utterly impracticable. By the trades they had learnt not much was to be got; with all their labour and toil they had much ado to gain a livelihood. Some of them were even galled by the chains of bondage, and that rendered their situation altogether intolerable. They turned the matter over on this side and on that; and finding no other course to take, they at last, to use a sailor's phrase, threw out the sheet anchor, and grounded the success of their enterprise — on their stupidity. With this and their very able accomplices, ignorance and impudence, they now rushed boldly to the encounter, after having provided themselves with a proper store of new terms of invective and scurrility, which they had always at hand and on their tongues, and wherein all they contribute to society consists. A handsome capital, you will say, to set up with in philosophy! And now they thought nothing more was wanting to them but to make their outward costume as like mine and that of my friends as they could: a project of nearly the same sort as that related by Æsop of the ass at Cumæ, who having crept into a lion's skin, brayed fiercely with all his might, fancying that he was now a lion also; and, what is still more diverting, he perhaps found people who took him really for one. Now nothing, you know, is more simple and easy than to imitate our exterior, and indeed no great preparatives are necessary, for hanging on one an old cloak and a knapsack, to carry a staff in the hand, and set up a great cry, or rather to bray and to bark and to talk all sorts of ribaldry. The respect for their habit enables them to risk it with impunity, and with a stout crabstick in the hand even a slave may insult his master. But the advantages, accruing to them from this disguise, are no trifling matter. They now live no longer, as formerly, on pulse, or pickled herrings and garlic; they fill their bellies at well-fur-

nished tables, drink the best wine, and obtain money from whom they please. For they worry the quality with their importunities, or, as they express it, shear their lambkins; making sure of it, that the generality, either from dread of their foul tongues or from respect for their habit, will be tributary to them. The crafty knaves perfectly well foresaw, that they should stand on a level with the genuine philosophers: for how many perhaps may there be, who can ascertain the difference when the exterior is alike? And if anyone would engage in discourse with them, they never let it come to this trial, but immediately begin to bawl, have recourse to abuse, and brandish their staff. Moreover, if somebody enquires about their lives, then all is meer theory and ratiocination; on the contrary, if you would judge of their science, they appeal to their lives. Of such cheats the whole city is now full, particularly of those who have enlisted with Diogenes, Antisthenes and Crates, and serve under the banner of the Dog: but far from emulating the virtues of the canine race, their vigilance, their domesticity, fidelity, attachment and gratitude to their masters, they are solely intent upon imitating them in barking, in greediness, in rapine and mumping, and wagging their tails to everyone that gives them a bit of meat; and in diligent attendance on plentiful tables they represent the dog to admiration. What must be the consequence you will see ere long. None will have the inclination to handle the hammer, the axe or the cobbler's awl; they will all run out of their workshops, quit their handicrafts, and turn philosophers. They must have lost their senses before they can act otherwise, when they see, that, bending over their work from morning till night, they, with all their hard labour, can hardly earn a bare subsistence; while these idlers and quacks live in affluence, as people who have a right to insist upon having whatever they please, to take it before it is given, to be angry if they get nothing, and not even to return thanks when they have got something. Such a life appears to them the true saturnian age revived, when men had but to open their mouths, and the roasted pigeons flew spontaneously into them*. To

* I have interpolated this common saying into the text, where it speaks of honey, which dropped down from heaven into the mouths of people without their concurrence. It is not to be denied, that this appears to be an allusion to the famous manna, with which the Israelites were fed from heaven in the arabian desert. The poets caused the streams of honey in the

me alone the evil might be still tolerable, if they would let it rest here, and not bring disgrace upon me in other ways. But these same people who in public look so grave and demure, when a pretty girl happens to fall in their way — however, of these things it is better not to speak at all. There are instances of some who, like that trojan youth, have gone off with the wives of their hosts, under pretence that these ladies had joined the philosophic order*. Accordingly they have them in common among them and their disciples, and appeal upon the subject to Plato; not knowing or not caring, why and wherefore that holy man permitted the community of wives in his republic. How they behave at the entertainments they are invited to, and of what they are capable in their drunken frolics, I pass over, lest I should too far trespass upon your patience. And would you believe it; they are shameless enough, all the time they are practising these things themselves, to denounce severe vengeance against drunkenness, adultery, voluptuousness and covetousness? But it is impossible to find out two more discordant things in the world than their discourses and their actions. They give out, for example, that they are mortal enemies to flattery; and yet Gnathonides and Struthias † are children to them in the parasitical arts. Upon others they inculcate the precept always to speak truth; and they themselves never open their mouth, but out comes a lie. To judge from their speeches they abominate pleasure, and Epicurus is their natural enemy; but in reality pleasure is the ultimate aim of all their actions. In irritability, passionate anger and sensibility to insignificant trifles they are worse than the veriest children,

saturnian golden age to gush from rocks or hollow trees, but not drop as dew or rain from the clouds. Lucian, who was a Syrian, might perhaps have heard or read concerning the manna of the jews. I see not therefore what Du Soul means by the remark; "one would think that either a christian or a jew wrote this passage." It is very suitable to the keen satirist Lucian.

* This again refers to the particular cynics at whom this piece is peculiarly levelled. The scene here imperceptibly hurries forward preparatory to the main action: for we shall presently see these worthy wights themselves appear with their new Hipparchia.

† Parasites, familiarly known from the comedies, and whose names, for the purpose of defining their characters, are derived from wasps and sparrows:

as the schloos of the philosophers
Have took from those philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all parasites
Be called, from me, Gnathonics.

Terence, by Colman, p. 31.

and often present the company with a real comedy, when on the slightest occasion they break out into a violent fury, turn black in the face with rage, roll their eyes in their heads as lunatics do, and like true mad dogs have their mouths full of foam, or rather of venom. Woe to him who has the ill luck to be near when these creatures discharge their filth! Then it is: "Gold or silver, such trash, by Hercules, I disdain to honour them by a touch. A halfpenny to buy a few lupines with is all I want. Every well, or the first brook I come to, supplies me with drink;" and directly after, it is not a halfpenny, or simply pence now and then that they require, but large sums at once. Shew me a master of a trading vessel, that gets so much by his freights as their philosophy brings in to them. Accordingly, examples are not wanting, of some who as soon as they think they have scraped together a capital sufficient for their purposes, suddenly cast off their sorry mendicant cloak, and buy up estates, and soft raiment, take a train of spruce attendants, aye, monopolize whole villages, and bid adieu for ever to the wallet of Crates, the mantle of Antisthenes and the tub of Diogenes. Now when the vulgar and illiterate perceive this, what is more natural than for them to acquire a sovereign contempt for philosophy, to hold all who make pretensions to it for such scoundrels, and lay it to my charge that these accomplishments are learnt in my school? Hence it is, that for several years past it has been impossible for me to attract even one of them to me; but it is with me as with Penelope in Homer: all that I weave is undone again in an instant, while the ignorant and dissolute look on and laugh me to scorn, rejoicing to find that after all my diligence I am not the farther advanced, and by endless labour have done nothing.

JUPITER. Ye gracious gods! How grievously has our poor dear Philosophy suffered from these infamous rascals! It is indispensably necessary to inquire into the matter, and devise some means for checking the insolence of these vile caitiffs. What say ye to my thunderbolt? It makes quick work! At one stroke all is done.

APOLLO. With submission, honoured father, I have a proposal to offer to you. For my soul rises against the knavish pack; as president of the Muses I am the natural enemy of people who are in every point of view their antipodes. But to die by lightning from your hand, would be too great an honour for them. If you find it agreeable, I would propose to

send down to them Mercury with unlimited authority to punish them. He himself being a scholar, will know how to distinguish at one view the genuine philosopher from the spurious. Let him dispense the merited praise to the one, and inflict condign punishment on the other, as he shall find expedient.

JUPITER. Your advice is good, Apollo. You, Hercules, accompany him. Take Philosophy along with you, and set out upon the journey incontinently. I think it may stand for your thirteenth labour, if you succeed in ridding the world of these horrid monsters!

HERCULES. For my part, honoured father, I would sooner clean out the stables of Augeas once more, than defile myself with these fellows. However I will set out, if it must be so. [*Jupiter retires.*]

PHILOSOPHY. I myself go much against my inclination; but we must do what the father commands.

MERCURY. Let us then make no farther delay, but get on our way directly; we may make an end of some of them at least this very day. But what road should we take, dear Philosophy? You should best know where to find them. Probably in Greece?

PHILOS. No; you will find there only a few of the right sort. Those that are the object of our commission cannot accommodate themselves to attic poverty*; we must look for them where there are plenty of rich gold and silver mines.

MERCURY. Then we must shape our course direct for Thrace.

HERCULES. You are right, Mercury; and I will shew you the way. I have been so frequently in Thrace that I know it thoroughly. We should strike into this road.

MERCURY. Which road then is it you mean?

HERCULES. You see yonder those two mountains, the biggest and most beautiful of all that lie before us. The larger one is Hæmus, and the other facing it, Rhodope. You see the delightful landscape that extends over the plain beneath? And the three beautiful little hills, that rise like three castles looking down upon the city that lies below? And see, the city itself already appears †.

* The reader may recollect that fine passage in the Nigrinus where Athens and Rome are contrasted.

† The scene shifts, and we are transported to Philippopolis, where the story that lies at the

MERCURY. And, by Jupiter! one of the greatest and noblest in the whole country! Its splendour is even conspicuous at a distance. And the great river that flows close under its walls —

HERCULES. Is the Hebrus; the city was built by the famous Philip, We are now pretty nigh the earth, and already below the clouds. So let us get quite down, and good luck attend us!

MERCURY. Amen. — But what is now to be done? How shall we trace the monsters out?

HERCULES. That is your affair, Mercury. As you are a crier, perform your office and cry them.

MERCURY. That I am ready to do. But, not knowing their names, Philosophy perhaps will be so good as to tell me, how I shall call them with their proper descriptions.

PHILOS. Their names I am not very well acquainted with myself, seeing I have never had any intercourse with them. But with regard to their great propensity to possess, you will not be liable to mistake, if you cry them under the names of Ctesones, Ctesippi, Ctesicles, Eucremones, or Polycetes*.

MERCURY. A happy thought! — But who may these be? Wherefore do they cast their eyes around them on all sides? — They are actually coming up to us, as if they were desirous to ask something of us?

SOME MEN. Can you tell us, gentlemen, and you noble dame, whether you have seen three scoundrels together, and a woman with them, shaved in the

bottom of this personal satire, appears partly to have occurred. This city was called in antient times Eumolpias, then Peneropolis, and at last after king Philip, Alexander's father, who very much enlarged and embellished it, Philipstadt. The Romans, on account of the three hills on which it was built, named it Trimontium.

* It is easy to perceive why Philosophy, who has no inclination to have an action commenced against her for defamation, thinks proper not to mention by name the cynics who are personally attacked in this piece. However she adopts a clever method for making it easy for them to guess to whom they were personally known. To all appearance at least one of them (probably the principal person, of those here coined) had a name; that may be derived from *κλέομαι*, and one of the names under which Mercury at random was to cry them, sounded like, for example, Ctesias, Ctesidius, Philoctetus or some such others. That Lucian here intends to jeer at the celebrated Epictetus, (whose Xenophon Arrian was) is a thought that could only enter the mind of a driveller of the first magnitude: whereas nothing is simpler, than that the cynic, whom it fits, bore a similar name either accidentally or purposely adopted.

laconic fashion quite close to the skin, and in the features of her face and her whole deportment in general more resembling a man than a woman?

PHILOS. Oho! You are looking after *our* people, I suppose?

ONE OF THE MEN. How do you mean? The rascals that we are looking after, are all people that have run away from *us*. But we are principally concerned about a woman, whom they have carried off with them.

MERCURY. You shall presently hear why we are in quest of them; I will make proclamation. — If anybody can give information of a paphlagonian slave, from Sinope, with a name sounding like Ctetus, or beginning with it, sallow complexion, smooth shaved, with a long dirty beard, in a sorry old cloak, with a knapsack thrown across his shoulders, a splenetic, touchy, uppish, noisy, quarrelsome fellow, let him come forward and make his own terms!

MASTER OF THE RUNAWAYS. My dear sir, I believe I know the fellow you are crying, only that while in my house, he was called Cantharus, wore his hair, had a smooth chin, and followed my profession; his business in my workshop was, to clip the wool-flocks on the washed cloths.

PHILOS. Perfectly right! It is the same fellow, your slave properly, but at present looks like a philosopher, so well does he understand how to trim himself up, and vamp his cloth*.

THE MASTER. What assurance! What! Cantharus act the philosopher, and never to care about what his master says to it?

THE OTHER MEN. Give yourself no concern; we shall certainly find them all out. The matron here knows very well what she says.

PHILOS. But, dear Hercules, who is that handsome youth with the lyre, that is coming up to us?

HERCULES. It is Orpheus, my old fellow-traveller to Colchis, and the first man at rowing in the world! For as soon as he began to strike up his music, the time we spent at the oar, passed so pleasantly that we did not feel our labour. — Good luck to you, Orpheus, best patron of the Muses! You have not forgot your old Hercules?

* Philosophy employs jocosely such words as are derived from the profession of the man to whom she is speaking. He that does not recognise by such marks the genuine atticism of our author, must have no apprehension for the lucianic graces, and should not presume to judge of the genuineness or inauthenticity of his compositions.

ORPHEUS. All hail to you, dear Philosophy, and Hercules and Mercury! Know that you owe me the promised reward for discovery. I am thoroughly acquainted with the person you are in search of*.

MERCURY. Then be so good as to point him out to us, dear Orpheus! So wise a man as you are, has I suppose no need of gold.

ORPHEUS. That is true. Well then, the house where he lodges, I will shew you, but not the man himself; I have no inclination to be railed at by him. The fellow has a disgusting volubility in abuse, he makes invective his regular study, and thinks of nothing else †.

MERCURY. Only shew it to us then.

ORPHEUS. The next house here. — I will take myself away. The very sight of him is contagion.

MERCURY. [*Listening at the door.*] Hark! is not that a woman's voice, declaiming from Homer ‡:

PHILOS. By Jupiter! it is worth hearing.

WOMAN. My soul abhors him like the gates of hell
Who says he hates the gold he loves too well. §

MERCURY. Then you must mightily abhor Cantharus,
Who treated ill his hospitable friend. *Iliad*, iii. 254.

THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND. That verse speaks of me. I received and entertained the villain with kindness and hospitality, and to shew his gratitude, he ran off with my wife.

ONE OF THE RUNAWAYS. [*Declaiming within.*]

Thou sot, in front a cur, in heart a deer,
Unfit in arms or council to appear,

* The scene of our little drama lies in Thrace, where Orpheus was at home. He had now indeed been dead upwards of a thousand years, when these events happened: but it is to be considered, that he is a hero or demigod, who resided there now as the tutelar genius of his country, and can render himself visible in his antient costume whenever he pleases. Besides, he is here a *deus ex machina*, without whose assistance it would have been difficult to entrap the bird they were seeking.

† As Lucian probably knew by experience; for it is extremely probable, that he was excited by the gross insults of this cynic, to such severe revenge as he takes on him in this piece.

‡ The same that we shall immediately see, whom the slave Cantharus, now metamorphosed into a philosopher, had eloped with from her husband, whose guest he was.

§ Parody on Hom. *Il.* ix. 312.

Brawler Thersites, king of useless daws,
Dar'st thou now scold the prince and brave the laws * ?

HIS MASTER. The verse is well adapted to the execrable wretch.

THE RUNAWAY. Forward a dog, behind a lion's seen,
The frowsy odour of a goat between —
Than Cerberus the monster's more obscene. †

HUSBAND. O wife, wife! how must you have been worried by so many dogs! I understand you are pregnant by one of them.

MERCURY. Never mind it. She will present you with a young Cerberus or a Gorgon, that Hercules may again have somewhat to do. — But look; she comes out herself, to save us the trouble of knocking.

MASTER. Have I got you at last, Cantharus? — What; dumfounded! — Let us see what you have in your wallet. Lupines and a dry crust perhaps?

MERCURY. You are far out. A great bag full of gold!

HERCULES. Let it not surprise you. In Greece he passed for a cynic; but here he is become a true chrysispean; and in a little time you will see him even a second Zeno; for the infamous rascal shall be hanged by his beard ‡.

CANTHARUS'S MASTER. [*To another of the Runaways.*] And you, scoundrel! are not you my runaway slave, Lecythio? You and no other! Can anything be more ridiculous? What may we not live to see, since a Lecythio is become a philosopher?

* Again parodies on the well known lines of the Iliad, i. 225. ii. 202. 214.

† Parody on the following lines of Hesiod: *Theogon.* 323, 324.

Πρόσθι λίων, ὄπισθεν δὲ δράκων, μίση δὲ χίμαιρα,
Διὸν ἀποκτίωσα πυρὸς μίτος αἰθομένοιο.

The passage is somewhat strong, but it was impossible to omit it altogether; and in a satire on a cynic we must make up our minds to such grecisms as appear in the original. They do not however by far come up to the energy with which the most elegant french writer of our times has thought proper to express himself. And we might defy the warmest champion for the preference of the antients before the moderns to produce in any greek or latin author a passage equally strong with some of his.

‡ The joke in this herculean *bon mot* arises partly from the verbal signification of the name Chrysispeus, which in english amounts to about as much as Goldman or Goldrich; partly from an allusion to the death of Zeno, who is said to have hanged himself in the 72nd year of his age. In the text indeed it is Cleanthes instead of Zeno; but that is either a mistake of the transcriber, or a slip of Lucian's memory; for Cleanthes did not hang himself, but starved himself to death.

MERCURY. May not this third here have a master among you?

ONE OF THE MEN. Now no longer: I was so once, but I hereby give him liberty — to hang himself, or be hanged whenever he pleases.

MERCURY. Why so?

HIS MASTER. Because he is quite maggoty. He went by no other name with us (for reasons) than the Perfume-box.

MERCURY. Hercules Alexicacos *, do you hear? — His scrip and his staff do not misbecome him! — [*To the husband.*] But you, take at least your wife again?

HUSBAND. That I rather chuse to decline. I want no wife that is pregnant with an old comedy.

MERCURY. What do you mean by that?

HUSBAND. There is a comedy entitled, the Three-headed.

MERCURY. That is nothing very singular; there is one called Triphales †.

HERCULES. It depends now entirely upon you, Mercury, to finish our business by pronouncing your award.

MERCURY. My decree then is, that madam, lest she should bring into the world a monster or a child with more heads than one, return with her husband into Greece. Let the two runaways be restored to their masters, and henceforth stick to their antient calling; Lecythio may again wash dirty linen, and let the perfume-stinker, after being handsomely flogged with mallow-stalks, go again to botch old clothes ‡. Let Cantharus, however, first of all be delivered up to the depilators, to have the hairs of his body plucked up by the roots one by one, and if any still remain after they have performed their office, let them be drawn up by a plaister of stinking

* This comic invocation of Hercules under a surname, by which he was usually invoked for aid, is a very intelligible pleasantry of Mercury, as it points to a disagreeable sensation in his olfactory nerves, which were too near the perfume-box. The following words, *ἰκίτα ὡρεα καὶ βακίλον* have either the meaning I have given them, or none at all.

† A translation of this word would be a vehement offence against our notions of decorum, and the signification of the word phales or phalus is sufficiently known. Triphales was a comedy of Aristophanes, Tricaranos one of Theopompus.

‡ It is apparent from this sentence, that Cantharus and Lecythio had the same master.

pitch*: then let him be conducted to Hæmus, and there with his legs tied together, be left sitting in the snow, till he is cooled of his superfluous heat.

CANTHARUS. Ah me! ah me! Hei, hei! Oh, oh, oh!

HIS MASTER. Let us have none of your howling from tragedy-dialogues! Away, away with you to the depilators! Let them strip you of your lion's skin, that all may see you are but an ass!

* This rude kind of depilation was one of the chastisements, which a detected adulterer was forced to undergo, from the injured party. The effeminate of both sexes had the hair of their body plucked out, but they employed more fragrant and less painful means to that end. To be very hairy was part of the costume of the cynics, and the punishment of depilation was therefore the more condign, as it at the same time indicated the degradation from the cynic order.

THE CYNIC.

A CYNIC. LYCINUS.

LYCINUS.

HARK ye, friend; what may be the reason, that you let your hair and beard grow, that you wear no shirt, and walk abroad bare-foot in your coarse tattered gown thrown over your bare body, in your whole manner of life the direct reverse of all other people; in short, lead the life of a savage beast, roving about from place to place, and take up your night's lodging on the hard ground? — Thence it is that your cloak looks so dirty, which besides is neither light nor soft nor fine, and to all appearance had never any colour on it.

THE CYNIC. Our author, who in so many of his writings chastizes without mercy the counterfeit disciples, or rather apes of a Crates and Diogenes, intends probably by this representation of a true cynic, as it were to appease the manes of the founder of that order, and give a proof, that he thinks as highly both of them and their genuine disciples, as he despises those, who regarded the cynical habit as a passport for ignorance, impudence and licentious manners. His cynic is indeed ideal, neither framed so as to be taken without restriction for a model, nor so easy to be attained: yet it is, in its essential features, an ideal image of human natural perfection, which everyone, as far as his relative situations and circumstances will allow, and who understands his true interest, must wish to come nigh. Lucian, who is always wont to have more than one collateral object in view, connected with his main design, has availed himself of this opportunity to contrast the habits of the life and manners of the superior classes of a nation corrupted by power, opulence, refinement and luxury, on which he had before, in the Nigrinus, passed so severe a censure, with the way of life of his natural men, to the disadvantage of the former. J. J. Rousseau has also in several of his writings done the same: but the socratic simplicity, and the unvarnished, unostentatious good sense, with which Lucian makes his cynic speak, is not only more in character, but has likewise (according to my taste at least) more grace, than the emphatic tone, and the witty and antithetical declamations of that modern cynic, in which it is but too clearly seen, that it was more from ill humour and disgust with the world, than from his own free choice and inclination.

CYNIC. No matter for that : such as it is, it serves my purpose ; it cost me not much, and gives me only the less concern. But you, do you think there is no harm in pomp and luxury ?

LYCINUS. That is not my meaning.

CYNIC. Or do you hold contentment to be no virtue ?

LYCINUS. Oh, certainly I hold it one.

CYNIC. Why then do you blame me, whom you see live thriftier than others, and not rather them who are more extravagant ?

LYCINUS. I blame you not for living more thriftily than others, but because you live in distress, indigence and misery. For I cannot see wherein you are better off than a beggar, who begs his daily sustenance about the streets.

CYNIC. Shall we then (since we are engaged in this discourse) inquire a little into what is want, and what sufficiency ?

LYCINUS. As you please.

CYNIC. Whoever has just as much as suffices to his necessities ; has he enough, or not ?

LYCINUS. He has enough.

CYNIC. And he suffers want, if he has less than he needs, and therefore comes short with what he has ?

LYCINUS. Certainly.

CYNIC. Then I want nothing : for I have exactly not more and not less than my necessities require.

LYCINUS. That is exactly what I do not comprehend.

CYNIC. Let us then see, what is the end and purpose of anything we want. Suppose we begin with a house. For what do you want a house, but for shelter ? And why a garment, but for covering ?

LYCINUS. It is as you say.

CYNIC. And to what end is it necessary for us to be covered, but that the covered may be the better for it ?

LYCINUS. I think so too.

CYNIC. And in what now, in your opinion, are my feet worse than those of others ?

LYCINUS. I cannot tell.

CYNIC. Then I will tell you. Why do we want feet ?

LYCINUS. To go.

CYNIC. Do you find that my feet go worse than the feet of others?

LYCINUS. Apparently not.

CYNIC. If then they do their duty no worse, they are also not worse?

LYCINUS. One should think so.

CYNIC. As to the feet then the point is settled. But is it the same with my whole body? The body is ill, if it be weakly, for its perfection consists in its strength. Can you now affirm, that my body is weaker than others?

LYCINUS. To judge from appearance, not.

CYNIC. You see therefore that neither my feet nor my body suffer by defect of covering; for otherwise they would be ill, because the deficiency of what is indispensable to the removal of a want, remains always an evil, with which we cannot be well. But you see likewise that my body is not the worse, for being nourished with coarse food.

LYCINUS. That is evident.

CYNIC. It could not possibly be strong if it were ill nourished; for bad nutriment corrupts the body.

LYCINUS. It is not to be denied.

CYNIC. That being the case therefore, I should be glad to know, how you can affirm that my manner of life is contemptible and miserable?

LYCINUS. That I will tell you at once. You cannot deny, that nature, whom you make so much of, and the gods have put us men in possession of the earth, from which such a variety of comforts proceed, that we should not only not confine ourselves to bare indispensables, but live in the enjoyment of an infinite number of things which exist solely for our pleasure. Of all these however you refuse your share, and you enjoy no more of them than the dull cattle. You drink water, like all other beasts, eat what you find, like the dogs, and have no better lodging than the dogs; for a little hay or straw equally suffices you and them; and between your garment and a beggar's cloak the difference is for the worse. If you now do right in contenting yourself with so little, then has the good god done wrong in furnishing the sheep with finer wool, and in having produced the vine, which yields such delicious wine, and such a wonderful variety of other things which conduce to the embellishment and comfort of life; in short, he has done wrong, in providing us with so many kinds of savoury food and pleasant drinks, so many accommodations, soft beds,

elegant houses, in a word such an innumerable quantity of agreeable and artificial objects; for even the works of art are to be regarded as gifts of the gods. A life that is deprived of all these is a miserable life. Bad enough when others deprive us of them, but incomparably worse when a man deprives himself of whatever is beautiful and pleasing. What else can it be called than downright madness?

CYNIC. What you advance may be not altogether without foundation. But only answer me one question. If a rich and benevolent man should give a grand sumptuous feast to a great number of different kinds of persons, sick and well, strong and weak, where all the guests are hospitably entertained with a vast profusion of dishes of all sorts, and one of the guests should draw all the dishes on table to his place, and devour everything, even the dishes that had been set on for the weak and sickly, — he who was perfectly well, and besides has only one stomach, which can want but a small part of these provisions, and must necessarily be oppressed and sick by what is too much, — what opinion would you entertain of the understanding and the temperance of that man?

LYCINUS. A very bad one.

CYNIC. And another seated at the same table, who, not caring about the variety of dishes, should decently eat of one only, which was set next him, just as much as sufficed to still his hunger, and content himself with it, disregarding all the rest; would you not hold this the more intelligent and better man of the two?

LYCINUS. That would be my opinion.

CYNIC. Do you understand me now; or must I proceed?

LYCINUS. What next?

CYNIC. That God is this generous, bountiful host, who dishes us up such plenty of provisions and in such abundant variety, that each may find somewhat convenient for him, some for the healthy, others for the sick, these for stronger, those for weaker constitutions; not that everyone of us should catch at everything, but each only what lies nearest him, and as much of it as he wants. You others however are like that voracious glutton, who drew all the dishes to himself, and appropriate to yourselves everything around you; neither your own land nor your own sea suffices you, but you purchase pleasures from the remotest extremities of the earth, ever preferring the foreign to the domestic, the dearest to the cheapest, the rarest

to what is most easily procured ; and, in short, rather than you would live without so many accessories you chuse to live ill at a great expense. For how dear do you pay for the means and preparatives of that toilsome happiness of which you so much boast ! That gold and silver so highly prized, these gorgeous palaces, the studied finery of your clothes, with what hazard and toil must all these be procured ! How many thousands must do penance for them with their health, their limbs, and even their lives ! Not only because for the sake of them so many seamen must perish, or because the poor must labour in digging for you those precious metals and stones out of the earth, and must suffer unspeakable hardships and privations, and almost always put their lives in jeopardy : but likewise because these things give occasion to so many squabbles among mankind, and are the cause, why friends seek the lives of their friends, children of their parents, wives of their husbands. Or, was it not about a golden necklace that Eriphyle betrayed her spouse ? But after all, the real utility you derive from these objects, bears no proportion to the high price at which they are purchased. Embroidered clothes warm you, gilded roofs cover you no better than the common ; the wine tastes no better from gold and silver cups, and sleep is no sweeter for lying on beds of ivory : on the contrary, these sons of fortune are precisely the people who are most restless on their soft and magnificent couches. And what is the tendency of that expense and superfluity in the supplies of the table, but to disorder and enervate the body, and instead of wholesome juices to introduce the seeds of every species of disease into the veins ? It would be endless to enumerate the variety of miseries which lust induces men to inflict on others and on themselves also, when the passion might be easily satisfied, if men would not purposely render it subservient to luxury ; for which, not contented with running into common follies and extravagances, they are hurried into the most absurd and preposterous excesses ; not satisfied unless they pervert, in a thousand instances, the natural use of things : as, for example, instead of a carriage, making use of their bed as if it were a carriage*.

* He is speaking of a sort of palanquines, which about that time were in fashion among the degenerate Romans and Greeks as much as among the orientals, whose hot climate renders this accommodation familiar.

LYCINUS. Who does so?

CYNIC. All of you, who make men your beasts of burden and horses, by forcing them to harness themselves to your litters, as to carriages; while you lie stretched at your ease, voluptuously on these splendid thrones, with the reins in your hands, making the bearers, go this way or that, like asses, at your pleasure. And yet this is one of the great felicities which the rabble think so enviable in the rich! *. Then may it not justly be affirmed of those, for example, who not content to use shell-fish for food, employ them to the purpose of dying (as the purple-dyers do), that they make an unnatural use of the gift of God?

LYCINUS. I think not. For the flesh of the purple snail, may as properly serve for a dye as for food.

CYNIC. But it was not made for that purpose †. For so one might force his cup to serve him instead of a kettle ‡: but the cup was not made for that purpose. — It would however prove an endless task to recount the several things from which mankind have unnecessarily contrived to procure real or imaginary misery. And you come, and upbraid me with refusing to take my share in it! Yet I live exactly like the honest man, of whom we were speaking; I suffice myself with what stands before me, and costs the least, and require nothing of all the dainty and expensive dishes. If however I seem to you to live like a beast, because I want little and enjoy little then perhaps, according to your account, the gods must fare worse than the beasts: for they lack absolutely nothing. But that you may form a correcter judgment, which is more eligible, to lack more or less, consider only that children lack more than adults, women more than men, the sick more than those in health; in general the imperfecter has always more wants than the perfecter. Therefore the gods lack nothing at all, and those who approach nearest to them, the least. Or, do you imagine perhaps, the bravest of all men, the godlike Hercules,

* The rabble are here not to be blamed: they only feel that it is preferable to be carried than to carry; and in that they are right.

† The cynic here is rather sophistical. The purple snail, or murex, is not more made to be ate than to tinge: it exists — that it may be; in other words, because in the chain of being, no link can be wanting; and man uses them (as everything else in nature, that he can lay hold on) to the ends he has in view.

‡ Why not? if he just has no kettle, and the cup in case of need will serve him nearly as well.

who is even with so much justice numbered among the gods, was forced by necessity and misery to roam through the world, with a lion's skin about his bare body, without desiring any of your felicities? Surely the man suffered no distress whose constant business it was to deliver others from distress; and he could not be poor who was everywhere master both by land and by water. For everywhere whither his courage led him, he conquered all, and as long as he sojourned among men, found nowhere his equal, much less a superior. Think you, that such a man was forced to wander naked and barefoot, for lack of clothes and shoes? Say rather, that he voluntarily dispensed with them, because he was temperate and valiant, would have no master over him, and contemned pleasure. And Theseus, his disciple and follower, was not he king over all Attica, a son of Neptune, as the story goes, and the foremost man of his time? Yet he thought fit to go unshod and naked, letting his beard and hair grow: nor was he the only one who did so; all the heroes of antiquity did the same, and were indeed quite different men from you. Verily it would have been as easy to find a lion without a mane, as one of them that had shaved his beard. A smooth chin and a soft skin, were in their opinion fit only for women; they were men, and resolved to look like men. They held the beard an ornament to the man, believing that nature intended to adorn him by it, as she gave the mane as an ornament to the noblest of beasts, the horse and the lion. Those antients attract my admiration and envy; them I resolve to imitate; the people of the present age are no people for me. Let them, if they please, place a great happiness in eating deliciously, in wearing rich dresses, in plucking out every hair, in polishing their skin with pumice stone, and, in short, leaving nothing to grow on their whole bodies in the order of nature; I certainly shall not envy them these elegancies. What I wish is, that my feet might become so callous, that between them and the hoofs of a centaur there be no longer any difference, and that I may need rugs and coverings as little as a lion, and a sumptuous board no more than a dog. May I never desire a better lodging, than what I everywhere find on the bare ground, and be satisfied with any fare, that I find under my hands or my feet! But may gold and silver never be reckoned among necessities by me or by any that I love! For all the miseries that oppress mankind, rebellions, wars, disloyalty, conspiracies and murders spring out of

the appetite for those unhallowed metals, and thirst of having more. Far be this disease of the soul from me! May I never desire more than I have, and always be prepared for having still less! Here you have in few words my way of thinking and living. It is, as you perceive, very different from the common. What marvel then, if I differ also in my externals from those to whom in principles I am so unlike? Besides, I cannot conceive how one can find it proper for a singer, a flute-player, a comedian to have his peculiar habit, and not likewise allow the person who professes to be an honest and true man, to have somewhat peculiar in his exterior; but insist upon it that he must absolutely look like the generality, although the generality are very bad men. But if it be proper that the good should have somewhat distinguishing in externals, what is better suited to that purpose than an attire, which of all possible garbs is that wherein the luxurious and effeminate would least wish to appear; and precisely so fashioned is mine? For what else is the purport of my looking slovenly and dirty, wearing a threadbare cloak, letting my hair grow, and going barefoot? Whereas between the dress of a professed fop* and yours there is not the smallest difference; colour of the clothes, fineness of the stuff, choice of garments, night-gown, shoes, head-dress, perfumery, everything is with you as with them; for really you have as strong a smell, at least those of you, who move in the first ranks of fashion. And what is a mere fop good for? Hence it is, that you are no less afraid of labour and exertion, than people of that description, and are addicted to all kinds of sensuality with as little moderation as they. You eat like them, sleep like them, and walk like them, or rather you walk not at all, but have yourselves carried, like burdens, now by men, now by cattle. Whereas my own feet carry me whither I will; I can likewise bear heat

* The word here used, which cannot with propriety be translated, designated a peculiar set of people of long standing among the Greeks and Romans, (as did the *hetærae*, or pretty girls, who let out their company by day and night at a price proportioned to their youth and charms,) who, though despised by all moral persons, were yet tolerated. Antiently those wretches were to be known at first sight by their effeminate and luxurious dress, by the manner in which they wore their hair, by their affectation of tricking themselves out in a feminine method, by the atmosphere of fragrance in which they were enveloped: but since luxury had made all these articles the universal mode, the *cinædi* had nothing particular in the exterior: they looked now like the honest people; because the honest people were not ashamed to look like them.

and cold equally well, and never chance to be in the humour to murmur at a bountiful God and his constitutions in nature, because I am a poor feeble creature, who can bear nothing. You on the other hand, from pure happiness, are never satisfied with nature, find fault with everything, can never endure the present, and are always longing for the past or the future. In the winter you wish it was summer, in the summer, for the return of winter: is it cold; you would fain have it warm: is it warm; then it ought to be cold. In short, you are like sick folks, who nauseate everything, and are always complaining; only with this difference, that with them it is distemper, with you the mode of life, that is in fault. And yet you require us to change and correct ours: as if we did not understand our own interest and acted upon discordant principles: while you in your own concerns, shew so little consideration, and do nothing because you have tried it and found it the best, but all merely from habit and passion. You are therefore like one that has fallen into an impetuous torrent, and are forced to roll on, whither your appetites hurry you. It is with you precisely as with him, who, mounted on a vicious and unruly horse, which having set off at once and run away with him, could not dismount, but must resign himself to the caprice of his horse. Whither are you bound? asked one that met him: Where he pleases, was his answer, pointing to his racer. If anyone ask you, whither you are bound? and you would tell the truth, what other answer could you give, than — whither our passions, or, if each one spoke for himself — whithersoever pleasure, ambition, or covetousness, pleases? Sometimes anger, sometimes fear, or some other passion carries you away; for you ride not always the same mad horse, but a number one after another, only that unhappily they are all headstrong, and run away with you over hedge and ditch, till at last they rush upon a precipice, of which you were not aware till you are fairly down. — Besides, this threadbare cloak which so much excites your derision, and this bristly hair, and in general my whole appearance, has the signal virtue, of procuring me a quiet and unsollicitous life, and the felicity of doing what I list, and of conversing with no other persons than such as are agreeable to me. For precisely on account of my rude accoutrement a fellow of vulgar breeding and ill manners will not be inclined to accost me. The elegant gentry keep their distance, and get out of my way. Only people of excellent understanding and good conduct, only such as

still set a value on virtue, resort to me, even court me, and thus create pleasure to me by their intercourse. In the mean time the doors of your happy ones are very safe for me; their purple and their golden coronets are empty vapour, and they themselves ridiculous creatures in my eyes.

To convince you however that my garb is becoming, not only to good men, but even to the gods themselves*; I would advise you to consider, before you laugh at it again, the images of the latter, and see which they most resemble, you or me. Traverse the several temples of the Greeks and other nations, and inform yourself whether the gods wear hair and beard as I do, or whether they are sculptured and painted after your fashion, with shaved crowns and smooth chins. You will discover that they are generally even without waistcoats. How then can you dare to speak contemptuously of my habit, since it appears to be becoming even to the gods?

* The dirt substracted, which is neither ornamental to gods nor men; and yet by his own confession it formed a part of the cynical costume.

ALEXANDER;
OR
THE FALSE PROPHET.

YOU might perhaps, dearest Celsus *, think it a slight and trivial request, when you asked me to send you a written account of the impostor Alexander of Abonoteichos, and his no less artfully contrived than boldly executed tricks and false miracles : but he who would relate accurately and circumstantially all that is to be said of this man, might as easily compose a book of the achievements of Alexander the great. For certainly the paphlagonian Alexander was just as great in villany, as the macedonian in the heroic virtues. Nevertheless, in the hopes that you

ALEXANDER. This account of one of the most crafty, most audacious, and most successful theurgical impostors that ever was, is in certain regards the most important and instructive of all Lucian's writings. Alexander of Abonoteichos, with whom we are brought acquainted in it, was a real virtuoso in his art ; he possessed the several requisite talents ; he produced great effects from very small means ; and none of his fellow-labourers have come under my observation, who had so nicely calculated, how far a man may trust to human absurdity, and understood how to derive so much advantage from the weak side of the great mass. Striking resemblances render this extraordinary man and his history doubly interesting at the present day ; and the consideration of what he with such slender means brought to effect, should naturally lead us to the thought of what an Alexander in our times with the incomparably greater resources now at his command, might perform. But what sort of Paphlagonians must they be, who, warned by such an example, still suffer themselves to be duped ?

* From several circumstances it appears, that the Celsus to whom this composition is addressed, and of whom Lucian gives us a very favourable idea, is the very same against whom Origen wrote his apology in behalf of christianity. Celsus, who had adopted the same principles with our author, laboured with him to one end ; and his writings against magic, &c. would, if they were still extant, probably throw a beneficial light upon many objects that now either lie in total darkness, or are only enlightened on one side.

will read me with indulgence, and allow my narrative, notwithstanding its defects, to be authentic, I will undertake this herculean labour, and endeavour to cleanse, if not entirely this augean stable, as far however as my abilities extend. From the few baskets that I have collected, you will be enabled to infer, how immense the quantity of dung must be, which three thousand oxen were so many years in making.

I cannot however vouch for it, that this task may not prove disgraceful both to you and to me : to you for having esteemed such a worthless scoundrel deserving of a written memorial ; to me, for offering to compile the history of a man, who instead of having the honour of contributing to the amusement of literary persons, rather deserved to be given up, in the largest and fullest theatre in all the world, to be devoured by apes and foxes. After all, in case anyone should make it a subject of animadversion, we have an example to which we may refer him, and no less a one than that of Arrian, the famous disciple of Epictetus, a man of eminent character among the Romans, and who made literature the constant companion of his life : for, that somewhat similar occurred to him, I think, may fairly be allowed our best apology. Did a man like him deem it not unworthy of him to write the life of the highwayman Tiliborus * ; why then should not we condescend to set up a monument to a far worse robber than he was ? The one robbed only in forests and mountains : the other in the midst of populous cities ; that confined his rambles to Mysia and the idæan mountains, and made therefore only the smallest and least peopled part of Asia the scene of his depredations : whereas this laid the whole roman empire under contribution.

To proceed therefore to the business. I will begin by giving you a description of this man ; but, having no great turn for painting, I can only say, it shall be as like as I am able to make it. He was tall of stature †, of a goodly aspect, and had really somewhat in his whole figure and carriage that seemed to bespeak him more than man. His complexion was fair, his beard not very thick, he wore his own hair, but with false curls, so artificially increased, that this extrinsic addition was not

* This writing is not found among the works of Arrian that are come down to us.

† The text here needlessly adds : " in order to make you acquainted with his exterior." It is understood of course, that one must begin with that, if we would delineate a man to the life.

in the least discernible. His eyes sparkled with the awe-commanding fire of one possessed by a divinity ; the tone of his voice was to the last degree sweet and melodious : in short, on this side, not the slightest objection could be made to his personal aspect. But as to his inside, oh, all ye guardian powers of heaven ! let us rather fall into the hands of our bitterest foes, than into those of such a wretch ! Not that he was deficient in the qualities of the mind that such a fair outside seemed to promise ; on the contrary, few men in the world were comparable to him in understanding, quickness of apprehension and sagacity ; ductility, docility, memory, and a natural aptitude to attainments in art and science, he possessed in the highest degree ; but the use he made of so many noble endowments, was so bad, that in a short time of all the most infamous rascals he was the foremost : and all the Cercopes of antiquity ; aye, even a Eurybatus, Phrynonidas, Aristodemus, and Sostratus* were far behind him. Indeed he compared himself in a letter to his son-in-law Rutillianus, with the utmost modesty, to Pythagoras : but I beg pardon of Pythagoras for having repeated such calumny after him. He was a wise and holy man ; but had he been a contemporary of this Alexander, I am sure he would have appeared but a child in comparison of him. For the sake of all the Graces, dear Celsus, think not that I say this, in disparagement of Pythagoras, or that it could only come across my mind, to draw a parallel between these two men. What I mean is simply this ; if anyone should rake together into one heap † all the most vile and opprobrious calumnies which the tongue of slander has ever uttered against Pythagoras, and to which I give no credit : it would amount to but a very diminutive part of what this Alexander was capable of perpetrating. To enable you to form an idea of him, figure to yourself a mind that with the greatest facility assumes all forms, that is a compound of lies, deceit, perjury, and all kinds of mischievous arts, flexible, enterprising, daring, unwearied in execution of thoughts and designs ; a man, in whom at first sight you would be inclined to put entire confidence, who acts the most generous dispositions as naturally as if they were his, and is so ex-

* All famous malefactors before and in the time of Lucian.

† As Jamblichus and Porphyry did, long after Lucian's time, though in the design of doing honour to Pythagoras by it.

pert in concealing his real sentiments, that he seems to intend the direct contrary. Nobody that came once into his company ever went away, without taking with him the opinion, that he was the best, the most good-natured, and even the sincerest and most single-hearted of all men. To this must be added, that his aims were always high; so that he never amused himself with petty pursuits, but his mind was uniformly intent on vast designs and enterprises.

In his boyhood, he was extremely handsome, as we might infer from his remaining comeliness, no less than from the report of those who knew him, but likewise so licentious, that he would lend himself to every species of wickedness and debauchery. Among others possession of him was obtained by a certain charlatan, of the class of those who addict themselves to magic, the conjuration of spirits, and the art of exciting love or hatred by charms, discovering and raising hid treasures, and assisting to procure rich legacies. This fellow presently found out the happy disposition of the lad for his profession; and, seeing him as much enamoured of his vile practices as he was himself, he took him under his tuition, and in the sequel constantly employed him as his coadjutor, minister, and agent. This man openly professed physic *, and was, as Homer † speaks of the wife of the Ægyptian Thoon :

Skilled in receipts to cure and drugs to kill;

in all of which he appointed our Alexander his substitute and successor.

