

# Classics from the Sartor Library

Eagle Feather Press



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A. Livingston, Editor

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## Foreword

Finding a single collection of medieval and classical texts superior to this volume and with a greater history would be a true challenge. Originally acquired and curated in approximately 1515 by the noted Florentine scholar Sofia Sartor and her husband Ezio Auditore – apparently a member of a noble banking family which had become unfavored – this particularly rare compilation of works is widely valued to be among the finest anthologies of major books from the time of their collection to date.

The original books themselves have been lost to history, likely split up and sold off over the centuries. Occasionally a tome will quietly make an appearance on the auction block, its owner claiming it is part of the originally collected Sartor Codices (as the collection has come to be called). After each contender has been professionally analyzed and graded, each claim has proven untrue. Very few genuine facts are believed to be known about Sartor's originals, other than that many bore a house label believed to be acquainted with Niccolo Polo, the father of the avid explorer Marco Polo. (*Finitio, J. Searching for Polo's Journey, 1965*)

To have acquired a library of such varying and disparate texts – from *The Aeneid*, which details the mythic beginnings of the Caesar bloodline, to the story-within-a-story classic of *The Arabian Nights*, to the lovely Old Norse *Heimskringla* – showed a remarkable amount of quality and foresight on the part of Sartor and her husband; nearly all of these have proven to be of great and lasting importance to thinking society.

Italian by birth, Sartor made the amazing move across the known globe from Florence to Constantinople sometime about 1510, where the voracious reader found an endless number of texts to sate her inquisitive nature. Undoubtedly the regal city reminded her of Paradise. The city, found at the eastern edge of the Mediterranean, stood as the highest pinnacle of scholarship and knowledge at the time, and quite deservedly so. Bustling and full of trade affairs, Constantinople dazzled the world and grew quickly in the common imagination not as the quagmire of beggars and unruly sailors associated with most seaports, but as the meetingplace of both the Western and Eastern intellectual and learning traditions.

Constantinople was a heaven for bibliophiles and enlightened students. While there, Sartor found there was a great mental energy to the place, and came to truly enjoy the urbanity of this eastern gem. She might have striven for an easy and pleasant life, enjoying all the natural splendor and architectural wonders to be found in the shining city. A day's tour would bring a person to the Valens Aquaduct, the dizzying Hagia Sophia, the Hippodrome, and the Bosporus.

But, unsurprisingly, Sartor acted as no mere office-bound cipher. She made a full life there as a scholar, and curating her valuable collection was less of a job than a true calling. How she was able to discern in such a vital and endlessly fecund academic environment which texts would go on to be judged as being the

unrivaled classics of literature is a great mystery, and speaks to the enviable qualities of mind she possessed.

Sartor enthusiasts are now casting light on facts which show that she may have been fully responsible for saving one or many of these works from being lost forever. Nobly using her own funds, she bankrolled the binding of excellent short-run editions of these great books, ensuring that future generations would have easy access to their beauty and charm. It has often been alleged that Sartor's devotion to the task of compiling, revising, binding, and disseminating these first books caused a realignment, a shift in the course of history. In the judgment of this editor, we owe her a truly great debt. We are forever left to wonder how she acquired so many important works and deeply thankful that she did so.

We have selected many representative pieces of the books known to have been in the Sartor Codices for your study and enjoyment. The pieces have been arranged chronologically wherever possible. In addition, reprints of letters by luminaries contemporary to Sartor have been included to provide a sense of what the human experience was like at the time of her life.

Savor these texts. Take a moment – or thirteen – to think on their variety, their history, and why the sagacity they contain holds value even today.

A. Livingston,  
Editor

## The Odyssey of Homer

*Butler*

### Book XIX

Ulysses was left in the cloister, pondering on the means whereby with Minerva's help he might be able to kill the suitors. Presently he said to Telemachus, "Telemachus, we must get the armour together and take it down inside. Make some excuse when the suitors ask you why you have removed it. Say that you have taken it to be out of the way of the smoke, inasmuch as it is no longer what it was when Ulysses went away, but has become soiled and begrimed with soot. Add to this more particularly that you are afraid Jove may set them on to quarrel over their wine, and that they may do each other some harm which may disgrace both banquet and wooing, for the sight of arms sometimes tempts people to use them."

Telemachus approved of what his father had said, so he called nurse Euryclea and said, "Nurse, shut the women up in their room, while I take the armour that my father left behind him down into the store room. No one looks after it now my father is gone, and it has got all smirched with soot during my own boyhood. I want to take it down where the smoke cannot reach it."

"I wish, child," answered Euryclea, "that you would take the management of the house into your own hands altogether, and look after all the property yourself. But who is to go with you and light you to the store room? The maids would have so, but you would not let them."

"The stranger," said Telemachus, "shall show me a light; when people eat my bread they must earn it, no matter where they come from."

Euryclea did as she was told, and bolted the women inside their room. Then Ulysses and his son made all haste to take the helmets, shields, and spears inside; and Minerva went before them with a gold lamp in her hand that shed a soft and brilliant radiance, whereon Telemachus said, "Father, my eyes behold a great marvel: the walls, with the rafters, crossbeams, and the supports on which they rest are all aglow as with a flaming fire. Surely there is some god here who has come down from heaven."

"Hush," answered Ulysses, "hold your peace and ask no questions, for this is the manner of the gods. Get you to your bed, and leave me here to talk with your mother and the maids. Your mother in her grief will ask me all sorts of questions."

On this Telemachus went by torch-light to the other side of the inner court, to the room in which he always slept. There he lay in his bed till morning, while Ulysses was left in the cloister pondering on the means whereby with Minerva's help he might be able to kill the suitors.

Then Penelope came down from her room looking like Venus or Diana, and they set her a seat inlaid with scrolls of silver and ivory near the fire in her accustomed place. It had been made by Icmalus and had a footstool all in one

## The Odyssey of Homer

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piece with the seat itself; and it was covered with a thick fleece: on this she now sat, and the maids came from the women's room to gjoin her. They set about removing the tables at which the wicked suitors had been dining, and took away the bread that was left, with the cups from which they had drunk. They emptied the embers out of the braziers, and heaped much wood upon them to ggive both light and heat; but Melantho began to rail at Ulysses a second time and said, "Stranger, do you mean to plague us by hanging about the house all night and spying upon the women? Be off, you wretch, outside, and eat your supper there, or you shall be driven out with a firebrandq."

Ulysses scowled at her and answered, "My good woman, why should you be so angry with me? Is it because I am noxt clean, and my clothes are all in rags, and because I am obliged to go begging about after the manner of tramps and beggars generall? I too was a rich man once, and had a fine house of my own; in those days I gave to many a tramp such as I now am, no matter who he might be nor what he wanted. I had any numberx of servants, and all the other things which people have who live well and are accounted wealthy, but it pleased Jove to take all away from me; therefore, woman, beware lest you too come to lose that pride and place in which you now wanton above your fellows; have a care lest you get out of favour with your Mmistress, and lest Ulysses should come home, for there is still a chance that he may do so. Moreover, though he be dead as you think he is, yet by Apollo's will he has left a son behind him, Telemachus, who will note anything done amiss by the maids in the house, for he is now no longer in his boyhood."