This doctor and preceptor was a native of Tyana, the countryman and disciple of the universally renowned Apollonius, and one of those who were accurately acquainted with his whole tragedy. You perceive what a person is likely to become, who is brought up under such a master !

Our hero was now arrived to man's estate, and the Tyanian having died in the mean time, being reduced to some necessity by the decay of his engaging figure, he was cast into no small perplexity how to maintain himself. But his courage never failed him : he entered into a connexion

* Here we have again a *Cagliostro ante Cagliostrum* ! a man who addicted himself to the occult sciences, and, like almost all charlatans of that species, practised medicine as a cloak and vehicle for them.

† *Odys.* iv. 230.

with a certain comedy-scribbler* of Byzantium, a fellow of still more infamous stamp than himself; he was called, if I remember right, Cocconos: they went about together everywhere, where anything was to be got by dissolute artifices, fleecing the fat-heads, as these conjurors in their jargon used to call the ignorant multitude. Among the rest, lighting upon a rich macedonian lady, who, notwithstanding, that she had long since passed her bloom, was still desirous to be thought lovely; and after having by her means obtained an ample provision for travelling expenses, they followed her from Bithynia to her native country. She was of Pella †; a place that had flourished exceedingly under the macedonian kings, but was now fallen considerably into decay, and counted only a small number of inhabitants, and those of the lowest classes. Here they noticed a kind of uncommonly large serpents or dragons, yet so harmless and tame that they were nourished by some of the women like other domestic animals, sleeping with the children, and suffering themselves to be teased or trod upon by them without turning. The women even suckled them at the breast, to draw off the milk, instead of their babes ‡. They are common in those parts, and it is probable that the old story told of queen Olympias §, thence took its rise, because, perhaps she let such a serpent sleep with her, when pregnant with Alexander. My two vagabonds bought for a few pence, one of the finest of these reptiles ||; and now the comedy went on. For that a pair of such thorough-paced, audacious rascals, always ready for any mischievous trick, laying their heads together, should not leave such a fund unemployed, may be easily

* The word *λογοποιός* has several significations, whereof this, in which it appears in *Athenæus*, seems here the fittest.

† Pella was once the seat of the macedonian kings, and Alexander's birth place, but otherwise at that time a very insignificant town. In the days of Lucian it was a roman colony, under the pompous appellation of *Julia Augusta*.

‡ The zoologists mention this species of serpent under the denomination of *Serpens Æsculapius*, and a smaller race of them is found in Italy, which are reported to be as harmless and familiar as the larger ones here in question.

§ Alexander the great's mother. She is said to have herself given out, that Jupiter, in the form of such a large serpent, came to her and became the father of Alexander.

|| The figure of this dragon, as it is called on the coins, which we shall have farther occasion to mention by and by, perfectly confirms the description of Lucian; for he appears on them as a serpent of extraordinary length and thickness.

imagined. It needs no great exertion of intellect to discover that fear and hope are the two mighty tyrants that govern human life, and that whoever knows how properly to make use of them, has found out the speediest method of becoming rich. Now they clearly saw, that both to the hopeful and the fearful nothing was more necessary than the foreknowledge of the future; that mankind accordingly are inquisitive after few things more; and that it was solely and alone this curiosity, that in days of yore rendered Delphi and Delos, and Claros and the Branchides* rich and famous, because the people, impelled by their aforesaid tyrants, fear and hope, visited these temples; and, to obtain the prescience of their future destinies, slaughtered hecatombs, and offered ingots of gold. Having well revolved all this in their minds, and deliberately concerted their plan, they determined upon setting up a sort of oracle, not doubting, if it succeeded, that in a short time their fortune would be established in the world; and which indeed afterwards turned out even beyond their hopes and expectations †.

Their first consultation now was, the place to fix upon for the scene of their enterprise, how they should begin, and what was the properest form to be given to the business. Cocconos thought Chalcedon to be the fittest, partly because it was a trading town of considerable consequence,

* The oracle at Didymi, that was in the possession of a family which derived its pedigree from Branchus, a favourite of Apollo, who was endued by that god, for himself and his posterity, with the gift of prophecy.

† To render this scheme of the confederate impostors more comprehensible it should be understood, that serpents, or dragons, had from time immemorial been in the reputation of having somewhat divinatorial in their nature. The prophetic gift, *ἡ μαντικὴ*, is a quality peculiar to the dragon, says Ælian, *Hist. Animal.* xi. 16. Hence all serpents, as we are assured by Pausanias, in *Corinth. cap.* xxxi. but particularly a certain tame and innoxious species of them produced in Epidauria, were sacred to Æsculapius, whose principal temple and residence was at Epidauria; and for that reason these animals are frequently found, as *symbola* both of divination and of medicine, which in some measure is a species of the former, on coins, gems, and other ancient monuments. It was particularly usual, to represent Æsculapius under this figure, since he, agreeable to a popular tradition, had transferred himself in the shape of a serpent to the Romans, on their being commanded by an oracle to fetch this deity from Epidaurus to Rome, for quelling the pestilence that raged in that capital A. U. C. 461. an event, confirmed no less by poets (*Ov. Metam.* xv.) and historians (*Valer. Max.* i. 8. *Liv.* xi. and others) than by one of the most beautiful coins described by Spanheim.

partly because it lies so near to Thrace and Bithynia, nor far from Asia, Galatia, and other neighbouring people. Alexander on the other hand gave the preference to his own country; and that for very substantial reasons, because it was necessary at the commencement of such an undertaking, to have to do with raw and stupid people, of whom you may make whatever you please. The Paphlagonians, he observed, especially those in the district of Abonoteichos, are admirably fitted for that purpose: they being for the most part such a superstitious and foolish people, that the first sieve-twirler * that appears among them with a piper or drummer before him, pretending to be a fortune-teller, immediately draws the populace round him in whole troops, gaping at him with open mouth, and regarding him as a man descended from heaven.

After debating the matter for some time, Alexander at last got the better. However they took the road to Chalcedon, and being come there, for that city seemed in some measure conducive to their design, they found means in an old dilapidated temple of Apollo, to bury a couple of brass tablets, whereon was inscribed: "Æsculapius will presently come with his father Apollo into Pontus †, and fix his residence at Abonoteichos." Thereupon, having contrived that these tablets should previously be found and taken up, they spread the rumour of the event through all Bithynia and Pontus ‡, and in several other towns quite to Abonoteichos, and the inhabitants of this last resolved without delay to build a temple: and immediately set about digging the foundation for it.

* Coskinomancy, or divination by means of twirling a sieve, freely suspended by a string, is a very antient superstition practised by the common people, and is still here and there continued to this day.

† According to a very probable conjecture of the ingenious scholar above mentioned, and one of the greatest ornaments of Germany, (*Dissert. de Præst. et Usu Numism. antiq.* vol. i. p. 214, 215.) to this circumstance, a coin of the Abonoteichiteans refers, struck in the reign of the emperor Antoninus Pius, having the figure of that emperor on one side, and on the reverse two serpents, the one seeming to whisper something in the ear of the other. He believes this coin was struck to perpetuate the arrival of these two divinities at Abonoteichos, and to indicate by the symbol, that the new Æsculapius had received his prophetic gift immediately from his father Apollo.

‡ Bithynia, Paphlagonia, and Pontus were the three northern provinces of the Lesser Asia, or those bordering on the Euxine. Sometimes the two latter together are called Pontus. In Lucian's time they were all three under one sole governor-general or proconsul.

In the mean time, while Alexander was gone before to prepare the way for the two deities, Cocconos remained behind at Chalcedon, where he busily employed himself in composing ambiguous and mysterious oracles ; but soon after, if I am not mistaken, was bit by a viper and died.

Alexander however, as I said, being despatched before, never let himself be seen but with his long locks of hair in flowing ringlets hanging down, in a white vest striped with purple, having a white mantle thrown over it, and a scymitar in his right hand, after the manner in which Perseus is represented : for he had the impudence to draw his lineage on the maternal side from that demi-god ; yet so wretchedly stupid were these Paphlagonians, that although they knew both his parents to be vulgar insignificant people, yet gave credit to the oracle *, thus singing :

From Perseus sprung, we Alexander send,
Of Podaleirios' blood, Apollo's friend †.

Verily Podaleirios must have been quite mad in running after women, to travel, for love of Alexander's mother from Tricca to Paphlagonia, without having his ardour cooled by so long a journey. There was found likewise another prophecy, as if dictated by some sybil, which ran to the following effect :

* Somewhat in the same manner as in our days Joseph Balsamo, of Palermo, created himself, without the intermediation of an oracle, count Cagliostro, and in England, France, Germany and other countries, was uniformly decorated with that title, notwithstanding that everybody knew he had an equal right to give himself out for a descendant of Tschingis-khan. It naturally was not more difficult for our Alexander to make his descent from Perseus, admitted by the thick-headed Paphlagonians, than for the charlatan Joseph Balsamo his title of count by the polite Frenchmen and Germans. To conclude, it is not intended by this remark, to draw a parallel between such a coarse-clay son of earth, as Joseph Balsamo, and a rascal like Alexander, so richly endowed with the most splendid gifts of nature. Notwithstanding their similarity the difference is greatly in favour of the Paphlagonian.

† Podaleirios, like his brother Machaon, rendered himself famous during the trojan war, by his skill in surgery, which both had inherited from their father Æsculapius. Tricca, a city of great antiquity in Thessaly, which gloried in being the birthplace of Æsculapius, had still in Lucian's time to boast of one of his principal temples, celebrated for possessing a miraculous image of that god. From the sarcasm of our author upon Alexander's pretension to be the son of Pedaleirios, we have reason to conclude, that likewise the latter had a statue in the same temple at Tricca, an honour frequently shewn to the sons of gods in the temples of their fathers.

That near Sinope, on the Euxine strand,
 At Tyrsis an ausonian sage shall land,
 Whose saving name shall these four numbers hold,
 One, thrice ten, five, and twenty-three times told*.

By these and the like artifices, Alexander, on his return, after a pretty long absence, to his native city, contrived to procure consideration and respect. One of these devices was to put on the appearance of being suddenly seized with a prophetic fury, and foaming at the mouth. Nothing was more easy than to produce this effect; he had only to chew the root of madder: his Paphlagonians however thought there was something supernatural and portentous in this foam †. Besides, he had long had in readiness a dragon's head composed of linen rags, and having a distant resemblance of a human countenance. It was painted to the life, and so ingeniously contrived, that by means of a horsehair the mouth opened and shut; it likewise extended, after the manner of serpents a black, forked ‡ tongue, moved also by a hair. The before-mentioned dragon of Pella had been a great while in his house ready prepared for playing his part in due time, or rather to be the prime actor in the solemn farce.

The show was now to begin; and thus he contrived the plot. He stole out in the night-time, to the foundations of the temple lately dug, where water had been collected, either fallen down in rain, or by some other

* Namely ALEXander. Reckoning by the grecian numerals: A is one, A ten, E five, and E twenty. Now 1, 5, 30 and 60 make together 96. If this number is divided by 4, 8, 12, and 24, the quotients yield 24, 12, 8, and 4, which probably is the reason why the oracle calls it τετρακύκλον. Besides, we see, that the sibyl, with all her affected mysteriousness, expresses herself clearly enough. The place, Abonoteichos, is denoted by fort or citadel, Τύρσις; the time by the sovereignty of the Romans (Ausonians) over these districts; and the name of the prophet by its four first letters in numerals. However, lest the honest Paphlagonians (whose sagacity could not safely be depended on) might after all mistake their man, the sibyl is so courteous, as over and above, to cram into their eyes and ears his entire name, with all its letters by the words ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΑΛΕΞΗνηρος.

† There is something comic in the position of the words τοῖς δὲ θεῖόν τι καὶ φοβερόν ἰδοῦσι ὁ ἀφρός, which is entirely lost, if we place the words otherwise, e. gr. ἀφρός before ἰδοῦσι or θεῖόν. I endeavour, whenever I can, to make these beauties observable in the translation, but in a language that admits of few transpositions, it will not always succeed even with the most careful translator.

‡ Why black? asks Moses du Soul. The answer he might obtain from all zoologists, who in enumerating the characteristics of the serpent, never forget the black tongue.

confluence. Here he deposited a goose's egg, in which, having previously emptied it, he inclosed a newborn little snake, and after hiding it in a hole in the muddy pit, he returned unseen to his house. Next morning he ran with only a gold-embroidered apron about his loins *, having the said scymitar in his hand, into the market, shook his dishevelled hair like an enraptured corybant, leaped upon a high altar, and harangued the people below, congratulating them upon the happiness of their city, as they were upon the point of beholding the promised god immediately amongst them. In the mean time the whole city, old and young, men and women, ran out to the puppet-show: all were out of their wits, fell upon their knees and went to prayers, while the impostor uttered a parcel of unintelligible words, perhaps hebrew or phœnician by the sound of them, at which the amazement of the poor people increased, because, excepting the names of Apollo and Æsculapius, which he frequently intermingled, they could not understand a word of what he said. All at once he set out full speed to the future temple, and, on coming to the pit and the limpid fountain of his oracle, he went down into the water, sung with all his might a hymn of praise to Apollo and Æsculapius, and felicitated the city on the saving presence of the predicted god. He then asked for a cup, which being given him, he stooped, gently placed it under, and scooped up, together with the muddy water, the egg, in which he had inclosed the god; the aperture being indiscernibly stopped and cemented with white wax and ceruse. Here, exclaimed he, holding up the egg, I have him; I will shew you Æsculapius! The good people, who could not wonder enough at the finding of the egg in the puddle, now gazed at him in silent expectation of what would be the event: when he breaking it in the hollow of his hand, the young serpent crept out, and as they beheld him wriggling, and twining about his fingers, they shouted with joy, hailed the welcome god, congratulated their city, and all at once extended their jaws as wide as they could, praying him for wealth and health and abundance of all good things. Alexander however ran home

* Alexander was thoroughly versed in the genuine costume of a prophet, who ought never to abate anything of his respect; and even when he exhibits himself in the aspect of a man, possessed and agitated by a divine fury, should always retain something to distinguish him from a common bedlamite.

in all haste with his newborn, or rather (for distinction from us men) twice-born, and not of the nymph Coronis *, or hatched by the crow into which she was metamorphosed, but a goose-born Æsculapius; followed by the whole mob, full of the new god, and distracted with fond expectations.

Alexander now remained quietly within doors, in hopes that the noise of this miracle would of course draw together a vast concourse of people from all parts of Paphlagonia; and his expectation was not deceived. In a very little time the town was filled with a great confluence of beings, all so previously constituted both in head and heart, that they had nothing in common with us others † besides the simple figure, and but for that, were hardly to be discriminated from a flock of sheep. Alexander did not let the good souls long pant after a sight of the new god and his prophet. He shewed himself to them in a small apartment, sitting upon a sofa, and in an ornature suited to the solemn occasion, having in his bosom the Æsculapius of Pella, which was so exceedingly fine and large, as I have already mentioned, and was so long, that from his bosom it had twined round his neck, and yet part of the tail trailed upon the ground. The head alone lay hid under the armpit of the prophet, he having purposely placed it in that situation that he might be master of all its movements; instead whereof however he let the linen-head I formerly mentioned peep out, and that so naturally, that all the spectators verily believed they beheld the real head of the serpent that lay on his lap. You must suppose, in order to gain a clearer idea of the imposture, a little room, not very lightsome, with a great crowd of people, agitated, amazed and elated, squeezing through the door from all sides, with their imaginations strained to the utmost pitch of anticipation; to whom at their entrance it seemed, with good reason, a prodigy to behold a serpent of so great magnitude, grow in a few days out of a little snake, and having a human visage and was withal so tame and familiar. Add to this, that none had time to stand long in viewing the god; the throng being too great, and before they had half seen what was there, they were pushed out, to make room for those that crowded in after them. For there was another

* The mother assigned by mythology to the true Æsculapius.

† In the original "bread-eating men," a homerical epithet.

passage broken through the wall on the opposite side to the door they entered by, like that which the Macedonians, as we are told, made at Babylon, when Alexander lay sick and ready to die, to admit the multitudes that flocked round the palace, desirous to see him once more and take their last farewell. Now, this show was not only once or twice, but very many times exhibited by the vile impostor, especially whenever rich strangers came to the place.

After all, dear Celsus, the Paphlagonians, and the other people bordering on the Euxine, appear to me excusable, if, being a fat-witted and illiterate race of men, they were deceived by these juggling tricks, since they touched with their own corporeal hands (which Alexander permitted to as many as desired it) and saw a head by a false, confused light open and shut its mouth. In truth, this artful contrivance and such illusions required the adamantine pertinacity of a Democritus, or an Epicurus, or Metrodorus himself, to have held out against the evidence of his senses and believed nothing of it, but immediately have suspected the true nature of the business; or, if even he was not able to discover how, yet was firmly persuaded that it was only by some secret machinery and not admissible otherwise: that at any rate it was all a cheat, and impossible to be what it appeared.

In the mean time by degrees all Bithynia, Galatia and Thrace were simultaneously gathered to this spectacle; as the natural consequence of hearing the report of so many eye-witnesses who confidently affirmed how they had seen the god come into the world, and touched him with their own hands, how he was in a short time grown up to an astonishing size, and how he had a man's face, &c. Moreover, pictures of him were distributed, and figures both of brass and silver, and a proper name was created for this new divinity. He was entitled, in pursuance of an express divine command, Glycon; for so the prophet Alexander had caused it to be understood:

I Glycon am, the third from Zeus, the light of men*.

Thinking now the time to be arrived for putting in execution the plan for which all he had hitherto been doing was no more than preparative and decoration, namely, to deliver oracles and prophecies to such as consulted him on their future destinies: herein taking his hint from Amphi-

* Sum ille Glycon, hominum lux, a Jove tertia proles.

lochus *, who, after his father Amphiarus was become invisible at Thebes, and he himself exiled from the native city, coming into Cilicia, had very good success there by taking up the prophesying trade of his father among the Cilicians, and delivering oracles at two-pence apiece to all his customers. Taking therefore, I say, his copy from him, Alexander gave out to all comers, that the god would dispense oracles; and appointed a set day when he intended to begin. To this end he ordered everybody to write down what he wanted to know or was most desirous to learn, in a little scroll; then, rolling it up closely, to wind it round with a thread, and seal it carefully with wax, clay, or any other such like substance, and so deliver it to him. This being done, he, the prophet, would directly repair with the scroll into the sanctuary of the temple (for that was already constructed and the scenery prepared), and on his coming out again he would, by the aid of a crier and theologue, call them regularly one after another; when everyone should receive back his scroll, with the seal unbroken, and in the same condition in which it was when delivered to him, and would immediately find the response of the god in a metrical dress wrote thereon †.

This device to such a man as you are, and if I may say it without vanity, such a one as myself, was very obvious and easy of detection, but to the snivelling and unthinking mob, such as those with whom he had to do, it was altogether supernatural and incomprehensible. No doubt that he was acquainted with the several ways to open the seals of writings. He read therefore all the questions that were addressed to his god, and answered them as he thought fit; then folded them up again, impressed them with the same seal, and gave them back to the good people, who were out of their wits with amazement. Insomuch that it was a frequent saying among them: How could the man know what I delivered to him carefully sealed, and with seals too that could hardly be counterfeited, unless Glycon was really a god and knew everything?

But you ask me perhaps, what were the sleights he employed? I will tell you, that whenever such tricks are played you may be able to detect them. One of them, dearest Celsus, is: he removes the seal uninjured,

* See note 2, in the third Conference of the dead.

† Namely, on the outside of the tablets or sealed up scrolls, containing the question proposed, as we shall plainly perceive farther on.

by heating a needle, with which he melts the wax lying under it; and after he has read the contents, he makes the wax warm again by the help of the needle, and fits in such manner the part of the wax under the thread to that on which the seal is impressed, that with little difficulty he closes it again. Another method of doing the business, is by means of what they call a collyrion, a composition of bruttian pitch, asphaltus, pounded crystal, wax and mastic. This mass he first warms at the fire, then wets with spittle and presses it upon the seal, and thence obtains, as it instantly hardens again, an impression that performs the office of a gem, of perfect resemblance. This done, he breaks open the seal, reads, then puts on wax again, and imprints with his stamp a new seal upon it which cannot be distinguished from the original. Here is yet a third method. He made of gypsum and bookbinder's glue, a waxlike paste, laid a piece of it still moist on the seal, then taking it off again (for it is presently harder than horn or iron) he used it in the manner before mentioned. There are a number of other similar inventions, which it would be unnecessary and tedious here to describe, and the more so, as in your no less elegant than useful commentaries against magic, (a book which nobody can read without becoming wiser and better for it) you have copiously treated of the like frauds and impostures, and have given a far greater number of artifices relative to this subject.

We must however do the impostor the justice to own, that he went to work with his oracle with greater discretion, by regulating his proceedings according to circumstances and the laws of probability. To some questions, oblique and ambiguous, to some perhaps even quite unintelligible answers; for these also seemed to him a part of the oracle-etiquette. Some he frightened from their purposes, others he encouraged, as he thought convenient to the particular situation and circumstances of each. To some he prescribed remedies and regimen, having, as I observed at the beginning, a considerable fund of medical knowledge; in which he set a peculiar value on a certain emollient salve, to which he gave a name of his own invention, calling it the cytmis, and was prepared of bear's-grease. Questions that related to expectances of lucky incidents, augmentation of property, inheritances, and the like, he always deferred to a distant date; the ordinary response to such inquiries was: "it may all come to pass if I will, and Alexander, my prophet, prays for it."

The settled rate for every oracle was a drachma and two oboli *. This may appear to you a trifling sum, but the revenue that he raised by it was no trifle ; it amounted perhaps to fourscore or ninety thousand drachmas † annual income ; such was the insatiable avidity of the generality for oracles, that they would apply sometimes for no less than fifteen at a time. Considerable however as this income was, it was not sufficient, either to defray the great expenses he was put to, or to accumulate hoards. For he kept in pay an immense host of coadjutors, attendants, spies, emissaries, oracle-projectors, registrars, obsignators and exegetes ‡, to each of whom he allowed a salary proportionate to his office and merits.

He had already despatched several emissaries into foreign countries, who spread the fame of his oracle among the nations ; and reported that it foretold future events, detected thieves, highway-robbers and runaway slaves : how treasures had been dug up on its indication, how many sick it had made whole, and how it had even resuscitated some that were perfectly dead. The concourse from all parts was therefore continually increasing, and thus by sacrifices, oblations and fees, doubled the revenues of the prophet and disciple of the new god. For he had not forgot to divulge the following divine decree :

Honour my prophet ; for his gain shall be
By far more dear, than any gift to me.

At length, when some of the more shrewd and intelligent, recovering as it were from a fit of intoxication, rose up and began to conspire against him ; particularly those who professed the maxims of Epicurus and the inhabitants of the towns, coming by little and little to see through the whole machinery of the comedy, he, in order to terrify his opponents, publicly declared that all Pontus was full of atheists and christians, who had the insolence to utter the most infamous blasphemies against him, and commanded the populace to stone these people, unless they were determined to slight the proffered favour of his god. Against the epicureans

* About ninepence halfpenny.

† Perhaps between 450 and 500 pounds.

‡ Who were employed in expounding to the poor in spirit the inexplicable meaning of the oracle received. At first perhaps he was obliged to pay these people : but, as we shall presently learn, their posts were so lucrative afterwards, that he drew a considerable rent from them.

he delivered an exceedingly severe oracle : for, when somebody inquired of him, how it fared with Epicurus, in the other world, he answered :

Up to the neck in mud, with leaden fetters bound.

And now can anyone wonder that his oracle was so much cried up, and got into such high reputation, when he sees what wise and learned questions were put to it ?

He maintained a fierce and irreconcilable hostility against the epicureans in general, and not without reason. For against whom should such an empyric and impostor, who must professionally be the declared enemy of truth, more properly bend his forces, than against Epicurus ; the man, who was more skilled in the nature of things, and could see through appearances, and discriminate truth from falsehood, better than any other ? Whereas the followers of Plato, Chrysippus, and Pythagoras he regarded as friends ; with them he lived in stubborn amity. But that untractable Epicurus, as he called him, whom there was no circumventing, he hated mortally, for declaring all such practices as his, upon good grounds, to be ridiculous and contemptible juggles. Of all the cities of Pontus therefore none were so odious to him as Amastris *, because he knew that many disciples of Lepidus † and others of the same turn of mind were living there. A proof of his rooted aversion to them was, that he would never deliver an oracle to any Amastrian ; one single time excepted, when he ventured to prophesy to the brother of a senator there, but made himself very ridiculous by it ; as unluckily he neither knew himself how to invent a suitable answer, nor had anyone at hand to suggest to him one that was. For, the patient complaining of a pain in his stomach, Alexander, intending to advise him to take for it a hog's foot boiled with mallows, in his flurry could bring out no better verse than this :

Mallows and hog in holy drudger mix ‡.

* At that time the most considerable city in Paphlagonia. Pliny, in a rescript to the emperor Trajan, styles it *elegantem et ornatam*.

† That this Lepidus was an epicurean philosopher and a man of consequence and respect at that time, from what is here, and more clearly afterwards, said of him, we may reasonably conclude. Farther than that, he is a person entirely unknown.

‡ This ridiculous line I conceive accurately enough expresses the sense of the original :

Μάλλινα χερσίν ιερῆ κυματίου σικυδία,

I have already said, that he oftentimes shewed his dragon to such as desired it, not entirely, but always so, that the real head was concealed in his bosom, and only the rest of the body and the tail were visible. But having now a mind to strike the populace with greater wonder and amazement, he promised them to undertake that the god should speak, and without the intervention of his prophetic oracle. There needed no great witchcraft for this. He compacted together the windpipes of several cranes, so as to form a sort of speaking-trumpet, one end whereof entered the often-mentioned sham human head, which he let peep out instead of the snake's; through the other end one of his accomplices, who was secreted behind the scenes, called out the answer, so that the voice sounded out of the mouth of the linen Æsculapius. This oracle was styled the autophonic *, and was not dispensed to every inquirer, but only to the quality, to the opulent and liberal. One of these autophonic oracles was that received by Severianus concerning his expedition to Armenia †. He was encouraged in his projected enterprize by the following verses :

Thou Medes and Parthians with thy spear shalt waste,
Then back to Rome triumphantly shalt haste,
Thy radiant forehead with a chaplet graced.

which Erasmus translates,

Malvaca porcorum sacra cuminato sipydno ;

and Mr. Blount,

Take some sipydnes and then cuminate the malbox of a swine.

The original, however, contains something still more ridiculous for the grecian taste, which cannot be englished, namely the barbarous half-latin word μάλκαξ, malva, instead of μαλάχη, and the just as ungreeks word σιπύδνος, by which probably he would designate the vessel in which this ragout was to be boiled. On account of its affinity to σιπύνη (a word twice occurring in Aristophanes to signify a flour-box) I have translated it by *drudger*, or *drudging-box*, as explained by Dr. Johnson, because, I suppose, the prophet designed to indicate thereby that flour was also to be stirred up in this soup. The epithet holy is probably used simply for giving additional solemnity to the business, and to fill up the metre.

* That is, the self-sounding, a word that I declined hazarding in the text.

† Vologeses II. king of the Parthians, immediately on the death of the emperor Antoninus Pius, in the year 161 *ær. vulg.* made an incursion into Armenia, which since the conquest by Trajan had been under the roman supremacy. Severianus, then governour of Cappadocia, determined, as it appears, to make a merit of having gone to the relief of that province without

The thoughtless silly Gaul suffered himself accordingly to be persuaded to invade Armenia: on its turning out so ill however, that he came off with the rout of his army by Othryades, Alexander erased that oracle off his register, and substituted the following in its place:

Lead not thy host against Armenia, for
He in long robe who heads the fatal war
May hurl a dart and end thy light and life.

For it was likewise one of his prudential maxims, by posterior oracles to correct the miscarriages of the former, and save its credit. More than once he had promised health to the sick: but they died nevertheless; and then he had another oracle ready which sang the palinodia of the foregoing. For example:

Seek not a remedy to cure thy pain
Thy fate is nigh, all human hopes are vain.

Another instance of his prudence worthy of remark, was his attaching to him the oracles of Apollo at Claros and Didymi, and of Amphiloehus at Mallos, which at that time were in no less repute, by sending not a few of such as applied to him, to them *, and as a substitute for all response, said:

Go you to Claros, the voice of my father to hear;

OR

In the shrine of the Brachides hear the speech of the gods;

OR

Hie you to Mallos; let Amphiloehus give you advice.

an express command for so doing. What sort of a head he had, is clearly seen from his letting the affair depend upon Alexander's oracle. That having promised him the victory, he courageously marches at the head of several legions to fall upon the Parthians, but was totally routed by the commander of the army of Vologeses, Osroes, (or as he is named by Lucian Othryades), within the space of a few days. The Parthians, inflated by this easy victory, now made rapid progresses, invaded Syria, ravaged a part of Cappadocia, and could not be checked till after some years had elapsed, by that intrepid general of Lucius Verus (the coregent of Marcus Aurelius) Statius Priscus. See Dio Cass. lib. 71. in the extract of Xiphilinus.

* Alexander derived a threefold advantage from this method of oracling: he made friends of the other oracle-smiths; his responses cost him no trouble, and yet were paid for.

All that I have hitherto related happened within the confines of Ionia, Cilicia, Paphlagonia and Galatia. But when the fame of the new oracle at length resounded through Italy, and diffused itself even in Rome, all was hurry and bustle, everyone striving to be first served. Some went themselves, others sent their people, and the most eager were precisely those of the first rank *. The head of these, or if I may say so, the precentor of the band, was Rutillianus †, in general a worthy, honest man, who had filled several considerable offices in the municipality with reputation, but in all that relates to the gods of inconceivable weakness. In this department there was nothing too absurd for him to believe ; and wherever he found in his way but a stone, anointed and wreathed, he was sure to run up and devoutly fall down on his knees to it, I cannot tell how long, commending himself to its protection, and imploring its mercy. This honest man, as soon as he heard of the oracle, was on the point of leaving his command in the army and all he had, to betake himself to Abonoteichos. However he first despatched thither some of his people, one after another, who being ignorant slaves, easily deceived, at their return reported what they had seen, or feigned to have seen and heard; much enlarging their relation, the better to ingratiate themselves with their master. All this set the good old man on fire to such a degree as amounted to a real frenzy; the most astonishing evidences of which you shall presently hear.

The first thing he did was, to go round to the principal personages of the city, with the greater part of whom he was in habits of intimacy, to communicate to them the several particulars he had learnt from his messengers, augmented and improved by sundry additions of his own. To make short of it, he filled the whole town with the story, and set the heads, especially of a great part of the courtiers, in such a ferment, that many of them made all the haste they could to take the journey, and inform themselves of the real state of the matter.

Our Alexander took care to receive all such as came from Rome in the

* *Tout comme chez nous.* It is astonishing how similar our age is even in this respect to that of Lucian.

† This roman man of quality is nowhere else mentioned by our author.

most obliging manner, and by little hospitable acts of kindness, and partly even by presents of value, to win their attachment; so that not satisfied with extolling the answers they had received, they praised and magnified him in loud hymns, and could not sufficiently vaunt the miracles of his oracle.

On this occasion the rascal hit on a stratagem, that would have done honour to the greatest of all villains. He opened and read, as I said, all the packets that were handed to him: now if he found in the questions they contained anything bold, and of a dangerous tendency, he kept back the papers, and thereby secured the persons from whom they came, who now conscious of what they had asked, were entirely in his power, and not much better than his slaves. You may easily guess what sort of questions the curiosity of persons, who might be classed among the most opulent and powerful in the state, would sometimes prompt them to propose. — Suffice it to say, he drew a very handsome revenue from those who were thus caught in his net.

Of the oracles which Rutillianus received, I must now give you a few specimens. To the question, what tutor he should chuse for the education of his son by his first wife, who was now grown ripe for instruction in the sciences, the oracle replied:

Pythagoras, and the capital bard of a battle.

Unfortunately the boy died a few days after, and thus threw the prophet into no small embarrassment how he should answer such as objected that his divine sentence so ill agreed with the event. But the kind-hearted Rutillianus presently helped him out of his dilemma by a sudden thought. That was just, said he, what the god meant to tell us, that he advised not to give my son a living tutor, but Pythagoras and Homer, a couple of people long since dead, under whom the boy will no doubt now profit much in the other world. — How then can we blame Alexander, who had to do with such noodles?

Another time Rutillianus wanted to know, to whom his soul had belonged in a foregoing life; and was answered thus:

Pelides first, Menander then thou wast;
Next what thou seemst to be; a sunbeam last,
When fourscore and a hundred years are past.

But he did not wait for the completion of the promise of the god; he died a septuagenarian of an atrabilious colic.

The following too was one of the autophonic oracles. Rutillianus, who felt an inclination to marry again, consulted the god concerning his design, and received this very explicit answer :

Take Alexander's and Selene's daughter to wife.

For completely understanding this oracle it is necessary to know, that for a long time before, a report had been in general circulation, that his daughter now living with him, was borne to him by the goddess Selene [Luna,] who had fell in love with him, as she once saw him asleep; for it is notoriously one of her peculiar fancies to fall in love with handsome sleepers. What had now the sapient Rutillianus preferably to do, but to send for the maid without delay, to light the nuptial torch, and commence a bridegroom at threescore, and after having obtained the consent of his motherinlaw, celebrate the consummation of his espousals with his high-descended bride, in the firm persuasion that he was thereby come into kindred with the gods, and should hereafter be a divinity himself?

Our adventurer having once got footing in Italy, and finding his affairs there succeed so well, he strained his mind to loftier projects, and dispersed his oracle-porters to all parts of the roman empire, forewarning the people to take heed of contagious distempers, conflagrations and earthquakes; certifying them, that he would exert his whole power to avert from them any such mischiefs. Of these oracles that is peculiarly remarkable which he dispersed through several provinces of the empire during the great pestilence*. It was likewise an autophonic, and consisted in one single verse :

Phœbus th'unshorn † infectious clouds dispels.

* This pestilence raged at Rome in the sixth year of the reign of the emperors Marcus Aurelius Philos. and Lucius Verus, 167. *ær. vulg.* It spread from Mesopotamia and Syria over all the provinces of the roman empire, and in Rome itself carried off several thousands. See *Capitolin. in Antonino Philos. cap. xiii. et L. Vero, cap. viii.*

† M. Hertzlich, the latest translator of Horace's odes, in his note upon the *intonsus Cynthus*, in the 21st ode of the second book, says, that to a german ear, the *intons. Cynth.* translated by *unbeschoren* would be intolerable. I, says Mr. Wieland, am of his opinion, if the question was

This verse was now, as an infallible alexipharmacon, seen inscribed on the doors of several houses. With the greater number however it proved unsuccessful: for it happened that those houses which had the inscription were most depopulated. This I do not bring into observation, as if the people died of the verse; but so it fell out by chance. However, it might be, that many placed so entire a confidence in this hexameter, as to deem it unnecessary to observe the proper diet and to assist the oracle by convenient medicines, in the opinion that the syllables would serve them for a shield, and the unshorn Phœbus with his bow dispel the contagion.

As another instance of his prudence it may be remarked, that at Rome he had a great number of scouts, selected out of his accomplices, who advertised him of every man's purposes and inclinations, and thereby enabled him to anticipate the wishes in general and the probable questions that would be put to him by each, so that the applicants on their arrival might find him ready prepared with answers.

These and other the like arrangements he made for his italian concerns. But he instituted moreover particular mysteries, with torchbearers and hierophants, the celebration whereof continued for three days successively. On the first, as at Athens, public proclamation was made: "If any atheist, or christian or epicurean * be come as a spy, in a treacherous design, to these orgies, let him depart hence! But let such as believe in our god, partake in these mysteries to their benefit!" — Whereupon they proceeded to the expulsion of the profane. Alexander in the van began:

concerning an horatian ode, or in general on all occasions, where a dignified mode of expression is requisite. Whereas here in a stupid oracular hexameter, my german ear (to which by this epithet I mean to pay no great compliment) finds the unshorn Phœbus very properly placed. In matters of taste everything depends on the questions *quis, quid, ubi, cur, quomodo, quando*.

* The christians and epicureans are here the subdivision of the general idea atheists; for the former denied even the existence of the gods, the others at least their arbitrary government of the world and their interference in human affairs. Dodwell, a learned divine, weak in judgment but stout as an oak in faith, is of opinion, that the reason why Alexander would not suffer the christians to be present at his sacred rites, was perhaps no other than the fear lest that might happen to him which is related in the Acts of the Apostles, xvi. 18, of the masters of the female slave that was possessed with a spirit of divination, namely, lest his gain might cease, if the devil was forced out, who in Dodwell's opinion here corporeally carried on his game.

Turn out the christians! and the whole congregation in the rear exclaimed: Turn out the epicureans! This done, Latona's delivery, Apollo's birth, and the nuptials of Coronis were represented, and Æsculapius was born. The second day celebrated the epiphany of Glycon and the nativity of that god, and the third the marriage of Podaleirios with Alexander's mother. This day was denominated Dadis, because it was solemnized with lighted tapers; at which celebration Alexander himself performed the office of principal torchbearer and hierophant. The whole solemnity concluded with the amours of Luna and Alexander, and the nativity of Rutillianus's bride. The new Endymion lay asleep in the middle of the stage, and presently from the roof, as if out of the sky, descended, instead of the goddess Luna, a certain Rutilia, a woman of superlative beauty, the wife of an imperial procurator * who was in downright earnest in love with Alexander, and mutually beloved by him; and to shew her creature of a husband, how tenderly she performed the part she had to act, before the eyes of all present kissed and embraced him, and to do who knows what beside under the cloak, when many of these tapers were no longer burning. Soon after this ceremony, Alexander re-entered in hierophantic vestments with great solemnity; a profound silence ensued; whereupon he cried with a loud voice, Io Glycon! and a parcel of Paphlagonians in their raw-leather half-boots, stinking of stockfish and garlic †, who with respect to speech, were to represent his Eumolpides and the ministers of his mysteries, vociferated with great power of lungs, Io Alexander! Occasionally in the mystical torch-dance, he would contrive, as if by accident, that his vest should fly open, and discover that he had a golden thigh, having as I suppose drawn over it a case of very thin gilt leather, which by the light of the tapers made a shining appearance. A great

* It is probable that by the expression here used, *aconomus Caesaris*, Lucian intends nothing but an imperial procurator in Paphlagonia, a sort of subaltern officer or rather receiver of certain imperial revenues, or procurator fiscal, which should not be confounded with another class of procurators, who were properly sub-governours, as for example Pilatus in Judæa. Neither does it follow from the name Rutilia that this lady was of noble extraction, say more than from the post held by her husband he was a noble Roman; this passage therefore contains none of those difficulties which Solanus thinks he sees in it.

† In the orig. *σχορδαλμη*, *muria alliata*, a comic word, borrowed by our author from Aristophanes, and here very happily applied. See his Knights, ver. 199 and 1093.

disputation at one time arose between two morosophs *, whether this golden thigh was not a manifest proof that the soul of Pythagoras, or at least one very like it, must have passed into Alexander; and the sagacious disputants at last brought the grand question before Alexander himself. King Glycon resolved the doubt by the following oracle :

Pythagoras's soul oft grows and ends,
The prophet's never ; he from Jove descends.
Sent by the sire divine the good to save,
Struck by Jove's flash he takes what once he gave.

And again :

Souls by Jove's lightning forged return to Jove.

Notwithstanding that he prohibited licentious amours to all and everyone, as a heinous crime, yet the good man had the address to contrive that such prohibitions should not affect him. He enjoined the cities of Pontus and Paphlagonia to send him every year a number of young girls to join him in divine worship, by chanting hymns to his god ; to be approved and selected by him, of noble birth, delicate age and beautiful feature. These he kept for his private amusement, and allowed himself all sorts of extravagancies with them † ; just as if he had bought them with his money. Besides this, he made it a law, that none of them who were above eighteen should salute him with a kiss, but to all such he presented only his hand to be kissed ; reserving his lips for those alone who were beautiful, and therefore by way of distinction styled the friends within the kiss. In this manner he carried his insolence to such lengths in cozening these simple folk, that they gave him all sorts of licence with their wives and children. Each man reckoned it a signal favour, devoutly

* Morosophs are those antipodes to genuine philosophy who treat impertinent trifles and spectres of the brain with seriousness and gravity, as real objects, and reason *in forma* upon them, without thinking to inquire a little first of all, whether that which they take for matter of fact or something ascertained, may not be at bottom a chimæra.

† This is a heavy charge ; but there was reason to impute anything, even the worst, to Alexander ; yet it would not have been altogether superfluous if Lucian had adduced some proof of it. There were such strange doings however among the Greeks, in the state of corruption and depravity into which they were sunk, that such a rascal as Alexander might easily be supposed no better than others, and therefore closer *indicia* might have appeared quite unnecessary. *Verb. sat.*

to be desired, if he vouchsafed his wife but a glance: but if he honoured her with a kiss, he thought a deluge of good fortune would flow into his house. Many women even gloried in having children by him, and their husbands attested the truth of what they said.

I must now report to you a conversation between Glycon and a certain priest of Tios*, of whose sagacity you will be enabled to judge from his interrogatories. For the authenticity of this tattle I can vouch, as I read it with my own eyes, inscribed in gold letters at Tios in the house of the priest. It ran as follows:

PRIEST. Tell me, if I may be so bold, gracious lord Glycon, who are you?

GLYCON. I am Æsculapius the younger, different from the former.

PRIEST. What am I to understand by that?

GLYCON. It is not lawful for you to know.

PRIEST. How many years will you continue with us to deliver oracles?

GLYCON. Three years above a thousand.

PRIEST. Whither will you hence betake yourself?

GLYCON. To Bactria and the parts adjacent. For it is fitting, that the blessing of my sojourn on earth should be shared also by the barbarians. But the other oracles, at Didymi, Claros and Delphi, have my ancestor Apollo for their patron.

PRIEST. Are the oracles, that are occasionally delivered at those places authentic or fallacious?

GLYCON. Desire not to learn what you ought not to know.

PRIEST. What shall I become after this life?

GLYCON. First a camel, next a horse, then a sage and prophet, and not inferior to Alexander.

Such was Glycon's discourse with the priest; which he concluded by the following metrical oracle, to caution him against the epicurean Lepidus, knowing that the priest was living in familiar intercourse with him:

Trust not to Lepidus: his fates are dire.

For, as I said, he was horribly afraid of Epicurus, as he was possessed, so to speak, of a counter-plot, whereby he enervated and frustrated his ma-

* A city adjacent to the Euxine in that part of Bithynia inhabited a *Maryandinis*.

gical frauds *. A certain epicurean however, who once took the liberty to confront him in the presence of a great many persons, had nearly paid dear for it. This man directly set upon him, and said to him quite loud: "How is this, Alexander? You persuaded the Paphlagonian (naming him) to lay a capital indictment against his slaves before the prefect of Galatia, on a charge of having murdered his son, a student of Alexandria; although the young man is yet alive, and recently returned home safe and well, after the execution of the poor slaves, who by your advice were cast to wild beasts, and innocently perished by that cruel death!"—The fact was this: The young man having sailed up the Nile and come to Clysma†, on the Red-sea, was induced to profit by the opportunity that offered of a ship ready to sail for India, and take that voyage. By reason whereof, making so long stay, the unfortunate servants, who in the mean time had remained at Alexandria, thinking that he must either have been drowned in the Nile, or murdered by robbers, who were then very numerous in those parts, accordingly returned home with the tidings of his disappearance. The father, who suspected the slaves, consulted the oracle; the response came forth against them, and the sentence of condemnation immediately followed: they were executed, and presently after, the youth returned, and related the particulars of his voyage. Alexander, enraged at this public confutation of his oracle, rendered the more intolerable by the consciousness of having merited the disgrace, commanded the multitude to stone the blasphemer, as they would avoid being implicated in the anathema he had thus drawn upon him, and be called epicureans. The populace were beginning to fling stones at him, and it was lucky for him that a certain Demostratus, a stranger lately arrived at Pontus, took him under his protection and saved his life, though in so doing he narrowly escaped lapidation himself: and not without cause. For what need had he to be the only discreet man among so many distracted, and atone for the folly of the Paphlagonians with whom he had no concern? You see what he got by it.