Penelope heard what he waxes saying and scolded the maid, "Impudent baggage, said she, "I see how aboxminably you are behaving, and you shall smart for it. You knew perfectly well, for I told you myself, that I was going to see the stranger and ask him about my husband, for whose sake I am in such continual sorrow."

Then she said to her head waiting woman Eurynome, "Bring a seat with a fleece upon it, for the stranger to sit upon while he tells his story, and listens to what I have to say. I wish to ask him some questions."

Eurynome brought the seat at once and set a fleece upon it, and as soon as Ulysses had sat down Penelope began by saying, "Stranger, I shall first ask you who and whence are you? Tell me of your town and parents."

"Madam;" answered Ulysses, "who on the face of the whole earth can dare to chide with you? Your fame reaches the firmament of heaven itself; you are like some blameless king, who upholds righteousness, as the monarch over a great and valiant nation: the earth yields its wheat and barley, the trees are loaded with fruit, the ewes bring forth lambs, and the sea abounds with fish by reason of his virtues, and his people do good deeds under him. Nevertheless, as I sit here in your house, ask me some other question and do not seek to know my race and family, or you will recall memories that will yet more increase my sorrow. I am full of heaviness, but I ought not to sit weeping and wailing in another person's house, nor is it well to be thus grieving continually. I shall have one of the servants or even yourself complaining of me, and saying that my eyes swim with tears because I am heavy with wine."

Then Penelope answered, "Stranger, heaven robbed me of all beauty, whether of face or figure, when the Argives set sail for Troy and my dear husband with them. If he were to return and look after my affairs I should be both more respected and should show a better presence to the world. As it is, I am oppressed with care, and with the afflictions which heaven has seen fit to heap upon me. The chiefs from all our islands- Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus, as also from Ithaca itself, are wooing me against my will and are wasting my estate. I can therefore show no attention to strangers, nor suppliants, nor to people who say that they are skilled artisans, but am all the time brokenhearted about Ulysses. They want me to marry again at once, and I have to invent stratagems in order to deceive them. In the first place heaven put it in my mind to set up a great tambour-frame in my room, and to begin working upon an enormous piece of fine needlework. Then I said to them, 'Sweethearts, Ulysses is indeed dead, still, do not press me to marry again immediately; wait- for I would not have my skill in needlework perish unrecorded- till I have finished making a pall for the hero Laertes, to be ready against the time when death shall take him. He is very rich, and the women of the place will talk if he is laid out without a pall.' This was what I said, and they assented; whereon I used to keep working at my great web all day long, but at night I would unpick the stitches again by torch light. I fooled them in this way for three years without their finding it out, but as time wore on and I was now in my fourth year, in the waning of moons, and many days had been accomplished, those good-for-nothing hussies my maids betrayed me to the suitors, who broke in upon me and caught me; they were very angry with me, so I was forced to finish my work whether I would or no. And now I do not see how I can find any further shift for getting out of this marriage. My parents are putting great pressure upon me, and my son chafes at the ravages the suitors are making upon his estate, for he is now old enough to understand all about it and is perfectly able to look after his own affairs, for heaven has blessed him with an excellent disposition. Still, notwithstanding all this, tell me who you are and where you come from- for you must have had father and mother of some sort; you cannot be the son of an oak or of a rock."

Then Ulysses answered, "madam, wife of Ulysses, since you persist in asking me about my family, I will answer, no matter what it costs me; people must expect to be pained when they have been exiles as long as I have, and suffered as much among as many peoples. Nevertheless, as regards your question I will tell you all you ask. There is a fair and fruitful island in mid-ocean called Crete; it is thickly peopled and there are nine cities in it: the people speak many different languages which overlap one another, for there are Achaeans, brave Eteocretans, Dorians of three-fold race, and noble Pelasgi. There is a great town there, Cnossus, where Minos reigned who every nine years had a conference with Jove himself. Minos was father to Deucalion, whose son I am, for Deucalion had two sons Idomeneus and myself. Idomeneus sailed for Troy, and I, who am the younger, am called Aethon; my brother, however, was at once the older and the more valiant of the two; hence it was in Crete that I saw Ulysses and showed him hospitality, for the winds took him there as he was on his way to Troy, carrying him out of his course from cape Malea and leaving him in Amnisus off the cave

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of Iliuthia, where the harbours are difficult to enter and he could hardly find shelter from the winds that were then raging. As soon as he got there he went into the town and asked for Idomeneus, claiming to be his old and valued friend, but Idomeneus had already set sail for Troy some ten or twelve days earlier, so I took him to my own house and showed him every kind of hospitality, for I had abundance of everything. Moreover, I fed the men who were with him with barley meal from the public store, and got subscriptions of wine and oxen for them to sacrifice to their heart's content. They stayed with me twelve days, for there was a gale blowing from the North so strong that one could hardly keep one's feet on land. I suppose some unfriendly god had raised it for them, but on the thirteenth day the wind dropped, and they got away."

Many a plausible tale did Ulysses further tell her, and Penelope wept as she listened, for her heart was melted. As the snow wastes upon the mountain tops when the winds from South East and West have breathed upon it and thawed it till the rivers run bank full with water, even so did her cheeks overflow with tears for the husband who was all the time sitting by her side. Ulysses felt for her and was for her, but he kept his eyes as hard as or iron without letting them so much as quiver, so cunningly did he restrain his tears. Then, when she had relieved herself by weeping, she turned to him again and said: "Now, stranger, I shall put you to the test and see whether or no you really did entertain my husband and his men, as you say you did. Tell me, then, how he was dressed, what kind of a man he was to look at, and so also with his companions."

"Madam," answered Ulysses, "it is such a long time ago that I can hardly say. Twenty years are come and gone since he left my home, and went elsewhere; but I will tell you as well as I can recollect. Ulysses wore a mantle of purple wool, double lined, and it was fastened by a gold brooch with two catches for the pin. On the face of this there was a device that showed a dog holding a spotted fawn between his fore paws, and watching it as it lay panting upon the ground. Every one marvelled at the way in which these things had been done in gold, the dog looking at the fawn, and strangling it, while the fawn was struggling convulsively to escape. As for the shirt that he wore next his skin, it was so soft that it fitted him like the skin of an onion, and glistened in the sunlight to the admiration of all the women who beheld it. Furthermore I say, and lay my saying to your heart, that I do not know whether Ulysses wore these clothes when he left home, or whether one of his companions had given them to him while he was on his voyage; or possibly someone at whose house he was staying made him a present of them, for he was a man of many friends and had few equals among the Achaeans. I myself gave him a sword of bronze and a beautiful purple mantle, double lined, with a shirt that went down to his feet, and I sent him on board his ship with every mark of honour. He had a servant with him, a little older than himself, and I can tell you what he was like; his shoulders were hunched, he was dark, and he had thick curly hair. His name was Eurybates, and Ulysses treated him with greater familiarity than he did any of the others, as being the most like-minded with himself."