* In gr. ὡς τὴν ἀνέλιχτον καὶ ἀνέλιχτον τῆς μαγαρίας αὐτῶ.

† So was called the little bay, formed by the Red-sea or the Arabian gulf, between the city Arsinoë and the opposite castle, which is also called Clysma. Of the possibility of this trip up the Nile from Alexandria to Clysma, any one may be convinced by a good chart of ancient Ægypt.

Alexander had made it his practice, regularly to call over the names of those who had given in their inquiries, the day before the answer ensued. When any name was called the crier asked, whether the person would obtain a divine response, and Alexander replied from within, "To the crows with him!" thenceforth nobody would admit him into his house, nor use fire and water in common with him: from that moment he was obliged to wander like a banished man from place to place, and as an atheist and epicurean, which was the worst term of obloquy in his dictionary, could no where find an abiding city.

Another highly ridiculous specimen, how far the lying prophet could carry his grudge against Epicurus. One time, having got possession of the ΚΤΡΙΑΣ ΔΟΞΑΣ of that sage, the most excellent of all the books of Epicurus, containing, as you know, the summary abridgment of his whole philosophy, he lighted a few fig-tree sticks in the middle of the market-place, and burnt the book, as if it had been the author, and threw the ashes into the sea, applying to it the divine sentence,

Give the blind dotard's lessons to the flames*.

The wretched fellow knew not how profitable that book is to them that read it; what inward peace, what fortitude and liberty it procures, by freeing the mind from vain terrors, from all dread of phantasms, spectres of the imagination, and supernatural things, as well as from all illusive hopes and luxuriant desires; and in return arms them with reason and just conceptions; in short, purifies them truly, not with mystical tapers, sea-onions and suchlike fooleries, but by sound ideas, truth and intrepidity †.

* It would be unnecessary, I hope, to call the reader's particular attention in noticing how much the lying prophet Alexander was in all this the forerunner and prototype of the intolerant christian clergy of the succeeding century. The whole of this history in this respect deserves most seriously to be laid to heart.

† Alexander was but too well aware that Epicurus's writings produced these effects, and for that very reason he anathematized and burnt them. It was not his interest that the people amongst whom he had established his oracle should be purged of their fond conceits, superstitions and vain pursuits: on the contrary, it was his chief concern that they should be kept as ignorant, credulous and wrong-headed as possible. All religious impostors, like him, are the natural enemies of philosophy, which detects their vile artifices, and darts a formidable light into the darkness in which they carry on their business. Hence their outcry against illumina-

Out of many others, I will relate to you an instance of the fellow's impudence beyond all precedent. Having, by the influence of his son-in-law Rutillianus, tolerably free access to the court, in the heat of the war, which the highly-revered emperor Marcus Aurelius was engaged in with the Marcomanni and Quadi, he divulged an oracle, wherein it was commanded to cast two lions alive into the Danube, with many odours, perfumes and splendid offerings. — But it will be best to give you the oracle itself:

In Ister's sacred eddies swoln and vast
Let two of Cybele's fierce team be cast,
With herbs and spices that in India grow,
The varied odours that her flowers bestow;
So shall success attend on direful arms,
And halcyon days succeed to war's alarms.

The oracle was punctually obeyed; but what was the consequence? The lions swam over to the hostile shore, where the barbarians, taking them for an outlandish sort of dogs or wolves, knocked them on the head with clubs; and presently after a very great defeat and slaughter befell our forces, nearly twenty thousand of them being slain at one bout*. Then followed the unfortunate affair at Aquileia, where the city had well nigh

tion! Hence their unwearied endeavours to instil suspicions of it in the minds of princes and reigning sovereigns! Hence the processes against heretics, and the persecutions which we still see raging at this day in countries where such men have got the upper hand, against the friends and teachers of truth. The worthies are very enlightened on that point. If Glycon is to be a god, and Alexander a prophet and miracle-monger, the *κρύματα δόξαι* of philosophy, and, if possible, the philosophers themselves, must be thrown into the fire! That Alexander was not wanting in good will to that effect, we are well convinced.

* The chronology of this event falls, according to Baronius, in ann. chr. 171. The Marcomanni were about that time so formidable to the good emperor Marcus Aurelius Philosophus, that he (at least from indulgence to his subjects, who were uncommonly inclined to superstition) contrary to his ordinary disposition, had recourse to various superstitious expedients, and instead of making a brisk attack upon the enemy, loitered at Rome, and called together priests from all parts of the world, to lustrate the city and appease the wrath of the gods by strange and unaccountable sacrifices and ceremonies. *Capitolin.* in M. Antonino Philos. xiii. This opportunity therefore our Alexander turned to his advantage; and famine and pestilence having forced the despondency of the Romans to extremities, and as in a state of desperation all means are tried, so those were essayed that he ordained in his oracle, without our being justified, methinks, in pronouncing, with Moses Solanus, Marcus Aurelius himself to have been so weak as to believe in such wretched puerilities.

been taken. Alexander, to salve the shameful mistake of his oracle, dished up again the old delphic collusion, with which Crœsus was put off; coolly observing, that the god had only foretold a victory, but had not explicitly declared, whether it would fall on the side of the Romans or that of the enemy.

The confluence of strangers from all parts who came to consult the oracle was now so great as to be burdensome to the city, and it was surcharged to that degree, that it was no longer possible to accommodate such a resort of people * and to supply them with necessaries. To remedy in some degree this difficulty, Alexander invented what he termed night-oracles. He laid a number of the sealed papers under his pillow, to sleep over them, and then answered what the god, as he pretended, had revealed to him in his dream. These answers were generally not very intelligible, but mostly ambiguous and confused; particularly when he remarked that the paper had been sealed with studied accuracy and neatness. For as in such case he could not venture to break the seal, he wrote at random whatever first came into his head, conceiving probably that this would sound more in the oracular style. He likewise appointed especial exegetes, who were very well paid for their interpretations of these unintelligible oracles, by such as received them. But the business was very lucrative also to him; for every expositor was bound to pay him an attic talent † as rent for his office.

Sometimes, when no customers came, he would put forth voluntary oracles of his own fancy, or without any other occasion than to amuse and excite astonishment in the minds of the silly people ‡. Of this sort was the following :

* Abonoteichos, [in english, the wall or citadel of Abonos,] which, according to Strabo and Arrian, was but a petty, insignificant town, appears to have been brought into repute by the oracle of Alexander; and as these blessings that were showered upon it by the god Glycon and his prophet, had the quite natural consequence of the vast concourse of strangers drawn thither by the oracle, so it might well be (at least in the smaller portion of the inhabitants) that the readiness to build a temple to the new Æsculapius was rather a financial speculation, than merely an effect of fanaticism.

† In our money, £193. 15s. or, if the antient attic talent is here meant, £260. 6s. 8d.

‡ This likewise shews how well Alexander understood his business. It is a great point gained to set the people wondering, and throw their scrap of understanding into confusion.

Would you learn who your nuptial bed betrays,
 Whose secret sin your own offence repays ;
 Your slave Protogenes, in whom you trust,
 Makes your fair spouse obedient to his lust.
 The leisure moments from their am'rous joy
 To close your eyes and ears they both employ.
 A sleepy, pois'nous potion is prepared :
 If by their wiles you would not be ensnared,
 Look round, beneath the bed, and near the wall.
 Do you ask more? Your maid Calypso knows it all.

Must not one have been a Democritus not to be frightened at seeing names and places so accurately stated? And yet to whom must not such an oracle appear contemptible, on considering the contents only for a moment?

He not seldom gave to foreigners, who came to consult him, for instance in syriac or celtic, the response in the same language. But because it was not easy to find several countrymen of such inquirers in the town, he let always a considerable time elapse between receiving the question and delivering the oracle, in order the more safely to open the billet, and find out somebody that could interpret it for him. A certain Scythian received of him the following oracle :

Morphi ebargulis cis Skien Chnenchi krank keipsei Phaos*.

Another time he said to one who neither was present nor at all in the world, in plain prose: "Go back, for he who sent you was murdered to-day by his neighbour, with the assistance of the robbers Mangus, Celer and Bubalus; and the perpetrators of the deed are already in custody †."

To conclude, dear Celsus; you may hear, if you please, a specimen of the oracles he delivered to me. I asked in an inclosed billet: whether Alexander was bald? and, having so sealed it that he could not without suspicion break it open, I received it back with the following night-oracle: Atlis was a different malach [king] from Sabardalachus. — An-

* This unquestionably very corrupt and incurable verse seems to be half scythian and half greek; though the german word *krank* evidently appears. The three last words may signify: the sick man, or the patient, will leave the light, i. e. die. Perhaps the five first are indicative of the time or condition of his death. *Sed Davus sum, non Œdipus.*

† Probably this oracle is one of those abovementioned, calculated only to inspire amazement, and excite universal inquiry.

other time I asked him in two separate billets and under different signatures: of what country was the poet Homer? On which he wrote, because my servant had told him it was about a remedy for a pain in the side,

Anoint thee with cit mis, and Latona's dew *.

To another, containing the same question, the reply, in consequence of the private information of the servant, that his master wanted to know, whether in an intended journey to Italy, he should travel by land or by water, was :

Beware of the sea, travel only by land.

Of Homer, in neither of the two oracles was there a word said. I must own, that I set several of the like traps for him, as, for example, the following. I proposed to him only one single question, but wrote upon the sealed cover, "Eight questions from N. N." (putting a feigned name) and with it sent eight drachmæ, as the usual pay for so many questions. The good man suffered himself to be cajoled by the eight-fold fee and the superscription, and sent me to the single question, "When will Alexander be detected in his rogueries?" eight answers, as remote from the purpose as heaven from earth, and all sheer nonsense and unintelligible jargon †. After a little while however he began to smell a rat, and having learnt besides that I had advised Rutillianus against marrying his

* The oracle-smith, who in the hurry and bustle of business had not time to attend accurately to his poetry, here employs Latona for Diana (the mother for the daughter) and Diana for Luna; for he means nothing more by Latona's dew, than dew gathered by moonlight. However, the dew of Latona has this little advantage, that if the remedy failed of success, the evasion remained, that the inquirer had not rightly understood the mystery of the expression, which referred to no common dew.

† We see by this example, adduced from our author's own experience, that the impostor, after the credit of his oracle was once established, made himself as easy as possible, leaving probably the greater part of the questions (unless they came from persons with whom he must use more ceremony) unopened and unread. If he could fish out the probable contents from the servant, so much the better: if not, he wrote what nonsense came uppermost, and left it for those interested to have the meaning of the god explained by the exegetes, paying the customary fee. How otherwise could they have subsisted, with their heavy rent? Alexander knew his people, and was sensible that he risked nothing with them. He might safely calculate upon a hundred thousand blockheads to one longhead like Lucian; and that is exactly what in all ages forms the security of every impostor of his complexion.

daughter, and not to trust too much to the magnificent promises of the oracle, he conceived, as may be easily imagined, a violent hatred to me, and Rutillianus therefore, to a question he put to him respecting me, received this answer :

Voluptuous revels in the stews by night
And lawless beds are his supreme delight.

To say the truth, he deservedly thought me the worst enemy he had. Having been informed that this execrable Lucian, who had done him so much mischief while absent, was now personally arrived in Abonoteichos, he immediately sent to invite me, with great politeness and civility. I had a couple of well armed soldiers along with me, given me by the governor of Cappadocia, who was then my friend, for my safe conduct to the sea side*. On entering the apartment of Alexander, I found him surrounded by a number of his adherents: I had however by good luck brought my body-guard along with me. The prophet, as his custom was towards the generality of his visitors, presented me his hand to kiss; I advanced as if to shew him that mark of respect, but instead of kissing, I gave his hand such a bite as almost maimed him †. The standers by, already exasperated by my addressing him by his name Alexander, and not giving him the title of prophet, were now so enraged by this sacrilegious act, that they were on the point of falling upon me with violence. But Alexander, who thought it better magnanimously to pass over what had happened, bade them be quiet, promising that he would soon be quits with me, by letting me see, that Glycon was able to convert even

* As at this day, in order to travel safe in those and other provinces of the turkish empire, it is necessary to take one or two janisaries as an escort. Such precautions were therefore no to be dispensed with in Lucian's time.

† In order to find this little stroke of attic urbanity the less surprising, we should recollect from the greek and roman poets, that with the antients a little bite in kissing passed as a not altogether equivocal manner of expressing the vehemence of love, and that a spirited young woman was even proud of the marks of the tender bites of a lover, and reciprocally the lover of the vestiges of the teeth of his fair-one. It came in this, we see (as in everything else) to the famous *poco più* or *poco meno*. That Lucian carried the matter so greatly too far, was indeed very wicked of him! The prophet could not now perhaps attribute it to an excess of affection; however he had presence of mind enough to give such a turn to the affair, that the event did him honour in the opinion of his followers.

the bitterest foe into a friend. Then, putting them all out of the room, and seeing me alone with him, he began to expostulate with me on the injury I had done him. He knew me very well, he said, and understood what advice I had given to Rutillianus. And what in all the world, added he, could move you to act in this manner towards me, seeing it is in my power to bring you to great promotion by his means? I had (as I now began all at once to perceive) brought myself into too perilous a situation, not to take advantage of this friendly hint; and I soon became to appearance his new friend * ; a transformation which in the eyes of the beholders passed for the greater miracle, as it was so suddenly brought about.

Not long after, intending to depart by sea from Abonoteichos, (having previously sent away my father and those belonging to me, to Amastris, besides Xenophon † I had nobody with me,) Alexander bestowed many presents and favours on me, and even offered to procure me a ship and the proper equipage for it. I had no suspicion that he was not dealing fairly and honestly with me. But when we had proceeded about half way on our voyage, seeing the pilot in tears, and in violent altercation with the crew, I presaged no good. And it presently came out that Alexander had given them orders to throw us both overboard into the sea ‡ : which indeed was the shortest way to bring his war against me to a successful termination. The pilot however by his arguments and by his tears prevailed upon them not to execute their design. I have, he said, turning to me, lived as you see me here, sixty years as an honest and inoffensive man, and will not now, at my age, having a wife and children, defile my hands with blood. From this speech it was easy to infer in what view he had taken us on board, and what commission he had received from Alexander. The

* At the expense indeed of his sincerity ; but how frequently are well-bred people in this predicament with regard to one another.

† A manumitted slave, I should conjecture, of Lucian's, who acted as a secretary to him, and possessed his confidence. We know that the ancients had even learned slaves. For Gessner's supposition, that Arrian is to be understood in this Xenophon, I see not the slightest reason, but perhaps even the reverse.

‡ Arrian, who was a roman senator, consul, and the governour of Cappadocia, was perhaps the man whom such a one as Alexander, merely because he was the companion of Lucian, would have ordered to be thrown with him into the sea ? This circumstance alone is more than sufficient to render palpable the futility of Gessner's conjecture touching the person of Xenophon.

honest captain having set us on shore at Ægiali (a place mentioned by Homer *) sailed back again. Here I found some travellers of distinction from the Bosphorus †, who had been despatched from their king Eupator, to deliver the annual tribute to the governour of Bithynia. I related to them the great danger I had been in, and won upon them so much, that they courteously took us into their ship, and brought us to Amastris, where I was once more in safety, after having so narrowly escaped death. My resentment being naturally now raised to its height, I employed every stratagem to be revenged on the wicked wretch, whom, before this personal cause of hatred, I had already detested for his infamous character. I accordingly took the necessary steps to bring a public accusation against him, and should have been supported in it by several worthy persons, particularly by some philosophers of the school of Eimocrates ‡ of Heraclea; but the then governour of Bithynia and Pontus, by earnest intercession and intreaty dissuaded me from my purpose. For, said he, if Alexander, after trial by law should be found guilty, he could not be punished, out of respect for Rutillianus, who befriends him. After

* Iliad, ii. 853.

† The people dwelling eastwards of the Cimberian Bosphorus, or between the Tauridan peninsula [Crim] and Colchis [Georgia] on the farther side of the Euxine, over against the kingdom of Pontus, whose territories were comprehended under the general appellative Bosphorus, and formerly composed a part of the wide extended empire of the great Mithridates, were now under their own kings, tributary to the roman empire. Of this Eupator, whom Lucian here mentions as a reigning king in Bosphorus, we find in Spanheim, l. c. page 490, a coin, which exhibits on one side the heads of the two emperors Marc. Antoninus and Lucius Verus, and on the reverse a head decorated with the diadem, having round it the inscription, *Basileus Eupatoros*, and therefore while it serves to the confirmation of our author, it receives light from him, as other accounts of that prince are wanting. Besides, nothing can be clearer than the manner in which he explains the annual tribute which the ambassadors of king Eupator were carrying to the governour of Bithynia; and it is therefore singular enough that Dr. Francklin could make our author say, the ambassadors were sent by king Eupator into Bithynia to receive the annual tribute:

‡ A man of extraordinary science and erudition, who lived under the emperors Trajan and Hadrian, and had, among others, the celebrated sophist Polemon, and him whom our author describes in a peculiar tract under the name of Demonax, for his scholars. The Heraclea, where he was born, lay in the eastern Bithynia or in the country of the Mariandyni, and was an ancient colony of the Megarenses. It was denominated Heraclea Pontica, to distinguish it from other cities of that name.

this declaration nothing remained for me to do, but to put my sword again into its scabbard; it would have been a very unseasonable thrasognism, to engage with such a powerful enemy before so predetermined a judge.

The impostor therefore carried on his business unmolested; and, would it be believed? had impudence enough to petition the emperor, that Abonoteichos should change its name, and for the future be called Ionopolis; and that a new coinage should be struck, having on one side the image of Glycon, and on the other Alexander himself, with the laurel-crown of his grandfather Æsculapius on the head, and with the scymitar of his maternal ancestor Perseus in the hand*.

To conclude, this infamous fellow, who had prophesied, that he should live a hundred and fifty years, and then be struck dead by lightning, died miserably before he had reached his seventieth year, of a gangrene; that crept up the legs quite to his hips, and could scarcely keep himself from being devoured by the worms that it bred. On this occasion also his baldness appeared; his pains obliging him to let his head be anointed by the physicians, for which purpose his false hair must be taken off

Such was the winding up of the tragedy, or rather the farce, played by this impostor for so many years †, at the expense of superstition; wherein some, though it was all mere accident and casualty, thought they discerned a thread of providence to run. Moreover it was nothing but fair that his obsequies should be solemnized by a prize-fight conformable to his life; I mean by the contest that ensued amongst the chiefs of his confederates and abettors respecting the succession to his prophetic office. At last it was referred to the decision of Rutillianus, which of

* These latter coins with Alexander's image are, as far as I know, no longer extant. But in the work above cited of Spanheim, beside that already mentioned, two coins are engraved and described, which put the veracity of Lucian out of all doubt. The former was likewise struck under Antoninus Pius, and bears on one side his figure, on the other the æsculapian serpent of uncommon magnitude; with the inscription: ΑΒΟΝΟΤΕΙΧΕΙΤΟΝ ΓΑΥΚΟΝ. On the other is seen the same dragon, but with a bearded man's head and the inscription: ΙΟΝΟΠΟΛΙΟΑΕΙΤΟΝ ΓΑΥΚΟΝ. The reverse shews the figure and inscription of *Luc. Verus*, who about that time resided in the oriental part of the empire, and this appears to me decisive, that the emperor here meant by Lucian is not Marcus Aurelius, but his co-regent Verus.

† Probably about thirty years, if not more.

the competitors should be preferred to it, and placed at the head of the oracle, decorated with the hierophantic and prophetic fillet. In this gang was the physician Pætus, a man already advanced in years, but who on this occasion acted a part that did honour neither to his profession nor to his grey hairs. Rutilianus however, the grand umpire of the strife, rejected their several pleas, and sent them all back to their homes, by pronouncing that the blessed defunct, even after his departure, must still continue in possession of his prophetic office*.

These few particulars, my dear friend, drawn from a great store of materials, I have committed to writing, partly from complaisance to you, an old acquaintance and companion, whom I hold in particular esteem, as well for his wisdom and love of truth, as for his amiable disposition, the innocence and evenness of his life, and the pleasantness of his conversation; partly, and what I know will be pleasing to you, for the sake of avenging the cause of Epicurus, that in the strictest sense holy and divinely inspired man, the only one, who (according to my firm conviction) really understood the nature of truth and goodness, and by his communications has been the deliverer and benefactor of his scholars. I now take my leave, hoping that what I have here composed, may prove useful likewise to others into whose hands it may chance to fall, no less to the confusion of a certain class of people, than to the confirmation of such as are of a right way of thinking.

* It is likely that the comedy was carried on a long time afterwards, under Alexander's name, for the benefit of his widow.

DEMÔNAX.

OUR age has not been so totally neglected by fortune, as to leave us entirely destitute of at least one or two persons, worthy to be talked of and remembered, or that we cannot boast of as a pattern of uncommon bodily endowments and of a philosophical character, in the strictest import of the expression.

This reflection naturally occurs, whenever I think of Sostratus of Bœotia, who used to be called the grecian Hercules, or rather was really held a modern Hercules*, but especially when I turn my thoughts on the philosopher Demônax. Both of them I have seen and admired, and with the latter I even lived in uninterrupted intercourse for many

DEMÔNAX. Although it is somewhat singular, that independently of this monument which our author felt himself impelled to raise to Demônax, not even the name of the man whom he pronounces the most genuine and consummate philosopher of the age in which he lived, has come down to us: yet nothing more is necessary than to read this composition, for being perfectly convinced of the historical credibility of Lucian in this interesting delineation, and of his intention to advance nothing but what he held to be positively true. M. du Soul therefore justly wonders, how so learned a man as Godfrey Olearius, without adducing even the shadow of an argument, not to mention an evidence, could call this treatise (in the note 11, on page 596 of his edition of the works of the two Philostrates) the fable of Demônax; nay, even doubt whether Lucian is its author, notwithstanding it bears the stamp of authenticity on its front, and moreover is by Eunapius (a writer of the third century) expressly attributed to our author.

* Indeed the words *καὶ ζῶντο εἶναί* seem to imply more, namely, that Sostratus would have been taken by the Greeks for the real Hercules, returned to life: but I see not how such an interpretation could consist with the belief that the theban Hercules was adopted among the olympic deities; or how the populace at least could have refrained from paying him divine honours. I must notwithstanding confess, that this argument appears to me not entirely sufficient; for what is more inconsequent and inexplicable than the superstition of the common people?

years. Having already dedicated a peculiar treatise * to Sostratus, wherein I have expressly treated of his extraordinary bulk and incredible strength, and how he lived on Parnassus under the open sky, sleeping upon the bare grass, and feeding solely on what he could procure by hunting and on savage fruits; together with all his memorable exploits, how he cleared the country of robbers, cut out new roads through impassable districts, threw bridges across dangerous precipices, and his other extraordinary labours: it is but equitable that I should likewise erect a monument to Demonax, that, as far it depends upon me, he may continue to live in the memory of good men, and that our generous youths, inclined to the study and practice of philosophy, may not be necessitated to form themselves merely by ancient examples, but likewise in this our contemporary, the best of all philosophers that I have ever known, may find a model of perfection and an object for their emulation.

He descended of a family in the isle of Cyprus, not inconsiderable either in rank or fortune. These advantages however were too small for him, he was only to be sufficed by what was most noble and honourable; and with these sentiments he devoted himself entirely to philosophy, without the necessity of being first prompted to it by such men as Demetrius,

* It is to be lamented, that this tract is no longer found among the works of Lucian. As some compensation we read in the elder Philostratus's life of Herodes Atticus, a whole chapter (the seventh) wherein is contained an extract of a likewise lost letter from Herodes to Julianus (probably M. Salvius Julianus, who was consul in the year 148,) describing the person of this second Hercules, and a conversation of Herodes with him. There can be no doubt whatever that this Hercules of Philostratus and the Sostratus of Lucian are one and the same person, although Philostratus omits to mention the latter name, but calls him only Hercules or Agathion. For these surnames were given to him by the country-folks of Marathon and the territory of Parnassus, where he generally resided, because they entertained a peculiar belief, that he could give them good advice in their affairs. Moreover, both authors agree perfectly well together in generals, with only this difference, that Lucian here gives a brief abridgment of the whole biography of that remarkable man, and his merits regarding Greece; whereas Philostratus confines himself to the narrative of a conversation which Herodes (who had large estates in the district of Marathon) had with Sostratus, while the latter was still a young fellow, but by his extraordinary bulk, vigour of body and habit of life, excited so much attention, that such a man as Hercules must be desirous of his personal acquaintance. That conversation is so curious, that I hope it will prove gratifying to the reader, if I, by way of supplement, at the conclusion of the Demonax, communicate it, from the very little known words of Philostratus.

Agathobulos, or Epictetus. He sought indeed the converse and instruction of these celebrated characters, as also of Timocrates of Heraclea *, a man of a clear head and great powers of persuasion; however, as I said, he received his vocation from none of them, but from nature herself, who with this inherent impulse to the beautiful and good, had implanted in him that indifference to all that ordinary men most highly prize, and that love for philosophy, which he displayed from his earliest youth. Accordingly his whole life was, so to speak the natural expression of his way of thinking. Frank and open in his converse, regular, uncorrupted and irreproachable in his morals, he set all who saw and heard him the fairest example of what truth and philosophy are.

Besides, in his youth he did not go to work with unwashed hands. He made himself familiar with the poets, and had the greater part of them by heart; he likewise exercised himself in the art of speaking, and the maxims and opinions of the several philosophical sects, he had not superficially skimmed over, but knew them thoroughly and accurately. With this culture of his mind he united those corporal exercises which invigorate and harden the body. In general his whole care was, to render himself as much as possible independent on other things; and as soon as he found that he was no longer sufficient to himself, he voluntarily went out of the world, leaving to the best among the Greeks ample matter for their entertainment about him.

His philosophy he did not cut out after any of the ordinary forms, but took from each sect what to him seemed the best, leaving it always unascertained, to which of them he gave the preference; yet he had, so to speak, the aspect of inclining more to the socratic family, than to any

* Of these preceptors of Demonax, the memory of Epictetus alone has been kept alive, for posterity, by what his friend Arrian has handed down to us, and of which nevertheless the most interesting is lost. The Demetrius here in question, was without doubt the same cynic philosopher whom Seneca in his writings so frequently speaks of, in the strongest expressions of admiration. For example, *de Benefic.* lib. vii. cap. 8. And who, in the twenty-fifth chapter of the fourth book of the life of Apollonius of Tyana (whether with truth or not, is another question) is numbered among the greatest idolaters of that marvellous man. See the second supplement to the Demonax. Agathobulos is probably he with whom Peregrinus lodged at Alexandria. See note on the Peregrine, p. 575. Also of Timocrates mention has been made in the note on the Alexander, p. 663.

other, notwithstanding in externals and in the facility of living upon little, he appeared to imitate Diogenes*. Not that he carried this so far as to affect any singularity in his manner of living, in order to attract notice, and to excite surprise in the multitude: but he ate and drank like other people, observed in everything the general rules of decorum, and demeaned himself both at home and abroad as other citizens do, without particularizing himself in the least by any philosophical ostentation.

With that celebrated irony, which was peculiar to Socrates†, he would have nothing to do: but yet his conversation was full of attic grace. None who came into his company, went away from him displeased, as is so often the case with other philosophers, who sometimes raise our contempt by their poverty of intellect, sometimes repulse us by their sullen gravity or their harsh reproof. Whereas people returned from him quite new men, and parted with him more delighted, more orderly, more cheerful, and full of good resolutions and hopes for the future. Never was he seen noisy and obstreperous, or gesticulating with vehemence, or falling into a passion, even when he was urged to chide; but if he was severe upon the offence, yet he spared the offender. In such cases, said he, we should act like the physicians, and heal the disease without being angry with the patient: to err is common to all men, but to correct what is perverse is the work of a god, or of a godlike mortal.

A man who so thought and lived was in want of nobody, but, on the other hand, could be useful to his friends in various ways. Those whom prosperity seemed to render thoughtless and insolent he goodnaturedly reminded, how fleeting and inconstant the things are on which they were so elated: but if he heard others bewailing their poverty, or impatient under

* Who in fact belonged to the socratic family, and differed from the founder of it only, in that he carried some of his maxims and principally his contentedness, freedom from imaginary wants and independance on the opinions of others, to excess.

† It consisted chiefly in this, that he concealed his real opinion of design, by representing himself ignorant and simple, in order to make the sophists or others like them, against whom he most frequently employed this species of disguise for benevolent purposes, the more confident and bold, and while they were presenting one vulnerable part after another, to persuade them the more easily and imperceptibly of the absurdity of their conceptions or the inconsequence of their conclusions. Lucian betrays in more than one place his dislike to this socratic irony; the reason wherefore? but does he owe us any?

banishment from their country, or complaining of old age or incidental indispositions, he endeavoured to make them forget their affliction by reminding them, in a tone of encouragement, that all their troubles would in a little time cease of themselves, and be lost in everlasting exemption from all evils, and a universal oblivion of everything both good and ill. He made it one of his constant employments to reconcile brethren who had fallen out, and to restore the domestic peace that had been disturbed between husbands and their wives. He likewise once interposed seasonably on occasion of an insurrection, and by his address prevailed on the greater part of the insurgents to submit and even to lend their assistance to the country by a considerable pecuniary aid. — These few instances may serve as a proof that the general temper of his philosophy was mild, gentle, affable and cheerful.

The only incident that deeply affected him, was the sickness or death of a friend ; for he looked upon friendship as the greatest blessing of life ; and this way of thinking was the foundation of that universal benevolence which formed so decided a feature in his character : to be a man, sufficed for being regarded by him as a person belonging to his family. This was no reason to him why he should not prefer the converse of some to that of others : but it was sufficient for inducing him to withdraw entirely from no man, except such as were depraved to such a degree as obliged him to give up all hope of being able to correct them. In all these respects, and in general throughout the whole of his deportment, there was a certain elegance and grace that never forsook him, and the expression of the comic poet

Persuasion sits upon his lips,

seemed peculiarly framed for him.

It is therefore no wonder, that the Athenians, from the lowest classes to the leading men of the city, were his warm admirers, and accosted him no otherwise than as one of the most honourable and noble of the nation. And yet he was at first odious and shocking to the generality, both high and low, from the excessive liberty he seemed to take in his speeches and behaviour. Indeed it was carried so far that some Anytuses and Melituses had already risen up against him, and, as in the case of Socrates, openly taxed him with having never been seen to sacrifice, and as being the only one in Athens who had not caused himself to be initiated in the mysteries at

Eleusis. Demonax on this occasion acted with uncommon spirit and fortitude. He entered the congregation wearing a chaplet on his brows, and dressed in a snow-white garment *, where he defended himself generally in a very delicate manner; letting fall however, interspersed with what he said, some expressions of greater asperity than would have been expected from a man of his character. To the charge, that he had not offered sacrifice to Minerva, he replied in his vindication: that he had not thought she stood in need of offerings; and on the other point, of his not having been initiated, he delivered himself to the following effect: are the mysteries bad, said he; I should not have withheld them from the profane, but revealed them: but are they good; I should not be able to refrain, out of pure goodwill and philanthropy, from communicating them to the public. This speech had so good an effect on the Athenians, that they gently let fall from their hands the stones they had taken up against him, and from that moment were not only kind to him, but began to regard him with a sort of respect, which rose at last to the highest degree of reverence. And yet he had begun his speech with this really very affronting exordium: "Athenians, you see for what I am prepared, by presenting myself before you with a wreath of flowers about my brows; it rests solely with yourselves, to slay me; though sacrifices of that kind have never brought you much good luck!"

As Demonax was peculiarly happy in bon mots and witty repartees, I cannot refrain from subjoining a few of them in this place.

To commence with the reply he gave to the sophist Favorinus †. This man having been informed by somebody that Demonax had been witty upon his philosophical declamations, particularly on the affectation of

* Contrary to the long standing custom, for the accused to appear in a mourning suit.

† This Favorinus, to whom Philostratus in his *Lives of the Sophists* has devoted a whole chapter, was born at Arles in Gallia, but resided mostly at Rome, Athens, and Ephesus. He made no secret of being either by nature or by accident deficient in a very essential requisite to manhood. Probably the rumour, that he was an hermaphrodite thence got up, founded as it should appear, on a charge of adultery brought against him by a person of quality. His agreeable enunciation, and his musical manner of declaiming ingratiated him with the Greeks. He was the favourite of Herodes Atticus, and even succeeded so well with the emperor Hadrian, that he once disputed pretty warmly with him, and it was not attended by any ill consequences to him; an omission quite unprecedented with that prince.

interlarding them with a quantity of verses, as somewhat silly, girlish, and ill suited to philosophy, he went one day to him, and asked who it was that had carped at his performances? One, answered Demonax, whose ears are neither so thick nor so long as to be easily deceived. And when the sophist, not having yet had enough, farther inquired in a bantering tone, what particular means he had for becoming in so short a time from a boy a philosopher? Those which you have not *, answered Demonax.

The same Favorinus at another time wanted to know of him which of the philosophical sects he professed to be of? Who told you then, answered Demonax, that I am a philosopher? And so saying, turned away from him, as if he was forced to laugh at some sudden thought. What is it you laugh at? said the former. Only it seemed to me ridiculous, that a man with so smooth a chin, like you, should know the philosopher by his beard †.

Once, hearing the sophist Sidonius, who for a length of time was in some reputation at Athens, making a sort of panegyric on himself, in which he boasted, that he was equally well acquainted with the tenets of the several philosophical sects — but it will be best to quote his own words. If Aristotle, said he, calls me to the Lycæum; I obey. If Plato to the Academy; I come. Zeno to the Stoa; I am there at home. If Pythagoras calls me; I am silent. Instantly uprose Demonax in the midst of the audience, and said: Pythagoras calls you.

A handsome young man, the son of a macedonian nobleman, named Python, once having a mind to play the fool with him, put to him a puzzling question, desiring him to solve that syllogism, if he could. Child, said Demonax, I know that you are easily solved ‡. The young gentleman was far from relishing the joke, and said in a menacing tone: I will shew

* Demonax employed but one word, ὄρχις, in his answer: but in our language it is not permitted to be so short and pithy in expression.

† Demonax probably wore a great beard.

‡ The reader will remark without a commentary, what a snake Demonax intended to throw into the bosom of the young coxcomb. The untranslatable ambiguity in the words ὅτι ωραῖος could not well otherwise be rendered than as I have done, and should, if I would not entirely omit the bon mot. Αὐτίκα σοι μάλα τὸν ἄνδρα, ὃ δι σοι γίλωι πρότισι καὶ γὰρ ἄνδρα ἴχτις; the wit turns upon the equivocal in the word ἄνδρα: it is very obscure to us; and so best.

you a man presently! What? replied the other, laughing, have you even a man?

Another time, ridiculing a wrestler that had been crowned at Olympia, for appearing publicly in a gaudy dress, in return for which the man threw a stone at his head, so that the blood ran down: many present were as much incensed at it, as if one of them had been hit, and cried out that he should go to the proconsul. Not to the proconsul, my friend, said Demonax calmly, but to the surgeon.

Having one day found a gold seal ring in the street, he stuck up in the market an advertisement, promising to restore the ring to whoever had lost it, on legitimating the demand by a description of the weight and figures on the gem. In consequence of this a spruce young man applied to him, alleging that he had lost the ring, but could not produce the proper evidence. Go, child, said Demonax, and take care of your own ring*: you have not lost this.

A roman senator, being come to Athens, presented to him his son, an uncommonly fair youth, but extremely soft and effeminate. My son is come to pay his respects to you, said the father. He is a fine lad, answered Demonax, worthy of you, and very like his mother.

The famous cynic, who affected always to go in a bear-skin, he would never call Honoratus, which was his right name, but Arctesilaus †.

Being asked, what was the sovereign felicity, he replied: Nobody is happy but who is free. There are however many free people who are not therefore happy, returned the former. I mean, said Demonax, those who are free both from fear and from hope. But who, said the other, is that? All of us throughout life are in bondage to those tyrants. And yet, answered our philosopher, on an accurate review of human affairs you will find that they are not worth either fear or hope, seeing both the disagreeable and the agreeable are of so short a duration.

The renowned Peregrinus, otherwise called Proteus, once took him to

* Again a play upon the double meaning of the word *δακτύλιος*, which, in Aristophanes, denotes a certain *orificium* which is among the ineffable words.

† The Greeks were great lovers of puns; this is certainly dull enough, but is more imputable to Demonax than to Lucian. Arctesilaus might be englished by *Bearman* or *Bruin*, and then the humour is obvious.

task, for ridiculing and passing his jokes so frequently on people: Demonax, said he, you do not act the cynic well. — And you the man much worse *, returned the former.

A naturalist speaking in his company about the antipodes, he asked him to get up, took him to a well, and shewed him their shadows in the water: Of this kind, said he, are probably your antipodes †?

A pretended magus affirmed in his presence, that he knew a certain charm that had the virtue to persuade people to give him whatever he would. That is no such great art, said Demonax; I can do so too. Follow me to the next baker's shop, and you shall see, that I will induce the baker, by a slight process and a very little talisman, to give me bread. He then took out a small piece of money, as the only efficacious incantation for that purpose.

The far-famed Herodes [Atticus], grieving beyond measure for the loss of his favourite Pollux ‡, who had been prematurely snatched away by death, so much that he would fain have persuaded himself that he had not died, gave orders to have the horses put to his chariot, and his table covered, as if they only waited his coming §. Demonax presented him-

* For feeling the point of this repartee, it should be recollected that the cynics professed to be men of nature, pure and unsophisticated.

† Demonax was no better a naturalist and geographer than Lucian, as is here plainly seen; but Socrates himself was not a whit superior to either, and the arguments then producible in behalf of the antipodes were yet too feeble to conquer the prejudice that appeared to be founded on the evidence of the senses.

‡ Moses du Soul might have well spared himself the trouble of producing chronological evidence, that by this Pollux, Jul. Pollux, the compiler of the *Onomasticon*, is not meant; since, from all circumstances and from the bare words of Philostratus (cap. x. of his Herodes) it is sufficiently clear, that it was a very amiable vassal born in his house (perhaps his natural son by a female slave), whose education and instruction he had taken charge of himself, and in whom he took the greater delight, as the only legitimate son, that survived him, was of little promise, and was so deficient, that Herod was obliged to devise a curious scheme for only squeezing the alphabet into his head.

§ I cannot tell whether I am mistaken in the idea, that has guided me in the translation of this passage; but the whole combination appeared to me properly to bear no other. Methinks the affair hinges on a peculiar fancy of Herod. That distinguished personage, had, together with a princely authority and estate, also princely whimsies, as it appears, and farther perhaps could no poetical shah or sultan carry them, than absolutely not to endure that his favourite should be dead, and do everything in the world to keep up the illusion in his mind that he

self before him ; saying, that he had brought him a letter from Pollux. Herodes, imagining that Demonax, like all the rest, gave into his conceit, testified great joy at the tidings, and asked, what Pollux then wanted of him? He complains, said Demonax, that you have not already followed him*.

The same Herod, in a desponding state of mind, for the loss of his son †, having shut himself up in a dark chamber, that he might indulge his melancholy without molestation, Demonax had himself announced to him, under the assumed guise of a conjurer, and assured him that he had power to bring back the departed soul of his son, provided he could name to him three persons, who during the whole course of their lives had never been forcibly separated from anyone. The former, musing for some time what answer to return, and I suppose because he could not name three such, — is not it then ridiculous, said Demonax, that you alone should think it intolerable, seeing as you do that it is the common lot?

Nor used he to be less sarcastical upon those who in their ordinary conversation affect a certain singularity of expression, picking out uncouth words and antiquated phrases. One of this sort, returning him an answer to some inquiry he had made, from pure affectation to speak attic, employed such obsolete diction, that Demonax thought fit to tell him: I ask you this present day, and you answer me as if we were living in the reign of king Agamemnon!

One of his acquaintance said to him: Demonax, let us go together to Æsculapius's temple, to pray for my sick son. You think then, he replied, that Æsculapius is so deaf, that he cannot hear us pray where we are?

was still alive. Herodes not only gave orders, that the deceased Pollux should constantly be waited on in his house, as though he were still alive: he even required of his friends to accommodate themselves to this whim, and was flattered by their doing so, though he very well knew, wherefore they did it.

* I conceive that Demonax would in a delicate manner give him to understand, that there was more of vanity and ostentation than real affection for the deceased in his strange behaviour.

† He had therefore two sons, and this defunct, was probably as hopeful as the only one remaining was of little expectation. Philostratus, it is true, gives Herodes only one son: but Lucian, who lived at Athens about that time, might and must have known more of the matter than the former, who then was not born.

At another time he saw two philosophers, who were a couple of arrant ninnies, engaged in very earnest disputation, so that one always put absurd questions and the other always gave queer answers: do not you think, my friends, said Demonax, that one of these honest men is milking a he-goat, while the other holds a sieve beneath?

The peripatetic Agathocles was very proud of being the only and first master in dialectics. If you are the first, said Demonax *, you are not the only; and if the only, not the first †.

When the consul Cethegus was travelling through Greece to take the command of the army in Asia, under the orders of his father, many remarks were made at Athens upon his absurd conduct during the journey. One of the friends of our philosopher, who had been an eyewitness of it, called this Cethegus a great ass. Oh, by Jupiter, said Demonax, ass as much as you please, but not great!

The philosopher Apollonius was sent for to Rome, to take part in the education of the future emperor ‡. Seeing a great number of his scholars joining him on that expedition, he said: There goes Apollonius with his Argonauts §.

* To make game of him in sound dialectics.

† Therefore neither one nor the other.

‡ The excellent emperor M. Aurelius [Antoninus Philosophus] notices, in the recension of his preceptors, and that for which he was indebted to each of them, likewise this Apollonius with great respect, though what he (*cap. 8. lib. i. de iustitia*) says regarding him, proves more in behalf of the good disposition and docility of the pupil, than the character of the tutor. For such a famous stoic as this Apollonius of Chalcis was, could perhaps do no less, on taking upon him so important an office as the tuition of a youth destined to be the sovereign of the world. Marcus Aurelius was at that time too young, and even in riper years too good tempered, to see or to discover the blind side of that philosopher; but from his father, the emperor Antoninus Pius it was not concealed. As soon as that emperor heard that the philosopher was come to Rome, he immediately sent to request that he would take charge of his son. The scholar should come to the master, answered Apollonius, not the master to the scholar. Singular enough, said the emperor, smiling, to the bystanders, that it should appear easier to Apollonius, to make the journey from Chalcis to Rome, than to travel from his quarters to the palace. Julius Capitolinus, who relates this anecdote, subjoins: the emperor should have chid him likewise for the avarice that Apollonius evinced in demanding an extravagant salary for his instruction. Demonax ought therefore to have known the man well: for vanity and covetousness are what he is covertly reproached with in the above recited bon mot.

§ A double witticism: the poet Apollonius of Rhodes, a namesake of the philosopher, had

To one asking him, whether he held the soul to be immortal, he answered: yes; as everything else is.

On the subject of Herodes Atticus, he once observed: Plato was right in affirming that we have more than one soul: for the soul that gives feasts to Regilla* and to Pollux, as if they were still alive, cannot possibly be the same that declaims so finely on such lofty topics.

Once, hearing the public proclamation for celebrating the eleusinian mysteries (whence, as all others of the profane, foreigners were excluded) he had the courage openly to ask the Athenians: why they excluded foreigners from the mysteries, since they derived their origin from a foreigner, namely Eumolpus of Thrace.

When he was going on board a vessel in tempestuous weather, his friend said: and you are not afraid of being devoured by fishes? It would be very ungrateful of me, was his answer, if I should find fault with the fishes for devouring me, since I in my lifetime have devoured so many of them.

A rhetor, who declaimed miserably, he advised to exercise himself diligently in his art. That I do, said he, always rehearsing to myself. Then I am not surprised, returned Demonax, that you speak as you do, having so complaisant an audience †.

Once seeing a fortuneteller openly carrying on his trade for money, he said to him: I see not what right you have to demand pay. If it is because you can alter the decrees of fate, you require too little, whatever you may ask: but if all goes on according to the determinations of God, of what use is your divination?

An old, well-battened Roman, exercising himself in his presence in complete armour against a post, asked him: what think you, Demonax; do I not fight well? Excellently, replied he, when you have a wooden antagonist.

wrote a wellknown poem on the expedition of the Argonauts to Colchis; and the Argonauts undertook that voyage solely to bear away the golden fleece.

* So the consort of Herodes Atticus was named, whose death he lamented almost as excessively as that of his favourite Pollux. He lost her, while yet in her best years, and had the additional mortification, to be publicly accused by her brother, Annicus Bradua (who was consul in the year 160) of having caused her to be murdered.

† The text says: if you have a fool for your hearer. Our civility will not endure so harsh a compliment.

Also to subtle and captious questions he was always ready with his answer. One asking him in a conceited tone : if I burn a thousand pounds of wood, how many pounds of smoke will proceed from it? Weigh the ashes, said Demonax ; all the rest is smoke.

A certain Polybius, a fellow so ignorant that he could not properly speak his own mother tongue, saying that the emperor had honoured him with the privileges of a roman citizen, he replied : would to heaven he had made you a Grecian instead of a Roman.

Once seeing a bepurpled beau, who thought himself very consequential from the broad hems of his tunic, he put his mouth close to his ear, and said, holding up one of the lappets : this a sheep wore before you ; and was a sheep.

Delaying for some time one day to step into the bath, the water being too hot, somebody reproached him for a coward ; he said : am I then here to shew my bravery by stewing myself for the good of my country ?

To one that asked him, what he thought of affairs in the other world ; he gave for answer : have a little patience ; I will write to you from thence.

A wretched versifier, named Admetus, mentioned an extract from his work, consisting of one single line, and running in the following manner :

Earth, take my husk ; Admetus mounts the skies.

I have given orders in my last will, that it shall be engraved on my tombstone, said the poetaster. Your epitaph is so beautiful, replied Demonax, smiling, that I wish it was there already.

An acquaintance perceiving some I know not what blue spots upon his legs, not uncommon with old folks, said : ey, ey ! how has Demonax come by this? He good humouredly answered : Cerberus has had a snap at me.

He one day saw a Spartan flogging his slave. Have done, said he, treating your slaves as your equals*.

To a certain Danae, who was engaged in a lawsuit with her brother, he said : go, without hesitation before the judge ; you are not the Danae of Acrisius †.

* A ludicrous allusion to the spartan custom of publicly scourging to blood their freeborn children, that they might learn betimes to bear great pain without crying out.

† A play upon the meaning of the name Acrisius (one that cannot be rendered) borne by the father of the mythological Danaë. Perhaps likewise an indirect suggestion of a lack of other qualifications requisite for being the Danaë of Acrisius. — Between this and the following

Observing that some of the athletes were badly skilled in their art, and, contrary to the rules of boxing, employed their teeth as well as their fists, and instead of regularly wrestling bit one another at every turn, he said: the patrons of our modern athletes may indeed with reason boast, that they fight like lions*.

To the proconsul he once said what contained no less salt than urbanity. That gentleman was one of those, who had had the hair of their whole body eradicated by pitchplaister †. Aware of this, a certain cynic got upon a stone, and made it the theme of a very severe moral discourse, imputing it to him as a proof of his cinædical effeminacy. At this the proconsul was so incensed, that he ordered the cynic to be pulled down, and was on the point of either having him whipped till he was half dead, or sent out of the country. Fortunately for him Demonax came up, and interceded for the poor culprit, alleging, that merely in virtue of the liberty of tongue at all times conceded to the cynics, he had been emboldened to this impropriety. For this once, said the proconsul, I will let him off on your account: but if he ever presumes to do so again, what punishment will he then deserve? Then let him be plucked, said Demonax ‡.

To the question put to him by another whom the emperor had appointed commander of a considerable army in one of the largest provinces, “ what

I have omitted a bon mot, by reason of its turning upon an untranslatable play upon words, and is at the same time so flat and insipid, that I cannot forgive Lucian for having thought it worth recording. One of the same sort subsequent to the following is also omitted for the same reason.

* With the Lacedæmonians alone the bite was allowed in wrestling. *Philostr. in Icon. ii. n. 6.* Plutarch relates this, of a Spartan, who having casually fallen into an altercation with a foreigner, when from words they came to blows. The Spartan, whom his antagonist had unawares seized by the throat and thrown to the ground, defended himself, having no other remedy, with the teeth. You bite like a woman, cried the adversary; no, said the other, but like a lion. *Plut. in Apophth. Lacon.*

† A cinædical practice of the effeminates among the Greeks and Romans, which never failed to awake suspicions unfavourable to the morals of a person, and has already been touched upon by our author in his Cynic. See the note, p. 627, on the Runaways.

‡ One such answer would suffice for rendering the man that had the courage to give it to a proconsul, the idol of the Athenians, as everyone is immediately convinced on knowing how odious the roman supremacy was to them, and how dearly they loved a witty and stinging bon mot.

is the duty of him who would govern well?" he gave for answer: always to be master of his passions, to speak little, and to hear much.

Somebody at mealtime seeing him eat a cake, asked him with a look of surprise, whether a philosopher like him should eat of such delicacies? he said: do you think then that bees construct their honey-combs for fools?

Remarking in the Pœzile a statue of bronze, which (by some accident) had lost a hand *, he said: it is high time that the Athenians should at last have caused a brazen statue to be erected to Cynægeirus.

The renowned peripatetic Rufinus, though lame, had the weakness always to be on the promenade †. Nothing is more preposterous, said Demonax, than a limping peripatetic.

Epictetus once reproached him for not marrying and having children, as became a true philosopher, to leave behind to nature another in his room. Well, said Demonax, to strike him dumb at once, give me one of your daughters ‡.

The Athenians, in emulation of the Corinthians, having begun to take measures for introducing the spectacle of gladiators into the city, he

* The parenthical words, "by some accident," are indeed not expressly in the text, but were doubtless in Lucian's thoughts, and should be supplied, in order to prevent the delicacy and the sting of the witticism from being lost. For it is manifest that Demonax is only represented as if he took this mutilated statue for an image which the Athenians had lately caused to be set up in honour of Cynægeirus, designing indirectly to upbraid them with not having done so. As M. du Soul here remarks; that "Cynægeirus had indeed a statue at Athens, but not one of bronze, and for the truth of it appeals to *cap. xxx.* in the Jupiter Tragoëdus, [See the note, p. 500, on that piece], so he has forgot that he had reminded us in that very passage, that the question there is of a celebrated *tableau* of the victory at Marathon. Neither Miltiades nor Cynægeirus had statues in or near the Pœzile; otherwise Pausanias, who overlooks nothing of the sort, would certainly not have left them unnoticed in his description of that Stoa.

† In the Lyceon, namely, a part of Athens which had its appellation from a temple of Apollo Lycoctonas [wolf-slayer] alias Lycius, near to which stood a public place of exercise [gymnasium] of the same name. The philosophers of the aristotelic school still affected, four hundred years after the death of their master, in pursuance of his example, to philosophize walking up and down, and for that purpose usually resorted to the Lyceum; where there were always much company and many hearers, and where the enormous platanus, described by Pliny, *lib. xii. cap. 1.* which alone covered an acre of ground with its shade, so pleasantly shaded the walkers in the heat of the day.

‡ Epictetus himself had never married, and was then considerably older than Demonax.

went up and said : Athenians, let it not at least be put to the vote, before you have removed the altar of mercy from your city *.

The Elians on his coming to Olympia, would have erected a metallic statue to him ; but he seriously declined that honour. It would appear, said he, as if I wanted to insult your ancestors for not having set up one either to Socrates or to Diogenes.

I heard him once say to a lawyer : the laws are of very little service, whether they were enacted either for the good or the bad ; for the former stand in no need of them, and the others are never the better for them.

He had no verse of Homer more frequently in his mouth than this :

Equal in death, who nought, who much has done. Iliad. ix. 320.

He made, in mockery, a panegyric on Thersites, to prove that the latter was a cynical declaimer:

Being once asked which of the antient philosophers he set most by, he answered : each is excellent in his way ; for my part I venerate Socrates, I admire Diogenes, and I love Aristippus †.

The life of Demonax was protracted to near a hundred years, without sickness, without pain, without ever being burdensome or beholden to any man ; and injurious to none : serviceable to his friends, and with the rare felicity of having never in all his life had an enemy.

The love and respect he acquired at Athens and throughout all Greece was carried so far, that whenever he appeared in public, the nobles stood up before him, and a universal silence ensued. In his latter years, and when he had exceeded the ordinary term of human life, he ate and slept

* The Athenians were in all ages distinguished for their humanity, and were perhaps the only people in the world with whom mercy had an altar. The murderous gladiator-fights of the Romans must have appeared the more shocking to the Greeks in general, as according to their laws of combat an athlete, who had only by chance and against his will, killed his antagonist, was declared to have forfeited his crown. Nevertheless as the modern Corinthians, who were a roman colony and therefore were more roman than grecian in their manners, would have allowed the entrance of gladiators, the vanity of the Athenians, who were not inclined to accept of this benefit, would have got the upper hand of their humanity, had not Demonax seasonably reminded them of the altar of mercy.

† Such readers as are acquainted with these three personages will immediately perceive the delicacy and justness of these three shades of difference whereby the species of his admiration is marked. I for my part cordially coincide with Demonax, respecting all the three.

uninvited in any house he chose, and the master of it considered it as the apparition of a good genius bringing a blessing into his family. As he passed by the bread shops, the bakers strove who should be first to beg his acceptance of a loaf, and he to whom he gave the preference, thought it a lucky omen. Even the children brought him fruits, and called him father. In those days a sedition once arose in Athens: but the moment he appeared in the gathering, his bare presence produced a general calm*.

Perceiving at length, that he was no longer able to help himself, he said to those about him, in the verses with which the crier used to proclaim the close of the public games:

Tarry no longer; for the games are done.

The hour has struck, the highest prize is won.

From that moment he secluded himself from general society; and went as cheerful out of the world, as his acquaintance had uniformly seen him through the whole course of his life.

Shortly before his death, somebody asked him, what orders he had given for his funeral? Give yourself no concern about that, was his answer; the smell will bury me. The other replying: what? would it not be a shame, that the corpse of such a man should lie a prey to birds and dogs? he rejoined: I see no impropriety in it, if even when dead I am of use to any living.

The Athenians however suffered it not to come to that; they decreed him a pompous funeral, and mourned a long time for him. They even paid a sort of religious respect to the stone on which he used to rest himself when he was tired; they considered it as having contracted somewhat of holiness through him, and crowned it with garlands of flowers. The Athenians without exception attended his obsequies, and the philosophers carried his bier.

These few particulars out of the many that I might have adduced †,

* I know not whether more fine and affecting traits of humanity and goodnature are to be found in the whole history of our species, than these. He is to be pitied who should need a comment for enabling him to feel them. I confess that this single paragraph would reconcile me to Lucian's heart, and would make us friends for ever, if I even had otherwise ever so much to object to him. For without a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions of pure human nature, he would have neither observed nor expressed these delicate touches.

† It were to be wished he had withheld none of them from us.

will however be sufficient to give the reader a just conception of this memorable man*.

APPENDIX TO DEMONAX.

I.

*The Conversation of HERODES ATTICUS, with young SOSTRATUS,
surnamed HERCULES and AGATHIAS.*

HERODES. Who were your parents?

SOSTRATUS. The Bœotians say, that I grew out of their ground †; but I know better: my mother was a cowherd, a strong, lusty wench, and my father was Marathon, whose picture is up at Marathon ‡.

HEROD. *Smiling.* You are then, perhaps, immortal?

SOSTRATUS. At least I think to live longer than other mortals.

HEROD. You look plump and well fed! what is your usual diet.

SOSTRATUS. Milk generally; of goats, cows or mares, they all come alike to me; the shepherds never let me want it; sometimes ass's milk; it is pleasant to drink, and easy to digest. But if I get a bowl of barley-

* And now compare this piece of biography, drawn up with true attic and xenophontic simplicity, and the effect it produces on the mind and heart, with the florid, overstrained, pompous, declamatory *eloges à la Thomas*, where the author is manifestly more intent upon displaying his own talents with the *coquetterie* of a belle-esprit, than to pay this last honour, as far as in him lies, to a man worthy to live in the memory of all succeeding generations. Compare, I say, and judge to which the prize is due, and, who, in similar predicaments, should be taken as a model.

† This is the primitive and proper signification of the word *γενέτης*.

‡ This Marathon, a son of the peloponnesian king Epopeus (whose father Alocus was a son of the Sun-god and Circe) led in the heroic ages a colony to Attica, where he was the founder of a market-town, which acquired his name, and by the great victory obtained by the Greeks in this district over the Persians, afterwards became famous. The inhabitants of Marathon, more especially the country folks, revered him as their appropriate tutelar deity, and young Sostratus, whose father perhaps was unknown to his mother herself, could therefore have chose no properer parent.

broth, I eat just my ten measures * at once. That is a charitable donation given me by the good cottagers in Bœotia and Marathon, who have bestowed on me the surname of Agathion, because they find themselves the better for my advice.

HEROD. Bur how comes it that you speak such good attic? Have you been regularly instructed in the language? and by whom? for you really express yourself unlike a person without education.

SOSTRATUS. For one who would learn to speak the language well there is no better school than the midland part of Attica. For the Athenians who live in the city and all the fine young fellows that flock thither from Thrace, Pontus and other barbarous countries, to hire themselves for service, rather adopt from these foreigners a corrupt mode of speaking, than assist them in correcting theirs. Whereas in the interior of the country, whither no foreigners come, the accent is proper, and nothing is heard but the purest atticism.

HEROD. Have you ever been in a large popular assembly?

SOSTRATUS. Only once at the pythian games; but not that I mixed myself among those present; I saw and heard merely from one of the tops of Parnassus the musical contest, where Pammenes with his tragedy received so much applause. I must own, however, the wise Greeks might be better employed, than in diverting themselves with the cruel disasters and misfortunes of the houses of Pelops and Labdacus. Such stories by being so credibly represented before the eyes of the multitude, inspire rather an inclination to wicked deeds, than an abhorrence of them.

HEROD. You philosophize to admiration. And what do you think of the gymnastic combats?

SOSTRATUS. Very little. Nothing to me appears more ridiculous, than to see people fight with gauntlets, box, wrestle, run races, hurl coits, and be crowned for so doing. I would let it pass, that the man should be crowned who can outrun a stag or a horse. If any one have an inclination for dangerous exercises, let him buffet a bull or a bear, as I do every day, when I am deprived of an opportunity for more honourable fights; for alas, in Acarnania there are no lions now. —

* The choenix was a fruit-measure of the Greeks, which by Eisenschmidt's calculation contained $56\frac{1}{2}$ Paris inches, and whereof 48 went to an attic medimnus. Ten of these at once, it must be acknowledged, was a tolerably good mess.

Thus far the dialogue which Philostratus has extracted from the epistle of Herodes Atticus. Sostratus was then yet in his boyhood, eight feet high, strong built, thick eye-brows almost uniting into an arch, lively sparkling eyes, a large aquiline nose, fleshy neck, firm broad breast, and stout legs rather bending outwards. His clothing consisted of wolfskins sewed together, and the numerous scars on his body testified of his frequent battles with wild boars, lynxes, wolves and buffaloes. Herod, who was a very jovial man, took such a liking to this extraordinary son of nature, that he invited him to his table. Sostratus promised him to be on the morrow about noon in the temple of Canobus; and asked Herod, to keep ready for him the largest of all the chalices that were standing in the temple, full of fresh milk, that had not been milked by a woman. On the following day he presented himself precisely at the time appointed; the chalice full of milk stood ready; but no sooner had he brought it to his nose, than he said: this milk is not pure, I smell the hand of a woman. Saying this, he put it down untasted, and went away. Herodes, who thought it impossible for the young savage to have such delicate olfactory nerves, sent immediately a couple of servants to his goatherds, to inquire into the truth of the fact: it was fully confirmed, that the milk had been drawn by a woman. — Herodes now, adds the relator, acknowledged that there was something more than human* in this youth. — I should have concluded nothing more from it, than that he must have had a pretty nice nose.

 II.

DEMETRIUS.

The antients held it a duty of humanity to commit an unburied stranger to the earth. From a similar feeling I hold it the duty of an author, to revive the memory of excellent men, who through the lapse of time have sunk into oblivion; and draw forth at least their bust out of the rubbish, and set it up again in some honourable place. — There is some-

* *Δαιμονία φύσις*, a dæmonic, i. e. half-divine nature, or at least so much of it as was requisite for accrediting to him the honour which the hero of Marathon was said to have shewn his mother.

thing so humane and affecting in the idea, even then, when death has ravished us for ever from the eyes and the converse of mankind, to continue living in the memory of a yet unborn world, to be yet of value to them, and by that which was excellent in us, to be still useful or agreeable. It is most certain that the noblest and best of men have entertained and cherished this sentiment; and as it entirely depends on us, whether this shall have been mere illusion, or whether we shall give it reality; why should we refuse to their spirits a gratification, that may prove so useful to ourselves?

I thought it therefore would be an act consistent with kindness and propriety, if I annexed by way of appendix to the memorial which Lucian has instituted to his venerable friend Demonax, a sort of shadowy profile of his tutor Demetrius, which is here in its proper place, and reunites in our memory two of the most liberal men of their age, as they were for a long time united in their lives. The lineaments for my purpose, I shall collect out of the writings of his friend Seneca, the only one who as contemporary and eyewitness of his life, and as a man who was capable of estimating his entire worth, deserves to be heard*. Very little is known of the history of our Demetrius; but, as it can have been no otherwise than very uniform and simple, it is precisely that with which we can least dispense. By some of the learned he has been confounded with another cynic of the same name, mentioned by Lucian in his *Toxaris*, but who appears to have come into the world about fifty years later. Of our Demetrius neither the year of his birth nor that of his death is known: but as he had already excited attention at Rome during the reign of Caius Cæsar [Caligula], and is first named by Lucian among the instructors of his Demonax, we may with probability assume, that he was

* Although a number of pretended anecdotes respecting our Demetrius are found in Philostratus's history of Apollonius of Tyana; yet they bear the stamp of falsehood in their face; and if it is not so obvious, that he introduces Demetrius for no other purpose than to render his hero (of whose admirers and followers he makes him one) the more prominent, we are induced to believe that he is speaking of a person different from the Demetrius of Seneca. That however hinders not Philostratus from deserving credit in the statement of trivial or merely historical circumstances (for example, when and where the two philosophers met or chanced upon one another.) On the contrary, he might on such points be the more correct, in order to gain belief in behalf of the tales which he reports; or has drawn from his own invention.

born not later than the year 10 (as Demonax was not earlier than the year 70) of the christian æra, and that his life extended into the last decade of the first century, or however near upon it.

It is no less apparent from Seneca than from Philostratus, that he resided under the emperors Caligula, Claudius, Nero, the Vespasians and Domitian, frequently in Italy and at Rome. After the greek philosophers were, by a decree of the last mentioned emperor banished out of Italy, he seems to have passed the rest of his life in Greece, and there became acquainted with the young Demonax. The philosophers of his character attained commonly the extreme degree of human age, partly as a natural consequence of the perfect simplicity of their mode of life and freedom from the turbulence of passion, partly because to endure a way of living like theirs it required a firm and sound bodily constitution from nature.

Seneca, to whom, however defective, according to his own confession, as a blameless man, nobody can refuse to grant the merit of a zealous reverer of truth and virtue, no less than of having been a man of great genius and conspicuous talents: Seneca, who, equally far superior to the spirit of party and jealousy, does justice to every eminent understanding, to every excellent character, speaks of none more frequently, and with greater warmth, admiration and enthusiasm, than of *his* Demetrius. We perceive, that he admires in him a greatness and perfection, which he himself has not strength enough to attain, or to which he thinks himself not called: but we feel also from the style in which he speaks of him, that his admiration is sincere, and that, as it were, in the name of humanity, he is proud of having been acquainted with such a man — a man who would still continue great if placed by the side of the greatest*.

Demetrius had proposed to himself an ideal picture drawn from the greatest masters in the philosophical art of life, of a wise, good, independent man, happy in and through himself, and appears nearly to have attained it. “ Nature, says Seneca †, produced him, I think, in our age, in order to shew, that he is too sound to be infected by us, and we too corrupt to be bettered by him — a man of a wisdom sustaining every trial, although he is far remote from having that opinion of himself, of persevering firmness in his principles and resolves, and of a masculine unvar-

* Seneca, *de Benefic.* cap. i.

† Ibid. cap. x.

nished eloquence, which, regardless of ornamental phrases and the artificial arrangement of words, follows uniformly the current of his feelings, and is the full effusion of a great mind inspired by his subject. I have not a moment's doubt, that providence has given this man the inclination and the ability so to act, and the talent so to speak, that the age in which we live might not be in want either of a perfect example or of an inexorable censor."

Demetrius had adopted his plan of life, at a period, when wealth no less ill acquired than immense had rendered the capital of the world a scene of the most inordinate luxury, the maddest extravagance, the most insatiable avarice and rapacity, in short an arena where the most infamous passions and vices exercised themselves with fury, to exhibit the example of a man, who from free choice and inclination was the completest reverse of what his contemporaries were. He must therefore necessarily, and in the nature of the case, be a cynic, in the noblest sense of the term: or in other words, if no Antisthenes and Diogenes had lived before him, he must, in order to execute his plan, have been the first cynic. He was that in reality and good earnest, which so many charlatans and impostors, who in Lucian's days hung upon them the cynic mantle, only wished to appear. Had even he, with his extremes of virtue, temperance, contempt of riches, and all accommodations and pleasures, severity to himself and to others, frankness, inflexibility, &c. acted the part of a sage, like a comedian; or had he been nothing but a fantastical, vain, and windy Peregrine: we may be assured, that he would not long have deceived such a man as Seneca. This alone, that he inspired such a sharp-sighted judge of mankind, such a refined courtier, and a man of the world, with so great, so permanent, so cordial an esteem for him, is in my mind the most infallible demonstration, that Demetrius was really the man that he appeared and professed to be. His cynical costume, his severity to himself, his voluntary poverty, his perpetual conflict with every natural instinct *, all that has in every age been affected by hypocrites and fanatics, should not mislead us respecting him: it appertained

* Seneca styles him [*de Vita beata*, cap. xviii.] *virum acerrimum et contra omnia naturæ desideria pugnantem, hoc pauperiorem quam cæteri cynici, quod cum sibi interdixerit habere, interdixit et poscere.*

essentially to his plan of life; it was with him the necessary means of his generous designs; he resolved, as Seneca says, not to be a teacher but an evidence of the truth*.

Caius Cæsar once offered him a present of two thousand pounds, either solely from a most gracious motion of imperial bounty towards a poor devil of a philosopher, whose singularity had perhaps diverted him for a moment; or in order to see what effect a sum, which in the eyes of a wretched son of earth must be very considerable, would have upon him. Demetrius seems to have suspected the latter design. He refused the present, and was so far from being proud of it, that he rather felt humiliated, in being held so little by the emperor, that such a present should either honour or corrupt him. If he would lead me into temptation, said Demetrius, he should have offered me his whole empire †.

In those times they had so many living instances before their eyes to shew with what little pains and merit people who were sprung up like mushrooms from a dunghill, had made their fortune in the world, that it could not be at all doubtful, whether a man of talents, who was born poor and remained poor, was so by compulsion or of his own free choice. Demetrius said once to a *parvenu* of this kind ‡, a manumitted slave (probably an imperial one) of great authority and opulence: "it would be easy for me to be a rich man, if ever I should repent of being an honest man. Nor am I so envious as to make a secret of my art; I will teach anyone who has a desire to become rich, how he may, without trusting his fortune to the fickle ocean, or to the hazards of buying and selling, or the uncertain produce of a landed estate, or the more uncertain profits of the bar; in short, how he may make money in an easy, safe and even delightful way, and plunder other people so that they shall thank him for it. I will, for instance, only say that you are taller than the champion Apollonius, notwithstanding it is evident that your stature scarcely exceeds the half of an ordinary man's height. For, if I said, that nobody is more liberal than you, I should not have told a lie, seeing you may conceive that you presented other people with all that you have left them." Two strong sarcasms at once! proving alike how far Demetrius carried his frankness, and how despicable the man must be in his own conscience, who suffers himself to be so talked to.

* Epist. xx.

† De Benef. vii. 11.

‡ Seneca, *Præfat.* lib. iv. *Natural quest.*

A truly golden sentence, which Seneca in his book on Providence, among many others of that sort, affirms to have heard him utter, is the following: "I am persuaded there is not a more unhappy being than a man who has never met with disappointment; for, unless he has, it has never been possible for him to try himself. How much soever everything may have gone according to his inclinations, aye, even prevented his wishes: the gods have not thought favourably of him; they have held him unworthy to triumph over adversity, that it may have nothing to do with a weak and spiritless fellow, as if it said: what should I get by chusing such an antagonist? He would immediately lay down his arms. Against such as he, I cannot employ my whole force; a slight menace is enough to terrify him: he has not the heart to look me in the face." — The general thought is excellent; but I have no doubt, that it first received its subtilizing expansion under Seneca's hands. A like share Seneca seems to have had in another discourse which he puts in the mouth of Demetrius*. The subject turns upon resignation to the divine decrees, or, what is the same in other words, upon contentedness with our destiny. "The gods (a stoical manner of speaking, which with them was equivalent with nature, providence, fate, or the necessary order of things) the gods, said he, can take nothing from me that I am not ready to give them at the first hint: I do not submit myself to their decrees, but I accord with them." — It is the same thought which in the 77th section of Epictetus's manual is thus expressed:

Lead me then, Zeus, and thou, Peptomene,
Whither ye have ordained me to go;
I follow willing, and with cheerful steps,
For, would I not, yet follow you I must.

Follow we must all, willing or unwilling. The grand point on which the wise and good differ from the fools is, that the latter submit with reluctance, murmurs and futile opposition, but the former voluntarily, as from their own free motion and accordance with nature, submit to the great law of necessity: and the ground of this difference lies here, that the wise and good are convinced that this law is the inevitable condition of the universal order and perfection of the whole; consequently the only possible safe foundation

* De Provident. cap. v.

and warrant of our own particular welfare, the most important of all practical truths, which from the great multitude (or what the discourteous language of philosophy calls fools) is either concealed by ignorance, or by the magic of the passions always removed out of sight.

Seneca, who with an estate of more than two millions, and perhaps at that time the richest private individual that ever was in the world, would fain have persuaded himself that he was as indifferent to the possession of all these goods of fortune as Demetrius was to the lack of them, seemed, principally for the sake of confirming himself in that disposition, to have sought the conversation of the latter, and to have him as often as possible about him. "I carry Demetrius everywhere with me (thus he writes in his 62d epistle to his friend Lucilius), the best man that I know, and leave the bepurpled gentry alone, that I may converse with a half-naked cynic, whom I admire. How should I not admire him? I am convinced that he wants nothing. To contemn everything, a man can proceed that length: to have everything nobody can. The shortest way to be rich is that which leads through the contempt of riches: but our Demetrius lives, not as though he contemned all things, but as though he had only relinquished them to others."

A beautiful though unfinished and faded lineament in the life of Demetrius is preserved to us by Tacitus at the close of the 16th book of his annals; namely, that he was present among the eminent persons of both sexes who formed the company of Thræseas Pætus, when Nero, or the senate, the infamous instrument of that unworthy usurper of the titles of Cæsar and Augustus, sent him the sentence of death, with permission to chuse the manner of it himself. Pætus was the most virtuous of the roman nobility, doomed to fall a victim to the cowardly and suspicious tyrant. He had, in expectation of the issue the accusation against him would take, retired to his garden; and there it was that he passed the last day of his life in the company of Demetrius, and, as Tacitus says, listening to his discourses on the nature of the soul and its separation from the body, with all the interest of a dying man, or of one anticipating the near approach of death. When he was apprized of his fate, his son-in-law Helvidius and our Demetrius were the only persons he took with him into his bedchamber to have the arteries opened. — Unfortunately, a piece of the 16th book of Tacitus's annals is lost, and the narrative

breaks off, *at a last glance of the slowly dying man on Demetrius*, exactly where it promises to prove the most interesting*. I made myself responsible for only a slight sketch, and so slight it is, that I have reason to fear, lest what I have been able to communicate be scarcely deserving the name. It is nevertheless (deducting the idle tales of Philostratus) all that remains to us of a man, who, to judge even by this little, was worthy to find, like Socrates and Epictetus, a Xenophon and an Arrian.

* The whole passage appears to be worth transcribing. *Accepto dehinc senatusconsulto, Helvidium et Demetrium in cubiculum inducit: porrectisque utriusque brachii venis, postquam cruorem effudit, humum super spargens, propius vocato quæstore, Libemus, inquit, Jovi liberatori. Specta, juvenis, et omen quidem dii prohibeant, ceterum in ea tempora natus es, quibus firmare animum expediat constantibus exemplis. Post lentitudine exitus graves cruciatus afferente, obversis in Demetrium.* Here the history breaks off abruptly; though Tacitus had still the events of two years to relate in his annals, in which we should have read of many matters worthy of the great author, *si Fatis ita visum fuisset.* — Arria, however, the wife of Pætus, went before him, *æterno et inaudito exemplo*, says Pliny, lib. iii. *semel feriendo, extractumque pugionem marito porrigendo cum voce, Pæte, non dolet.* Martial has a pretty epigram on this heroine:

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis:
 Si qua fides, Vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit,
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi Pæte dolet.

PANTHEA;
OR
THE PORTRAITS.

LYCINUS. POLYSTRATUS.

LYCINUS.

VERILY, Polystratus, the fate of those who looked at the Medusa had like to have been mine lately, at the sight of the finest woman eyes ever beheld. I assure you, little was wanting but that I had realized the fable, and been petrified with admiration on the spot.

POLYSTRATUS. Indeed! A woman that could have such an effect upon Lycinus must have been a quite unnatural miracle of beauty! With beautiful youths in general you have always been much captivated. One might more easily overturn all Sipylus, than move you from your position

PANTHEA. Lucian appears in this dialogue as an *elegans formarum spectator*, and no less an admirer than a judge of the beautiful in the works of nature and art. The lady to whom he here pays his court had reason to think herself the more flattered by a commendation combining in it so much urbanity and delicacy, as it furnishes him with a new vehicle for his sensible and rich fund of wit, whereby it is heightened from a bare portrait to an ideal composition; and thus, besides the principal person for whom it is immediately designed, becomes likewise interesting to others; an artifice which the celebrated sir Joshua Reynolds in our days by his precepts and example has constituted as a rule for all portrait-painters to observe. For the rest, who the lady was who furnished the occasion and the subject of this piece cannot be said with certainty. Of the conjectures of La Croze and Du Soul, which I find ill adapted, and of my own, notice will occasionally be taken in the sequel.

whenever some Adonis fell in your way, and prevent you from standing fixt in admiration with your mouth half open, and even perhaps with weeping eyes, like a second Niobe *. But who is then this petrifying Medusa, and where is she to be met, that I also may go and see her? For I hope you will not deny me that satisfaction, nor be jealous if I too desire to be petrified at the sight of her by the side of you †.

LYCIN. Oh, you may be sure of it, if you do but look down upon her from a lofty battlement, you will be deprived of all sense and motion, and be fixt as a statue. However this would be the means of your coming off with a less fatal wound. For should you expose yourself to the danger of being seen by her, poor Polystratus! what capstan could be able to loose you from her? She would draw you about everywhere as the magnet does iron ‡.

POLYSTR. Methinks now, Lycinus, you have drawn me about long enough, with your miracle of beauty, and it is time to tell me who she is.

LYCIN. You think that I exaggerate; but my only fear is, that after you have seen her yourself I shall appear to you a wretched panegyrist; you will find her so much handsomer than I can express. But who she is

* The same mountain of which one craggy point bore the name of Niobe, because, agreeably to an antient popular tradition, that once so happy and afterwards so unfortunate a mother was to be seen upon it, metamorphosed into marble. Honest Pausanias, who ascended Sipylus merely to view this famous Niobe, informs us, that on first getting sight of this summit at a distance you think you really see a weeping woman writhing with pain; but on coming near it has nothing at all of that form.—The good man might have come to that conclusion by a very simple process, and have saved himself the trouble of climbing Sipylus. The case with this Niobe was the same with that of the monk and the nun on the Mædelstein at Eisenach.

† It is well known that the Greeks held the juvenile beauty of the male figure more perfect than that of the female.

‡ That the sight of Medusa had a petrifying quality is notorious; but it is not so generally known, that in spite of her snaky locks she was of uncommon beauty, and that great injustice is done her if she is represented by later poets and artists as a frightful spectre. Pindar describes her, in the 12th pythian ode, at the moment when Perseus cuts off her head, by the epithet *fair-cheeked*; and agreeably to this idea the artist Solon has formed her in the gem known by the name of Medusa Strozzi, and in a smaller mentioned by Winkelmann. Independently on this circumstance (that it was the wonderful beauty of this Gorgon which produced that effect which the antient poets, according to custom, hyperbolize) the use which Lucian here makes of the fable would lose half of its propriety and grace.

I cannot tell you. All that I could judge from her retinue, the number of chamberlains, waiting-maids and other attendants in her train, and in general from the stateliness of her whole appearance, was, that she must be a person of no ordinary station.

POLYSTR. Could not you at least learn her name?

LYCIN. No. Nothing but that she is a native of Ionia. For one of the by-standers, turning to his neighbour, said, as she passed: such are the beauties of Smyrna! Nor is it any wonder that the fairest city in Ionia should produce the fairest women. Whence I conclude, that the man himself was of Smyrna, since he was so very proud of her.

POLYSTR. Since you were so much like a stone in this affair, as not even retaining so much sense as to follow her or inquire of the man of Smyrna who she was: describe to me, at least as far as words will suffice, her general appearance; perchance I may by that means be brought to some recollection of her.

LYCIN. Do you consider what you request? It is not in the power of language, and least of all in mine. I represent to you a form of beauty, which an Apelles, Zeuxis or Parrhasius, a Phidias or Alcamenes, if such artists there were, would scarce venture to attempt! How must such a bungler in the art as I disfigure and spoil the resemblance!

POLYSTR. Be it so. Do me the favour, dear Lycinus, the risk is not great; it is only between friends; just to give me something of her figure, let the drawing be as it may.

LYCIN. If it must be so, my safest way will be, to call in the aid of those great masters, by modelling the fair one for me.

POLYSTR. What do you mean by that; you would not cite them from the kingdom of the dead*?

LYCIN. There would be no difficulty in that, if you will only answer me one question.

POLYSTR. Readily.

LYCIN. Have you ever been at Cnidus?

POLYSTR. Oh yes, I have.

LYCIN. Then you must have seen the Venus there?

* According to the letter of the text: "how should they come to you since they have been so many years dead?"

POLYSTR. By Jupiter, the finest work of Praxiteles!

LYCIN. You have heard the story too, I suppose, which the Cnidians tell concerning that statue; how one fell in love with it, and secreted himself in the temple, in order to pass the night in her embraces? But of that another time*. — Now, as you say you have seen all this, tell me whether you likewise accurately contemplated the Venus in the garden † at Athens?

POLYSTR. I should be the dullest of all dunces, to have been able to overlook that image, the noblest of all the performances of Alcamenes.

LYCIN. Then I need not ask you, that have been so often in the citadel, whether you took notice of the Sosandra of Calamis ‡?

POLYSTR. That also I have frequently observed.

LYCIN. Well. But among the works of Phidias, which pleases you most?

POLYSTR. Oh, certainly the Lemnia, which Phidias himself thought worthy of putting his name to: and next to that, by Jupiter! the Amazon leaning on her spear.

LYCIN. So now we have brought together the greatest masters, and stand in need of no other artists for our purpose. Well then, from all these images I will endeavour to present to you, by a proper combination, one single piece composed of whatever is most exquisite in each.

POLYSTR. And how shall that be brought to pass?

* This promise, which Lucian has not performed in any of his works still extant, the author of the "Goddess of Love" (whoever he was) seems to have taken advantage of, and laid that spurious child at our author's door.

† So a precinct of Athens without the walls of the old town, not far from the temple of Apollo Delphinus, was called. Almost contiguous to a temple of Hercules, named Cynosargus (where the cynics used to have their station) there was an ancient temple of Venus Urania, containing the statue by Alcamenes, here in question. *Pausan. Attic. cap. xviii.*

‡ Though Calamis was not a first-rate statuary, and Pausanias, who is not apt to overlook anything, mentions not a word of this Sosandra, it must nevertheless have been, from what Lucian boasts of it, reckoned among the finest female statues. That he was not the only one who thought her so beautiful, may be inferred from a passage in the third Hætarean Colloquy, where the jealous Philinna complains of the enthusiasm with which her lover in her presence had spoken of the charms of her rival. "One would have thought, says she, he had been speaking of the Sosandra of Calamis." To conclude, it is unknown who the original of this statue was; perhaps, since it stood in the citadel at Athens, it might be a priestess of Minerva.

LYCIN. Very easily, dear Polystratus, if we give the understanding full power over this image, and allow it to separate, to transpose the single parts, and then again to unite and blend them so apt and symmetrically together, that the diversity of the units is no detriment to the aggregate.

POLYSTR. Charming! Let her take them therefore and try. I would fain see how she will go about to compose from such a variety of images, and not produce an incoherent and discordant piece*.

LYCIN. Observe then how the novel picture will gradually grow up before your eyes. From the Venus of Cnidus we take nothing but the head; for of the rest of the body, which is quite naked, we can make no use. The forehead, hair, eyelids and the fine curve of the eyebrows, exactly as Praxiteles has made them; together with the arch look and sparkling vivacity of her eyes †, which that master has so exquisitely represented. The cheek-bones and prominent parts of the full face may be taken from the Venus of Alcamenes; as also the elegant form of the hands, the well-proportioned junctures of the wrists, the long imperceptibly tapering fingers; but the contour of the whole visage, and the soft swell of the cheeks, and the beautiful symmetry of the nose, Phidias must lend her from his Lemnia ‡, and from his Amazon the shape of the mouth and the

* Lucian seems to have been well aware of what might be objected to this mode of sculpture and painting, of which Zeuxis is reported to have first set the example, by obtaining from the Crotoniates permission to select out of their virgins the five most beautiful, for the purpose of composing from what was most perfect in each his Helena. But probably he saw likewise that this objection (if it was really of so much consequence as some critics have thought it) was valid only against a figure made for the eyes, not against one designed for the imagination.

† Moses du Soul makes a wry mouth at this, and thinks that it must have been a wizard of an artist who could give to a marble image such eyes. Any connoisseur in the art could have told him, that this charm of fine eyes may at least be indicated even in marble; and nothing more does Lucian intimate.

‡ This sentence contains difficulties which no expositor must have felt, seeing not one has moved a finger to put them out of the way. The first question is, what Lucian meant by the words ὅσα τῆς ὀφθαλμοῦ ἀνίσταται (the sense of which is none of the clearest). Massieu is at no loss; he renders them boldly by physiognomy, though in the text there is not a particle to be seen of it. Dr. Francklin translates them, "the look of the full face;" and in defence of it cites, instead of ἀνίσταται τῆς ὀφθαλμοῦ, erroneously what appears better below, περιγραφὴν παντὸς προσώπου. This small mistake however does not prevent his translation from tolerably well expressing the only import these enigmatical words can have, according to the prescription of Gessner, quæ in

rounding of the neck. Calamis shall adorn her with the sedate modesty of his Sosandra, and with her gentle simper bordering on a smile, and with the graceful folds of her succinct attire ; excepting by that robe our image must be quite uncovered *. — But what age and what height do you think we ought to give her ? Unquestionably those of the cnidian Venus ; for in them we can go by no nicer proportions than those of Praxiteles. And now, Polystratus, do you think that our portrait will not be beautiful, when we have suitably dressed it and given it the finishing stroke ?

POLYSTR. What, my ingenious friend ! you have omitted still some beauty in your composition, after such a diligent accumulation of parts ?

LYCIN. Oh, we have not nearly finished, my good friend ; unless you are of opinion that the complexion contributes little to the beauty of the form ; and particularly that every part should have its peculiar colouring, so that every shade be really shade, every white really white ; and, where proper, mixed with blooming red ? You will therefore perceive that the principal part of our work is yet wanting. But whither turn ? unless we apply for assistance to the painters, and precisely those who were the

adverso vultu eminent. But now if this was the meaning of Lucian, and together with the cheekbones every other prominent part of the full face of the Venus of Alcamenes should be taken ; then arises the other question : how can he now immediately thereupon require, that his image should receive the contour of the whole visage, the gentle swell of the cheeks, the exquisite symmetry of the nose, the formation of the mouth and the neck, from Phidias ? What remains then for Alcamenes ? especially as he should have taken the forehead, the eyelids and eyes already from the Venus of Praxiteles ? After long continued reflection I can discover no other means of solving these difficulties than the following, to which I was led by the incident that Alcamenes was the scholar, and so much the favourite scholar of Phidias, that the latter (as we are informed by Pliny) should have put the last hand to the Venus of the former, which stood in the garden. Agreeably to my conjecture : though Alcamenes should as it were model and mould by his Venus the prominent parts of the full face, in the imagination of Polystratus ; but Phidias, as the accomplished master in the art, should give the individual parts, by his Lemnia and Amazon, the last correction, the consummate purity of the form, in a word, the utmost finishing. In this manner the whole passage appears to me not only to lose its obscurity and apparent absurdity, but even to present a judicious interpretation, which may be admitted without hesitation in behalf of our author, at least till a better is found out.

* The whole of this description (which excites a high idea of the art of Calamis) appears in all its features to justify the above conjecture, that his Sosandra represented a priestess.

greatest adepts in the art of mixing and laying-on their colours, Polygnotus therefore, Euphranor, Apelles, and Aetion*. Let these therefore divide the task among them. Euphranor may paint the hair exactly like his Juno's, and Polygnotus the eyebrows and the mild blush of the cheeks, such as he has given to his Cassandra in the great assembly-room at Delphi †. We will let him also furnish us with the robe, of as fine a texture as possible, so as to set close where it properly should, but the greater part hanging loose, and as if flowing by the breathing of a gentle wind ‡. All that should remain uncovered Apelles shall represent for us after the pattern of his Campaspe §, making it his principal care not to

* The three former of these celebrated painters flourished in the æra of Pericles and Alexander, that is, between the 86th and 112th olympiad: the last was a contemporary of Lucian. See his *Aetion*.

† This Cassandra was, as it appears, one of the principal figures in a large historical painting of Polygnotus, representing the destruction of Troy and the return of the Greeks; and occupied one entire side of the said hall of conversation [*λίσχη*, *sermocinatio*, *confabulatio*] at Delphi. *Pausan.* lib. x. cap. 25.