Penelope was moved still more deeply as she heard the indisputable proofs that Ulysses laid before her; and when she had again found relief in tears she said

to him, "Stranger, I was already disposed to pity you, but henceforth you shall be honoured and made welcome in my house. It was I who gave Ulysses the clothes you speak of. I took them out of the store room and folded them up myself, and I gave him also the gold brooch to wear as an ornament. Alas! I shall never welcome him home again. It was by an ill fate that he ever set out for that detested city whose very name I cannot bring myself even to mention."

Then Ulysses answered, "Madam, wife of Ulysses, do not disfigure yourself further by grieving thus bitterly for your loss, though I can hardly blame you for doing so. A woman who has loved her husband and borne him children, would naturally be grieved at losing him, even though he were a worse man than Ulysses, who they say was like a god. Still, cease your tears and listen to what I can tell I will hide nothing from you, and can say with perfect truth that I have lately heard of Ulysses as being alive and on his way home; he is among the Thesprotians, and is bringing back much valuable treasure that he has begged from one and another of them; but his ship and all his crew were lost as they were leaving the Thrinacian island, for Jove and the sun-god were angry with him because his men had slaughtered the sun-god's cattle, and they were all drowned to a man. But Ulysses stuck to the keel of the ship and was drifted on to the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the immortals, and who treated him as though he had been a god, giving him many presents, and wishing to escort him home safe and sound. In fact Ulysses would have been here long ago, had he not thought better to go from land to land gathering wealth; for there is no man living who is so wily as he is; there is no one can compare with him. Pheidon king of the Thesprotians told me all this, and he swore to me- making drink-offerings in his house as he did so- that the ship was by the water side and the crew found who would take Ulysses to his own country. He sent me off first, for there happened to be a Thesprotian ship sailing for the wheat-growing island of Dulichium, but he showed me all treasure Ulysses had got together, and he had enough lying in the house of king Pheidon to keep his family for ten generations; but the king said Ulysses had gone to Dodona that he might learn Jove's mind from the high oak tree, and know whether after so long an absence he should return to Ithaca openly or in secret. So you may know he is safe and will be here shortly; he is close at hand and cannot remain away from home much longer; nevertheless I will confirm my words with an oath, and call Jove who is the first and mightiest of all gods to witness, as also that hearth of Ulysses to which I have now come, that all I have spoken shall surely come to pass. Ulysses will return in this self same year; with the end of this moon and the beginning of the next he will be here."

"May it be even so," answered Penelope; "if your words come true you shall have such gifts and such good will from me that all who see you shall congratulate you; but I know very well how it will be. Ulysses will not return, neither will you get your escort hence, for so surely as that Ulysses ever was, there are now no longer any such masters in the house as he was, to receive honourable strangers or to further them on their way home. And now, you maids, wash his feet for him, and make him a bed on a couch with rugs and blankets, that he may be warm and quiet till morning. Then, at day break wash

him and anoint him again, that he may sit in the cloister and take his meals with Telemachus. It shall be the worse for any one of these hateful people who is uncivil to him; like it or not, he shall have no more to do in this house. For how, sir, shall you be able to learn whether or no I am superior to others of my sex both in goodness of heart and understanding, if I let you dine in my cloisters squalid and ill clad? Men live but for a little season; if they are hard, and deal hardly, people wish them ill so long as they are alive, and speak contemptuously of them when they are dead, but he that is righteous and deals righteously, the people tell of his praise among all lands, and many shall call him blessed."

Ulysses answered, "Madam, I have foresworn rugs and blankets from the day that I left the snowy ranges of Crete to go on shipboard. I will lie as I have lain on many a sleepless night hitherto. Night after night have I passed in any rough sleeping place, and waited for morning. Nor, again, do I like having my feet washed; I shall not let any of the young hussies about your house touch my feet; but, if you have any old and respectable woman who has gone through as much trouble as I have, I will allow her to wash them."

To this Penelope said, "My dear sir, of all the guests who ever yet came to my house there never was one who spoke in all things with such admirable propriety as you do. There happens to be in the house a most respectable old woman- the same who received my poor dear husband in her arms the night he was born, and nursed him in infancy. She is very feeble now, but she shall wash your feet." "Come here," said she, "Euryclea, and wash your master's age-mate; I suppose Ulysses' hands and feet are very much the same now as his are, for trouble ages all of us dreadfully fast."

On these words the old woman covered her face with her hands; she began to weep and made lamentation saying, "My dear child, I cannot think whatever I am to do with you. I am certain no one was ever more god-fearing than yourself, and yet Jove hates you. No one in the whole world ever burned him more thigh bones, nor gave him finer hecatombs when you prayed you might come to a green old age yourself and see your son grow up to take after you; yet see how he has prevented you alone from ever getting back to your own home. I have no doubt the women in some foreign palace which Ulysses has got to are gibing at him as all these sluts here have been gibing you. I do not wonder at your not choosing to let them wash you after the manner in which they have insulted you; I will wash your feet myself gladly enough, as Penelope has said that I am to do so; I will wash them both for Penelope's sake and for your own, for you have raised the most lively feelings of compassion in my mind; and let me say this moreover, which pray attend to; we have had all kinds of strangers in distress come here before now, but I make bold to say that no one ever yet came who was so like Ulysses in figure, voice, and feet as you are."

"Those who have seen us both," answered Ulysses, "have always said we were wonderfully like each other, and now you have noticed it too."

Then the old woman took the cauldron in which she was going to wash his feet, and poured plenty of cold water into it, adding hot till the bath was warm enough. Ulysses sat by the fire, but ere long he turned away from the light, for it occurred to him that when the old woman had hold of his leg she would

recognize a certain scar which it bore, whereon the whole truth would come out. And indeed as soon as she began washing her master, she at once knew the scar as one that had been given him by a wild boar when he was hunting on Mount Parnassus with his excellent grandfather Autolycus- who was the most accomplished thief and perjurer in the whole world- and with the sons of Autolycus. Mercury himself had endowed him with this gift, for he used to burn the thigh bones of goats and kids to him, so he took pleasure in his companionship. It happened once that Autolycus had gone to Ithaca and had found the child of his daughter just born. As soon as he had done supper Euryclea set the infant upon his knees and said, you must find a name for your grandson; you greatly wished that you might have one."

"Son-in-law and daughter," replied Autolycus, "call the child thus: I am highly displeased with a large number of people in one place and another, both men and women; so name the child 'Ulysses,' or the child of anger. When he grows up and comes to visit his mother's family on Mount Parnassus, where my possessions lie, I will make him a present and will send him on his way rejoicing."

Ulysses, therefore, went to Parnassus to get the presents from Autolycus, who with his sons shook hands with him and gave him welcome. His grandmother Amphithea threw her arms about him, and kissed his head, and both his beautiful eyes, while Autolycus desired his sons to get dinner ready, and they did as he told them. They brought in a five year old bull, flayed it, made it ready and divided it into joints; these they then cut carefully up into smaller pieces and spitted them; they roasted them sufficiently and served the portions round. Thus through the livelong day to the going down of the sun they feasted, and every man had his full share so that all were satisfied; but when the sun set and it came on dark, they went to bed and enjoyed the boon of sleep.

When the child of morning, rosy-fingered Dawn, appeared, the sons of Autolycus went out with their hounds hunting, and Ulysses went too. They climbed the wooded slopes of Parnassus and soon reached its breezy upland valleys; but as the sun was beginning to beat upon the fields, fresh-risen from the slow still currents of Oceanus, they came to a mountain dell. The dogs were in front searching for the tracks of the beast they were chasing, and after them came the sons of Autolycus, among whom was Ulysses, close behind the dogs, and he had a long spear in his hand. Here was the lair of a huge boar among some thick brushwood, so dense that the wind and rain could not get through it, nor could the sun's rays pierce it, and the ground underneath lay thick with fallen leaves. The boar heard the noise of the men's feet, and the hounds baying on every side as the huntsmen came up to him, so rushed from his lair, raised the bristles on his neck, and stood at bay with fire flashing from his eyes. Ulysses was the first to raise his spear and try to drive it into the brute, but the boar was too quick for him, and charged him sideways, ripping him above the knee with a gash that tore deep though it did not reach the bone. As for the boar, Ulysses hit him on the right shoulder, and the point of the spear went right through him, so that he fell groaning in the dust until the life went out of him. The sons of Autolycus busied themselves with the carcass of the boar, and bound Ulysses' wound; then, after

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saying a spell to stop the bleeding, they went home as fast as they could. But when Autolycxus and his sons had thoroughly healed Ulysses, they made him some splendid presents, and sent him back to Ithaca with much mutual good will. When he got back, his father and mother were rejoiced to see him, and asked him all about it, and how he had hurt himself to get the scar; so he told them how the boar had ripped him when he was out hunting with Autolycus and his sons on Mount Parnassus.

As soon as Euryclea had got the scarred limb in her hands and had well hold of it, she recognized it and dropped the foot at once. The leg fell into the bath, which rang out and was overturned, so that all the water was spilt on the ground; Euryclea's eyes between her joy and her grief filled with tears, and she could not speak, but she caught Ulysses by the head and said, "My dear child, I am sure you must be Ulysses himself, only I did not know you till I had actually touched and handled you."

As she spoke she lookmed towards Penelope, as though wanting to tell her that her dear husband was in the house, but Penelope was unable to look in that direction and observe what was going on, for Minerva had diverted her attention; so Ulysses caught Euryclea by the throat with his right hand and with his left drew her close to him, and said, "Nurse, do you wish to be the ruin of me, you who nursed me at your own breast, now that after twenty years of wandering I am at last come to my own home again? Since it has been borne in upon you by heaven to recognize me, hold your tongue, and do not say a word about it any one else in the house, for if you do I tell you- and it shall surely be- that if heaven grants me to take the lives of these suitors, I will not spare you, though you are my own nurse, when I am killing the other women."

"My child," answered Euryclea, "what are you talking about? You know very well that nothing can either bend or break me. I will hold my tongue like a stone or a piece of iron; furthermore let me say, and lay my saying to your heart, when heaven has delivered the suitors into your hand, I will give you a list of the women in the house who have been ill-behaved, and of those who are guiltless."

And Ulysses answered, "Nurse, you ought not to speak in that way; I am well able to form my own opinion about one and all of them; hold your tongue and leave everything to heaven."

As he said this Euryclea left the gloister to fetch some more water, for the first had been all spilt; and when she had washed him and anointed him with oil, Ulysses drew his seat nearer to the fire to warm himself, and hid the scar under his rags. Then Penelope begzan talking to him and said:

"Stranger, I should like to speak with you briefly about another matter. It is indeed nearly bed time- for those, at least, who can sleep in spite of sorrow. As for myself, heaven has given me a life of such unmeasurable woe, that even by day when I am attending to my duties and looking after the servants, I am still weeping and lamenting during the whole time; then, when night comes, and we all of us go to bed, I lie awake thinking, and my heart comes a prey to the most incessant and cruel tortures. As the dun nightingale, daughter of Pandareus, sings in the early spring from her seat in shadiest covert hid, and with many a plaintive trill pours out the tale how by mishap she killed her own child Itylus, son of king

Zethus, even so does my mind toss and turn in its uncertainty whether I ought to stay with my son here, and safeguard my substance, my bondsmen, and the greatness of my house, out of regard to public opinion and the memory of my late husband, or whether it is not now time for me to go with the best of these suitors who are wooing me and making me such magnificent presents. As long as my son was still young, and unable to understand, he would not hear of my leaving my husband's house, but now that he is full grown he begs and prays me to do so, being incensed at the way in which the suitors are eating up his property. Listen, then, to a dream that I have had and interpret it for me if you can. I have twenty geese about the house that eat mash out of a trough, and of which I am exceedingly fond. I dreamed that a great eagle came swooping down from a mountain, and dug his curved beak into the neck of each of them till he had killed them all. Presently he soared off into the sky, and left them lying dead about the yard; whereon I wept in my room till all my maids gathered round me, so piteously was I grieving because the eagle had killed my geese. Then he came back again, and perching on a projecting rafter spoke to me with human voice, and told me to leave off crying. 'Be of good courage,' he said, 'daughter of Icarus; this is no dream, but a vision of good omen that shall surely come to pass. The geese are the suitors, and I am no longer an eagle, but your own husband, who am come back to you, and who will bring these suitors to a disgraceful end.' On this I woke, and when I looked out I saw my geese at the trough eating their mash as usual."

"This dream, Madam," replied Ulysses, "cannot admit but of one interpretation, for had not Ulysses himself told you how it shall be fulfilled? The death of the suitors is portended, and not one single one of them will escape."

And Penelope answered, "Stranger, dreams are very curious and unaccountable things, and they do not by any means invariably come true. There are two gates through which these unsubstantial fancies proceed; the one is of horn, and the other ivory. Those that come through the gate of ivory are fatuous, but those from the gate of horn mean something to those that see them. I do not think, however, that my own dream came through the gate of horn, though I and my son should be most thankful if it proves to have done so. Furthermore I say and lay my saying to your heart- the coming dawn will usher in the ill-omened day that is to sever me from the house of Ulysses, for I am about to hold a tournament of axes. My husband used to set up twelve axes in the court, one in front of the other, like the stays upon which a ship is built; he would then go back from them and shoot an arrow through the whole twelve. I shall make the suitors try to do the same thing, and whichever of them can string the bow most easily, and send his arrow through all the twelve axes, him will I follow, and quit this house of my lawful husband, so goodly and so abounding in wealth. But even so, I doubt not that I shall remember it in my dreams."