‡ The athenian women of distinction were attired in white, and wore long flowing hair. They carried little drums, like those called in France *Tambours de Basques*, to their religious assemblies. In these meetings they regaled themselves with wine, which they are reproached with having loved to excess. As they never failed to seat themselves among the men at the public spectacles, Sphyromachus made a decree, ordaining that women should sit apart at the shows unless they would pass for lewd, in which case they were allowed to mix with the men. The usual oath among women was, *ma to theo*, that is to say, by the two goddesses, *viz.* Ceres and her daughter. The colour most liked by the women was yellow; which leads us to think, from the assortment women now make of colours in the article of dying, that their complexions were naturally brown. They suffered no hairs to grow on any part whatever of their bodies; either plucking them out by the roots, or burning them off. They were much given to the use of fard and rouge. Their customary dress was a light, perfumed gown, a *strophion*, or top-knot, a broad girdle for the purpose of tucking up the gown, a bonnet, a mitre or head-dress, turned up in form of a veil or scarf, the long robe called *encyclon*, slight shoes or pumps, a *manteau* or cloke, and a diamond clasp. They wore three sorts of robes; one light and almost transparent, called *kimberic*; another ungirt or untucked, called *orthostades*, or straight robe; and another, red robe, dyed with *orcanelle*. They were fertile in expedients to favour their gallants. Aristophanes relates an artful contrivance of a woman, who shewed her robe in the light to her husband, using it as a screen or curtain to conceal the lover.

§ Campaspe, whose name is hellenized by Ælian into *Pancaste*, was a concubine of Alexander, and so uncommonly well formed that she seemed worthy of being taken for the model of a Venus Anadyomene. Apelles undertook the commission to execute this picture after the life:

lay on too much white, but give it a moderately sanguine tint. The lips Aetion may limn after the model of his Roxalana.

Above all, we must not forget to take into our service Homer, the greatest of all painters, even when still the greatest, if Euphranor and Apelles are present. For the colour that he lays on the thighs of Menelaus, by comparing them to ivory faintly tinged with purple, should here be given to the whole. The same great limner shall make the eyes, such as he generally gives to his Juno ; and the theban poet may help him in painting them blackbrowed. Then let Homer make it sweetly-smiling and white-armed and rosy-fingered and (with far greater right than his Briseis) entirely like the golden Aphrodite. All this, my dear friend, the statuaries, painters and poets may enable us to effect : but that transcendently blooming grace, or rather all the graces and loves, as numerous as they may be, that dance around her, who shall be able to imitate ?

POLYSTR. You speak of a perfect goddess, Lycinus ! Methinks I see her dropping from the clouds, beautiful as only a heaven-born being can be. — But how was she employed when you saw her ?

LYCIN. She had a double-rolled book * in her hand, and seemed engaged in reading one part of it, having already perused the other. As she passed she spoke somewhat to one of her attendants, but not loud enough for me to hear what she said : and in smiling shewed a set of teeth — oh, Polystratus, if I could describe them, how white, how even, how nicely arranged ! If you have ever seen a necklace composed of brilliant pearls, all of equal size, so they shone, so were they arranged ! Their beauty was yet more enhanced by her ruby lips ; for they shone between them, like Homer's polished ivory †, not one broader than the other, not one pro-

but he trusted to more power over himself than he possessed. The pencil fell out of his hand, and Alexander found him at the feet of his mistress. The monarch was fortunately in one of his kind moments ; he made his painter a present of the fair slave, and contented himself with her portrait, which Apelles was obliged to finish in a calmer temper. Plin. xxxv. 10. Probably this picture was still to be seen in our author's time.

* The one roll was what she had finished reading, the other that which was not yet quite unrolled.

† Alluding to the passage in the eighteenth book of the *Odyssey*, where Minerva sheds an ambrosial beauty over the slumbering Penelope, making her appear larger and stronger and whiter than the aforesaid ivory.

truding or asunder from the rest, but all of equal form and colour, but all even and closely set; in short, it was a wonderful sight, and beyond my conceptions of human beauty.

POLYSTR. Stop a moment; I believe I can give a good guess who the lady is. Putting all that you have said of her shape together, with her country, and the train that attends her —

LYCIN. Oh, by Jupiter, I only now recollect. that there were likewise soldiers with her * —

POLYSTR. In one word, the lady whom you, happy mortal, have beheld, is no other than the famous consort of the emperor † —

LYCIN. And her name?

POLYSTR. The sweetest loveliest in the world: for it is the same with that given by Xenophon to the wife of Abradates. You recollect his description of the no less virtuous than beautiful Panthea ‡?

LYCIN. Oh, for certain! and it seems to me as if I saw her standing before me whenever I open upon the place, and hear her speak, see her putting on her husband's armour with her own hands, and with what resolution she lets him quit her embraces to go to the wars.

POLYSTR. But indeed, my excellent friend, you who have only seen her once, and glancing like lightning by you, could discover nothing praise-worthy in her excepting what immediately strikes the eyes, her out-

* These words evidently belong to Lycinus, though the manuscripts, by the blunder of a careless copyist whom the rest have followed, make Polystratus uninterruptedly continue to speak.

† See the note* p. 705, lower down.

‡ Her history forms the finest and most interesting episode in the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, and the subject of one of my [Wieland's] juvenile performances, which under the title of *Araspes and Panthea*, is not unknown. Du Soul, who is always ready to presume the worst of Lucian, whenever he can do it with any degree of decency, supposes that Lucian may have only feigned the name of this lady (who in his opinion was the mistress of Lucius Verus) *quo invidiam, quam L. Vero ex intempestivis deliciis oriri sciebat, callidè et adulatoriè amoveret*; namely, that people might believe, because he names her Panthea, she had likewise the great and noble character of the xenophontic Panthea. If Lucian had been previously known as a flattering, cringing court-dangler, such a supposition might pass; but what reason have we to *feign* for him that disgraceful character? Must Lucian be degraded to a parasite, and Panthea to the strumpet of such a man as Luc. Verus, and her very name be made a lie, barely for the sake of giving some probability to the hypothesis of Du Soul?

ward form. Of the excellencies of her soul you beheld nothing, and know not how much that invisible beauty is more excellent and divine than her corporeal. But I am in capacity to understand that, having the happiness to be acquainted with her, and in quality of her countryman have had the opportunity of conversing frequently, and much with her. You know that I prize a mild, humane, and generous temper, and the endowments of mind improved by education above all beauty* ; for truly they deserve the preference before the corporeal, and the reverse would be just as foolish and ridiculous as if a man were to admire a handsome garment more than the beautiful body that wears it. But a person in whom the perfections of both mind and body are found together, alone deserves in my judgment the praise of perfect beauty. How many could I name to you, whose presentation is excellent, but who disgrace their beauty by everything else ; so that it fades and dies away, as soon as ever they open their mouth, and by the ill-gesture of their persons demonstrate that they improperly serve an unworthy mistress, their soul. Such people put me in mind of the ægyptian temples, which in themselves are exceedingly large and beautiful, covered with precious stones, and decorated with gilding and painting ; but on entering them to see the divinity of such a gorgeous edifice, it is an ape or an ibis, a goat or a cat. It were easy to give you examples enough of such creatures. Beauty therefore alone is not sufficient, but is in need of other ornaments;

* Now whether Polystratus was a real person, and knew everything that he here extols, to be the fact, or that Lucian only feigned this interlocutor in order to give his composition more vivacity and probability the delicacy, which in the whole application of this encomium, he has shown to the fair Panthea, merits observation as a pattern of a refined manner of praising. The colloquial form of itself has in this respect material advantages over a direct eulogy ; but in my mind there is a peculiar urbanity in this, that while he himself takes upon him the description only of her exterior, he thus gives it the appearance as if he merely gave vent in a friendly ear to the impression that the accidental view of a perfectly unknown beauty had made upon him, he leaves the praise of her understanding and heart to another, who has had opportunities to understand them thoroughly, takes a warm interest in her, and by saying the handsomest and most honourable things of the qualities of her mind, seems to speak solely from the fulness of his heart. This method of praising is unquestionably the most gratifying to a person of refined sentiments ; but upon the supposition that Panthea was deserving of this praise, it is a merit in Lucian to have given it that application which must be most agreeable to her.

I do not mean purple and jewels, but the aforementioned qualities, virtue, discretion, morality, affability, and all other requisites that come under the idea of moral perfection.

LYCIN. Suppose then, Polystratus, you were to return me description for description; or rather, as you are rich enough, you repay me with interest by drawing me a picture of her mind, that I may not be obliged to stop short, and admire only one half of her.

POLYSTR. You impose on me no easy task, my friend; nor is it all one to speak of objects that are apparent immediately to everybody, or to make what is invisible visible to the understanding. I fancy, therefore, I must call in the aid, not only of painters and statuaries, but even of the philosophers also, that I may execute the portrait by their rules*, and finish my work in the true style of the ancients. — To proceed then to the business; and to begin by her speech, it is euphonic, fluent, and clear, and that line in Homer,

Words sweet as honey from his lips distil,

seems rather to be said of her than of the good old Nestor. The tone and sound of her voice, are just what they ought to be for being graceful; neither so deep as to fall into the masculine, nor so attenuated and delicate as to be somewhat too feeble and womanish: but like the voice of a beardless boy, pleasant, toneful, and so gently stealing upon the ear †, that when she has done speaking, our attention remains fixt as if to prolong the pleasure of hearing; and the last tones, like a gently dying echo, vibrate tremulously through the caverns of the ear, leaving as it were vestiges of delicious and persuasive accents in the mind. But when the lovely creature begins to sing, especially to the cithara; oh, then truly it is high time for the halcyons, the crickets, and the swans to be mute ‡! For even Philomel, with all the varied warblings of her

* The word *κάννας* used in the original, is in allusion to the famous *canon* of Polycletus already frequently mentioned by Lucian.

† The preference of the lection *παράδύμνος* to the altogether unsuitable *παράβύμνος* [*stuffed in*] is so obvious, that the authority of sound common sense is of itself sufficient to vindicate it against all the copyists in the world.

‡ It is easy to see that Lucian by this ludicrous turn has a sting by the way at the poets, who made such a to do, with their halcyons, crickets, and swans, though the crickets in Ionia were no less monotonous in their chirping, and the swans of the Cayster made no more delightful melody in their singing, than ours.

musical throat, is but a bungler to her; aye, Orpheus and Amphion themselves, who wrought such enchantment on their hearers, that even things inanimate were attracted by their song, would, I think, if they heard this fair lady sing, let the cithara drop from their hands, and stand listening beside her in silence. For that accurate observance of harmony, never in the least transgressing the metre, but always remaining correct as well in the ascending as in the descending notes, and which so exactly accords with the cithara, that the tongue and the plectron always keep pace to a hair with the easy touch and flexibility of the fingers *, — all this where should that Thracian, and this honest Bœotian get, who passed his time while tending his cows on Cithæron in thrumming the lyre? You may therefore be sure, dear Lycinus, if ever you should hear her sing, that you will not only be as much turned into stone, as those who came too near the Gorgon: but likewise, that you will then for the first time properly understand what Homer relates of his sirens. I am certain, you will stand fixt in voluptuous extasy like Ulysses, forgetful of your country and your friends; and though you stop your ears with wax, even through the wax her song will penetrate with insinuating fascination. You will think you hear some Terpsichore or Melpomene, or at least a fair pupil of Calliope, who has learnt of her the art of uniting in her throat a thousand charms of various modulations. To be brief, conceive to yourself a voice as it should be to be produced from such lips and through such pearly teeth. You have seen her, and therefore can the more easily fancy you have also heard her. As to the rest, the correctness and the pure ionic accent of her diction, and her facility in expressing herself elegantly and with a truly attic grace, is not to be wondered at; she has it from her country, and inherits it from her ancestors. How should it be otherwise; since being a native of Smyrna, she is in some sort

* If it had not been already demonstrated from so many other perspicuous passages of the antients, that the Greeks by the word harmony understood somewhat very different from the notion of our modern musicians, yet this alone would be sufficient to put the matter beyond all doubt. Lucian could not more plainly express himself for convincing us, that he meant nothing more by that word than the just adaptation of the melody and metre, and the accordance of sound with the stringed instrument, which accompanies the voice in unison an octave higher or lower. — Plectron is the name given to a stick of ivory or hard wood with which the cithara of the antients was usually played.

an Athenian *. Neither is it at all surprising to me, that she is fond of poetry, and is much conversant in it; for from being the country-woman of Homer no less was to be expected.

This then, dear Lycinus, would be my first portrait, in which I have attempted to depict her fine voice both in speaking and in singing, as well as I am able; not indeed without loss on her side. For, before I proceed, I must take the liberty to premise, that I shall depart from your method: the beauties which I have to delineate are too many and in too great variety to let me indulge the hope of escaping the danger, lest from such a combination, the result would be discordant beauties in one draught. I will therefore render full justice to each separate perfection, and endeavour to trace an appropriate sketch of each, as like the original as possible.

LYCIN. You promise me a noble treat indeed, Polystratus! That I call doing as Hesiod recommends, not only mete with the same measure, but repay in better †. Mete, therefore, my friend; you can do nothing in the world, that would more oblige me.

POLYSTR. As then a mind well cultivated and stored with various information ‡, naturally takes the lead of all other perfections, at least those which are acquired by exercising the understanding; well then, let us begin this picture, which comprizes such a vast variety of beauties, that even in this particular I shall not come far behind you in your portraiture. Imagine her therefore endowed with all the treasures of Helicon; not like Clio or Polyhymnia, or Calliope, or the rest of the muses, each of whom is excellent only in one art, but that she unites in herself the talents of all the muses, aye, those of Mercury and Apollo added to them.

* The compliment which our author thus pays incidentally to the Smyrneans, appears to be founded on an old tradition, that Smyrna in times of remote antiquity was either built or enlarged by an attic colony.

† In allusion to the lines of Hesiod, in *Εργ. και 'Ημερ.* i. 347, 348.

*Εὐ μὲν μίμεῖσθαι παρὰ γείτονος, εὖ δ' ἀποδῆναι,
Αὐτῷ τῷ μέτρῳ καὶ λῦϊον αἶκε δύναι.*

Mete to your neighbour what you have borrowed with the same measure, and if you can, remete him still better.

‡ This, I confess, is a prolix periphrase of the single word *παιδεία*; but I had no one by which the reader would have conceived what the Greeks understood by that term.

With all the qualifications therefore that the poets have ever clothed in ravishing verse, the historians related, and the philosophers taught * let our portrait be adorned, and in such manner as not merely to be tinged with this dye as a superficial varnish, but thoroughly soaked as a cloth in grain, and saturated with the tincture. You will pardon me if I cannot shew an archetype to this portraiture ; in any antient author at least I do not find a record of some lady accomplished to an equal degree of perfection : let us however set it up as it is ; as having in my judgment nothing objectionable.

LYCIN. It is perfectly beautiful, and absolutely finished to a touch.

POLYSTR. Next to this we are to sketch the draught of her wisdom and prudence. To that end however we shall want several models ; most of them from antiquity, one certainly from Ionia, where she herself is, and by no less a limner than Æschines, the scholar of Socrates, and Socrates himself, the greatest master in that manner of delineating, and here the rather as they painted with love. I mean the famous Aspasia of Miletus, the beloved of that himself so admirable Olympius †, from whom, as no ordinary patterns of habitual prudence, we will transfer whatever they possessed of experience in affairs of state-policy, of quickness of apprehension, and discriminating sagacity, accurately into our portrait ; though upon a larger scale, as they were only painted on small tablets, but this is of colossal dimensions.

LYCIN. What do you mean by that ?

POLYSTR. I mean, that though both portraits are equal in resemblance, yet they are not in magnitude. Neither was the antient athenian commonwealth equal to the present power of Rome, nor anything near it ; of course, though this resemble in likeness, yet that of Aspasia has the advantage in point of largeness, as being drawn on a more spacious table. The second and third models shall be the pythagoric Theano and the les-

* These three classes of knowledge, and the cultivation that her mind had received through them, belong to the *paideia* of the Greeks ; and whoever by his education had not received this formation was said to be *apaideutos*.

† Namely, Pericles, on whom posterity conferred that surname, which the comic writers of his time, with a malicious intention, confirmed to him as an honourable title. Concerning Aspasia Æschines wrote a peculiar dialogue, wherein, as it should seem, that celebrated lady and Socrates were the interlocutors ; which however has not reached our times.

bian amatory poetess, to whom we will associate the socratic Diotima. Theano shall contribute to our portrait her great mind, Sappho her elegance of manners; but Diotima her prudence and acuteness in advice, together with the several qualities for which she is extolled by Socrates*. And so, dear Lycinus, we have now finished this portrait likewise.

LYCIN. A magnificent picture, by Jupiter! But now depict to us the virtues of her heart, her humanity and benevolence, her sweetness of disposition and her readiness to assist the distressed.

POLYSTR. Herein then let that Theano, the wife of Antenor †, be our model, and the Nausicaa of Homer, with her daughter Arete, and whoever else has merited commendation for moderation in prosperity. To paint her domestic virtues however, and her submissiveness and fidelity to her husband, where can we find a more perfect example than the daughter of Icarus ‡, who is represented by Homer as a pattern of these virtues? or even her namesake, that excellent wife of Abradates, whom we mentioned before?

LYCIN. In this picture too there is nothing objectionable, my friend; and now methinks you may let that suffice; for I know not what remains for you farther to pourtray or to praise in her mind.

POLYSTR. Oh, a great deal; her chief praises are yet behind! I mean that being placed on this pinnacle of honour, she is neither insolent, nor elated above human measure by confidence in the favour of fortune, but in her whole deportment is so equal to herself, as if she was always standing in her former place; nothing haughty or insolent in her carriage, accosts those who approach her as though they were her equals, takes her acquaintance by the hand and amicably greets them. In short, her whole demeanor is marked by affability and modesty, by which those

* In Plato's Banquet, Socrates calls her *μαντικήν γυναίκα*, a prophetess or divinatrix, but who in many other matters had great knowledge and perspicacity, and had particularly communicated to himself the wonderful theory of love which he delivers in the table-party of Agatho.

† Homer delineates the character of this lady, who was a sister of queen Hecuba, and priestess of Minerva at Troy, to the life within a single stroke, which is well worth the best image, by mentioning among the Trojans who fell in the first battle, Pedæus the son of Antenor:

Πηδαῖον δ' ἄρ' ἐπιφθε Μίγης, Ἀλκίνορος υἱόν,
 Ὅς ῥα νόθος μὲν ἴην, πύκα δ' ἔτρεφε δῖα Θειανῶ,
 Ἴσα φίλοισι τίκεσσι, χαριζομένη πόσει ῥ'. Iliad. v. 69.

‡ Penelope.

who converse with her must feel the more flattered, the greater the person is, who instead of affecting the majesty of a tragedian, places them by the most engaging courtesy on the same level; which are the very means whereby persons of conspicuous rank and fortune, who employ them not to the purposes of pride but in acts of beneficence, are most worthy of the goods of fortune, and are beloved by all men. Also these alone avoid envy, and that with justice: for nobody will envy those who are seen to be temperate in their felicitous condition, and not like the homeric Ate*, stalk over the heads of men and trample on all beneath them; a carriage not unusual with base and narrow minds, when they are suddenly and unexpectedly raised aloft, and borne along the air in fortune's winged car. Such people leave at once their former disposition, never look down, but are always straining upwards: at length however, like Icarus, their wax melts, their feathers drop off, and by their fall into the abyss, instead of pity excite derision. But they who, like Dædalus, employ their pinions, never forgetting that they are of wax, but take their flight as becomes men, content to rise just above the waves, so as to keep their wings always sprinkled and wetted by them, instead of constantly spreading them out to the sun: these fly safely, out of danger, because they fly discreetly. This, dear Lycinus, in my judgment, is what in this lady is eminently praiseworthy. Wherefore she reaps the fairest fruits of her moderation in the universal wish that her wings may be durable, and felicities of all kinds flow to her in full stream †.

* Iliad. ix. 502.

† As this last speech of Polystratus, and Lucian's answer to it, furnish us, in my judgment, with an intimation altogether decisive concerning the person of the lady recognised in this dialogue, I thought it right to defer hitherto to speak of the different conjectures that have been put forth upon the subject. First of all, I would ask every unprejudiced reader: whether what Polystratus here says in praise of the character of this Panthea, and the tone in which he says it, and the manner in which the two interlocutors express themselves touching the relative position of this person to the then reigning emperor, does not immediately, at the first view, remind him of the celebrated madame de Maintenon, and what she was to king Louis XIV. Who can imagine, that a man of intelligence and of the world, like Lucian, would have spoke in such terms of an ordinary maitresse of a prince, signalized only by his voluptuous excesses, like Lucius Verus, and of the latter himself, who during his four years' sojourn in Laodicea, Daphne, and Antioch (as we are informed by Capitolinus) made himself ridiculous and despicable over all Syria? Du Soul himself, who, without any available reason, takes it into his head, that Panthea was a concubine of that unworthy brother and co-regent of M. Aurelius,

LYCIN. Heaven grant it! She deserves it, seeing she is not, like Helen, only beautiful in bodily form, but in addition to those external charms, she is adorned with the fairer and lovelier qualities of the mind. It is becoming likewise to the dignity of the great monarch, him who is

at the words: "it was fitting that the great monarch who is so gracious, *χερσός*, and benign, &c." cannot forbear to confess that this does not particularly suit Luc. Verus; "but (adds he) we should suppose it to be only said out of flattery." — And why should we suppose that? Where has this good man learnt, that we may speak as much evil as we please of an author who can no longer defend himself, whenever we cannot otherwise bolster up a groundless hypothesis? — Ill suited however as the expressions of Lucian may be to Luc. Verus and one of his concubines, the conjecture of the learned La Croze, that we are to understand by the benign emperor, (to whom among so many other felicities this was also granted, to have in his reign so accomplished a woman born for him) no other than the rebellious viceroy of M. Antoninus in Syria, Avidius Cassius, has still less solidity. This Cassius was hurried on by his ambition to the illadvised measure, to spread a report, while the emperor Antoninus was chiefly engaged in affairs with the Marcomanni, that the emperor was dead, and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor by the legions under his command. But on the first news of his insurrection he was proscribed by the senate, and soon afterwards, when he had scarcely played the emperor in the east, the short space of three months, was murdered by his own soldiers, and his head sent to Rome, as the head of a traitor. That Lucian had been personally acquainted with this viceroy of Syria, is not to be doubted, but, "that he was one of his warmest adherents; that he received his office in Ægypt from this pretended emperor, &c." are arbitrary suppositions, in behalf of which La Croze cannot allege even the shadow of a foundation. Who will now suffer himself to be persuaded that Lucian should speak of that usurper, whose rebellion was immediately stifled in the birth, and of whom (to judge from an expression of Capitolinus and Vulcatius) it was not even certain that he assumed the title of emperor. I say, that he should speak, under the appellation of "the great king" (as the Greeks used frequently to style the roman Augustuses) in expressions which must excite in the mind of every reader the idea of his being a legitimate emperor, and in the quiet possession of the empire? Not to mention, that the praise of gentleness and benignity, which he gives by the way to the great king, is indeed very well suited to M. Antoninus; but if it was to be passed upon Cassius, it must have appeared in the eyes of that ambitious and (according to the expression of his biographer) cruelly austere commander, himself, an insipid manner of praising. — But I am almost ashamed at having dwelt so long upon such an illdevised hypothesis. Now if therefore the emperor of whom Lucian speaks, can be neither Lucius Verus, nor much less Avidius Cassius: then, upon taking the whole together, no other supposition appears to take place, than that which occurred to La Croze, though for very weak reasons he afterwards laid it aside and exchanged it for another, incomparably less tenable, namely this: "after the death of Faustina, a roman lady named Fabia, took pains to become his wife; but Antoninus, that he might not

so gracious and benign, that among so many felicities of fortune, this also should be granted him, to have such a woman born in his reign, and born for him *. Indeed it is no small ingredient in complete happiness to possess a woman, of whom the words of Homer may justly be pronounced ; that she vies with the golden Venus in beauty, and in accomplishments

give his numerous children a stepmother, took the daughter of one of his procurators as a concubine." By the roman jurisprudence a concubine differed only *dignitate* from a proper wife. This kind of connexion, is, *lib. iii. cap. de Natur. lib.* called *inequale matrimonium*, an unequal marriage, and therefore nothing is more conceivable than why Lucian speaks with so great respect of the concubine of the emperor. She was, namely, what in Germany is termed the wife on the left hand ; she had indeed neither the title nor the prerogatives of an *Augusta*, she was not empress, but was considered as the consort of the emperor, and in consequence of that relation saw none above her in the whole roman empire, excepting the imperial family. This hypothesis solves, in my mind, every difficulty ; all that is said of Panthea in this and the following dialogue appears henceforward in its natural light ; all is clear, proper and fitting, and acquires an unforced interpretation. The manner in which Lucian speaks of the monarch whom Panthea renders happy in the possession of her, calls up in the mind of every unprejudiced reader, that the empire had at that time only one sovereign, and he is so characterized, that we cannot fail of recognising Marcus Antoninus. Lucius Verus having died in the year 172, Marcus was reigning alone when he lost Faustina by death while she accompanied him on his expedition against Avid. Cassius. He afterwards spent above a year in Syria and in Ægypt, and at this period it was, when the daughter of the imperial procurator obtained the honour of being admitted to his bedchamber in the room of the beautiful Faustina. Presupposing Panthea to be the daughter of the procurator of the imperial fiscus in Asia, and the ideal portrait that our author has drawn both of her external and internal form, bore any degree of resemblance, nothing is more natural than for the choice of the emperor to fall upon her. The only objection that La Croze can adduce against this hypothesis, namely, " the magnificent retinue of Panthea, the chamberlains, female slaves, satellites, &c. does not coincide with the philosophical frugality of Antoninus," is truly a very feeble argument. However philosophical that prince might be in his temper and habits, he was however obliged to observe propriety ; and a lady, who supplied the place of a wife to him could not possibly (especially in countries where that sort of magnificence is absolutely indispensable to a person of her rank) make a less figure, without appearing to the world in an improper light, and rendering the esteem of the emperor for her more than equivocal. I confess that to me this hypothesis is an object of cordial interest, as it throws light upon this and the following dialogue, and that it would be a matter of grief to me, if by any historical arguments with which I am unacquainted, the beautiful Panthea must see herself again deprived of the honour (which by the way she did not long enjoy) of having been the favourite of such a man as Marcus Aurelius.

* The preceding note belongs with equal propriety to this reference.

equals Minerva *. For scarcely one is there of all her sex, who, to speak with Homer,

Either in beauteous form or works of hand, (Iliad. i. 115.)

can be compared to this person.

POLYSTR. You say nothing more than is true, Lycinus. Let us then, if it be agreeable to you, unite into one portrait the draught you have made of her body and I of her mind, and transmit it to the admiration of the present and all future generations. For it will certainly be more durable than the works of Apelles, Parrhasius and Polygnotus, especially as it has this advantage over them, that it is not composed of wood, wax and colours, but of thoughts with which we have been inspired by the muses, and represents at once the most beautiful body and the most beautiful soul.

* Atrides' daughter never shall be led,
 (An ill-matched consort) to Achilles' bed,
 Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art. Iliad. ix. 389.

D E F E N C E
OF THE
P O R T R A I T S.

POLYSTRATUS. LYCINUS.

POLYSTRATUS.

I DOUBT not, said the lady, that this performance proceeded from his good opinion of me, and am sensible to the honour he thereby intended me. Who would praise so enthusiastically if it was not from affectionate regard? But I would fain have him to know, on this occasion, what my

DEFENCE OF THE PORTRAITS. If the lady whom Lucian has in the foregoing dialogue delineated to us as the most accomplished of her age and even of all former times, was the person mentioned by Capitolinus, with whom the emperor M. Aurelius Philosophus lived as a wife after Faustina's death, without however raising her to the rank of an Augusta, as I hope to have rendered probable by the last note on the preceding dialogue: a light is thereby diffused likewise (to me at least) over this apology for the portraits; in consequence whereof it acquires a more elegant interpretation, more congruity, and more comprehensible relations to time and persons, than by every other hypothesis. In general, Panthea (whatever inferior degree of vanity we may be willing to allow her) may not only have felt more agreeably flattered by this eulogy; but neither could it have been displeasing to the emperor himself to see his choice of a grecian maid and her attachment to him so manifestly justified by an author so universally read. In the mean time, M. Aurelius was not only extremely modest, and a decided enemy to all flattery, but principally in his latter years was very religious, almost more so than might seem compatible with the surname Philosophus. Lucian perhaps could scarcely ever dream that such enlightened persons as Panthea and her exalted spouse could take offence at his portraits, and either from peculiar weakness, or from a respect rather laudable than blameable in persons of their quality, for the weakness of others, would find anything offensive in the profane use he had made of certain divine images. The event however taught him otherwise; and, whether now the fair Panthea was really a little more superstitious than he had supposed, or whether merely by a private hint from her spouse, she thought herself obliged to testify an

sentiments are upon such matters. In general I must say, that I am no friend to people who make it their business to flatter, and in my mind are a sort of men no better than jugglers and arrant cheats. But if I am to be praised, I would wish it not to be in extravagant hyperboles and superlatives; they make me blush, and I am prone to stop my ears against them; for they look more like a mockery than an encomium. To be commended can only be so far tolerable, as the person commended is conscious of really possessing the qualifications to which commendation is due; all beyond does not apply, and is manifest adulation.

Many I know, said she, notwithstanding, who are delighted to hear themselves praised for qualities which they have not. Thus it is, for instance, with old people who are gratified by having their vigour extolled, and ugly folks who freely allow themselves to be endowed with the beauty

apparent dislike to praise so openly bestowed, which not only approached too nigh to extravagant flattery, but in the view of some would appear to border on contempt of religion, and might therefore draw upon her envy and censure: suffice it to say, the natural consequence of it was, his being obliged to vindicate his portrait to the public, and give such a turn to his apology, that Panthea should be justified against all suspicion, and her modesty and delicacy, no less than her veneration for the gods and the objects of popular devotion, be placed in an unequivocal light. I must be greatly deceived, or Lucian has had the art of combining these two objects in this apology with judgment and taste and with uncommon versatility of genius. What he advances in his own justification was sufficient to satisfy the most scrupulous worshipper of the divine images; and what he lays in the mouth of the fair Panthea is a complete warrant for the truth of what in the portraits he had boasted respecting the graces of her mind and the virtues of her heart. It would not have been easy for him to have adduced a stronger proof in what a high degree he was what is generally termed a man of the world, than by the method by which he contrives to find means of saying the most delicate flatteries of the lady who is the subject of his essay, at the very time that he represents her the most determined enemy to flattery, without affording to her modesty any cause of complaint, by giving such a colour and turn to the indirect reproach of mental weakness which he is compelled to make her in his own defence, that it shall be praise, and as it were making it the last touch to the portrait he had drawn of the beauties of her mind. I would only remind the reader by the way, that in this dialogue, particularly in the discourse which is laid in the mouth of the beautiful Panthea, several instances are found of what has been already remarked of the peculiar propensity of the Greeks, to repeat the same thing in different ways, and as it were by little turns of a diamond to make it sparkle in the sun. Probably it was an ingredient in that pleasing affability or *συμμία* whereby the polite world at Athens were particularly distinguished, and which indeed, through the animated delivery from the lips of a lady of so many graces and such a delightful voice as Panthea, must have produced a very different effect from that of a written essay.

of a Nireus or Phaon*. One would think, they believed praise to have a sort of magical virtue to transform their figure; or hope, like Pelias †, to recover their youth. If indeed it were attended with that effect, and one needed only to be handsomely praised, in order to be put in possession of these boasted qualities, praise would be a precious commodity: but seeing that is not the case, it appears to me exactly as if an ugly fellow were to tie on a handsome mask, and then be proud of his beautiful looks, while it was in everyone's power to pluck off his visor, and render him the more ridiculous, by exhibiting him with his own face, and everybody seeing what hideous features he had hid under the beautiful mask. Or as if a dwarf, after buckling on a pair of buskins, should contend for advantage in stature with people who on an equal footing would be taller by half a yard. On this occasion she mentioned a droll story. A poet had composed a copy of verses in praise of a lady of quality, who was much below the common stature, but otherwise very fair and pretty, wherein, among other things, he extolled her straight and majestic figure. The fellow had the impudence on that account to compare her to a poplar-tree. The good little body, far from being displeased at his simile, listened to it all with symptoms of the liveliest complacency; she moved her hand as if beating time to the cadence of his verses, and looked as though she thought herself growing an inch taller at every foot of the metre. The poet, observing how much she was delighted with his numbers, repeated them a second and a third time, when one of the bystanders whispered in his ear: have done, my friend, or you will make her get up! ‡

* Both are already known from the Conferences of the dead.

† Pelias, a thessalian king in the heroic æra, and great-uncle to the captain of the argonauts, Jason, in his old age suffered himself to be persuaded by the famous sorceress Medea, that she could, if he would let himself be cut in pieces and thrown into a kettle of boiling water, by means of her art, cook him back again into a brisk young man of twenty. In order to confirm his belief, she made in his presence the experiment on an old ram, which, after having cut piece-meal and thrown into the cauldron, in a few moments sprang out again, as a young lamb. The aged Pelias became the victim of his credulity; and Medea, by this little stroke of her art, recovered for Jason the principality of Iolcos which Pelias had kept him out of.

‡ A short person in a sitting attitude may be imagined tall; but standing upright the real stature is immediately seen.

Somewhat similar to this, but still more ridiculous, said she, occurred to queen Stratonice the wife of Seleucus. That lady had so little hair of her own, that she was almost bald; she notwithstanding proposed a prize of a talent of gold to such one of the poets of her court who should produce the most elegant piece of poetry in praise of her hair *, and though she best knew how it stood with her head, and that it was unknown to nobody else, that her hair had fallen off by reason of a long fit of illness, yet she heard the execrable poets vie with each other in singing her hyacinthine tresses, and weaving her locks, which were not, into wreaths and flowing curls, and even had the effrontery, in the luxuriance of fancy, to twine them into a comparison with the tendrils of loveage.

She laughed heartily at such as expose themselves to this gross kind of adulation, and added: there are persons who even love to be deceived and flattered in their pictures. If they think fit to be portrayed they always fix on the artist who makes the least scruple to paint them handsomer than they are. Aye, there are even some, she said, who expressly order the painter either to curtail somewhat of the nose, or to give them blacker eyes, or whatever else they desire to have altered for the better; and when the work is finished they presently forget that it was done after their own directions, and crown with applause a foreign likeness, without regarding how little it resembles them.

These and many other observations the lady made. Moreover she spoke with high commendation of your treatise; only one thing she could not endure, that you have described her as comparable to the goddesses Juno and Venus. This, said she, is not only more than is due to me, but more than befits human nature in general. I, for my part, would not desire to be put in comparison even with the dames of the heroic ages, as Penelope, Arete and Theano, to say nothing of the most excellent of the goddesses. I must, continued she, confess my weakness, if by the way it is a weakness; whenever divinities come across me, I am a little superstitious and fearful, and I am under apprehension lest what befell Cassiopeia

* In fact, this princess could not easily have discovered a method better calculated to gain credit for the borrowed hair with which she decorated her head. She relied upon it, we must suppose, that among a thousand men not one perhaps had a conception that a person could be bald, and yet make the praise of his beautiful hair the subject of an academical prize.

might happen to me *, if I should admit such commendation. And though that queen only preferred herself to the nereids, yet she had all respect for Juno and Venus. — Panthea therefore expressly requests, my dear Lycinus, that you would alter this part of your performance; or, if you do not, she will call those goddesses to witness that you wrote it without her allowance, and you know how disagreeable it is to her if the pamphlet in its present state goes abroad in the world, and gives umbrage by such indecent and irreligious passages. For she fears it might be imputed to her as a want of piety and as a heinous sin, to be equalled to the cnidian Venus, or to that in the garden at Athens. You should, she said, only recollect how, towards the end of your book, you extolled her modesty, “how she was so far from desiring to soar above human reach, that she always flew as near to the earth as possible :” and no sooner had you said this, but you lift her up above the skies, by copying her portrait from goddesses. She beseeches you not to deem her more inconsiderate than Alexander, who, when an architect proposed to make all mount Athos into a statue of that monarch, holding in each hand a city, far from encouraging so romantic a project, thought it an act of presumption unbecoming a mortal, and commanded the injudicious colossus-maker to let mount Athos alone, and not reduce so huge a mountain to the resemblance of a diminutive child of man. She commended Alexander for this demonstration of a great mind, and thought that in the judgment of everyone, to the latest posterity, he had erected to himself a greater statue than Athos itself; for it was certainly a mark of no ordinary mind, not to be tempted by so extraordinary an honour. Neither could she forbear praising your composition and the conceit of the portraits: but the likeness she could not acknowledge; since much was wanting in order to qualify her or any woman in the world, for being put only on a distant parallel with such ideal resemblances. She declines therefore the honour you thus intended for her, and bows the knee before your exalted originals. If you design to praise her, she desires you would keep within the confines of humanity, and not make the shoe too large for the foot; lest, said she, on attempting to walk I might happen to fall on my nose. One thing more she bid me tell you, which I had like to have clean forgot. I have, she said, often heard (whe-

* See before, in the 14th Confabulation of the marine deities.

ther true or not you men are the best judges) that at Olympia it is not allowed for the victors to have statues above the living size; but that the hellanodicæ* take great care that none exceed the truth, and that they are not so nice in examining the competitors themselves, as they are in their statues †. Take care therefore, said she, that we may not be accused of exceeding the due proportion, and the hellanodicæ feel it their duty to demolish our image.

This, dear Lycinus, is what the lady said of your book, and it will be now your business to revise and correct it, and blot out all the passages whereby you have sinned against the deities. For I can assure you, she was very much displeased at them; indeed it went so far, that in the reading she several times shuddered, and invoked the goddesses to be gracious to her. In reality, it is the more pardonable in her, as a woman, since I myself, to say the truth, cannot help being of her opinion, though I found nothing offensive in your composition, when you first read it to me. But since Panthea called my attention to it, I see the matter just as she does; and it is with me, like as when we have an object close before our eyes: we then perceive nothing distinctly, and cannot form a right judgment. But, on retreating a little from it, and contemplating the object at a proper distance, everything which is either fair or censurable in it appears plain and perspicuous.

* The hellanodicæ were men of birth and consequence, who presided as judges at the olympic games. The principal functions of their office were to put in force the athletic laws, and administer the police at these solemn contests, to punish the transgressors of them, to distribute the prizes, and to take care that the statues of the conquerors were no larger than life; probably for this reason, that posterity might not confound them with the images of the gods and sons of gods.

† Whoever presented himself as a candidate for the prizes at Olympia was obliged by law to undergo a severe examination as to his birth and morals, seeing nobody could be admitted who was not a native Greek and a man of unsullied reputation. On the first point they were so strict that the macedonian prince Alexander, king Amyntas's son, on offering himself among the foot-racers, was turned back, and not accepted, till he had exhibited a better title, and produced evidence that he was not a native Macedonian, but was born at Argos. The law could no otherwise, it was thought, be dispensed with in favour of the son of a neighbouring prince living in friendship with the Greeks, than after submitting to the formalities of the law, and at least proving so much, that he was born in one of the oldest cities of Peloponnesus; for so at least would the letter of the law be saved harmless.

For, say yourself, to compare a mortal woman with Juno and Venus, what is it other than manifestly to disparage those goddesses? since by such a contrast the less is not made greater, but the greater is diminished by being degraded to the less. It is exactly as if two were walking together, one very tall, and the other a little dwarfish fellow, and yet the tall man must not rise above the short one. What would you do? As you could not make them of equal height, by stretching up the short one, let him hold himself ever so upright and totter on tiptoes, you have nothing else for it than to oblige the tall one to stoop and crouch, to appear as much shorter as he was really taller. The natural effect of such comparisons of men with the gods will therefore always be, not that the man is greater, but that the god will appear less, and as it were compressed together. If indeed (as in your predicament) for lack of terrestrial images, we were constrained to adopt celestial, we might be less liable to the suspicion of contempt for the gods: but, since there are so many fair mortals, whom you might have employed in your imagery, what need had you to compare her to Venus and Juno? Have no hesitation therefore, dear Lycinus, to efface these exaggerated and offensive lines, since besides it is not your common practice to be rash and prodigal in praises; and in fact I cannot comprehend how you, who in this particular were wont to be so niggardly, should all at once become such a spendthrift. Neither can it prove any discredit to you to correct your writing, though it is already published: for it is reported even of Phidias, that he did the same by the Jupiter that he made for the Eleates. When he first produced his work, they say he hid himself behind the door and listened to what the passengers said in praise or blame of it. Now one found fault with the nose, because it was too broad, another thought the visage too long, in brief, one censured this the other that; and when they were gone away, Phidias shut himself in, and corrected the figure agreeably to the plurality of voices. He therefore held the judgment of a whole people no trifle; but that many must necessarily see more than one*, even though that one was Phidias. This, dear Lycinus, is what I had in commission to tell you on the part of the lady, and which I, as your friend and well-wisher, cannot but approve.

* Everything here perhaps depends upon whether these many are to be taken separately, each by himself, or collectively. In the latter case experience teaches us, that many do not always

LYCINUS. Ey, ey, friend Polystratus, I did not think you were so famous an orator! You have spoke so long, and brought such a heavy charge against my poor little book, that I have not a hope left of being able to answer it. However, neither of you, but chiefly you, have not dealt with me according to law, in deciding the cause by the representation of the plaintiff alone, without assigning an advocate on the other side. Who runs alone is sure to win the race, says the proverb. It is therefore no wonder that we have lost our process, since we were neither admitted to plead, nor put upon our defence. Besides, what is the most shocking of all, you have made yourselves the accusers and the judges too. The whole of the matter therefore now lies here, whether I am tamely to submit, and acquiesce in your decree; and, like the poet of Himera*, shall sing a palinode; or, whether you will allow me an opportunity to make out my case by way of appeal.

POLYSTR. With all my heart, if you have anything worth alleging; especially as you have not to make your defence against adversaries, as one might conclude from your speech, but before friends; and I am ready to stand the same trial.

LYCIN. I am only sorry that the lady herself is not present at my defence. It would have been better for me, as I am forced to plead my cause by procuration. In the mean time, if you will as faithfully be my advocate with her, as you have been hers with me, I will leave it to the issue.

POLYSTR. Give yourself no trouble about that. Your defence shall

necessarily see more and better than one, because it then rests on the plurality of votes, which is very often determined by quite different motives than personal sagacity and internal conviction. In the former predicament, on the contrary, it is natural that among many are some, who, for example, are competent to judge correctly of a performance of art, and may point out defects in particular parts which had escaped the artist himself.

* Himera, in antient times a considerable city in Sicily, was the birthplace of the lyric poet Stesichorus, a contemporary of Alcæus and Sappho, and the palinode here alluded to one of his most celebrated sonnets. He had allowed himself to speak contumeliously of fair Hellen, in an ode, and was struck with blindness for it on the spot. He was no sooner apprised of the cause of his misfortune but he struck up a different tune on his lyre, and sang in another ode, which he styled the Palinodia, so much in praise of that daughter of Jupiter and Leda, that she could not help restoring him to sight.

be faithfully reported; only let it be concise, that I may be able to retain it.

LYCIN. To such grievous accusations a prolix defence might be reasonably expected: however, to please you, I will put it together as succinctly as I can. Tell her then from me —

POLYSTR. No, Lycinus. That is not intended; you must make your speech precisely as if she herself were present, and I will afterwards repeat the same to her as in your person,

LYCIN. Well then, since you will have it so, Polystratus: She is accordingly present, and has said all that which you have produced in her name; and it is now my turn to begin my reply — though, to speak honestly, in my present state of mind, you have made the business by this formality bear much harder upon me. For I am all over in a perspiration, as you see by the drops on my forehead; I quake and tremble, and am in a manner standing before her in right earnest; in short I am absolutely frightened, and thrown into a perturbation by no means compatible with the good cause I have in hand. However, come of it what may, I will begin; for now she is come, it is too late to think of evasion.

POLYSTR. Oh, by Jupiter! you have no cause for this trepidation. Only look at her face; nothing, as you see, can be more beaming with benevolence and benignity. Be confident therefore, and begin your speech.

LYCIN. I see not, o most excellent of women, that I, whom you accuse of extravagance in my commendation, have extolled you so much as you have praised yourself, by the great reverence you shew to the celestial beings, and which raises you above all others, and even above yourself. For this alone almost surpasses whatever else that I have said of you taken together; and I have to implore your pardon for having omitted this fairest feature from your portrait: indeed purely through ignorance; for otherwise it should certainly have been conspicuous above the rest. In that respect therefore I think, that far from having exceeded propriety, I have come far short of what is due to you. For consider, what an important and decisive part of your moral character I have left out, if withal it be true, that those with whom the fear of God is somewhat more than a slight concern, are the best in all human relations. If therefore I correct my picture, I ought not in so doing to subtract any-

thing from it, but should simply add this, as the crowning touch still wanting to the perfection of the whole*. I must confess that I owe you my most cordial thanks, in relation to this point. For when I was commending your moderation and modesty, and telling how your elevated rank and your present affluence, had made you neither proud nor supercilious: then the charge you have brought against my book directly confirms the truth of my encomium. Not greedily to gulp down such praise, but to blush at it, and think it above what is due to us, is even the greatest proof of a modest and humble disposition. But the more you are averse from panegyrics, the more you prove yourself deserving of them; and I may introduce here what Diogenes said in answer to one that asked him: what a man must do to become famous? Despise fame, said Diogenes. Just so might I, to one that should ask me: who are they that are most deserving of praise? give for answer: those who least of all desire praise.

This however is not precisely to the purpose. For that to which I am to make my defence is this: that in the drawing I made of your form, I likened you to the Venus at Cnidos and that in the garden, and to Juno and Minerva; for this you find me guilty of extravagance and indiscretion. I might here indeed appeal to the old saying: everything is allowed to poets and painters. A privilege which methinks should be granted to the panegyrist upon better grounds, although they only go on foot, and not like the poets stalk about upon the stilts of prosody. For praise is free, and I know of no law to limit the size and extent of it: but he has only to look to it that the person praised is as admirable and worthy of emula-

* How comes it that none of the commentators and translators of Lucian, some of whom are ever prompt to put a bad construction on his mockery of the blind side of the heathen gods and the absurdities of their mythology, have ever thought fit to set a due value on this address to Panthea, as a proof of his sound notions on religion and the fear of God? It would prove a difficult task for the bitterest enemy of Lucian to demonstrate that, by this passage, which has nothing in it that sounds like irony, he only meant to banter the religious Panthea. I for my part however desire to prove by it no more in favour of our author than what results from it to every intelligent and impartial man — that is, I believe that this passage proves as little in behalf of Lucian's religion as his Jupiter Tragoedus proves against it; and that it is in general an unfair and improper presumption, to sit in judgment upon the religion of a long deceased author, and how in his private thoughts he may have been inclined respecting that point.

tion as possible. I shall not however proceed in this course of argument, lest you should think perhaps I do it only because I have no other resource.

I will therefore rather say, images and similitudes are appurtenances to the composition of the panegyrist, the use and application whereof have at all times been conceded as his right. The height of the art is in properly comparing; he must not compare one object with another that is equal to it, or that is inferior, but must advance the object praised, as near as possible, to one that is transcendant. It would, for example, in praising a fine dog, defeat his purpose if he declared it to be greater than a fox or a cat; or if he even compared him to a wolf, the dog would still be little the gainer by it. But let him say he is equal to the lion in bulk and strength, as the poet does when he styles the dog of Orion, "the lion-tamer;" that I call the highest praise that can be bestowed on a dog. In like manner if a man would praise Milo of Crotona* or Glaucus of Carystos †, or Polydamas ‡, by saying: these athletes were stronger than Alcmene or Hellen, would he not be laughed at for such silly commenda-

* See Lucian's Charon, in this vol. p. 370.

† This Glaucus is neither Bellerophon's father, nor Bellerophon's grandson (the homeric Glaucus), nor Glaucus the author of a lost work upon the antient poets and musicians, nor Glaucus the poet, by whom in Brunk's Anthology six epigrams appear, nor much less the poetical sea-god Glaucus; but an athlete famous for his strength, who in the 25th olympiad bore away the prize in pugilistics.

‡ Polydamas was, as we are informed by Pausanias, the strongest, and in bodily mass, the greatest man of his time, a second Hercules. He also, like him, and like Sampson, subdued a lion, on mount Olympus, by the sole strength of his arms. Darius Nothus sent for him to Susa, in order to certify himself with his own eyes of the miracles that were related of this man of might. He opposed to him the three strongest men of his body-guard. Polydamas immediately took them up all three, and laid them on the ground in such manner that they never got up again. His too great confidence in his muscular strength led him on to his destruction. Having retired with some friends to screen themselves from the heat of the sun into the hollow of a rock, the vault of the cave suddenly gave way, and threatened to fall in: the others saved themselves by a hasty flight: but Polydamas, hoping to retard the catastrophe by opposing his lifted arms to the crumbling mass, that he might march out with greater decorum, was buried under the rubbish. He had a statue at Olympia, where in the 93d olymp. he had conquered in the Pancration (as may be recollected from the Council of the Gods, p. 519), the touching of which was a remedy against the fever.

tion? But how does the immortal bard praise Glaucus? "Neither mighty Pollux would stretch his arm to contend with him, nor Alcmena's iron son." You see with what deities he places this mortal on a level, or rather declares him their superior. Yet neither did Glaucus take it amiss, that he was praised at the expense of the tutelary god of the athletes; nor did those deities think themselves bound to take vengeance on him or on the poet, as though he had sinned against their divinity by this mode of commendation: on the contrary, they are both, the athlete and the poet, held in high honour by all the Greeks; one for his extraordinary strength, the other for his poems, and particularly on account of that afore-said song. Be not surprised then, that I also, as is the duty of a panegyrist, should, to compare you, be obliged to employ a sublime refulgent image; for this, as you see, is consequent on the nature of the case.

Since you have mentioned flattery, I commend you very much for despising flatterers as they deserve. Believe me, however, that the difference between the praise of the encomiast and that of the flatterer, may be very accurately stated. The flatterer, or sycophant, praises only with a view to interest, and pays little regard to truth, thinks that he can never be lavish enough of praise, makes no scruple to declare Thersites handsomer than Achilles, and Nestor the youngest of all that fought before Troy; he swears to you, that the deaf son of Cræsus hears better than Melampus *, and that blind Phineus is keener-sighted than the lynx-eyed Lynceus †, whenever he expects to get anything by his lies. Whereas,

* Melampus, a thessalian prince's son, of the heroic ages, once saved the lives of a couple of young snakes. The snakes were in those days in higher reputation for knowing more of future events than men, and for having more secret connexion with the birds than the immediate ministers and confidants of the gods. One day, while young Melampus lay asleep under an oak, the snakes came and licked his ears; and from that hour he not only heard quicker than other sons of men, but understood also the language of birds, and thereby attained to a variety of occult and wonderful sciences.

† Blinder than Phineus, more sharp-sighted than Lynceus, were proverbial sayings with the Greeks. Phineus was a thracian king, known through the harpies, by whom he was tormented so long, till the argonauts Zetes and Calais delivered him from those monsters. — Lynceus, likewise one of Jason's companions on the expedition to Colchis, not only saw (as Varro assures us) to the distance of 130,000 paces around him, but he saw even through stocks and stones; aye, so deep into the earth, that he discovered with his naked eyes treasures hid in its bowels. Probably he was one of the first in Greece who acquired some knowledge in metallurgy and mining.

though the other praises, yet not by ascribing feigned perfections to the person praised; he amplifies and heightens only the real excellencies; not scrupling, if he would praise a horse, the fleetest animal we know, to say:

With flying feet he sweeps along the plain,
Grazes the ear, but never hurts the grain. *Iliad*, xx. 217, 218.

Nor would he scruple perhaps to compare a remarkably swift racer to a stormy wind, or to say of a fine house magnificently furnished,

Such is the palace of olympic Jove. *Odys.* iv. 74.

But the flatterer will apply this verse even to the cottage of a swine-herd, if he hopes to squeeze something out of the swine-herd by it. Did not Cynæthus, a parasite of Demetrius Poliorcetes, after he had exhausted all the phrases and common-place turns of flattery, contrive to say something novel of the kind, by telling the king, when his majesty was plagued with a cough, as a great compliment, that he coughed melodiously?

The encomiasts therefore are easily distinguishable from the flatterers, not only by this, that the latter make no hesitation to curry favour with the person praised by lies of all sorts, while the former only aims at enhancing what actually exists: but even this makes no small difference between them, that the flatterers as much as ever they can exaggerate, and without choice, heap hyperboles upon hyperboles; while the encomiast is moderate in the use of these figures, and keeps within proper bounds. These few characteristics of flattery and true praise may suffice at present, to prevent you from regarding every encomiast with suspicion, by which you may with reasonable allowance measure each by his peculiar standard.

Lay then, if you please, both measures to my book, to try with which of the two it corresponds. For if you shall find, that I have affirmed of some ugly, deformed person, that she was like the cnidian statue, I must with justice pass for a deceiver, and a more impudent parasite than Cynæthus himself: if however I have said of a person, whom everyone recognizes as what she is, the difference will not be so great perhaps, as to bring me into jeopardy.

But you will perhaps say, or rather have already said: that I might have praised your beauty, but ought not to have compared a mortal to goddesses. — Well then, my most gracious lady, since it is come to that, I

must tell you the plain truth ; I must tell you, that I did not compare you to goddesses, but only to the works of eminent artists in stone, brass and ivory. To the workmanship of man I might perhaps, without the smallest offence to religion, compare man ; you must believe then, Minerva and the image of Phidias only one, or that that is the real, celestial Aphrodite, which Praxiteles made not many years ago at Cnidos. But you run the risk yourself, by harbouring such a thought, of sinning against the deities, whose true figures in my apprehension are beyond the reach of human imitation.

But even if I had compared you to the goddesses themselves, I am not the first who struck out that path, but should have had for predecessors many excellent poets, and principally your own countryman Homer : for I shall now call him up to make common cause with me ; and you will find yourself unable to absolve him, if you condemn me. I will therefore ask him, or rather you in his stead (for I know that all the most graceful passages in his rhapsodies are present to your mind) what think you, if speaking of the slave Briseis, he says she looked like the golden Aphrodite, when she bewailed the death of Patroclus, and if he presently after, as though it was not enough to liken her only to Aphrodite, he subjoins:

So spake in loud laments the maid divine.

If he now employs such expressions, do you quarrel with him and throw the book away ; or do you allow him full license to praise his persons as he likes best ? If you do not, yet it has been granted him through many past ages, and nobody has ever yet disputed this point with him, not even he who had the presumption to lash his image *, nor that other, who marked the verses that did not please him, with hooks, as spurious †. Shall Homer now be permitted to liken a barbarian, a raw phrygian girl, just because she cried, to the golden Venus : and I (to say nothing of beauty, because you will hear nothing about it) not presume to compare a sprightly and ever-smiling lady, in that wherein all men more or less resemble the gods, even to a divine image ?

* The famous Zoilus, who thereby got the surname of Homeromastix, Homer's scourge.

† The hypercritic Aristarchus.

But now observe, in his description of Agamemnon, how little sparing he is of the gods, and how he culls out the scattered perfections of each to cast them in one consummate, description of that mortal.

Great as the gods the exalted chief was seen
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien ;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest played around his head. *Iliad*, ii. 478, 479. Pope.

How he dissects the man, in order as it were to put him together again entirely from fragments of the divine images ! In another place he speaks of this Agamemnon as “ like the man-slaying Mars ;” again in another, the phrygian Priamus, “ divine of aspect ; and very frequently the son of Peleus, “ godlike.” But, to return to female examples ; do not you recollect the verse :

Like Dian, or the golden Aphrodite. *Odyss.* xvii. 37.

and that other,

Like Dian roaming o'er the wood-clad hills. *Odyss.* vi. 102.

And does not he go so far, as not only to compare men to gods, but even the bloodstained hair of Euphorbus * to the Graces ? In general these are so current with him, that there is no one canto throughout his poem unadorned with similitudes of this nature. Either then all these should be blotted out, or we may hazard the same. But really this whole business of allusions and similitudes is even so far from being obnoxious to censure, that Homer makes no ceremony of praising his goddesses by images drawn from terrestrial and common objects, as when he compares Juno's eyes to those of an ox, as another poet tells us that the goddess of love has eyebrows like violets. And who that has cast but a rapid glance over his work, knows not the rosy-fingered Aurora ?

However, it might be suffered to pass for moderate, to compare the shape to a god : but how many have we, who even appropriate to themselves the proper compellations of the gods, by naming themselves Dionysius, Hephæstion, Zeno, Posidonius, Hermeias, and many more ? Aye, the wife of the cyprian king Evagoras even called herself Latona,

* Αἴματι δὲ δεινὸν κόμαι, Χαρίτεσσιν ὁμοῖαι. *Iliad*, xvii. 51.

yet the goddess took no umbrage at it, though it would have been easy for her to have turned her, like Niobe, into stone. Not to mention the Ægyptians, who notwithstanding their excessive dread of dæmons, use the divine names perpetually; for almost all their appellatives are borrowed from heaven.

I see not therefore what reason you can have for being so fearful of my praises. For, if I have trespassed in my book upon the divine natures, yet you are perfectly innocent of the offence; unless one may prove guilty in consequence of having heard it read. The gods must punish me, when they have first taken revenge on Homer and a number of other poets. But have they ever yet shewn their resentment against the prince of philosophers, who styles man an image of the deity *?

I had a great deal more to say; but must here break off, to please this Polystratus here, who otherwise will not be able to retain what I have said; and repeat it all to you.

POLYSTR. I will not answer for it, Lycinus, that my memory is sufficiently capacious to contain what you have already uttered: for

* Dr. Francklin without hesitation pronounces Plato to be the person here meant by Lucian. But neither he nor anyone else has been able to find a passage in Plato's works, where it is said that man is the image of God. For those passages which M. du Soul quotes from the 6th book of the Republic, and from the first Alcibiades, have a quite different meaning. I think every intelligent reader will agree with me, that from the whole tissue and scope of Lucian's speech, the *ἀριστος τῶν φιλοσοφῶν*, whoever he was, must have spoken what he makes him say, not only *implicitè* and *virtualiter*, but in plain terms; or his inferred *argumentum ad hominem* would be an insipid and dull joke. That Diogenes (besides that Lucian perhaps would hardly have styled him the first, or best of philosophers) could not be meant is clear from hence, because (according to Diog. Laërt. lib. vi. *segm.* 51) he had said, not that man was an image of God, but: good (virtuous) men are types of the gods; which is quite another position. This passage therefore still remains a riddle, and waits for an Œdipus. May perhaps Epicurus (for whom our author had a very different respect than for Plato) have said something of the sort in any of his works? This supposition may be thought not altogether contemptible, upon recollecting that Epicurus gave explicitly to the deities the human shape or a manlike *quasi-corpus*; consequently (since he must allow the gods to be older than mankind) very properly and in conformity to his theology, might have called man an image of the gods. *Conf.* Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 18, where honest Velleius reverses the proposition, and by a conclusion *in forma* deduces from it, that the gods look like men, *deos hominis esse species*, and for that is (*lib. iii. cap. 27. 30.*) severely rebuked by Cotta.

for you have made a most tremendous long oration, and your glass has been run out a good while. However I will try what I am able to recollect, and will post away to her immediately, stopping my ears all the time, lest anything else should get in, to disturb the order of my thoughts, and bring disgrace upon myself, by being hissed by the audience.

LYCIN. I trust, Polystratus, that you will do your best to make my cause good. The business is now in your hands, and I have nothing more to do in it. When the sentence of the judge is to be pronounced I shall again appear in order to see what will be the issue of this affair.

HETÆREAN COLLOQUIES.

I.

GLYCERA AND THAIS.

GLYCERA.

MY dear Thais, do you remember the acarnanian captain, who kept company with Abrotonon, and afterwards fell in love with me. The handsome officer, who went always in the scarlet uniform? Or have you forgot him?

HETÆREAN COLLOQUIES. Finding no word in the dictionaries that completely answers to the greek hetære, as the term courtesan, substituted to supply the defect, is as little german or english as the former—I thought it, all things well considered, best to employ the word hetære as a grecian technical term, which, in order to preserve the idea attached to it by the Greeks pure from foreign and erroneous associations, we should no more attempt to put it into modern language than the words archon, nomophylax, mystagog, philosoph, theurg, and a hundred others of like nature, the subjects whereof we either have not at all, or which with us are altogether different. Hetæros with the Greeks signified what with us denotes a kind friend or companion, and hetæra is the feminine thereof. That jovial people, who in every thing were admirers of euphemia, found no fitter denomination than this, for the young women that lived upon the produce of their charms, practised the art of pleasing, and inspiring mirth either as a mechanical profession or as proper artists, and in general were destined to compensate in some degree the men, who, in conformity to the grecian usage, were denied almost all social intercourse with the respectable part of the fair sex, for this privation of one of the greatest comforts of life, which with a sociable and polite nation must at length have become intolerable. These hetæres (who should not be confounded with the inferior priestesses or rather victims of Venus Volgivaga) composed among the Greeks a peculiar class, somewhat of a similar kind with their sister-order in Venice, Paris, and London: only they were not only tolerated by the laws, but even enjoyed the peculiar patronage of the goddess of love, who conferred upon them the no small honour of bearing at Athens and at Ephesus the surname Hetære. [*See Muson. Philos. de luxu Græcorum, cap. xii. in Gronov. Thes. vol. viii.*]

THAIS. I recollect him very well, Glycera ; he last year feasted with us at the Cerealia. But why do you ask me ? Have you any thing at heart on his account ?

GLYCERA. Can you entertain such an idea, Thais ? That horrid creature Gorgona, who pretended to be my friend, has artfully contrived to wheedle him away from me.

Venus Hetære threw naturally a certain splendour on the whole state and order of these kind friends of the public, of whom besides a no small proportion were distinguished, some, as Lais and Phryne by their extraordinary beauty ; some, as Sappho and Leontium, by talents and mental accomplishments ; some even, as Thargelia and Aspasia, by the rarest endowments of various kinds had raised themselves to the highest ranks in society. If our author in his Hetærean colloquies even had no other view than to open a new path, untrod by any writer of his class, for the agreeable entertainment of his readers, I see no objection that could be made to it, and why in the novel species of satirical dialogues, of which he is regarded as the inventor, hetæres might not be introduced just as well as gods and goddesses, ridiculous philosophers, and persons from the kingdom of the dead ; provided, that in these little dramatical scenes the rules of propriety and decorum are so strictly observed, as he has actually done. But doubtless he had likewise in his Hetærean conversations, as in almost all his writings, the design of blending the useful with the agreeable. To me at least it appears no way unworthy of a philosopher for the world, as he was, on the contrary, rather as appertaining to the completeness of his plan as an author (on which I have already explained myself elsewhere) that these fascinating sirens, which in great cities have a real and no inconsiderable influence on family relations, and on the general morality, should be depicted in his writings in their true lineaments and colours, and exhibited in several points of view, in various situations, with and without the mask, without embellishment, but also without distortion, in short, with philosophical impartiality and fidelity. Accordingly, it needs give us no alarm ; for whatever extends our knowledge of the world and of mankind, always has its use. I therefore am at a loss to conceive what malicious dæmon could suggest to Dr. Francklin the unfortunate fancy positively to deny the right of our author to these elegant dialogues, and declare them to be spurious bastards, unworthy of his genius. A judgment that to every reader of taste must appear the more surprising, as he will find them all without exception unequivocally marked throughout with the characters of the wit, humour, manner, and style of Lucian. Besides, in all the fifteen Hetærean Colloquies, there is only one that will not bear translation into any living language, and that without any just reproach to Lucian ; for the reason of it is not in the manner of his treating the subject of that dialogue (that is really for such a subject chaste enough) but in the subject itself. Lucian had, I suppose, good reasons for publicly exhibiting, through this confidential conversation between a moral young hetære and an old female friend, an extravagance which was then getting pretty much into fashion among the ladies of quality, to their confusion, and as a warning to young persons against their example ; but with us neither the same motives exist, nor could the manners of his contemporaries be at all compatible with ours.

THAIS. He has then given you up, and chose Gorgona for his companion.

GLYCERA. Alas, dear Thais! it has cost me no little sorrow, believe me.

THAIS. It is provoking; but nothing strange nor surprising. The same thing happens to us every day; and you should neither grieve much about it, nor be so angry with Gorgona. Abrotonon was in the same predicament with you: she was your friend, and you notwithstanding took away her lover, without exciting her wrath. But I wonder what could induce the captain so much to like her. Since I saw him last, he must have become stone blind, or he would have seen that she is almost bald headed, and that the couple of hairs she has left, stand at half a yard's distance on her forehead, that her lips are the colour of lead or of a corpse, and that she has a long nose, and one may count all the veins of her scraggy neck. It must be owned however that she is tall, holds herself upright, and has in fact somewhat captivating in her smile.

GLYCERA. You imagine then, Thais, that the captain is enamoured of her beauty? You are not perhaps acquainted with her mother Chrysarion? You have not heard that she is a witch; that she has learnt thesalian charms by rote, and can draw down the moon? It is even said, that she flies by night. The old hag has put a spell upon the man; she has given him a philtre, of that you may be sure; and now they make their harvest of him.

THAIS. In return you will make your harvest of some other, Glycera; bid good-by to this.

II.

MYRTO, PAMPHILUS, DORIS.

MYRTO. So, I understand, Pamphilus, that you are to marry the shipmaster Philo's daughter; or rather that you are already married, as some say. All the oaths and protestations that you made to me, and the tears that you shed at the time are all vanished in a moment. Your poor Myrto is quite forgot; and all that I have left to remember you by, is that which I have now carried eight months within me; and shall have a child to bring up, which to a person in my condition will prove extremely

burdensome. For I cannot resolve on exposing the little thing*; and much less if it prove a boy. In that case I will call him Pamphilus, and he shall be the only consolation of my unhappy love. He will hereafter go to you and upbraid you with having been so false to his poor mother! As to your lady-bride, I envy her not her beauty. I saw her lately with her mother on the thesmophorioi, and little dreamt that for her sake I should not see again my Pamphilus. In the mean time you would not do amis, if before the knot is tied, you look her more nearly in the face, were it only to see what eyes she has, lest it should afterwards disturb your fancy, that they are of a fine dull grey, and look two different ways at once. But you have seen Philo, the father of your bride; as you know his ugly visage, it would indeed be superfluous to take a view of the daughter.

PAMPHILUS. How long, dearest Myrto, am I to listen to your rambling talk; and what do I know about these ship-masters and imaginary marriages? What care I, whether the bride you are pleased to favour me with, squints or has lovely eyes? Or how should I know, whether Philo of Alopœsia (for I suppose you mean him) has a marriageable daughter or not? He and my father are not even friendly together, and it is not long ago that they had a suit at law about a sea-contract? He was, if I recollect it right, indebted to my father a considerable sum of money, which he refused to pay: my father brought him into court for it, and it cost him a great deal of trouble before he could squeeze the money out of him; and after all, not the whole, as my father says. But if I chose to marry I could have my cousin perhaps, the daughter of Demeas, who commanded in the army the last campaign: I do not know why I should take up with the ship-master Philo's daughter. I should be glad to know however who put this silly stuff into your head. Or is the whole bugbear a fabrication of your own, that you might have something for your jealousy to play with by way of pastime?

MYRTO. You are not going to marry then, Pamphilus?

PAMPHILUS. Are you mad, my Myrto? Or have you taken a drop too much? Yesterday you were tolerably sober.

MYRTO. My maid Doris here brought me these doleful tidings. I

* Though a practice not less allowed among the Greeks than among the Chinese.

sent her out to purchase some necessaries for my coming time, and to offer some vows for me at the shrine of Lucina. There it was she said that Lesbia * met her, and told her — but you may tell him, Doris, what she told you ; if you did not invent it all yourself.

DORIS. Let me die, mistress, if I have added a syllable to it. When I had not gone farther than the town-house, I met with Lesbia, who came up to me laughing, and said : So, your spark Pamphilus is to marry Philo's daughter ; and if I would not believe her, she bid me only look down the cross street ; there I should see the festoons and garlands of flowers hung up, and the piping-girls and a crowd of people, and a chorus singing epithalamiums.

PAMPHILUS. And you took a peep at it, Doris ?

DORIS. That I did ; and saw it all, as she told me.

PAMPHILUS. Now I perceive what has misled you. Lesbia was not altogether wrong, and you have told your mistress the truth : yet all the trouble you took was thrown away. For the wedding is not at our house. But I recollect now what my mother told me last night, on my return home from you. Pamphilus, said she, Charmides, a youth about your age, designs to marry our neighbour Aristænetus's daughter. In my mind he is a sober and discreet young man ! How long will it be ere you quit your dissolute life and give such pleasure to your mother ? — I heard this negligently, and dropped fast asleep †. In the morning I rose early and went out ; so that I saw nothing of all that Doris mentions. But if you distrust what I say, let Doris go again, and instead of staring down the street, look at the doors of both houses ; she will presently see that the garlands are suspended over a neighbour's door.

MYRTO. You have restored me to life, Pamphilus ; for I should have hanged myself, if the tidings had been confirmed.

* A female slave belonging to another hetære, of Myrto's acquaintance. Slaves, both male and female, generally had their names from the places they were born at ; as, for example, Lesbia from the isle of Lesbos, Doris from the country of that name, Lydia from Lydia, &c.

† He therefore slept in his mother's bed-chamber ; a sign that he was yet very young, and the former already advanced in age. Such trivial circumstances hint to us the manners and customs of the Greeks, which often are all we can obtain, to supply the deficiency of more accurate information concerning their domestic life.

PAMPHILUS. But you see all is well. I must have lost my senses to forget my gentle Myrto, especially as she will soon make me a father*.

III.

PHILINNA *and her* MOTHER.

MOTHER. Have you lost your understanding, Philinna, or what is the matter with you, that you behaved so silly at the entertainment yesterday? Diphilus came to me this morning, complaining with tears that you are so cross to him. He says that you were so tipsey last night, that notwithstanding all he could do to restrain you, you would get up and dance before the whole company; that afterwards you gave a kiss to Lamprias; and on seeing that he [Diphilus] was nettled at it, you ran away from him to Lamprias, and even embraced him; so that poor Diphilus has almost fretted himself to death. He adds, that you positively refused to be with him on the same couch, but went and reclined alone on that which stood next, and the whole night through did nothing but sing ballads, on purpose to vex him. Is this your behaviour?

PHILINNA. But how he behaved to me, mother, I suppose he did not tell you; otherwise you would not take the part of the unmannerly fellow, who left me to entertain himself so familiarly with Thais, the friend of Lamprias, who was not present, as if they two had been alone in the world. When I gave him to understand by my looks that it gave me uneasiness, what did he do, but take Thais by the tip of the ear, and bending back his neck to her, kissed her so fervently, that she could scarcely bring her lips together again, or fetch breath. I wept from vexation, but my tears only furnished him with diversion, and he was constantly whispering in Thais's ear — I suppose about me — for Thais often looked at me and smiled. When at last they heard Lamprias coming, and had had kissing enough, they parted. I was notwithstanding such a good-natured fool as to seat myself at table by the side of Diphilus, that I might not furnish him with a pretence for any further ill-usage. During the repast Thais

* This sentence likewtse deserves notice from its contrast to our manners.

rose up and danced first, with her robe tucked up far above the ankle, as if she alone had pretty feet. When she had done, Lamprias said not a word : but Diphilus could not find expressions apt enough to praise her elegant style of dancing, and how accurately she kept time with the music, and how harmoniously all her motions accorded with the tune, and what a beautiful foot she had, and a thousand such things. In short, you would have imagined that he was talking of the Sosandra of Calamis *, and not of this Thais, whom you must know as well as I, since we have often enough been together in the bath. But even Thais herself could not help flouting at me. Now another may succeed me, said she, if she is not afraid of shewing her spindle shanks. What could I say to this, mother? I had nothing to do but to get up and dance. Or should I have sat patiently there, and suffered Thais to play the queen of the feast?

MOTHER. You carried it too far, my dear. The most prudent way would have been to have made light of it. But what followed?

PHILINNA. I danced with universal applause; only Diphilus lay alone, as if sulky, leaning back against his pillow, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling all the while I was dancing, till I was tired and left off.

MOTHER. But that you kissed and embraced Lamprias; is that true? — You are silent. — That however is unpardonable!

PHILINNA. It was only from resentment; to vex him.

MOTHER. And afterwards you refused to remain with him, and while the poor fellow lay dissolved in tears of penitence and love, you kept singing ditties! Do not you know, my child, that we are poor; or have you forgot how much we have drawn from him already, and what should we have had to live upon all last winter, if Venus had not sent us this friend?

PHILINNA. And must I for that reason behave so tamely to him, and put up with all his affronts?

MOTHER. Quarrel if you like; only do not carry your resentment too far. You ought to know, that lovers, if they have differences, presently come together again, and afterwards can hardly forgive themselves. You have, it must be owned, dealt too harshly by him, and you will do

* A beautiful statue, that has been mentioned in the Panthea.

well to take care lest by straining the string too tight, you should break it at last.

 IV.

MELISSA. BACCHIS.

MELISSA. My dear Bacchis, if you are acquainted with some one of those old women, of whom there are many in Thessaly, who understand how by enchantments to make an odious person amiable, I conjure you to bring her to me. And should it cost me my whole wardrobe and my jewels to boot, I should think nothing of it, for the pleasure it would give me to bring back to me Charinus, and to see him hate that execrable Simmiche with whom he is so infatuated, as much as he now hates me.

BACCHIS. How, my Melissa; he lives no longer with you, but with Simmiche! That Charinus, who has quarrelled with his whole family on your account, because he refused to marry the rich person, who was to bring him, they say, five talents as her dowry*? For I remember perfectly well, to have heard that circumstance from you yourself.

MELISSA. Those times are gone by, Bacchis; it is now the fifth day since I have set eyes upon him; while he and Simmiche are every evening making merry together at the house of his friend Parmenes.

BACCHIS. That is abominable! But what was it that you differed about! It must surely be no trifling matter!

MELISSA. I cannot well tell myself. Suffice it to say, that he came hither lately from the Piræus; where, I think, he had been to recover a debt for his father; I ran as usual with open arms to meet him; but he pushed me from him, and said, without once looking at me, away with you to the ship-master Hermotimus, or go and read what is wrote upon all the walls of the ceramicus, where your titles are displayed as if on a public monument. I could not conceive what he meant, and told him so; but I could not bring a word more out of him; in the evening he refused to eat, and on the sofa he turned his back upon me. You may

* Five talents (æ968. 15s.) then with the Athenians passed for a very rich dower.

imagine that I left no means untried to pacify him, and put him in a better humour : but, without being in the least softened, he threatened me, if I did not cease from plaguing him, that, though at such an unseasonable hour, for it was about midnight, he would instantly leave the house.

BACCHIS. You know therefore perhaps this Hermotimus ?

MELISSA. May I be still more wretched than you now see me, if I know any ship-master of the name of Hermotimus ! To make short of my story, at cock-crowing my Charinus rose, and went out. I, remembering what he had said, that my name was wrote up in the ceramicus against the wall, directly sent my maid thither, to see how the matter was. She found however nothing, except that on the double-gate, on the right hand going in, was inscribed : Melissa loves Hermotimus ; and below : Hermotimus the ship-master loves Melissa.

BACCHIS. Now I begin to comprehend the whole affair ! It is a wicked trick of one of our young gentlemen, who could find nothing better to do. Most surely, whoever wrote it, it was with a view to impose upon Charinus, knowing him to be so jealous ; and the simpleton believed it without farther investigation. When I see him next, I will give him a word in his ear. He is however quite inexperienced, and but a boy.

MELISSA. But how will you get at the speech of him, since he lives, nobody knows where, shut up with Simmiche ; although his parents are repeatedly asking me about him ? The best of it would be, dear Bacchis, if you could procure me such an old woman as I told you of. She would relieve my distress in a moment !

BACCHIS. I know a very expert sorceress, from the syrian country, a sturdy ill-favoured woman, that by her charms brought back to me Phidias, who for just as slight reasons was as angry with me, as now Charinus is with you, after four whole months, when I had given up all hopes.

MELISSA. Do you remember what recompense you gave her ?

BACCHIS. She asked no great matter, dear Melissa ; she was satisfied with half-a-crown and a luncheon of bread. Beside this you must provide her with a portion of salt, seven oboli, some frankincense and a torch. All these the woman takes for her use, and you must set ready a goblet of honey-wine, which she must drink quite empty. There must

be sundry parts of the man's clothes, or shoes, or at least a few hairs, or something that belongs to him.

MELISSA. I have his slippers.

BACCHIS. These she will hang upon a nail, fumigate them with incense, then sprinkling some salt in the fire, she will pronounce the names of both parties, your name and his. Afterwards, she draws the yarn-spindle from her bosom, and twirls it round, while with horrible volubility she mutters all sorts of frightful words in an unknown tongue. In a little while after she had performed this, Phantias came again to me, notwithstanding his companions and Phœbis, with whom he had been living in the mean time, and all his relations had employed every means to dissuade him from it; so irresistibly did the charm work to draw him back to me. She furthermore recommended to me a particularly excellent spell to disengage him entirely from Phœbis: that I should mind where she set her feet, and as soon as Phœbis lifted her foot, immediately to tread out her foot-mark with mine, so that my right foot effaced the mark made by her left, and contrariwise, to stamp my left on the impressioun of her right, at the same time repeating:

Now I am over thee,
And thou art under me,

and I did as she ordered me.

MELISSA. Make not a moment's delay, dearest Bacchis! Fetch me instantly the syrian beldame! And you, Acis, bring hither directly the bread, the incense, and everything else that is necessary for the conjuration*!

* Our fair readers would not perhaps have expected to learn a little bit of witchery of old Lucian. No harm, however! One cannot tell, if time and occasion offer, whether something of that sort might not be of service; in the mean time it is no incumbrance. Moreover, as I trust they are too good-natured to be indifferent whether the lovely Melissa recovered her thus innocently lost lover or not, they may rest assured, that the charm of the Syrian, under the circumstances as stated, and by means of the few words, which the Syrian, or the officious Bacchis whispered in his ear (for he cannot always remain invisible) certainly had the happiest effect. — As to the magical formulary, which must be muttered in an unknown language, there is no difficulty in it, so the words are but unintelligible, and sound a little terrific; at all events, the beggarly ditty of the calender in the Pilgrims of Mecca, will serve as well as anything else.

CROBYLE AND CORINNA.

CROBYLE. Well, Corinchy, you have learnt that it is not so terrible an affair to be made a woman of as you imagined. The fine young gentleman that taught it you, left a handsome present for you, no less than a mina †, with which I will buy you an elegant necklace.

CORINNA. Do so, dear mammy! and let it be set with rubies, such as that which Philenis wears.

CROBYLE. It shall be as showy a one as you could wish. And now I will tell you, my dear child, what you are farther to observe, and how the men love to be treated. For we have now no other means of making our way through the world than these. Do not you know what shifts we have been put to these two years, since your blessed father's death? As long as he lived, indeed, we wanted for nothing: he was a coppersmith, and had a great name in the Piræus; to this day you may every moment hear men swear that such a workman as Philinus will never appear again! But after his blessed end I soon found myself forced to sell the tongs, the anvil, and the hammers for about two minæ. We lived upon what they fetched as long as it would reach; and since that has been consumed, I have had trouble enough, by weaving, sewing, and spinning, to earn a scanty maintenance for you and myself; all in hopes that you might live to be a comfort to me, and —

CORINNA. Earn the minæ, which I have just got?

CROBYLE. Why not, forsooth! I reckoned upon it, that when you were grown up you would be able to repay my cares, by maintaining me, and to place yourself in good circumstances, and to earn money and procure fine clothes, and hire maids to wait upon you.

CORINNA. I, mother? What do you mean? How should that come to pass?

CROBYLE. To that end, child, you need nothing more, than to converse with young gentlemen, carouse with them, and for their ready cash loll upon the sofa by them.

* Properly VI. The fifth is omitted.

† *Æs. 4s. 7d.*

CORINNA. Like the daughter of Daphnis, Lyra?

CROBYLE. Somewhat in that way.

CORINNA. But she is a hetære*?

CROBYLE. What signifies that? Do as she does, and you will be as rich, and get a great many lovers. Why do you cry, Corinna? Do not you see how numerous the hetæres are, and how they are courted, and what great incomes they have? Did not I know this same daughter of Daphnis before she was grown up? Holy Adrastea! if she had anything but rags on her back! † — Now you see how she goes, over and over in gold, and gay embroidered clothes, and four maids behind her.

CORINNA. And how then came Lyra by all this?

CROBYLE. That I will tell you, child. In the first place, she always kept herself neat and tidy in her dress, and in her whole person; she was complaisant to everybody, affable likewise, but did not therefore at every moment titter or laugh out, as you use to do; but there was always something graceful and engaging in her smiles. In her conversation with the men who came to see her, or to whom she was invited, she always preserved the due medium between bashful reserve and indecent boldness; she deceived no one in his reasonable expectations, but never threw herself into his arms. When she engages herself to an entertainment, she never shews herself greedy of wine (for thereby we are the object of derision and disgust to the men) nor eats with voracity, as people of no breeding do, but touches everything only with the tips of her fingers, takes silently one morsel after another, of the victuals, not filling her

* Corinchy was an honest burgher's daughter at Athens, and had hitherto been brought up as such. Notwithstanding the hetære-character was privileged, it was in justice, however, no less branded with a political than a moral stigma. To become a hetære was therefore somewhat, whereby an honest maiden, however poor, thought she very much degraded herself; and the young simple Corinna was frightened at the name, though the thing did not so greatly displease her.

† *Subintell.* "punish me!" For that is meant by the invocation of Adrastea. Adrastea is, according to the most probable interpretation, only a surname of Nemesis, who had the first temple built to her by Adrastes, an ancient king of Argos and Sicyon. From a passage of Pausanias in the 33d chapter of his description of Attica, it is to be inferred that this goddess was likewise particularly considered as the patroness of lovers; and it is, I suppose, for this reason that Lucian in these colloquies makes his ladies frequently swear by Adrastea.

mouth and swelling both her cheeks with it, or audibly grinding it with her jaws, and drinks slowly, not emptying the cup at one gulp, but between whiles setting it down.

CORINNA. Even if she is dry, mother?

CROBYLE. Then more particularly, Corinna. Nor is she always talking; but speaks no more than she ought, never exercises her wit at the expense of the absent, and shews no marked respect to any person but that by whom she is invited. This is that whereby she makes herself so much beloved. And when they go to bed, she is guilty of no impudence or impropriety, but makes it her sole endeavour and utmost effort to win the affections of the man, with whom she is, and to make a real lover of him *. There, Corinna, that is the reason why everyone speaks well of her. Accordingly you have only to take her for your pattern, and we too shall be prosperous. For, as to the rest, there is a great — pardon me, dearest Adrastea †! I say not a word more. — If you do but live, I wish for nothing further!

CORINNA. But, dear mother, are the gentlemen that entertain us all like Eucritus, with whom I was yesterday?

CROBYLE. Not all; some are still better, and many are older and more robust; some however present themselves, who are not altogether so handsome and well made.

CORINNA. And with them too must I converse?

CROBYLE. Yes surely, my daughter! for they generally pay the best. The spruce and delicate gentlemen are too enamoured of themselves, and charge us for their beauty at too high a rate. But you must always pay most regard to them that give most, if you wish soon to see the time, when the people will point with their fingers and say: look there, that is Corinna, Crobyle's daughter; how rich she is; and how thrice happy

* This was naturally the ultimate object of a hetære, who had the good sense and conduct that this Lyra had, which Crobyle proposes to her daughter, as a novice, for a pattern. A chance customer stuck to the usual price; but the liberality of a true lover was commensurate with his passion.

† Crobyle has not the heart to speak out, what she has at her tongue's end (that Corinna was much younger and handsomer than Lyra) for fear Adrastea might interpret it as a piece of insolence, and compensate the daughter in the punishment of the mother. For Nemesis, or Adrastea, always punished through that whereby the offence was committed.

she has made her mother! — What say you? Will you follow my advice? Yes, that you will, I know it; and so in a short time you will be the first among them all. Go and bathe; perhaps young Eucritus may be here again to-day; at least he promised it*.

VI.

MUSARION *and her* MOTHER.

The MOTHER. [*Ironically.*] If we meet with such another lover, Musarion, as this Chæreas, we can do no less than sacrifice to Venus Pandemos a white goat, to the Urania and that in the garden a heifer each, and hang the plutodoteira † over and over with wreaths of flowers; we

* Only a couple of words more upon the morality of this pretty free conversation between mother and daughter. Crobyle, who is in extremely distressed circumstances, builds the prosperity of her daughter, and the hopes of her age, upon the trade which she teaches Corinna how properly to carry on in her beauty. Whether in this she acted right, no question can arise. But persons in their condition and their circumstances, seldom think more correctly and honourably, and in great cities, even among people from whose rank and education more might reasonably be expected, there is never any lack of mothers like Crobyle. And is not the principle, which in their plan they follow (in cases of collision to sacrifice to the useful what is morally better and nobler) somewhat about the same, by which the great world has always acted? The trade that Corinna was to carry on, was among the Greeks as little honourable as with us; but it was allowed: and admitting, that they had once taken to it, Crobyle does no more than her duty, by properly instructing her daughter in the surest means of making herself beloved, to which she was more strictly bound than Socrates in Xenophon was to instruct the beautiful Theodora in the arts of seduction. The chief point however which in judging of this and all the other hetærean conversations should never be lost sight of, is, that in moral paintings of this nature, all depends on the truth of the representation, where men are delineated as they are, not as after the pure principles of morality they ought to be. The object here is not to set up examples for admiration and imitation, but for studying the character and habits of a certain class of people. Has the limner but happily hit off his persons, what is commendable in them or not commendable, our own feelings will tell us. *Mala cognoscenda sunt, non ut faciamus, sed ut facilius evitemur.*

† The wealth-bestower, an epithet given in one of the orphic hymns, to the eleusinian Ceres:

+ Theodota

Δηὸ παμμήτιρα, θεοῖς πωλυώνυμι δαῖμον,
 Σιμνὴ Δημήτρι, κερσόρφοι, ἐλβιοδότη,
 Πλυτοδότιρα θεῶ, γαχυοτρόφοι, παυλοδότιρα.

should be for ever the happiest people in the world. You must confess that he is a most liberal young gentleman! If, since you have known him, he had only made you some poor two-penny present! — only a top-knot, or a pair of shoes, or a pot of pomatum at least! — but nothing! nothing, except excuses, and promises, and long hopes, and that eternal “When my father — When I am come to my estate, — then all is yours.” — Did not you say, that he promised with an oath that he would marry you?

MUSARION. Yes, mother; that he swore by the two goddesses *, and by Polias †.

MOTHER. And you were such a fool as to believe him! And therefore the other day, when he had not a farthing to pay his club, you must, without my knowledge, give him the ring from off your finger; which he sold, and drank out. And what is become of the two ionian neck-chains, each weighing two darics ‡, which the ship-master Praxeas made you a present of, and which he got made at Ephesus expressly for you? They are likewise gone! For truly the generous Chæreas was in want of money to defray his contingent to the grand entertainment provided for the young gentlemen of his age. How many gowns and petticoats he has bought for you it would take me up no long time to count. Verily the fellow is a real treasure that we have found!

MUSARION. But then he is handsome, and has yet a smooth chin, and tells me, with tears in his eyes, that he loves me, and is the only son of Dinomache and the areopagite Laches, and promises to marry me, and

* Ceres and Proserpine.

† Minerva Polias, i. e. patron-goddess of Athens.