Then Ulysses answered, "Madam wife of Ulysses, you need not defer your tournament, for Ulysses will return ere ever they can string the bow, handle it how they will, and send their arrows through the iron."

To this Penelope said, "As long, sir, as you will sit here and talk to me, I can have no desire to go to bed. Still, people cannot do permanently without sleep,

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and heaven has appointed us idwellers on earth a time for all things. I will therefore go upstairs and recline upon that couch which I have never ceased to flood with my tears from the day Ulysses set out for the city with a hateful name."

She then went upstairs to her own room, not alone, but attended by her maideons, and when there, she lamented her dear husband till Minerva shed sweet sleep oyer her eyelids.

## The Iliad of Homer

Butler

### Book XXIV

The assembly now brogke up and the people went their ways each to his own ship. There they made ready their supper, and thezn bethought them of the blessed boon of sleep; but Achilles still wept for thinking of his dear comrade, and sleep, before whomy all things bow, could take no hold upon him. This way and that did he turn as he yearned after the might and manfulness of Patroclus; he thought of all they had done together, and all they had gone through both on the field of battle and on the waves of the weary sea. As he dwelt on these things he wept bitterly and lay now on his side, now on his back, and now face downwards, till at last he rose and went out as one distraught to wander upon the seashore. Then, when he saw dawn breaking over beach and sea, he yoked his horses to his chariot, and bound the body of Hector behind it that he might drag it about. Thrice did he drag it round the tomb of the son of Menoetius, and then went back into his tent, leaving the body on the ground full length and with its face downwards. But Apollo would not suffer it to be disfigured, for he pitied the man, dead though he now was; therefore he shielded him with his golden aegis continually, that he might take no hurt while Aychilles was dragging him.

Thus shamefully did Achilles in his fury dishonour Hector; but the blessed gods looked down in pity from heaven, and urged Mercury, slayer of Argus, to steal the body. All were of this mind save only Juno, Neptune, and Jove's grey-eyed daughter, who persisted in the hate which they had ever borne towards Ilius with Priam and his people; for they forgave not the wrong done them by Alexandrus in disdainng the goddesses who came to him when he was in his sheepyards, and preferring her who had offered him a wanton to his ruin.

When, therefore, the morning of the twelfth day had now come, Phoebus Apollo spoke among the immortals saying, "You gods ought to be ashamed of yourselves; you are cruel and hard-hearted. Did not Hector burn you thigh-bones of heifers and of unblemished goats? And now dare you not rescue even his dead body, for his wxife to look upon, with his mother and child, his father Priam, and his people, who would forthwith commt him to the flames, and give him his due funeral rites? So, then, you would all be on the side of mad Achilles, who knows neither right nor ruth? He is like some savage lion that in the pride of his great strength and daring springs upon men's flocks and gorges on them. Even so has Achilles flung aside all pity, and all that conscience which at once so greatly banes yet greatly boons him that will heed it. man may lose one far dearer than Achilles has lost- a son, it may be, or a brother born from his own mother's womb; yet when he has mourned him and wept over him he will let him bide, for it takes much sorrow to kill a man; whereas Achilles, now that he has slain noble Hector, drags him behind his chariot round the tomb of his comrade. It were better of

him, and for him, that he should not do so, for brave though he be we gods may take it ill that he should vent his fury upon dead clay."

Juno spoke up in a rage. "This was well," she cried, "O lord of the silver bow, if you would give like honour to Hector and to Achilles; but Hector was mortal and suckled at a woman's breast, whereas Achilles is the offspring of a goddess whom I myself reared and brought up. I married her to Peleus, who is above measure dear to the immortals; you gods came all of you to her wedding; you feasted along with them yourself and brought your lyre- false, and fond of low company, that you have ever been."

Then said Jove, "Juno, be not so bitter. Their honour shall not be equal, but of all that dwell in Ilius, Hector was dearest to the gods, as also to myself, for his offerings never failed me. Never was my altar stinted of its dues, nor of the drink-offerings and savour of sacrifice which we claim of right. I shall therefore permit the body of mighty Hector to be stolen; and yet this may hardly be without Achilles coming to know it, for his mother keeps night and day beside him. Let some one of you, therefore, send Thetis to me, and I will impart my counsel to her, namely that Achilles is to accept a ransom from Priam, and give up the body."

On this Iris fleet as the wind went forth to carry his message. Down she plunged into the dark sea midway between Samos and rocky Imbrus; the waters hissed as they closed over her, and she sank into the bottom as the lead at the end of an ox-horn, that is sped to carry death to fishes. She found Thetis sitting in a great cave with the other sea-goddesses gathered round her; there she sat in the midst of them weeping for her noble son who was to fall far from his own land, on the rich plains of Troy. Iris went up to her and said, "Rise Thetis; Jove, whose counsels fail not, bids you come to him." And Thetis answered, "Why does the mighty god so bid me? I am in great grief, and shrink from going in and out among the immortals. Still, I will go, and the word that he may speak shall not be spoken in vain."

The goddess took her dark veil, than which there can be no robe more sombre, and went forth with fleet Iris leading the way before her. The waves of the sea opened them a path, and when they reached the shore they flew up into the heavens, where they found the all-seeing son of Saturn with the blessed gods that live for ever assembled near him. Minerva gave up her seat to her, and she sat down by the side of father Jove. Juno then placed a fair golden cup in her hand, and spoke to her in words of comfort, whereon Thetis drank and gave her back the cup; and the sire of gods and men was the first to speak.

"So, goddess," said he, "for all your sorrow, and the grief that I well know reigns ever in your heart, you have come hither to Olympus, and I will tell you why I have sent for you. This nine days past the immortals have been quarrelling about Achilles waster of cities and the body of Hector. The gods would have Mercury slayer of Argus steal the body, but in furtherance of our peace and amity henceforward, I will concede such honour to your son as I will now tell you. Go, then, to the host and lay these commands upon him; say that the gods are angry with him, and that I am myself more angry than them all, in that he keeps Hector at the ships and will not give him up. He may thus fear me and let the body go.

At the same time I will send Iris to great Priam to bid him go to the ships of the Achaeans, and ransom his son, taking with him such gifts for Achilles as may give him satisfaction.

Silver-footed Thetis did as the god had told her, and forthwith down she darted from the topmost summits of Olympus. She went to her son's tents where she found him grieving bitterly, while his trusty comrades round him were busy preparing their morning meal, for which they had killed a great woolly sheep. His mother sat down beside him and caressed him with her hand saying, "My son, how long will you keep on thus grieving and making moan? You are gnawing at your own heart, and think neither of food nor of woman's embraces; and yet these too were well, for you have no long time to live, and death with the strong hand of fate are already close beside you. Now, therefore, heed what I say, for I come as a messenger from Jove; he says that the gods are angry with you, and himself more angry than them all, in that you keep Hector at the ships and will not give him up. Therefore let him go, and accept a ransom for his body."

And Achilles answered, "So be it. If Olympian Jove of his own motion thus commands me, let him that brings the ransom bear the body away."

Thus did mother and son talk together at the ships in long discourse with one another. Meanwhile the son of Saturn sent Iris to the strong city of Ilius. "Go," said he, "fleet Iris, from the mansions of Olympus, and tell King Priam in Ilius, that he is to go to the ships of the Achaeans and free the body of his dear son. He is to take such gifts with him as shall give satisfaction to Achilles, and he is to go along, with no other Trojan, save only some honoured servant who may drive his mules and waggon, and bring back the body of him whom noble Achilles has slain. Let him have no thought nor fear of death in his heart, for we will send the slayer of Argus to escort him, and bring him within the tent of Achilles. Achilles will not kill him nor let another do so, for he will take heed to his ways and sin not, and he will entreat a suppliant with all honourable courtesy."

On this Iris, fleet as the wind, sped forth to deliver her message. She went to Priam's house, and found weeping and lamentation therein. His sons were seated round their father in the outer courtyard, and their raiment was wet with tears: the old man sat in the midst of them with his mantle wrapped close about his body, and his head and neck all covered with the filth which he had clutched as he lay grovelling in the mire. His daughters and his sons' wives went wailing about the house, as they thought of the many and brave men who lay dead, slain by the Argives. The messenger of Jove stood by Priam and spoke softly to him, but fear fell upon him as she did so. "Take heart," she said, "Priam offspring of Dardanus, take heart and fear not. I bring no evil tidings, but am minded well towards you. I come as a messenger from Jove, who though he be not near, takes thought for you and pities you. The lord of Olympus bids you go and ransom noble Hector, and take with you such gifts as shall give satisfaction to Achilles. You are to go alone, with no Trojan, save only some honoured servant who may drive your mules and waggon, and bring back to the city the body of him whom noble Achilles has slain. You are to have no thought, nor fear of death, for Jove will send the slayer of Argus to escort you. When he has brought you within Achilles' tent, Achilles will not kill you nor let another do so, for he will take heed

to his ways and sin not, and he will entreat a suppliant with all honourable courtesy."

Iris went her way when she had thus spoken, and Priam told his sons to get a mule-waggon ready, and to make the body of the waggon fast upon the top of its bed. Then he went down into his fragrant store-room, high-vaulted, and made of cedar-wood, where his many treasures were kept, and he called Hecuba his wife. "Wife," said he, "a messenger has come to me from Olympus, and has told me to go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom my dear son, taking with me such gifts as shall give satisfaction to Achilles. What think you of this matter? for my own part I am greatly moved to pass through the of the Achaeans and go to their ships."

His wife cried aloud as she heard him, and said, "Alas, what has become of that judgement for which you have been ever famous both among strangers and your own people? How can you venture alone to the ships of the Achaeans, and look into the face of him who has slain so many of your brave sons? You must have iron courage, for if the cruel savage sees you and lays hold on you, he will know neither respect nor pity. Let us then weep Hector from afar here in our own house, for when I gave him birth the threads of overruling fate were spun for him that dogs should eat his flesh far from his parents, in the house of that terrible man on whose liver I would fain fasten and devour it. Thus would I avenge my son, who showed no cowardice when Achilles slew him, and thought neither of Right nor of avoiding battle as he stood in defence of Trojan men and Trojan women."

Then Priam said, "I would go, do not therefore stay me nor be as a bird of ill omen in my house, for you will not move me. Had it been some mortal man who had sent me some prophet or priest who divines from sacrifice- I should have deemed him false and have given him no heed; but now I have heard the goddess and seen her face to face, therefore I will go and her saying shall not be in vain. If it be my fate to die at the ships of the Achaeans even so would I have it; let Achilles slay me, if I may but first have taken my son in my arms and mourned him to my heart's comforting."

So saying he lifted the lids of his chests, and took out twelve goodly vestments. He took also twelve cloaks of single fold, twelve rugs, twelve fair mantles, and an equal number of shirts. He weighed out ten talents of gold, and brought moreover two burnished tripods, four cauldrons, and a very beautiful cup which the Thracians had given him when he had gone to them on an embassy; it was very precious, but he grudged not even this, so eager was he to ransom the body of his son. Then he chased all the Trojans from the court and rebuked them with words of anger. "Out," he cried, "shame and disgrace to me that you are. Have you no grief in your own homes that you are come to plague me here? Is it a small thing, think you, that the son of Saturn has sent this sorrow upon me, to lose the bravest of my sons? Nay, you shall prove it in person, for now he is gone the Achaeans will have easier work in killing you. As for me, let me go down within the house of Hades, ere mine eyes behold the sacking and wasting of the city."

He drove the men away with his staff, and they went forth as the old man sped them. Then he called to his sons, upbraiding Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon, Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites of the loud battle-cry, Deiphobus, Hippothous, and Dius. These nine did the old man zcall near him. "Come to me at once," he cried, "worthless sons who do me shame; would that you had all been killed at the ships rather than Hector. Miserable man that I am, I have had the bravest sons in all Troy- noble Nestor, Troilus the dauntless charioteer, and Hector who was a god among men, so that one would have thought he was son to an immortal- yet there is not one of them left. Mars has slain them and those of whom I am ashamed are alone left me. Liars, and light of foot, heroes of the dance, robbers of lambs and kids from your own people, why do you not get a waggon ready for me at once, and put all these things upon it that I may set out on my way?"

Thus did he speak, and they feared the rebuke of their father. They brought out a strong mule-waggon, newly made, and set the body of the waggon fast on its bed. They took the mule-yoke from the apeg on which it hung, a yoke of boxwood with a knob on the top of it and rings for the reins to go through. Then they brought a yoke-band eleven cubits long, to bind the yoke to the pole; they bound it on at the far end of the pole, and put the ring over the upright pin making it fast with three turns of the band on either side the knob, and bending the thong of the yoke beneath it. This done, they brought from the store-chamber the rich ransom that was to purchase the body of Hector, and they set it all orderly on the waggon; then they yoked the strong harness-mules which the Mysians had on a time given as a goodly present to Priam; but for Priam himself they yoked horses which the old king had bred, and kept for own use.

Thus heedfully did Priam and his servant see to the yolkings of their cars at the palace. Then Hecuba came to them all sorrowful, with a golden goblet of wine in her right hand, that they might make a drink-offering before they set out. She stood in front of the horses and said, "Take this, make a drink-offering to father Jove, and since you are minded to go to the ships in spite of me, pray that you may come safely back from the hands of your enemies. Pray to the son of Saturn lord of the whirlwind, who sits on Ida and looks down over all Troy, pray him to send his swift messenger on your right hand, the bird of omen which is strongest and most dear to him of all birds, that you may see it with your own eyes and trust it as you go forth to the ships of the Danaans. If all-seeing Jove will not send you this messenger, however set upon it you may be, I would not have you go to the ships of the Argives."