‡ The daric, δάριχος, was a common gold coin in Greece, Asia minor, Syria, and Persia, and had its name from Darius, the son of Hystaspis, who caused them first to be coined. In the sequel also the macedonian, syrian, and other kings had coinages of the same value, which were denominated philippeï, for example, alexandrei, &c.; or, according to our way of speaking, philipp d'or, alexander d'or, but vulgarly likewise darics, as in Germany a five-dollar piece, be it even what it may; really an old louis, or frederics d'or, august d'or, carls d'or, is commonly called a louis d'or. The daric weighed in gold, of 23 carats fine, two drachmas, and passed with the Greeks (by their adopted relations of gold to silver) twenty silver drachmas: Edw. Bernard, *de mensur. et ponder. antiquis*, p. 171. Otho Sperling, *de nummis non cisis*, cap. xxi. Accordingly the two neck-chains of Musarion together weighed not more than half an ounce, and its greater worth must have consisted in the fineness and elegance of the fashion.

we may expect everything from him as soon as the old man closes his eyes.

MOTHER. When therefore we want a new pair of slippers, and the shoe-maker asks half-a-crown for them, we will say to him; money it is true we have none, but expectations in plenty; take some of them in payment! The baker too in future we will put off in the same manner; and when the landlord demands his rent, we will say to him: have patience till old Laches is dead, and after the wedding we will pay you what is due. But does it not grieve you to the heart, that you are the only one of all the hetæres, that has no ear-rings, no necklace, nor even a tarentine chemise*?

MUSARION. Are they on that account happier and handsomer than I?

MOTHER. They are at least wiser, and understand their business. They do not suffer themselves to be fed with smooth words, nor do they trust the oaths which are always ready for delivery by wholesale on the lips of such flighty young-chaps. But you are a faithful fond soul, and live only for your dear Chæreas! How you behaved a few days ago to the young acarnanian yeoman, who had been sent to town by his father with a ton of wine to dispose of at market! He had yet indeed no beard, but he had a well furnished purse; and so good a chapman, that he offered you two solid minæ, which you scornfully rejected, as nothing would go down with you, but your Adonis Chæreas!

MUSARION. You would have had me to leave him sitting alone, that I might furnish amusement to that goatish clown? That would have been a fine exchange!

MOTHER. Well, well, he is indeed but a country lad, and smells not of the best. But what objection had you to Antipho, Menecrates's son, who would have given you a mina? He is however as fine a young man of the town as Chæreas. Why did you turn him away?

MUSARION. Chæreas threatened to kill us both; if ever he should catch me with him.

MOTHER. So? Are those threats anything uncommon? And for

* *Ταρηνίδιον*. A female garment of a very fine transparent stuff. What was its peculiar shape is unknown; I have therefore *proprio Marte* made a shift of it, because I suppose that it perhaps might be what Petronius denominates "the linen mist."

that reason you will remain without a lover, and live as chaste as a priestess of Ceres? Why are you then a hetære? But let us hear no more of it. The haloa * commence to-day; what present has he made you for the holidays?

MUSARION. The poor rogue has nothing, mother. What should he be able to give me?

MOTHER. He is then the only one who can discover no artifices to squeeze money out of his father. Has he no slave that can tell some lie to the old man? Or why does not he tease his mother for some? Could not he threaten her to go for a soldier, unless she opens her purse? But there sits he, with his hands in his bosom, starving us, giving us nothing himself, nor will suffer us to receive anything of others, who would freely give. But you should be more provident, Musarion. Do you think you remain stationary at eighteen? Or do you imagine that Chæreas, if he should one day be rich, and his mother had found out for him a bride with some thousands, would continue in the same mind as at present? Do you think he would remember his tears and his kisses and his oaths, if he saw a portion of five substantial talents lying on the table before him?

MUSARION. That will he most certainly! And a proof of it is, that he has not already taken a wife, but has clean broke with his family, for endeavouring to force him to it by violence.

MOTHER. I wish you may not be deceived! But you will think of me, Musarion!

VII.

AMPELIS. CHRYSIS.

AMPELIS. How? The man who is neither jealous nor angry with you, who never gives you a box on the ear, nor tears your hair off your head, nor the clothes from your back, would you reckon him a lover?

CHRYSIS. I hope these are not the only characteristics of a lover.

* A festival of Ceres and Bacchus, by whose beneficence the husbandmen received the recompense of their labours. The oblations consisted in the fruits of the earth. Hence, Ceres has been denominated Aloas and Alois.

AMPELIS. At least those of a warm lover. All others, kisses, tears, vows of everlasting fidelity, frequent visits, they are common to the beginnings of love: but jealousy alone kindles the true fire. If therefore Gorgias, as you say, buffets you soundly, and is as jealous as a dragon, be glad of it, and pray that he may never act otherwise by you.

CHRYSIS. How? What? That he should be always thumping me.

AMPELIS. Not exactly so; but that he should not be able to endure that you admitted any to visit you but him. Unless he loved you, would he put himself into such a passion on discovering another lover in your arms?

CHRYSIS. But I have no other. Yet he has taken it into his head, without any reason, that a certain rich gentleman pays his addresses to me, only because I chanced to mention his name.

AMPELIS. Even that is a favourable circumstance, if he thinks that rich people pay their addresses to you. It will anger him the more, and he will make it a point of honour not to be outdone by his rival in liberality.

CHRYSIS. That would be right. He scolds and fumes and beats; but he is only liberal in blows.

AMPELIS. Have patience; he will come about. The jealous are always the most easily managed.

CHRYSIS. But I cannot conceive, dear Ampelis, why you insist upon it that I should be beat.

AMPELIS. That I do not. I mean only that by employing a little more art with your jealous lover you might make him the fondest creature in the world. I speak as one that has now carried on our profession above twenty years; you have been scarcely eighteen in the world. You have spoilt your lover by too great an attachment and the dread of his jealousy. You ought rather to have given him cause, by shewing him the possibility of losing you. For while he is certain that he has you alone, appetite is deadened, and you are his slave when you might be his mistress. If you will, I will relate to you what happened to me not very many years ago. Demophantus, the usurer, who lives behind the pœcile, was then my lover. He never gave me more than five drachmas at once, and yet claimed the right of lording it over me. The shaft of love had not pierced deep into the heart of the money-broker; it was not much more than the scratch of a needle; he neither sighed nor wept, came not through wind

and weather to my door in the dead of night; in short, the whole of it was, that he sometimes staid with me, but even that seldom enough. One day he called upon me just when the painter Calliades was with me, who had opened my door by means of ten drachmæ. He was sent off, abused me bitterly, but was obliged to trudge back without his errand. He perhaps imagined that I should send after him: finding himself deceived however, after some days he came again. Calliades had got the start of him a second time. This threw my Demophantus into a violent heat, and presently the fire raged so fiercely that he resolved to lurk about the house till he should find the door suddenly open. Upon which in the man rushed, and stormed and raved, threatened to stab himself before my face, struck me, tore the clothes off my back, behaved like a madman, and the end of the comedy was, that he counted me down two hundred pounds, to have me to himself eight months. His wife told everybody that I had drove him out of his wits by a love-potion; but the philtre was only made up of jealousy. This is therefore the magical charm, dear Chrysis, that I would recommend to you to administer to Gorgias. You will be amply rewarded for your pains; for the young man will come to a large estate, when his father goes the way of all flesh.

VIII.

DORCAS. PANNYCHIS. PHILOSTRATUS. POLEMON.

DORCAS. We are lost, mistress, we are ruined and undone! Polemon is come home from the wars, and brings a power of money with him, they say. I saw him myself; he had on an officer's purple robe, with fine clasps, and had a train of servants at his heels. While his friends, as soon as they saw him, ran up and saluted him, I made up to one of his attendants, who had been abroad with him, greeted him by his name, and inquired of him how matters went, and whether they had brought with them from the wars anything that was worth venturing their necks for?

PANNYCHIS. You should not have run on with all this cackle on the sudden. But, praised be all the deities, and above all Jupiter Xenius and

Minerva Strateia *, for having safely brought you back to us! My mistress has been constantly in the greatest uneasiness on your account. How does it fare with them at present? was her inquiry every moment; where may they be now?—This is what you ought to have said: and you might have added: the poor lady wept so much about you! had the name of her dear Polemon for ever on her lips!—that would have been much better.

DORCAS. I prefaced it all with that: only I would not repeat it to you, that I might come the sooner to what he said to *me*. I accosted him thus: Well, Parmeno, did not your ears often tingle? My mistress could think of nothing but of you; she always remembered you with tears, especially whenever anybody returned after a battle, with an account of the numbers slain. How she tore her hair up by the roots! how she beat her breast! whenever a messenger arrived, without bringing her tidings of her dear Polemon!

PANNYCHIS. Bravo! That was right!

DORCAS. And not till after I had said all that, I put those questions to him. We return in very splendid circumstances, was his answer.

PANNYCHIS. That therefore without preamble likewise? without mentioning, how constantly Polemon remembered me, how he longed after me, and how many vows he made for seeing me again in good health?

DORCAS. Oh certainly he said a great deal of that sort; that is understood. But the main concern was, what he told me about the great riches, the quantity of gold and ivory, the costly dresses and the number of slaves, they had brought with them; as to the silver, they had so much that they did not stay to count it, but measured it by the bushel, of which there was a great number. Parmeno himself had on his little finger a large polygon ring, with a ruby of that sort which sparkles in three colours. The man was so eager to recount to me their valiant exploits, that it took me up a good while to hear them: how, after passing over the Halys they stretched dead upon the ground a certain Teridates, and how bravely Polemon behaved in a battle against the Pisidians. Much more he said; but I left him, and ran away as fast as I could to tell you the news, that you might take your measures accordingly. For if Polemon comes

* This Minerva Strateia seems to be of Pannychis's own creation; at least she is found nowhere else with this soldierly surname.

(as he certainly will when he has disengaged himself from his friends) and should find Philostratus here, of whom he has perhaps already been apprized, what do you think he will say to it?

PANNYCHIS. Help me, Dorcas, to contrive some means to get us out of this embarrassment. For it would not be fair to send away this wealthy merchant, who has already paid me down a couple of hundred pounds, and has promised me much more; but it would be no less improper not to admit Polemon, who is just returned: especially as he is very jealous. He was intolerably so when he was poor: what will he not allow himself in his present circumstances?

DORCAS. All deliberation is at an end: I see him coming.

PANNYCHIS. Ah, Dorcas, I am quite out of my wits, and cannot tell what to do; I tremble in all my joints.

DORCAS. To complete the distress, Philostratus is unluckily coming too.

PANNYCHIS. What shall I do? Oh that the earth would open under me!

PHILOSTRAT. Well, Pannychis, we will take a cup once more together.

PANNYCHIS, *aside to Philostr.* You have undone me! *Aloud,* Health to Polemon! You have kept us long waiting your return.

POLEMON. But who is that, who behaves so familiarly here?—You are mute.—Excellent!—Get out of my sight, Pannychis!—And for the sake of such a jilt, did I ride post in five days from Pyla hither! But it serves me right, and I thank you for it; now I am sure that you shall not plunder me!

PHILOSTR. And who are you then, my brave sir?

POLEMON. If you know not, I will inform you, that I am Polemon of Stiria, descended from the antient race of the Pandions, formerly commander of thousands, now of a corps of five thousand men, and the lover of this Pannychis, of whose judgment I had a better opinion.

PHILOSTR. But just as she is at present, Mr. Commander, she is mine; and for being so she has received two hundred pounds of me, and shall have as much more when my ship's cargo is disposed of. For the present, do you, Pannychis, follow me, and send this man of war to his battalions, where he may command as many thousands as he pleases.

DORCAS. My mistress is a free person, and may follow whom she will.

PANNYCHIS, *aside to Dorcas*. Advise me what to do.

DORCAS. It will be best to go in. You had better not remain in Polemon's sight, incensed as he is; his jealousy would be only the more excited by it.

PANNYCHIS, *to Philostr.* Let us, if you please, go in.

POLEMON. You will drink together to-day for the last time, that I assure you; or I must be flushed with blood in so many campaigns to no purpose. Ho, Parmeno! call the Thracians.

PARMENO. They are all under arms below; in one phalanx they have beset the whole tippling-house. The heavy-armed infantry forms the van, the cuirassiers and bowmen are divided into the two wings, and the rest are placed in the rear.

PHILOSTR. Such stuff may frighten children, Mr. Stipendiary. Do you think to play the goblin with us? You, braggart! You, in all your life have you ever routed anything more than a hen-roost? You, pretend to have looked the battle in the face, you! At most, you may perhaps have hastened the fall of a tottering old castle with seven men in garrison; and probably I do you too much honour in supposing that.

POLEMON. That you shall presently experience, when we come to the attack with our extended spears in glittering armour.

PHILOSTR. Come on then all of you in battle array; I and this Tibys here, the only servant I have with me, will batter you so much with stones and broken pots, that you shall be glad to find a hole to creep into for safety.

IX.

CHELIDONION. DROSE.

CHELIDONION. Has young Clinias left off his visits to you, dear Drose? I have not for a long time seen him in your company.

DROSE. He has done visiting me, dear Chelidonion. His tutor has forbid him to come.

CHELID. And who is he then? not the fencing-master Diotimus; for he is one of my friends?

DROSE. No; that most execrable of philosophers, Aristænetus.

CHELID. What! that sulky, slovenly, goat-bearded fellow, who is always walking up and down with the young gentlemen in the pœcile?

DROSE. That same swaggerer. Oh that I could but see him hanging by that long beard of his, to the gibbet, to dry in the wind!

CHELIDON. But what then ails the man, to put such notions into Clinias's head?

DROSE. I cannot say; but this I know, that Clinias, whose first love I was, and who from the first day that I caught his fancy, never has absented himself one evening from me; but now for the last three days he has not even turned down our street. I know not what to think of it; suffice it to say, that as it has made me very uneasy, I sent my maid Nedris to hunt after him in the great square, or in the stoa. She said she had seen him walking to and fro with Aristænetus; that she made signs to him at a distance; that he blushed and turned his eyes upon the ground, and would not look at her. She followed them notwithstanding as far as to the double gate, when losing sight of them, she returned home, without being able to give me any farther intelligence. You may easily imagine how dull I have been ever since, as I could not possibly guess what was the matter with the young man. Have I then done anything to offend him, said I; or is he taken with another? Or has his father forbid him my house? While a number of such thoughts were running in my head, his Dromo came late in the evening, and brought me this letter from him. Read it yourself, Chelidonion! You have perhaps learnt to read*.

CHELIDON. Let us see. The hand-writing is not very legible; the letters run into one another, and betray the haste and discomposure of the writer. "How much I have loved you, my Drose, I call the gods to witness; —"

DROSE, *weeping*. Alas, alas, me miserable, not even to give me a salutation at the beginning! †

* To all appearance, good Drose herself had not learnt her spelling-book, though she has the art of so dexterously hiding her blind side.

† This single stroke shews us all Drose standing before us.

CHELIDON.—“and even now I part from you, not from dislike, but from necessity. My father has delivered me to Aristænetus, to apply myself to philosophy under him. He is informed of all that has passed between us, and has very severely reprovèd me for it. He says it is unworthy of me, as the son of Architeles and Erasiclea *, to keep company with a young woman of your profession; and that it would be more honourable to prefer virtue to pleasure—”

DROSE. May he never have pleasure in life, the old fool, for teaching a young man such things! †

CHELIDON. “I am therefore obliged to obey him. For he follows me in all my goings and doings, and watches me so strictly that I dare not set my eyes upon a living creature except himself. If I conduct myself rationally, he says, and follow him in all things, he promises me I shall be extremely happy and a virtuous man; only I must first qualify myself for it by labour and temperance. This is all that I can write to you, as I am forced to do it only by stealth. And so fare you well and be happy, and think sometimes on Clinias.”

DROSE. What say you to this grave epistle, Chelidonion?

CHELIDON. All the rest sounds rather of the Scythian, as they say ‡: but the “think sometimes on Clinias” conveys a little hope with it.

DROSE. So it appears to me: but in the mean time I die for love. Now Dromo told me, that this Aristænetus is no better than he should be, and employs the sciences only as a pretext to entrap unwary youth; he converses much and often in private with Clinias, and holds out great promises to him, as though he would make him to resemble the gods; and reads to him certain erotic dialogues of the old philosophers with their scholars; and, to say all in one word, he is perpetually engaged with young men. Dromo even threatens that he will positively tell his young master’s father the whole of it.

* That is, persons of high quality among the Greeks, as we may conclude from their high-sounding names.

† Another characteristic stroke, which finishes the former.

‡ Scythian, γὰρ ἀπὸ Σκυθῶν ῥῆσις, *Scytharum oratio*, proverbially said of somewhat that savours a little rude, uncivil, or harsh. Diog. Laert. in vit. philos. thinks this proverb took its rise from the asperity of Anacharsis.

CHELIDON. You should have given the fellow something to wet his whistle.

DROSE. I took care to do that. He is besides entirely mine; for his mouth waters vehemently after my Nebris.

CHELIDON. If so, be of good cheer; all will go well. I think I will even write on a wall in the ceramicus, where Architeles takes his walks, in large letters: Aristænetus is corrupting Clinias — that I may thereby corroborate the accusation of Dromo.

DROSE. But how will you contrive to write it, without being observed?

CHELIDON. In the night-time, Drose, and with a coal.

DROSE. A lucky thought! With your aid I have little doubt to get the better of that pedantic and uppish Aristænetus.

X.

TRYPHÆNA. CHARMIDES.

TRYPHÆNA. Who ever heard before of a man giving a hetære five drachmas*, for turning his back upon her the whole time, crying and sobbing as if his heart would burst? The wine I suppose did not taste well last night; yet you would not sup alone. Ever and anon the tears ran down your cheeks, I remarked it perfectly well; and now you cannot cease wimpering like a child. I beseech you, Charmides, what is this? Do not conceal it from me, that I may at least reap that benefit from the sleepless night you have cost me.

CHARMIDES. I am dying for love, Tryphæna! I cannot hold out much longer.

TRYPHÆNA. That I am not her whom you love is clear enough; I suppose you would not then be so shy as to make your gown a wall of separation between us, for fear I might touch you. Tell me then who is the

* Five drachmas, seems to have been the ordinary, though not the lowest market price of a not quite common hetære; but at Athens a man might defray his expenses for the day with two drachmas. Poor people lived upon two or three oboli.

fortunate fair-one. Perhaps I may be of service to you in your amour ; I understand tolerably well how those affairs should be managed.

CHARMIDES. You know her very well, and she knows you ; she is not one whom nobody knows.

TRYPHÆNA. How is she called ?

CHARMIDES. Philemation, good Tryphæna.

TRYPHÆNA. Which do you mean ; for there are two of that name : she of the Piræus, who lately entered herself of our order, and is at present entertained by Damylus, the late general's son ? Or, is it the other, who commonly goes by the name of the Snare ?

CHARMIDES. The latter. I unhappily am caught in that snare, and so entangled in it, that I cannot possibly get out of it.

TRYPHÆNA. For her sake then it is that you take on so woefully ?

CHARMIDES. It is indeed !

TRYPHÆNA. And have you been long in love with her ?

CHARM. It is about seven months since the last bacchanalia, when I saw her the first time.

TRYPHÆNA. Probably you have never had an opportunity to see more of her, than her face, and what a person of five and forty, as Philemation is, can with propriety shew ?

CHARM. Of five and forty, say you ? She swears that she shall not be two and twenty till february next.

TRYPHÆNA. Which now will you trust, her oaths or your eyes ? You need only look a little closer to her brows, where she still has her own hair ; for all the rest is false. But that she is grey above the temples, you discern wherever the ointment with which she blacks her hair, is here and there gone off. That however is the least. Urge her some day to let you see her naked.

CHARMIDES. That I could never bring her to.

TRYPHÆNA. That I believe ! She presumes that you will not find her blotches very charming ; for she is speckled all over from her neck to her knees like a leopard. And you are crying your eyes out on being debarred from such a lovely creature ! Has not she moreover treated you with disdain ?

CHARMIDES. Alas yes, good Tryphæna ; notwithstanding she has

already cost me so much money! And now that she demands of me a thousand drachmas at once *, which, as my father keeps me very short, I am unable to give her, she has received Moschion, and shut me out of doors. For which reason I sent for you ; merely to plague her in return.

TRYPHÆNA. So may Venus be propitious to me, but I would not have come, if anyone had told me, that I was sent for only to plague another, and that other such a cracked pitcher as Philemation! So farewell! Besides, the cock has now crowed the third time.

CHARM. Why in such haste, dear Tryphæna? If all is true that you have told me of her false hair and her varnishes and her livid spots, I am not likely to visit her again.

TRYPHÆNA. Ask your mother, who has perhaps bathed with her; for as to her age, your grandfather, if he is yet alive, can give you the best information.

CHARM. This being the case, I think, Tryphæna, we had better knock down the party-wall, and — be good friends. How many thanks I owe you, for helping me out of this snare!

XI.

IOESSA. PYTHIAS. LYSIAS.

IOESSA. You are then grown tired of me, Lysias, because I too tenderly love you? But too true! I deserve no better treatment; as I never asked money of you, never accosted you with the agreeable form — the place is already taken; never shut my door to you, nor, like others, urged you to impose upon your father, or to rob your mother, to bring it to me; but from the first beginning of our acquaintance, have made you happy from inclination, and without the smallest view to interest. You know how many lovers I have rejected for your sake: Ethocles, who is now of the council; the ship-master Passio; your comrade Melissus, notwithstanding he is recently by the death of his father come into his estate. I

* Thirty two pounds, five shillings, and ten pence.

have given myself up to you alone, made you my Phaon *, am so entirely yours, that I have seen no other than you, so far from having preferred any to you. I fondly believed your oaths, adhered to you with the fidelity of a Penelope †, whatever chiding my mother dinned in my ears, and notwithstanding the clamour of my female friends. And you, as soon as you saw the poor love-sick simpleton in your power, made so light of me, that you dallied with Lycæna before my face, only to give me pain; then you incessantly praised Magidra, the singer sitting by me, without being at all affected by what my sensibility suffered from these affronts, or moved in the least by my tears. You have not however forgot perhaps how you behaved to me the other day at the entertainment you gave to your friends, Thraso and Diphilus; where Cymbalion, the flute-girl, and Pyralis, who is known to be my enemy, were present. That you five times kissed such a creature as Cymbalion, gave me not the least concern ‡: you only disgraced yourself by it. But Pyralis, knowing as you must, how I stand with her, to be always nodding to her,

* i. e. love you as fervently as Sappho did the beautiful Phaon.

† Some of these hetæres have given illustrious examples of affection and constancy. Such was Myrine the Samian, who remained faithful to Demetrius, the last of Alexander's successors in the throne of Syria, through every change of fortune till death. The mistress of Alcibiades accompanied him into banishment, followed him in his perilous flight, revenged his unhappy fate, and with her own hands erected for him a monument in the foreign and hostile country where he perished. Leæna, the worthy companion of Harmodius, being put to the torture by Hippias, to make her discover what she knew of the conspiracy, expired on the rack without once opening her mouth. Gnathæna is highly celebrated by Athenæus for the liveliness of her wit and the keenness of her satire. Among a number of anecdotes collected by him, the humour of which has evaporated or become unintelligible to us through age, a few are told which seem to support the character he assigns her. Diphilus, the comic poet, having behaved himself indecorously at some public festival, was hustled out of the company, and carried off his legs by the crowd. From thence he repaired to the house of this lady, his mistress, and there (according to the athenian custom) asked for water to wash his feet; on which she said with a well-affected astonishment, "You did not come here on your feet; how then can they want washing?" An avaricious lover of hers once brought her a very small cask of wine, the virtues of which he loudly extolled, particularly its great age: "I see it must be extremely old, (says she), for it is almost dwindled to nothing." The amazing influence of the hetæres of Greece over the wisest and greatest men among them, is strikingly exemplified in the well known stories of Laïs and Phryne, and other celebrated women of that description.

‡ And yet she counted them so accurately!

to shew her the cup out of which you drank, then to give it the servant, and whisper in his ear that when Pyrallis called for drink, to hand it to her in no other than that same cup, — that was too bad! Then at last, to complete the business, to bite off a piece of apple, and at a moment when Diphilus was speaking to Thraso, and inattentive to what passed, to lean back, and (without caring in the least whether I saw it or not) to throw the apple with a well aimed cast into Pyrallis's lap, which she immediately kissed and put under her tucker into her bosom! — What cause have I ever given you to treat me thus? Have I ever offended you in any instance, great or small; ever created you cause of uneasiness; ever fixt my regards on another? Live I not for you alone? Truly, Lysias, it is a mean act of heroism to torment a poor girl, who loves you to distraction! But there is an Adrastea in heaven, who beholds it, and will requite you for it. But you will soon enough hear that I have strangled myself, or thrown myself into a well: I shall however devise some means to get out of the world, and rid you of the sight of me! Proceed then in your triumph as if you had achieved some glorious exploit! — Why do you look so stern, and gnash your teeth at me? If you have any complaint to urge against me, speak. Pythias here shall be the arbitress between us. — What? He is going and will not even deign to give me an answer? — *She weeps.* You see, Pythias, how I am insulted by him!

PYTHIAS. What insensibility! Not even to be moved by her tears! He is a stone, and not a man. — But if I may speak the truth, it is you yourself that have spoilt him, by loving him to such excess, and letting him see it. You should not have shewn him what an extraordinary interest you took in him. That it is that makes them so insolent. — Have done crying, poor child! If you will be advised by me, you will once or twice slap the door in his face: you will presently see him break out into flame again, and then it will be his turn to be out of his wits for love.

IOESSA. Go along with your advice! I shut Lysias out of doors! Would to heaven that he does not prevent me, by leaving me to sit for ever within doors!

PYTHIAS. Here he is already returned!

IOESSA. You have absolutely undone me, Pythias! He must certainly have overheard your advice to shut him out of doors!

LYSIAS. Not to gratify this creature, who is not worth my notice,

but on your account, Pythias, I am come back, lest you should condemn me unheard, and be able to say, Lysias is a hard-hearted wretch.

PYTHIAS. That I did say just now, Lysias.

LYSIAS. Do you expect then that I am to endure this Ioessa, who now sheds feigned tears, and whom I lately surprised with a young man asleep by the side of her.

PYTHIAS. To this my good Lysias, I might give you a short answer; she is a hetære. But how long is it then since you found her in that situation?

LYSIAS. It is now the sixth day since. My father, on being informed, that I had for some time been infatuated with this virtuous gentlewoman, had ordered the house-door to be locked upon me, and forbid the porter to open it to me. But I, unable to bear this absence from her, ordered my slave Dromo to stand under the wall of the court-yard, where it was lowest, so that it was not difficult for me, by getting on his back, to scale it. I made no delay, but got over it, and arrived opportunely at the house. I found the door carefully bolted. As it was now about midnight, I would not knock, but as I had often done before, hove the door off the hooks, and thus without noise got in. All were fast asleep. I groped about, till at last I found her bed.

IOESSA. Holy Ceres! what will become of me? I am all over in an agony*.

LYSIAS. On perceiving, that there were two persons breathing, I fancied at first her maid Lydia slept with her. But that was not it, Pythias. For as I felt about, I found it was a smooth beardless perfumed fellow, with his head close shaved. Had I had a sword with me, you may easily think I should not have been long in considering. — Well! what is the matter! What do you laugh at? Do you think it such a laughable affair, Pythias?

IOESSA. Was it that then that made you so angry, Lysias? — It was this same —

PYTHIAS. Do not tell him, Ioessa, I beseech you.

* One might be tempted to conclude from this uneasiness of Ioëssa, that all was not perfectly right respecting her boasted fidelity. The matter is at least problematical, and in doubtful cases the presumption is always against the Ioëssas and Pythias.

IOESSA. And why should I not tell him? Pythias, my dearest, this identical here present Pythias it was, whom I had asked to sleep with me; for it was so melancholy for me to be without you.

LYSIAS. Pythias you say was the fellow with his head close shaved. How is it then that within six days her hair is grown again so mighty thick and long?

IOESSA. Her hair during her late illness had fallen off in such abundance, that she thought it best to have her head entirely shaved; and now she wears a peruke. Shew it him, Pythias, that he may have his faith in his hand. — Lo, here I present unto you your tender, beardless, young rival, of whom you have been so jealous!

LYSIAS. But Ioessa; say yourself had I not reason to be so, when I thought I felt him with my own hands? If I had not been jealous, it would have been a sign that I had no love for you.

IOESSA. You are then satisfied? Is not it now my turn to vex you; and have not I more cause than you to pout and be jealous?

LYSIAS. Say not so, dear Ioessa! Let us drink together and be merry, and Pythias shall assist in solemnizing our new compact! How much I have suffered on your account, noblest of youths, Pythias!

PYTHIAS. In return I have reconciled your difference, and am thereby entitled so much to your esteem, that you cannot possibly be angry with me. But one word at parting, Lysias. — Let the peruke remain a secret between us!

XII.

LEONTICHUS. CHENIDAS. HYMNIS.

LEONTICHUS. Now for the battle against the Galatians — let Chenidas relate it to you: how I led on the whole body of horse, mounted on my white charger, and the Galatians, though not deficient in bravery at other times, as soon as they saw me began to quake, and not a single man of them stood his ground. Then I threw my javelin, and struck the leader of their cavalry and his horse through and through; on the rest however, who still shewed signs of making a stand (for though the whole

phalanx was broke, yet some few rallied and attempted to form themselves into a column,) I rushed with my drawn faulchion so furiously, that, by the mere shock of my horse, I overthrew seven of their principal officers, while with my sword I split the scull of a captain in two at one stroke. — I soon after put them all to the rout, and left you, Chenidas, nothing more to do, than to pursue and give them chace.

CHENIDAS. And what miracles you performed, Leontichus, in the single combat with the satrap on the borders of Paphlagonia !

LEONTICHUS. It is well you remind me of it. I must myself confess, that it was not one of my least signal exploits. The satrap, a man of gigantic stature, and who passed for the best fencer in the whole hostile army, at the same time a notorious contemner of everything grecian, came fiercely riding in front, and defied anyone of us that had the courage to measure swords with him. At this challenge all were thrown into consternation, captains, colonels, and the general himself — an Ætolian, Aristæchmus by name, a man not wanting in bravery, and the best at a javelin in the whole army. — I then had the command of only a thousand men ; but my heart swelling with indignation, I pushed my comrades away, who wanted to restrain me — for they were dreadfully concerned for me at the sight of that gigantic barbarian, standing there in his glittering armour, and with his terrible crest and nodding plume, and the fierce aspect with which he brandished his lance ; indeed he made a formidable appearance.

CHENIDAS. I must own that I was much afraid for you, Leontichus ; you recollect, what efforts and what violence I employed to prevent your exposing yourself to such imminent danger ; how I intreated you to spare yourself, if not for your own sake, at least for the sake of others ! For what value would my life have been to me, if you had been slain ?

LEONTICHUS. But, as I was saying, my heart swelled with indignation, and I sprang forward in the midst between the two armies, not worse armed than the Paphlagonian, but likewise from head to foot glittering with gold. Immediately a loud shout was given on ours as well as on the barbarian side ; for even these knew me directly by my round shield, and my gallant accoutrements, and my plumed helm. Whom was it, Chenidas, that they said I looked like ?

CHENIDAS. Whom else, by Jupiter, than that renowned son of Thetis

and Peleus, the great Achilles? One could have sworn you were himself, you made such an heroic figure, you in your helmet, in your purple war-coat, and the glittering shield on your arm!

LEONTICHUS. Now began the attack; and the barbarian at the first onset had the luck to give me a slight wound, by piercing me a little above the knee, but with no great force, with his lance: I however struck him, with my long macedonian spear, quite through his shield, and fixt it in his breast. He fell; I ran up, cut his head off with my broad faulchion, and returned in triumph, with his arms, and with the head of the boaster on the point of my spear, all dripping with his blood, to my soldiers.

HYMNIS. Mercy on us! What dreadful and horrible things you relate of yourself, Leontichus! Who can bear only to look upon a man who takes such delight in blood, not to say eat with him, drink with him and sleep with him?

LEONTICHUS. I will pay you double.

HYMNIS. It is impossible for me to keep company with such a murderer!

LEONTICHUS. Fear nothing, Hymnis! All this happened in Paphlagonia; I am now the most peaceable man in the world.

HYMNIS. But you are a man devoted and execrable by unexpiated murders! The blood from the head of the barbarian which you bore upon your spear, has trickled down upon you, and shall I embrace and kiss such a one? Forbid it, ye Graces! He is no better than the executioner!

LEONTICHUS. If you could see my armour, I am sure you would be pleased with me.

HYMNIS. Only to hear you talk of it curdles my blood, my flesh quivers, and methinks I behold the bleeding spectres of the murdered wretches, especially the ghost of the unfortunate captain whose head you cleft in two at one blow. How would it be if I had seen the transaction itself, and the blood flowing from the carcasses of the surrounding dead? I should have surely died; I, who cannot endure to see even a cock deprived of life!

LEONTICHUS. Ey, ey, Hymnis! are you then so faint-hearted, and of such a tender nature? I thought my recital would divert you.

HYMNIS. To be diverted with such stories you should look out for a company of Lemniades or Danaids *, or if there be others of that sort: I shall run home to my mother, while it is yet day. — Do you come along with me, Gramme: and you, most valiant of chiliarches, farewell, and cut off as many heads as you please: I will take care of mine. *Exit.*

LEONTICHUS. Holla! I beseech you not to go, Hymnis; I pray you stay. — Verily she has run off.

CHENIDAS. You have quite frightened the goodnatured girl with your nodding plumes and your incredible stories of slaughter; I saw directly how pale she turned when you came to the captain, and how she shivered and shook, when you split his scull in two.

LEONTICHUS. I imagined for certain that it would make me the more amiable in her sight. But you are alone to blame for my misadventure, Chenidas. Why must you throw the cursed duel in my way?

CHENIDAS. I was forced to help you on with your lies, as I saw what you would make of your cutting and slashing. But you should not have made it quite so terrible. If the poor Paphlagonian must have his head cut off, at least you need not have stuck it on your spear, and let the blood trickle down it.

LEONTICHUS. That was indeed too bad; there you are right, Chenidas! but the rest did not sound so much amiss. Run therefore and try all you can to persuade her to return and tarry the evening here.

CHENIDAS. Shall I tell her that there was not a word of truth in all you said? You only wanted to obtain credit for your bravery with her?

LEONTICHUS. I should get but little honour by that, Chenidas; it will not do.

* The fifty daughters of Danaus, who, excepting one, slew their husbands at the command of their father, on the wedding night, are well known. In like manner the women in the isle of Lemnos, about the time of the argonautic expedition to Colchis, in pursuance of a general agreement murdered their husbands in one night (Hypsipele alone saved the life of her father, king Thoas;) so that the argonauts, on their landing on Lemnos, found the whole island peopled only by women; these latter however (whose misanthropy had in the mean time considerably abated) were not disinclined, to prevent a total depopulation of their country, to concur in some measures adapted to that end.

CHENIDAS. Otherwise she will not return. Chuse therefore which you prefer: either her abhorrence of you as a cut-throat soldier, or to confess that you have been telling lies, and so have Hymnis for your companion to-night.

LEONTICHUS. The choice is hard — However I would prefer to have Hymnis. Go, therefore, and tell her — what you will, only not that all was a lie.

XIII.

DORIO. MYRTALE.

DORIO. So then I am now shut out, Myrtale, now that you have reduced me to beggary! Formerly, when I had wherewithal to make you presents, I was your dearest, the man of your heart, your master and lord; then I was everything. But now, after you have drained me to the last drop, and have found out the bithynian merchant *, now I may stand and bawl before your door as long as I will; while he is made happy, and is master of the house, and sits up whole nights with you; and you even give out that you are pregnant by him!

MYRTALE. Hear me, Dorio, I am heartily tired of hearing you talk at this rate; and it vexes me most, when you say, I cost you so much and have made you a beggar. Come then and reckon up all together what presents you have made me, since we have been mutually acquainted.

DORIO. Right, Myrtale: let us come to a fair account. Imprimis, a pair of sicyonian shoes, for two drachmas: set down two drachmas!

MYRTALE. But did not you sleep here two nights for it?

DORIO. To proceed: on my return from Syria, a pot of soft phœnician pomatum, which, by Neptune! cost me likewise two drachmas.

MYRTALE. And I, did not I give you for your voyage the sailor's jacket, which the boatswain Epiurus left with me?

* A bithynian merchant, at that time, immediately excited the idea of opulence, as a dutch merchant does with us.

DORIO. That did not remain long in my possession ; since lately when we met in Samos, he immediately recognized and challenged it as his ; and at last, after having a pretty smart quarrel about it, I was obliged to give it up. Item, I brought you from Cyprus some onions and five herrings, and when I returned home from the bosphorus four pearches. Item, eight sea-biscuits, a large jar of syrian figs and lately a pair of gilt sandals from Patara, you ungrateful thing, you! — And now I just recollect also a cheese, that I brought you from Gythium.

MYRTALE. And all that together, Dorio, in the sum total may amount in value to about as much as five drachmas.

DORIO. It is all however that a poor matross, like me, who must live upon his wages, can afford. But you should not now treat me so scornfully as before, since I have been promoted to the command of the whole starboard tier of oars. And have not I recently at the aphrodisia * laid a silver drachma at the feet of the goddess ? — have I not given your mother two drachmas for a pair of shoes, and your Lydia here much and often, pressing into her hand sometimes two, sometimes three oboli ? All this computed together amounts to a poor boatswain's estate.

MYRTALE. The onions and herrings, you mean ?

DORIO. Certainly ! None of us can give more than he has ; if I were rich I should not be a sailor. I have never in all my life brought home a head of garlic even to my own mother. But now I should be glad to know what mighty presents the Bithynian has made you ?

MYRTALE. Imprimis, look at this shift ; that is his gift : then this necklace that I have on, which you may perceive is pretty heavy.

DORIO. Go to, go to ; that I have seen you wear long ago !

MYRTALE. What you have seen before, was much lighter, and had no emeralds. These ear-rings and this tapestry are from him ; and not long since he gave me two minæ in money, and has paid our house-rent. That sounds differently from patarian slippers and a gythian cheese, and such trumpery !

DORIO. But you say nothing about what sort of a man it is, that you have taken up with ? A married man, above fifty years old, quite bald on the forepart of his head, and a complexion like a withered apple. His

* A feast of Venus, whose ordinary greek name was Aphrodite.

teeth perhaps you may not have thoroughly inspected. By the Dioscures*! an elegant lover! especially when he sings and endeavours to play the agreeable companion! which sits so gracefully upon him, that you are immediately reminded of an ass playing upon the lyre. But such as he is, I wish you much joy of him! You are deserving of him, and may you have a son resembling his father! I shall find it no difficulty to meet with a Delphis or a Cymbalian, girls of my own class, or my neighbour, the bagpipe lass, or some other, as I may chuse. Everybody has not tapestry and gold necklaces and handfuls of money to give away.

MYRTALE. Happy lasses, that have you for their adorer, Dorio! They may lay their account in receiving cyprian onions and a slice of cheese, when you return from your voyage to Gythium!

XIV.

COCHLIS. PARTHENIS.

COCHLIS. What do you cry for, Parthenis? And how come your flutes to be broke?

PARTHENIS. That huge ætolian soldier, Crocale's lover, has been beating me, because he found me with his girl, where his rival Gorgus had placed me, and has broke my flutes to pieces, and overturned the table at which we were just sitting down to supper, and smashed the can of wine, now running all about the floor; and the poor creature Gorgus, they dragged away from table by the hair, so they have, the soldier (Dinomachus I think is his name) and his comrade, and have so dreadfully belaboured him, that I doubt whether the poor fellow will get over it; for the blood gushed in a stream from his nose, and his whole face is swelled black and blue.

COCHLIS. Is the fellow mad? Or was he so drunk as not to know what he did?

PARTHENIS. Jealousy, dear Cochlis, and inconsiderate love were the cause of it all. Crocale had, I believe, demanded two talents† of him, to

* A seaman's oath, because Castor and Pollux were the tutelar deities of mariners.

† Three hundred and eighty-seven pounds, ten shillings.

have her to himself alone. Now, because Dinomachus refused to give her so much, the next time he came she banged the door in his face; and struck a bargain with this Gorgus, a wealthy countryman of Œnoe; upon which they were to pass the evening together, and chose to have me with them, to entertain them with my flutes. They had been drinking some time, and I began to blow a lydian strain, which brought the good Gorgus on his legs; he got up and danced to the music. Crocale testified her applause by clapping: in short, all was mirth and good-humour. On a sudden we heard a horrid noise and clamour; the yard door was burst open, and presently in rushed about eight stout young fellows, and the Ætolian among them. In an instant all was in confusion. Poor Gorgus, was as I said knocked down and trod under foot; but Crocale had, I cannot tell how, got up in time, and took refuge with her neighbour Thespias. It therefore fared the worse with me: Dinomachus gave me a few sound slaps on the face, broke my flutes, threw the pieces at my head, and cursed me with all his might. And so I am running to tell my master what has happened. The countryman is in the mean time gone in search of some friends, to assist him in bringing the matter before the magistrate.

COHLIS. It is always thus when we have to do with these swaggerers! All we get by them is blows and abuse. To hear them run on, they are all generals and colonels; but when we ask them for anything, we are sure to have no other answer, but, have patience till I receive my pay; the first money I get shall be at your service. Hang all such braggadocios, I say! None of them shall ever enter my doors. I had rather have to do with an honest fisherman, or sailor, or countryman, who does not indeed understand making compliments and fine speeches, but opens his purse freely! All these blusterers, who shake their feathered helmets, while they are giving a particular account of their battles and engagements, are all empty fellows, believe me, Parthenis!

HERODOTUS,

OR

ÆTIO.

WOULD it were in my power to equal Herodotus, not in every particular in which he excels — that would be too presumptuous a wish — but only in some one of his numerous excellences, as in the elegance of his diction, or in the cadence and harmony of his periods, or in the artless grace of his innate ionic dialect, or in his copiousness of thoughts and images; in short, even in only one of the innumerable beauties united in that author! That however is impossible; yet I or any other may imitate him at least in the means whereby he made his historical works so generally known throughout all Greece. For, resolving to make a voyage from Caria, his native country, into Greece, he considered with himself what method he should adopt to render himself and his writings as much known and celebrated as possible, at the smallest expense of time, pains and money. To travel from one city to another, and now read his works

HERODOTUS OR ÆTIO. The antients had two ways of publishing their writings: the first, was by reading them before numerous assemblies of persons distinguished for learning or station; the other by delivering them to booksellers, who caused a number of copies to be made, and sold them to their customers. The public readings, as it appears, were usually opened by the author in a succinct address to his auditory, which by the Greeks was styled *λαλία* or *προσλαλία*. Such an address or preface was the *Dream* which is prefixed to the collected works of Lucian; and under the same rubric falls the present little piece, together with the following ones, with which I conclude this first volume. Although each of these brief discourses is composed for a particular occasion, and relates to particular circumstances of time and place: yet has Lucian, *qui nil molitur ineptè*, taken care to render them by their contents entertaining to readers of all descriptions, and therefore worthy of their places among his writings.

to the Athenians, then to the Corinthians, Argives and Lacedemonians, separately, was too laborious, and would have cost too much time. He therefore dismissed the idea of publishing them to small distinct parties, and meditated some means of getting together all at once if possible a general assembly of the Greeks. Luckily for him it was just the time of celebrating the great olympic games, and he could not have wished for a more convenient opportunity to his purpose. He accordingly directed his course straight to Olympia ; and on a day when the concourse was very numerous, and the principal and most celebrated men had flocked together from all parts of Greece, he stood forward on the terrace behind the temple of Jupiter *, not as a spectator but as a combatant, began his history, and captivated the minds of all present, to such a degree, that his books which were just nine in number, were severally marked by the name of a muse. A natural consequence of this was, that the name of Herodotus was more universally known than that of the olympic conqueror himself : for there was nobody who did not hear it either at Olympia with his own ears, or from the mouth of one returned from thence ; so that wherever he appeared all the world pointed at him, and said : that is the Herodotus, who wrote the history of the persian war in the ionian dialect, and so gloriously chanted our victories † ! And what greater reward could he have received for his history, than in that splendid national assembly, to have it crowned at once by the universal suffrage of all Greece, and not like other conquerors, to be publicly named and extolled by one single crier, but in all the cities where those present were born, who were the common heralds of his fame !

Convinced by this example of its being the shortest way to notoriety, the sophists of succeeding ages, Hippias of Elis, Prodicus of Ceos, Anaximenes of Chios, Polus of Agrigentum, and many others, have repeated their works in the assembly at Olympia, and quickly gained a reputation.

* On a spacious square, where the crier proclaimed those who proposed to contend for the prize in their peculiar art, and at the same time the philosophers or orators, who intended to deliver a public discourse.

† Ὁ τὰς νίκας ἡμῶν ὑμνῶντας ; a very proper expression, denoting as well the manner and style of Herodotus, which is a species of prosaic poetry or poetical prose, as the effect produced by his history of the median (or persian) war so honourable to the Greeks.

But wherefore need I produce the authorities of historians, sophists, and orators from the records of antiquity, when even in our own times it is related of the painter Ætio, that having drawn the marriage of Alexander with the beautiful Roxana *, he publicly exposed the picture at Olympia with such good effect, that Proxenidas, one of the hellanodicæ, in admiration of the rare talents of the artist, chose him for his son-in-law †.

But it may be asked, what was there so marvellous in that painting, as should induce a man of such high rank to reward the painter, who withal was a stranger, by bestowing on him his daughter? The picture is still in Italy, and I am able to speak of it from personal inspection. It represents an extremely magnificent bed-chamber with a nuptial bed. In it is seen sitting Roxana, the most beautiful virgin that can be conceived. Her eyes are modestly fixed on the ground, before Alexander, standing near her. She is surrounded by several smiling cupids. One of them behind her lifts up the bridal veil from her forehead, and shews it to the bride-groom. Another, in the attitude of a slave, is officiously employed in drawing off her shoes, that she may no longer be detained from lying down. A third has hold of Alexander's robe, pulling him with all his might towards Roxana. The king presents the maiden with a crown, and beside him stands Hephæstion, as a brideman, holding a lighted torch in his hand, supported by a wonderfully fine youth, whom I guess to represent the god of marriage; for the name is not beneath ‡. On the other

* See the note on the Defence of the Portraits, p. 715.

† This anecdote, warranted by Lucian, deserves remark, as it serves to authenticate a passage in Winckelmann's history of the art. The Antonines, he says, patronized the arts; but good artists were rare, and the former general esteem for them was gone by, &c. Against the reasons assigned by him for the latter, as he lays the whole blame of it almost entirely on the sophists, much may be objected. Nothing in my opinion can be more simple than the reason, why, not the art, but the artists in the era of the Antonines were no longer held in such general estimation; it was because the good artists were so rare. That however really good artists were still as highly valued, and perhaps more so than ever, the instance of Ætio is a proof, the like of which it would be a difficult matter to produce even from the most flourishing periods of the art. By the way, I observe here a mistake of De Piles, who, in his *Abrégé des vies des Peintres*, makes Ætio a contemporary of Apelles and Protogenes; whereas Lucian expressly speaks of him as an artist of his time; which then is likewise the reason why Pliny could make no mention of him.

‡ What may be the reason that the abbé Massieu omits these words: "for the name is not wrote underneath?" I suppose he was afraid, by this circumstance, of making the whole picture

side of the piece are drawn several more cupids, playing with the arms of Alexander. Two of them carry his spear, and seem almost overburdened with the weight of it. Another couple take his buckler, with a figure like the king stretched upon it, trailing it along by the handles. Another creeps backwards into the coat of mail, where he seems to lurk in order to frighten the two little porters as they come on. These collateral incidents are by no means the mere wantonness and idle sport of the artist's fancy: they are to shew the martial disposition of the bridegroom, and that his love for Roxana had not effaced his passion for arms and military glory. Besides, the sequel shewed, that, as in this picture, a certain nuptial genius did actually preside, since it won for the artist the daughter of Proxenidas. His own marriage was, so to speak, the companion of this marriage of Alexander, at which the king was bridegroom, and paid Ætio for his painted wedding with a real one.

Herodotus therefore (to return to what I was saying of him) thought the meeting at Olympia the fittest opportunity for gaining the admiration of the Greeks, as the historian of their great achievements. Now I conjure you, ere I proceed farther, by the deities presiding over friendship, not to think me so insane as to place my trifles on a parallel with the works of so great a man. The genius of Herodotus forbid it! In the mean time I must confess, that at my first arrival in Macedonia I found myself in a similar predicament, and was in the same persuasion with Herodotus when he designed to visit Greece. Like him, I was desirous to be universally known, and to obtain for my essays as numerous an audience as possible. To visit the several cities of so extensive a province at this season of the year was a task not easily to be performed. The shortest way to the attainment of my wish was therefore to wait for

of Ætio ridiculous to his readers, and depriving it of all credit. I am under no apprehension of that sort respecting mine. In the mean time this circumstance must be surprising to us; like so many others, in which the Greeks differed from us in matters of taste, without therefore being confessedly less our masters in whatever relates to art, elegance, and taste. Moreover, it is observable from this passage of Lucian, that the practice of the celebrated Cimabué, and other painters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (which we find also observed in old wood cuts) of giving labels with names or other characteristic words issuing from the mouths of their historical figures, was no modern invention, but merely a supposed improvement of the ancient custom of inscribing in historical paintings the names beneath the figures.

this your meeting, where I might hope for the advantage of having the whole nation for my audience.

Ye are now assembled; and I see before me the most respectable and honourable men of the whole macedonian nation. Here is a large and noble city, not like Pisa, narrow, and incommoded with shops and booths. This is a meeting not composed of a suffocating throng of rabble, collected from all parts, most of whom but negligently heard Herodotus as they passed along, and would much rather have seen the athletes. The theatre where I make my entrance is one of the principal and fairest cities of this country *. And those before whom I am to speak, the choicest of its most learned and eloquent men. To conclude, if you match me against those great masters of literature, such as Polydamas, Glaucus, and Milo †, you must find my enterprize bold and presumptuous indeed; but if you will be so complaisant, without thinking on those unrivalled models, as to judge me entirely by myself ‡; I may perhaps entertain the hope, at least not to be found censurable for adventuring upon so arduous a career: and more I cannot reasonably expect.

* Whether it was Philippa or Thessalonica is not known: probably one of the two.

† i. e. the great pancratiasts of literature.

‡ Lucian here in the original employs metaphorical expressions, borrowed from the martial games, which to modern readers could have neither the same perspicuity nor grace as they had in the judgment of his auditors.

ZEUXIS;
OR
ANTIOCHUS.

IN my way home, the other day, after reading in this assembly, not a few of those who had heard me, came up, presented me their hand, and testified, (for why should I not avow to my new friends?) their applause with the liveliest marks of admiration. They accompanied me to a good distance, and my ears were saluted on all sides with nothing but loud acclamations and extravagant eulogies, which put me quite to the blush, as I had but too much reason to fear that they far exceeded my deserts. All these encomiums however turned entirely on the surprising novelty of everything I had said. By Hercules, how original! said they, (for I think it best to repeat their own expressions) what astonishing conceptions! What an inventive imagination! It is impossible to conceive anything more new! — I am fain to believe, that these exclamations were a result of the impression made by what they had heard: for what motive could they have to flatter a stranger, who in everything else must be perfectly indifferent to them? But I must own, that this commendation was far from being agreeable to me; and I was no sooner alone, than I

ZEUXIS. The first public rehearsal given by Lucian in Macedonia, before a numerous and select company, was received with the highest applause. His works had given universal satisfaction: but the reason why they pleased was so little gratifying to him, that he could not forbear shewing his just sensibility in this preface to a second lecture, and giving them to understand as plainly, I suppose, as it could be said to Macedonians, that what was new and occasionally surprising in the subject or in the invention of his performance, was not the greatest merit of it.

said to myself: so then, all that can afford satisfaction in my writings is, that I do not march along the highway behind others? Of words selected with taste, of a style formed after the best models of the antients, of wit, of ingenuity and cultivation of mind, of attic elegance and grace, of harmony, of judgment in the general composition, of all this nothing enters into my affair? For how otherwise should they have overlooked it, and merely praised the novelty and strangeness in the choice and handling of my materials? — I will not conceal my vanity: when I saw them start up, and break out into the most vociferous applause, I expected that they had remarked this, and that it was even perhaps their principal observation. For, as Homer very justly says, the newest song is always the most delightful to the audience*. But I imagined this novelty could come in requisition only as an adjunct, or as an ornament, assisting to render the rest more pleasing; never once supposing that so much honour would be shewn it, as to lay the whole stress upon it. I therefore carried my head very high, and had almost persuaded myself in earnest, that I, as they said, had not my equal among all the Greeks; for I doubted not, that those forementioned qualities were peculiarly those which had transported my hearers to such lively and extravagant applause. But alas, I presently saw, that the treasure I thought to have found, was only a heap of coals, as the proverb says; and that I should not take much credit to myself from being praised in the very same manner in which commendation is usually bestowed upon an expert juggler or mountebank. On this occasion however I must relate to you a story of a painter.

The celebrated Zeuxis, the greatest painter of his time, had this peculiarity, that he seldom or never exerted his talents on vulgar or trite subjects, as gods, heroes, battles and the like; but always applied himself to somewhat new, and hitherto unattempted. When however he had conceived any uncommon and singular subject, he exerted all his art and skill upon it, in order to render it a complete master-piece. Among other performances of this nature we have by him a female centaur, giving suck to a couple of very small twin centaurs. There is now at

* Τὴν γὰρ αἰδὴν μᾶλλον ἰπελείους ἀδρῆται,
Ἦτις ἀκουσίῃσιν νωτάτη ἀμφιπέλιλαι.

Odys. i. 351, 352.

Athens an exact copy of it, taken from the original picture. The original itself is reported to have been sent by the roman general Sylla with many other curiosities into Italy; the ship however being lost off the cape of Malea, the whole cargo went to the bottom, and this picture with the rest. As I not long ago saw the copy at a painter's in Athens, I will describe it to you as well as I can in words. I do not set up for a connoisseur in pictures: but this is so perfectly fresh in my memory, and the extraordinary admiration with which I then contemplated it, will now come to my aid, and enable me to describe it more clearly.

On a grass-plot of the most glossy verdure lies the centauress, with the whole equine part of her stretched on the ground, the hind feet extending backwards: while the upper female part is gently raised, and reclining on one elbow. But the fore feet are not equally extended; as if she lay on her side: yet one seems to rest on the knee having the hoof bent backward, whereas the other is lifted up, and pawing the ground, as horses are wont to do when they are going to spring up. Of her two young, one she holds in her arms to give it the breast: the other lies under her, sucking like a foal. On an elevation behind her is seen a centaur, who appears to be her mate, but is only visible to the half of the horse: he looks down upon her with a complacent smile, holding up in one hand the whelp of a lion, as if jocosely to frighten his little ones with it.

I am too unqualified a judge for being able to speak of those perfections of the picture, which do not immediately strike the eye of every beholder, though containing everything of which the art is capable; and I must therefore leave it to the adepts, whose business it is to be conversant in these matters, to extol the beauties of that sort, which are combined in this master-piece, such as the uncommon correctness of the drawing, the masterly mixture and discreet choice of the colours, the appropriate shadings, the exquisite symmetry of the several parts, and the harmony of the whole arising from their mutual relation. What I for my part particularly admire in Zeuxis, is his shewing so much variety and such pleasing contrasts in one and the same subject with such consummate ingenuity. Thus, for instance in the male centaur all is fierce and terrific: his shaggy mane-like hair, his rough body, his broad and brawny shoulders, and the countenance, though smiling, yet wild and savage: in short, everything bears the character of these compound beings. The centauress on

the other hand, as far as she is brutal, resembles the finest mare of the thessalian breed which is yet untamed, and has never been mounted; by the other moiety she is a woman of consummate beauty, excepting only in the ears, which have somewhat of the satyr-shape: the blending however of the human and the animal natures is so artificial, and the transition of one to the other so imperceptible, or rather they so gently lose themselves in one another, that it is impossible to discern where the one ceases and the other begins. Nor in my mind was it less admirable, that the new-born young ones, notwithstanding their tender age, have somewhat wild and fierce in their aspect, and that mixture of infantine timidity and curiosity with which they look up at the whelp, while at the same time they continue eagerly sucking, and cling as close as they can to the mother.

When Zeuxis first exposed this piece to public view, he doubted not that both the art and the execution would astonish the beholders. Nor did they fail to give the most unequivocal signs of admiration; what less could they do at the sight of such a beautiful production? But what they most praised in it was precisely that which my before-mentioned patrons lately admired in me, the strangeness of the invention, the novel and hitherto unthought of projection. When Zeuxis therefore saw, that the novelty or the subject left them no time for attending to the intelligent and masterly management, and that the industry he had employed on each individual part, was only by-work in their view, he said to one of his scholars: cover the picture again and carry it into the house! These gentry praise exactly what is the most subordinate in a work of art: on the beauty of the execution, on that of which the artist, if he succeeds, is most proud, they set no value whatever; so it is but new, all the rest is indifferent to them, — said Zeuxis, perhaps with more emotion than was necessary.

Something similar is said to have happened to Antiochus Soter * in the

* This prince was the son of Seleucus Nicanor, to whom, at the partition of the empire of Alexander the great among his generals, Syria, together with a great proportion of the lesser Asia, fell. The Galatians [Gallogræci] with whom in this narrative of Lucian he had to do, consisted of some hordes of warlike Gauls, who had deserted their country under different leaders in order to seek new settlements towards the east. Nicomedes I. king of Bithynia, called in their assistance against Antiochus Soter, transferring to them for it a part of Phrygia,

famous engagement with the Galatians. The good prince knew that the enemy far surpassed him both in the number and good order of his troops. They advanced in a solid, compact phalanx of heavy-armed infantry, four and twenty deep; those in the van all armed in iron coats of mail, each wing supported by ten thousand cavalry, the centre provided with eighty four-horse scythe-carriages, and with the same number of two-horse war-chariots. At sight of this formidable army, being in no proper condition to make head against it, he was so dispirited, that he gave up all hope, with his small force, a handful of men got together in haste, of whom many were only furnished with little round shields, and more than half without any offensive weapons, of obtaining a victory. He was therefore considering how he might negotiate with the enemy, and contrive some decent means to avoid a battle: when Theodotas of Rhodes, a valiant officer and well experienced in military tactics, who by good luck was with him, hit upon a thought, that recovered at once his drooping spirits. Antiochus had sixteen elephants*. These Theodotas ordered by all possible means to be so concealed that they should not protrude beyond the lines: but as soon as the signal for attack should be given, and the hostile cavalry should come rushing on, and the phalanx should open, in order to let the war-chariots run out in full career: then to let four elephants be driven against each wing of the enemy's cavalry, and the remaining eight be urged on to meet the two and four-horse war-chariots. For thereby, said he, their horses will be frightened, turn about, and the Galatians thrown at once into the utmost confusion. And so it fell out. For, as neither the Galatians nor their horses had ever seen an elephant, as soon as they heard their bellowings from afar, they were already struck with terror; and then the sight of these prodigious animals, which with their tusks and teeth shining from their black hides, and with their lashing trunks, appeared the more formidable, they were so appalled, that, before a dart could be thrown, they abandoned themselves to flight in the utmost con-

which afterwards obtained the appellation of Galatia or Gallogræcia, because these barbarians commingled by insensible degrees with the Greeks, and adopted the grecian language and manners.

* The custom of employing elephants in war, and in engagements in the open field, came from the Indians to the Persians, and from them under Alexander to the macedonian kings, who divided his inheritance.

sternation and dismay. In a few moments the whole host naturally fell into complete disorder: the heavy-armed foot soldiers either thrust one another through with their own spears or were thrown down and trampled on by the cavalry; the war-chariots drove likewise over their own people, and caused great slaughter among them. To speak with Homer :

The groaning warriors pant upon the ground,
And friend on friend inflicts the fatal wound. Iliad, xvi. 388.

The horses thus, once broke and put out of their way, were routed by the elephants, and, no longer manageable by the rein, threw their drivers down.

Their headstrong horse, unable to restrain,
They shook with fear and dropt the slacken'd rein.
Now by the foot the flying foot was thrust,
Horse trod by horse lay foaming in the dust. Iliad, xi. 160.

The cars were left rolling on, and, as it is easy to guess, mowing down numbers with their scythes, and in such a tumult the carnage must have been horrible. The elephants, pursuing them in the rear, completed the overthrow: many were trod under their feet, others laid hold on by their trunks and tossed up in the air, and others pierced through with their tusks; insomuch that it was they that procured for Antiochus a complete victory. The Galatians, excepting the few that had saved themselves by fleeing to the mountains, were either slain in the fight or fell into the hands of the conqueror. The Macedonians that were with Antiochus exulted in songs of triumph, and flocked round him from all sides, to crown him, and to felicitate him on his glorious victory. But Antiochus answered them with tears in his eyes: My friends, we ought rather to be ashamed of this victory, which we owe to twelve indian beasts! Had not the novelty of their appearance stupefied the enemy, how should we have been able to do anything against them? — Accordingly, on the trophy that was raised on the field of battle, in memory of this victory, he would have nothing engraven but the figure of an elephant.

I am therefore (to return to myself) not a little apprehensive lest my triumph should resemble that of Antiochus. For with me all the rest came into no consideration; but there were certain elephants, new, strange goblins, portentous monsters, that struck the eyes of the spectators, these carried away the general applause, and that whereon I most relied was never once thought of. What? is it then such an amazing

miracle, that Zeuxis could paint a centaress? Shall therefore all the rest of his work be only labour in vain? By no means labour in vain! For ye are judges of painting, and contemplate everything with intelligent eyes *. May but all that I have to shew you be worthy of presentation before such spectators!

* How artfully our author has the address to regain the favour of his audience, after he had given them such bitter pills to swallow, by one single expression! An author may with impunity tell home truths to the public, so he only, like Lucian, does not forget two things. The first is, always to amuse in doing it; and the other, not to leave off before he has again adroitly said something flattering to them.

THE AMBER,
AND
THE SWANS OF ERIDANUS.

WE are all I hope convinced from mythology, that the amber of the Eridanus * is wept from the poplars, which mourn for Phaëton, whose sisters they were before they were metamorphosed, while lamenting and deploring the unfortunate youth, into trees, without ceasing on that account continually to shed tears, which, it is said, become amber. I for my part, who like others was informed of this fact from the songs of the poets, cherished the hope, that if ever in my life I should visit the river Eridanus, of convincing myself of it by personal experience; by remaining with the skirts of my coat spread out under one of those poplars, till I could catch at least a few of these miraculous tears, and convey them home as an everlasting memorial. It happened not long since, that upon a different occasion I travelled into those parts, and was obliged to proceed up the Eridanus. I looked carefully everywhere about me; but neither poplar-trees nor amber were to be seen; neither did the inhabitants know even so much as the name of the poor Phaëton. At length, on my

* That there is no amber on the Po, Lucian was as sure as that the sisters of Phaëton weep no amber, and therefore could have well dispensed with the sapient advice given him by J. M. Gessner, to inform himself better from Pliny, *lib. xxxvii. cap. 3.* The question in this humorous address to his audience is not whence amber really proceeds, and where it is actually to be found, but concerning a mythological tale. That Gessner takes Lucian's jest for earnest is not the fault of the latter. An examination however whence the fable of Phaëton derived its origin, and whether the Eridanus of that fable is not a quite different river from the Po, it is not here the place, if it was of any consequence, to enquire.

asking the sailors, how far we were from the amber-weeping poplar-trees, they laughed in my face, and desired me to express in plain terms what I meant. I therefore told them the old story: that Phaëton had the sungod for his father, and when he was grown up to be a young man, he intreated permission of his father to drive his chariot, that he might have it to relate that he had once in his life made a day: that the father granted his request, but the youth was thrown down from the chariot, and fell into this same Eridanus, on which we are sailing, and his sisters bewailing him on the banks of this very Eridanus, were turned into poplar-trees, and now weep amber for him to this day. What crack-brained driveller has imposed such silly stuff upon you? said they. We have neither seen a charioteer fall from the sky, nor are there any such poplar-trees as you speak of in our parts. Were it so, do you think we should be such fools as to row for two oboli a day, or drag vessels up the stream, when we need only gather poplar-tears, for becoming rich?

This speech of the sailors made my nose tingle a little. I held my tongue, and was ashamed to think that I had been so simple as, like a schoolboy, to take the words of the poets, who seldom produce anything rational, for such improbable lies. I was severely mortified likewise to find my great expectations so miserably deceived, and all the projects I had intended to put in practice with my amber at once prove abortive; in my mind it was as if I had got it already in my hands, and had then let it slip through my fingers.

I was however cheered by the certain expectation of being compensated for that disappointment by the singing of the swans which frequent in great numbers the banks of that river. Accordingly I again enquired of the sailors (for we continued rowing up the stream) when the swans would come, and plant themselves in two choirs on both sides of the stream, in order to delight us with their famous singing? For we are told, they were formerly men, great virtuosos in music, and in the train of Apollo, ere they were changed into birds; therefore they continue singing as before, because even as birds they could not forget their art*.

* "The swan (says honest Pausanias) has the reputation of being a musical bird, because a certain king in Liguria (a gallic territory beyond the Po) named Cynus, was a great musician, and after his death was metamorphosed by Apollo into a swan." Lucian, we may perceive, has embellished this tradition either by choice or from a slip of the memory.

Here the laughter broke out afresh. But, good friend, said they, will then the lies you repeat about our country and our river never have an end? We pass our whole lives, from little boys, on the Eridanus, and it very rarely happens, but we do now and then see some few swans in the marshy grounds bordering on the river; but their screams are so horribly unmusical, that the jackdaws and crows are sirens compared to them. Sing, as you say, we have never heard them, even in a dream. It is really surprising where you could pick up such lies about our country.

People may indeed easily be led into such notions, if they trust to those who exaggerate all they hear or speak of. I am therefore not entirely without my apprehensions lest public report may have played me such a trick with you. You are come hither to hear me for the first time, expecting too perhaps to hear swans singing; and if you find yourselves disappointed, you will at my cost not a little deride those who promised you I know not what rarities in my dissertations. For that I have suggested anything myself to raise such high expectations, that nobody has ever heard of me, and nobody in all my life will ever hear. In the world there are not wanting Eridanuses, from whose mouths not only amber but pure gold flows, and to whom all the swans of the poets must yield in melody of voice. In me you behold nothing more than a quite simple and extremely prosaic man, and as unpoetical will you find my eloquence. Take good heed then, lest it be with you as with those who judge of the magnitude of an object which they see in the water, by the appearance it receives from the refraction of the rays, and are afterwards angry if the fish which they have hooked up is much smaller than it appeared to them when under water*. The reputation of an author is frequently, in like manner, a deceptive medium. I intended therefore to give you fair warning not to expect of me anything great; or take the blame to yourselves, if you find yourselves deceived †.

* The ἀνῆλται of the original has led me to this free translation, because this passage would otherwise have surprised the reader; and it is highly probable that Lucian had something of this sort in his mind.

† Lucian in the text continues the foregoing metaphor; but as the modern reader would gain nothing by it, I have, in kindness to him, preferred simply to adhere to his meaning.

BACCHUS.

WHEN Bacchus, with his strange army, invaded India (if you will allow me for once to tell you a bacchanalian story) the natives at the first formed such a contemptuous idea of him, that they turned both himself and his enterprise into ridicule, or rather pitied him for his presumption, whom they, if he in good earnest meant to attack them, saw by anticipation already with his whole troop trod under foot by their elephants. In truth, according to the intelligence they received from their spies, they could entertain no great opinion of a conqueror, who was marching against them with so ridiculous an army. The flower of his troops, it is said, consisted of a few regiments of half-naked mad-women, and these women had, instead of armour and weapons, ivy-wreaths about their brows, aprons of doe-skin round their waist, short spears twined with ivy, unarmed with iron, in their hands, and light round shields on their arms, which on being struck, gave a dull sound — for they held, as you see, the thyrsus of the Mænades for javelins, and their tabrets for a sort of shield. They had likewise with them, they say, a parcel of stark naked rustics, with tails to their backs, and budding horns, as they sprout from kids, on their foreheads, making the most ludicrous caperings and gesticulations*.

BACCHUS. This prologue would gain considerably, if we could ascertain the place, the time, and other circumstances, where, when, and under which it was delivered. To me it appears probable that it was pronounced in some city where Lucian had formerly obtained applause; the enigmatical part of it at least may be tolerably well explained upon this supposition.

* In the text: danced the *cordax*. See the note upon the Icaromenippus, p. 138. We gather from Aristophanes that at Athens many festivals were devoted to Bacchus. The two principal were celebrated, one in the spring, in the city, at the time when the citizens received their rents; and the other in winter, in the fields, and was denominated *the feast of the wine-press*. At this last no strangers were admitted. These two festivals were accompanied with public games, shows, combats, music, dances, &c. In the month of Pyanepsion [October], or,

The general of this spruce band had so little beard, that not the slightest trace of down was discoverable on his cheeks; but to make amends for it he had ram's horns, a circlet of vine leaves and grapes round his temples, and the hair plaited in tresses like a woman's coiffure, wore a loose purple robe and gilt buskins, and rode in a car drawn by leopards. Under him were two other commanders: one a short thick old shrivelled fellow, with a pendulous paunch, a flat apish nose, and long pointed ears, wore a yellow womanish gown, supported himself when walking on a staff, but when

according to others, Anthesterion [November], another festival was celebrated in honour of Bacchus, called *Choës*, or the *Goblets*. The antients did not drink as we do, by lifting the cup, or goblet up to the lips, but by pouring the liquor from on high into the open mouth, so that it required address to empty a goblet with promptitude and precision. — The ceremonies of the sacrifices of Bacchus are thus represented in the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes; First enters a girl, carrying a basket filled with the first-fruits; and after her walks a male slave, bearing the *ithyphallos*. The basket is then set on the ground, and the first-fruits are taken out in order to make the offering: this is done by pouring some pease-soup on a cake which is presented respectfully to the son of Semele. The damsel and the slave are followed by an old man, who chants a hymn in honour of the *ithyphallos*. The obscenities in general introduced into these celebrations (as in the *Assembly of women*, *Lysistratus*, and other pieces of Aristophanes, wherein the vine-dresser Trygæus exposes the naked theory, &c. and shews it to the audience in that condition) depended on the religious ceremonial of the antients: the spectacles themselves forming a part of their divine worship. Hence doubtless arose the custom of actors appearing on the stage armed with the same figure made of leather, painted flesh colour, as that which was carried at the end of a pole in the celebration of the Mysteries. Aristophanes, who was not overburdened with religion, pours contempt on that impudent and ridiculous custom, although he was not able to effect its abolition. The ludicrous mysteries of Bacchus, Priapus, and Venus, are well known; those mysteries however that were celebrated with the greatest gravity, are not exempt from the charge of immodest representation. And although we are unable to come at the contents of that impenetrable secret which was confided to women only, under such horrid imprecations, and observed so inviolably by them; yet from the exterior appendages, it is reasonable to presume that the interior essence of those formidable mysteries consisted in seeing and hearing things not the best calculated to inspire the virtue of continence. The dances, which with the antients formed a material part of their public spectacles, were not less immodest than the comedies themselves. Aristophanes more than once condemns the lascivious postures practised in the licentious dances called *cordaces*, and introduces a drunken Scythian running hither and thither after his prisoner, and other ingenious novelties, by way of affording variety to the spectators, and to resist the torrent of custom as far as he was able. It must be observed however, that the dance was also an act of religion, as we find the choir sometimes stopping, while a part of the band advances before the rest, to chant the praises of the gods, after which the dance is renewed.

riding, as he could not long together keep on his legs, mounted generally on an ass ; the other a most grotesque figure, his lower half resembling a goat, with shaggy-haired thighs, a long goat's beard, just the same horns, and of a very warm temperament. In one hand he held a pipe of reeds, in the other a crooked stick : and so he hopped and frisked and skipped about in great leaps among the whole troop, and frightened the women, who at the sight of him ran up and down with dishevelled hair, crying *Evoë, Evoë*, which I suppose was the name of their commander in chief. Moreover these frantic wenches had committed great ravages among the flocks ; they without ceremony tore a live sheep to pieces, and devoured the flesh I believe quite raw.

How could the Indians and their king do anything but laugh at such intelligence ? They naturally thought it not worth while to march a regular army against such a rabble ; should they come up, said they, our women will soon despatch them : for that they should go in person to deliver battle to such mad trulls, with a general in a woman's cap at their head, and encounter the little drunken old mongrel, and the middle being between man and goat, and his naked dancers, was quite out of the question : even victory itself over such a ridiculous adversary would be disgraceful. But hearing afterwards what devastation the god had already committed in the country ; how he had laid whole cities in ashes with all their inhabitants, had set on fire one forest after another, and that in a short time, if he was suffered to proceed, all India would be in flames : they now saw that the affair was of a more serious nature than they had imagined. All immediately ran to arms, the elephants were caparazoned ; and were drawn up with castles upon their backs against the enemy ; whom they indeed still despised, yet fired with indignation at the mischiefs they had wrought, could not run fast enough to charge the beardless general with his frantic troops.

The two armies stood facing each other. The Indians formed themselves in close ranks behind the elephants, which were led on in the van. Bacchus was likewise busied in ranging his troops in battle array : he himself commanded in the centre, Silenus brought up the right wing, Pan the left ; the satyrs were posted as officers : *Evoë* was the word. Now the tabrets were beat, the cymbals sounded, one of the satyrs performed the office of trumpeter, blowing with full cheeks his horn, and

even the ass of Silenus brayed as martially as he could, to bear his part in scaring the foe. The Mænades in the mean time, girt with snakes which bared the iron points of their thyrsus from under the ivy, and with tremendous yells, rushed among the enemy. The poor Indians had not the courage to endure the shock; they and their elephants fell immediately into disorder, faced about, and sought their safety in a disgraceful flight; in short, they were vanquished and taken prisoners by the very adversaries, whom they had before derided: and thus from their own experience learnt, that uncommon warriors should not be scorned upon hearsay.

Now you will ask me, what this tale of Bacchus has to do with the present occasion. I conjure however you by the Graces not to believe that I am seized with corybantic rage, or even completely drunk, if I compare myself in this single point with the gods! I made you that recital, because, methinks, it is with many honest people, in regard of new compositions, and in particular with mine, precisely as those Indians, with Bacchus and his frolicsome band. They have heard talk of my writings, as satirical, highly comical, and inviting, and heaven knows what strange and extravagant ideas, in this belief they have made of me. Some keep entirely aloof, and hold it beneath their dignity to dismount from their elephants, to bestow their attention upon fantastical caperings, and satirical witticisms*: while others come exactly because they like to hear such things, and if they once find it entirely different from what they expected, they know not what to think of the matter, and will not venture to come again. However, I can confidently assure them, if they continue to frequent our (newly opened) mysteries, as heretofore, recollecting the delightful hours which in former times we have passed together at many a merry feast, they will not despise our satyrs and silenuses, but quaff in long draughts from our goblets; they may firmly rely upon it, that they will experience the inspiration of the joy-giving god, and unite their voices with ours in many a shout of *Evoë* †.

* Honest Lucian, thy grecian hearers had therefore, as to this point, (on which I so frequently hear unjust complaints) little or nothing superior to ours? Probably they were not Athenians, to whom you made this little speech? But was is not just the same with Horace and his Romans?

† The antient geographers know nothing of the Maclayian Indians, and Lucian seems to

In this let the company act as they please: everyone has the right to dispose of his ears. But since we are now got into India, I must relate one little story more of that wonderful country, especially as it will be here not out of place, and may serve as a proper supplement to the expedition of Bacchus.

There goes a report there, that the Macleyans, a pastoral tribe, roaming about the territory, to the left of the river Indus, as far as the ocean, have an ancient grove, in a small inclosed district, thick shaded with ivy and vines, and in this grove three fountains of pure water as clear as crystal, of which the first is sacred to the satyrs, the second to Pan, and the third to Silenus. Only on one particular day in the year it is lawful for the Indians to enter this grove, for the purpose of sacrificing to the deities to whom it is consecrated, and to drink of these sources; but not of whichever they will. Every age has its own: the youths drink from the fount of the satyrs*, the men from the fount of Pan, and from that of Silenus those of my age.

What effects the satyrs'-fount has on the youths, and how spirited the men are, when they have Pan in their belly, it would be too prolix here to relate: but a brief account of how matters stand with the old men when they have drunk of this wonderful water, will not lead us far out of our way. When an old man has drunk, and is possessed by Silenus, he is at once speechless, and remains in that state a good while, resembling a man whose head is muddled with copious potations of wine: but suddenly his tongue is loosed, his breast becomes enlarged, his voice sonorous and impressive; and mute as he was before, he now becomes loquacious; all attempts to stop his mouth by force are fruitless, nothing can prevent him from bursting out in a torrent of words, and stringing speeches together without end: yet it must be confessed, that they say only intelligent and clever things. In short, the finest sentences in the world fall from their lips, as from that orator in Homer:

Soft as the fleeces of thick falling snow †.

have obtained his account of them and their three miraculous fountains from the same quarter whence he derived his True History: at least the three fountains bear the appearance of a very old eastern tale.

* Lucian therefore when he wrote this was sixty years old at least.

† Iliad, iii. 222. This account of the effect produced upon the old men by the fountain

and it would be too little to put them in comparison respecting their age, with the swans *, but, like the indefatigable grasshopper †, they are heard in one continued strain, till the evening is far advanced. But when the intoxication is over, they are again silent, and the same men that they were before. The most curious part of it however I had like to have forgot: when one of these old men, by the coming on of the night ‡ is hindered from bringing his speech to a conclusion, and is forced suddenly to break off, he continues it the following year, when he has again drunk of the well, exactly at the point where the inspiration left him. But it is time for me to have done, like another Momus, cracking jokes upon myself; for Jupiter certifies me that I shall have some trouble with the moral of my fable. You see perhaps how far it is applicable to myself. Should you therefore find that I have been raving, impute it to the intoxication: if, on the contrary you think there is some sense in what has been said, it is a sure sign that Silenus has been propitious to us!

of Silenus, is in imitation of that beautiful description given by Homer of the eloquence of Ulysses, in comparison with that of Menelaus, which I shall here insert in Mr. Pope's translation:

But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
 The copious accents fall, with easy art;
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
 Wondering we hear; and, fixt in deep surprise,
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

* For according to the vulgar report, the swans do not always sing (like those of the Po), but only just before their death.

† The Greeks must have had a peculiar sense for the music of their grasshoppers, at least they employ them on every occasion as the metaphor of an agreeable melody; Homer even compares two excellent trojan orators, Antenor and Ucalegon, to grasshoppers. Who can be unacquainted with Anacreon's sweet little ode, where he says;

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious thou than he.
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.

Would not one think that he was speaking of the nightingale? Trivial as the subject may be, it is one of the most extraordinary properties of the Greeks.

‡ The effect of these miraculous fountains was annually limited to one single day, and therefore lasted no longer than to the going down of the sun.

THE
DIPSADES.

THE greater part of southern Libya* is one prodigious desert of arid sand, unfit to produce anything for the support of life; without mountains, without trees, without grass, without water: or if here and there some rain-water which in that climate rarely falls, is collected in pits, it is muddy, stinking, and not drinkable by men, though ever so thirsty. A very natural consequence of all this is, that no inhabitants are met with in that region: for who could think of dwelling in such an ungrateful, parched, and barren country, where the atmosphere itself is scorching hot, and instead of refreshing air one must breathe fire, and the ever burning and almost liquefied sand render all production impossible? The bordering Garamantes, a people that go almost naked, dwell in tents, and live principally on the chace, are the only human beings, who during the rains of winter, when the violent heat is somewhat abated, the sand moistened, and the ground therefore in some degree passable, for the sake of hunting, venture upon these deserts. The animals they go in chace of, are wild asses, ostriches, principally apes, and sometimes likewise elephants: for these are the only animals which can endure long thirst, and sustain the inconveniences of a continually raging heat.

* The Greeks knew of Africa, which they uniformly named Libya, only the smallest part namely, that wherein Nubia, Abyssinia, Ægypt, Billidulgerid, and those countries which we comprise under the appellation of Barbary, are contained; and even of them the greater part but imperfectly. The causes of this defective knowledge, lie in the nature of the case; and were therefore permanent. Everything however that Lucian here says of the libyan sandy deserts, and of the bordering Garamantes accurately agrees with the desert Zaara and the inhabitants of Billidulgerid, with whom the chace of ostriches and apes to this day forms the principal branch of livelihood.

But even the Garamantes run back as fast as they can, when they have consumed the provisions they had brought along with them; fearing lest the sand, soon again becoming hot, might obstruct their retreat or perhaps even render it altogether impracticable, and they see themselves together with their captures caught as it were in a hunting-net, and perish without recovery. For the sunbeams which in a very little time suck up all moisture again, and render the ground as dry as it was before the rain, receive by these vapours, which are in a manner their food, fresh vigour, and such a piercing sharpness that all deliverance would be impossible.

And yet, all that I have hitherto mentioned, the heat, the thirst, the emptiness of inhabitants, and the impossibility of drawing the least nutriment from the soil, all this will appear to you a small evil in comparison of that whereof I am now to speak, and on account of which that region should be absolutely avoided: I mean the serpents which abound in immense numbers in these deserts, and mostly of prodigious magnitude, of the most monstrous and hideous shapes, and armed with a venom, that bids defiance to every antidote. Some of these reptiles bury their nests in the sand: others, as toads*, vipers, asps, horned serpents, buprestes †, dart-serpents ‡, amphisbænæ §, dragons ||, and scorpions, crawl on the surface. Of scorpions there are two sorts: one, that keeps upon the earth, are very large, and composed of a multiplicity of circular

* Of which Africa produces some of enormous size.

† A venomous sort of chafer *ex cantharidum genere*, which have this name, because the cattle, if they swallow an insect of this kind in their provender, immediately swell, and unless they can be speedily relieved by medicine, the swelling increases till they burst.

‡ Acontias, so denominated because they strike upon their prey like a javelin or dart.

§ The amphisbænæ of the antients was a serpent having two heads, one at each end, and consequently a very formidable reptile. Our modern naturalists know as little about two headed serpents as they do of two headed eagles, but indeed of one, which at the end of the tail is as thick as at the head, and without doubt has given existence to that fabulous one, and accordingly bears its name.

|| The dragon of the antients belongs notoriously to the kingdom of the sphinxes, centaurs, sirens, harpyes, hippogryphs, &c. The flying dragon of the moderns (Ray. Seba, Linnæus, &c.) is a species of winged lizard.

joints; the other have membraneous wings, like the locusts, crickets, and bats*, and the amazing quantities in which they swarm make it almost impossible to approach these parts of Libya.

But of all the noisome creatures that are generated in these sandy deserts, the most dangerous by far is the dipsas †, a serpent of moderate bulk, and which in shape differs little from the viper. Its bite is acute, and leaves a rank poison in the wound, instantly causing excruciating pain; it inflames in a moment the blood of the whole body, rapidly brings on putrefaction, and burns with such violence, that the poor wretch who has the misfortune to be bit by a dipsas, screams as if he lay on a glowing fire. But the most terrible and cruel effect of this venom, is that from which this reptile derives its appellation, namely, the indescribable thirst which agonizes the person bit; and, what is above all surprising, the more he drinks, the more tormenting is the thirst, and the more vehement his inclination to drink. All the water of the Nile and of the Danube would not suffice to quench the patient's thirst; instead of mitigating his pain, the raging heat is only increased by drinking; it is as if one poured oil on fire. The cause assigned by the physicians to this wonderful effect is, that the gross poison being diluted by the liquor, acts the more efficaciously, and can spread itself more easily over the whole body.

I have never personally seen a person labouring under such a calamity, and I hope to God I may never behold a human being suffering so cruelly! And I have always avoided making a journey to Libya, and in that I have done well. But I remember an inscription, which a friend of mine told me he had read upon the tomb-stone of a man who perished in this manner. He met with it in his way to Ægypt from Libya, in the

* These flying scorpions likewise are (as far as I know) unknown to the moderns.

† The dipsades are nowhere more frequent than in Africa and in Arabia deserta. They are most commonly produced in regions bordering upon the sea, and where the soil contains much salt. This terrific species of serpent is, according to Colben's description, not above three quarters of an ell in length, its bulk increases gradually from the neck, and the tail is remarkably pointed. On the body it is white, speckled with red and black spots. Their bite is mortal, not however incurable, if the proper remedy can be applied timely enough.

greater Syrtis * (which on that journey is not to be avoided †); there he saw on the shore a tomb, almost washed by the waves. The manner of his death to whom it was erected, was described on a pillar by various figures in bas-relief. A man, as the painters represent Tantalus, stands on the shore, endeavouring to draw water to allay his thirst; round his leg a dipsas has twined itself, which it seems to bite; a number of women are running up to him from all sides with pitchers of water, which they throw over the man, and not far off lay some ostrich-eggs in the sand. Below this bas-relief is placed an inscription in verse, of which I can repeat to you the four first lines :

Thus Tantalus of old could ne'er assuage
His growing thirst's insatiable rage,
And thus the Danaids try'd with stubborn will
The leaky vessel with the tide to fill.

To these four other lines succeed, relative to the ostrich-eggs, in taking up of which he received the bite : but they have cleanly escaped my memory.

The inhabitants of the desert search for these eggs with so much trouble, and at the hazard of such affliction, not merely for the sake of the food they afford, but because they form cups of the shells, as in their country, where the soil is nothing but sand, they could make none of potter's clay. If they occasionally find some of extraordinary size, they make of each two hats ‡; for these eggs are so large that the half of one is exactly big enough to cover a man's head.

Near these eggs now the dipsades lie in ambush, and whenever anyone approaches they creep out and bite the unfortunate wretch, who then, as I said, is tormented by unquenchable thirst, is ever drinking, and ever increasingly thirsty, without being able to still his craving for drink.

My design in this narrative is certainly not at all to rival the poet Ni-

* This was the appellation given by the antients to the sand banks and shoals which render the bay between Tripoli and Barcan (now called golfo di Sidra) so dangerous, and whence this gulf derived its name *Sinus Syrticus*.

† Because the antients did not dare to venture out into the open sea; and therefore in adverse predicaments were obliged to steer between the coast and the Syrtes.

‡ The pileus of the antients was, as everybody knows, without brim, and looked very like the half of an ostrich-egg.

cander *, or to inform you that I have given myself some trouble to make myself acquainted with the nature of these libyan reptiles ; for that knowledge would be only serviceable to the physicians, to whom such studies are indispensably necessary ; because it is proper to their art to find out a remedy for these disorders. I perceive however a great similarity between my request to you, and the insatiable thirst of those who are bit by the dipsas. You will pardon me, I hope, for taking my metaphor from the animal kingdom. Certain it is, that I could find no one more suitable. The oftener I see you, the more desirous I am to see you again ; my thirst (for your approbation) is progressively more inflamed the more it is gratified, insomuch that it seems impossible for me ever to be satiated with this beverage. Indeed this process is quite natural. For, where could I find a clearer and purer fountain ? Forgive me therefore, if, wounded by this no less innoxious than agreeable bite, I place myself close to the spring head, and endeavour to assuage my thirst by copious draughts. May but the applause, which flows to me from you, never fail, and your desire to hear me be as inexhaustible as mine to please you. I for my part, if it only depends on my thirst, shall everlastingly drink ; for, as the wise Plato long ago said : of the beautiful we are never satiated.

* Nicander, of Colophon in Ionia, possessed two talents, which have frequently been seen united in one person ; he was both physician and poet. We have still extant two didactic poems of his, under the titles of *Theriaca* and *Alexipharmaca*. In the former of these, wherein he treats of venomous creatures, and the remedies against their poison, is the passage relating to the dipsades to which Lucian here alludes.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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