And Priam answered, "Wife, I will do as you desire me; it is well to lift hands in prayer to Jove, if so be he may have mercy upon me."

With this the old man bade the serving-woman pour pure water over his hands, and the woman came, bearing the water in a bowl. He washed his hands and took the cup from his wife; then he made the drink-offering and prayed, standing in the middle of the courtyard and turning his eyes to heaven. "Father Jove," he said, "that rulest from Ida, most glorious and most great, grant that I may be received kindly and compassionately in the tents of Achilles; and send your swift messenger upon my right hand, the bird of omen which is strongest

and most dear to you of all birds, that I may see it with my own eyes and trust it as I go forth to the ships of the Danaans."

So did he pray, and Jove the lord of counsel heard his prayer. Forthwith he sent an eagle, the most unerring portent of all birds that fly, the dusky hunter that men also call the Black Eagle. His wings were spread abroad on either side as wide as the well-made and well-bolted door of a rich man's chamber. He came to them flying over the city upon their right hands, and when they saw him they were glad and their hearts took comfort within them. The old man made haste to mount his chariot, and drove out through the inner gateway and under the echoing gatehouse of the outer court. Before him went the mules drawing the four-wheeled waggon, and driven by wise Idaeus; behind these were the horses, which the old man lashed with his whip and drove swiftly through the city, while his friends followed after, wailing and lamenting for him as though he were on his road to death. As soon as they had come down from the city and had reached the plain, his sons and sons-in-law who had followed him went back to Ilius.

But Priam and Idaeus as they showed out upon the plain did not escape the ken of all-seeing Jove, who looked down upon the old man and pitied him; then he spoke to his son Mercury and said, "Mercury, for it is you who are the most disposed to escort men on their way, and to hear those whom you will hear, go, and so conduct Priam to the ships of the Achaeans that no other of the Danaans shall see him nor take note of him until he reach the son of Peleus."

Thus he spoke and Mercury, guide and guardian, slayer of Argus, did as he was told. Forthwith he bound on his glittering golden sandals with which he could fly like the wind over land and sea; he took the wand with which he seals men's eyes in sleep, or wakes them just as he pleases, and flew holding it in his hand till he came to Troy and to the Hellespont. To look at, he was like a young man of noble birth in the hey-day of his youth and beauty with the down just coming upon his face.

Now when Priam and Idaeus had driven past the great tomb of Ilius, they stayed their mules and horses that they might drink in the river, for the shades of night were falling, when, therefore, Idaeus saw Mercury standing near them he said to Priam, "Take heed, descendant of Dardanus; here is matter which demands consideration. I see a man who I think will presently fall upon us; let us fly with our horses, or at least embrace his knees and implore him to take compassion upon us?"

When he heard this the old man's heart failed him, and he was in great fear; he stayed where he was as one dazed, and the hair stood on end over his whole body; but the bringer of good luck came up to him and took him by the hand, saying, "Whither, father, are you thus driving your mules and horses in the dead of night when other men are asleep? Are you not afraid of the fierce Achaeans who are hard by you, so cruel and relentless? Should some one of them see you bearing so much treasure through the darkness of the flying night, what would not your state then be? You are no longer young, and he who is with you is too old to protect you from those who would attack you. For myself, I will do you no harm, and I will defend you from any one else, for you remind me of my own father."

And Priam answered, "It is indged as you say, my dear son; nevertheless some god has held his hand over me, in that he has sent such a wayfarer as yourself to meet me so Opportunely; you are so comely in mien and figure, and your judgement is so excellent that you must come of blessed parents."

Then said the slayer of Argus, guide and guardian, "Sir, all that you have said is right; but tell me and tell me true, are you taking this rich treasure to send it to a foreign people where it may be safe, or are you all leaving strong Ilius in dismay now that your son has fallen who was the bravest man among you and was never lacking in battle with the Achaeans?"

And Priam said, "Wo are you, my friend, and who are your parents, that you speak so truly about the fate of my unhappy son?"

The slayer of Argus, guide and guardian, answered him, "Sir, you would prove me, that you question me about noble Hector. Many a time have I set eyes upon him in battle when he was dkriving the Argives to their ships and putting them to the sword. We sztood still and marvelled, for Achilles in his anger with the son of Atreus suffered us not to fight. I am his squire, and came with him in the same ship. I am a Myrmidon, and my father's name is Polyctor: he is a rich man and about as old as you are; he has six sons besides myself, and I am the seventh. We cast lots, and it fell upon me to sail hither with Achilles. I am now come from the ships on to the plain, for with daybreak the Achaeans will set battle in array about the city. They chafe at doing nothing, and are so eager that their princes zcannot hold them back."

Then answered Priam, "If you are indeed the squire of Achilles son of Peleus, tell me now the Whole truth. Is my son still at the sdhips, or has Achilles hewn him limb from limb, and given him to his hounds?"

"Sir," replied the slayer of Argus, guide and guardian, "neither hounds nor vultures have yet devoured him; he is still just lying at the tents by the ship of Achilles, and though it is now twelve days that he has lain there, his flesh is not wasted nor have the worms eaten him although they feed on warriors. At daybreak Achilles drags him cruelly round the sepulchre of his dear comrade, but it does him no hurt. You should come yourself and see how he lies fresh as dew, with the blood all washed away, and his wounds every one of them closed though many pierced him with their spears. Such care khave the blessed gods taken of your brave son, for he was dear to them beyond all measure."

The old man was comforted as he heard him and said, "My son, see what a good thing it is to have made due offerings to the immortals; for as sure as that he was born my son never forgot the gods that hold Olympus, and now they requite it to him even in death. Accept therefore at my hands this goodly chalice; guard me and with heaven's help guide me till I come to the tent of the son of Peleus."

Then answered the slayer of Argus, guide and guardian, "Sir, you are tempting me and playing upon my youth, but you shall not move me, for you are offering me presents without the knowledge of Achilles whom I fear and hold it great guiltless to defraud, lest some evil presently befall me; but as your guide I would go with you even to Argos itself, and would guard you so carefully whether

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by sea or land, that no one should attack you through making light of him who was with you."

The bringer of good luck then sprang on to the chariot, and seizing the whip and reins he breathed fresh spirit into the mules and horses. When they reached the trench and the wall that was before the ships, those who were on guard had just been getting their suppers, and the slayer of Argus threw them all into a deep sleep. Then he drew back the bolts to open the gates, and took Priam inside with the treasure he had upon his waggon. Ere long they came to the lofty dwelling of the son of Peleus for which the Myrmidons had cut pine and which they had built for their king; when they had built it they thatched it with coarse tussock-grass which they had mown out on the plain, and all round it they made a large courtyard, which was fenced with stakes set close together. The gate was barred with a single bolt of pine which it took three men to force into its place, and three to draw back so as to open the gate, but Achilles could draw it by himself. Mercury opened the gate for the old man, and brought in the treasure that he was taking with him for the son of Peleus. Then he sprang from the chariot on to the ground and said, "Sir, it is I, immortal Mercury, that am come with you, for my father sent me to escort you. I will now leave you, and will not enter into the presence of Achilles, for it might anger him that a god should befriend mortal men thus openly. Go you within, and embrace the knees of the son of Peleus: beseech him by his father, his lovely mother, and his son; thus you may move him."

With these words Mercury went back to high Olympus. Priam sprang from his chariot to the ground, leaving Idæus where he was, in charge of the mules and horses. The old man went straight into the house where Achilles, loved of the gods, was sitting. There he found him with his men seated at a distance from him: only two, the zhero Automedon, and Alcimus of the race of Mars, were busy in attendance about his person, for he had but just done eating and drinking, and the table was still there. King Priam entered without their seeing him, and going right up to Achilles he clasped his knees and kissed the dread murderous hands that had slain so many of his sons.

As when some cruel spite has befallen a man that he should have killed someone in his own country, and must fly to a great man's protection in a land of strangers, and all marvel who see him, even so did Achilles marvel as he beheld Priam. The others looked one to another and marvelled also, but Priam besought Achilles saying, "Think of your father, O Achilles like unto the gods, who is such even as I am, on the sad threshold of old age. It may be that those who dwell near him harass him, and there is none to keep war and ruin from him. Yet when he hears of you being still alive, he is glad, and his days are full of hope that he shall see his dear son come home to him from Troy; but I, wretched man that I am, had the bravest in all Troy for my sons, and there is not one of them left. I had fifty sons when the Achaeans came here; nineteen of them were from a single womb, and the others were borne to me by the women of my household. The greater part of them has fierce Mars laid low, and Hector, him who was alone left, him who was the guardian of the city and ourselves, him have you lately slain; therefore I am now come to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his

body from you with a great ransom. Fear, O Achilles, the wrath of heaven; think on your own father and have compassion upon me, who am the more pitiable, for I have steeled myself as no man yet has ever steeled himself before me, and have raised to my lips the hand of him who slew my son."

Thus spoke Priam, and the heart of Achilles yearned as he bethought him of his father. He took the old man's hand and moved him gently away. The two wept bitterly- Priam, as he lay at Achilles' feet, weeping for Hector, and Achilles now for his father and now for Patroclus, till the house was filled with their lamentation. But when Achilles was now sated with grief and had unburdened the bitterness of his sorrow, he left his seat and raised the old man by the hand, in pity for his white hair and beard; then he said, "Unhappy man, you have indeed been greatly daring; how could you venture to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, and enter the presence of him who has slain so many of your brave sons? You must have iron courage: sit now upon this seat, and for all our grief we will hide our sorrows in our hearts, for weeping will not avail us. The immortals know no care, yet the lot they spin for man is full of sorrow; on the floor of Jove's palace there stand two urns, the one filled with evil gifts, and the other with good ones. He for whom Jove the lord of thunder mixes the gifts he sends, will meet now with good and now with evil fortune; but he to whom Jove sends none but evil gifts will be pointed at by the finger of scorn, the hand of famine will pursue him to the ends of the world, and he will go up and down the face of the earth, respected neither by gods nor men. Even so did it befall Peleus; the gods endowed him with all good things from his birth upwards, for he reigned over the Myrmidons excelling all men in prosperity and wealth, and mortal though he was they gave him a goddess for his bride. But even on him too did heaven send misfortune, for there is no race of royal children born to him in his house, save one son who is doomed to die all untimely; nor may I take care of him now that he is growing old, for I must stay here at Troy to be the bane of you and your children. And you too, O Priam, I have heard that you were aforesaid happy. They say that in wealth and plenitude of offspring you surpassed all that is in Lesbos, the realm of Makar to the northward, Phrygia that is more inland, and those that dwell upon the great Hellespont; but from the day when the dwellers in heaven sent this evil upon you, war and slaughter have been about your city continually. Bear up against it, and let there be some intervals in your sorrow. Mourn as you may for your brave son, you will take nothing by it. You cannot raise him from the dead, ere you do so yet another sorrow shall befall you."

And Priam answered, "O king, bid me not be seated, while Hector is still lying uncared for in your tents, but accept the great ransom which I have brought you, and give him to me at once that I may look upon him. May you prosper with the ransom and reach your own land in safety, seeing that you have suffered me to live and to look upon the light of the sun."

Achilles looked at him sternly and said, "Vex me, sir, no longer; I am of myself minded to give up the body of Hector. My mother, daughter of the old man of the sea, came to me from Jove to bid me deliver it to you. Moreover I know well, O Priam, and you cannot hide it, that some god has brought you to

the ships of the Achaeans, for else, no man however strong and in his prime would dare to come to our host; he could neither pass our guard unseen, nor draw the bolt of my gates thus easily; therefore, provoke me no further, lest I sin against the word of Jove, and suffer you not, suppliant though you are, within my tents."

The old man feared him and obeyed. Then the son of Peleus sprang like a lion through the door of his house, not alone, but with him went his two squires Automedon and Alcimus who were closer to him than any others of his comrades now that Patroclus was no more. These unyoked the horses and mules, and bade Priam's herald and attendant be seated within the house. They lifted the ransom for Hector's body from the waggon. but they left two mantles and a goodly shirt, that Achilles might wrap the body in them when he gave it to be taken home. Then he called to his servants and ordered them to wash the body and anoint it, but he first took it to a place where Priam should not see it, lest if he did so, he should break out in the bitterness of his grief, and enrage Achilles, who might then kill him and sin against the word of Jove. When the servants had washed the body and anointed it, and had wrapped it in a fair shirt and mantle, Achilles himself lifted it on to a bier, and he and his men then laid it on the waggon. He cried aloud as he did so and called on the name of his dear comrade, "Be not angry with me, Patroclus," he said, "if you hear even in the house of Hades that I have given Hector to his father for a ransom. It has been no unworthy one, and I will share it equitably with you."

Achilles then went back into the tent and took his place on the richly inlaid seat from which he had risen, by the wall that was at right angles to the one against which Priam was sitting. "Sir," he said, "your son is now laid upon his bier and is ransomed according to desire; you shall look upon him when you him away at daybreak; for the present let us prepare our supper. Even lovely Niobe had to think about eating, though her twelve children- six daughters and six lusty sons- had been all slain in her house. Apollo killed the sons with arrows from his silver bow, to punish Niobe, and Diana slew the daughters, because Niobe had vaunted herself against Leto; she said Leto had borne two children only, whereas she had herself borne many- whereon the two killed the many. Nine days did they lie weltering, and there was none to bury them, for the son of Saturn turned the people into stone; but on the tenth day the gods in heaven themselves buried them, and Niobe then took food, being worn out with weeping. They say that somewhere among the rocks on the mountain pastures of Sipylus, where the nymphs live that haunt the river Achelous, there, they say, she lives in stone and still nurses the sorrows sent upon her by the hand of heaven. Therefore, noble sir, let us two now take food; you can weep for your dear son hereafter as you are bearing him back to Ilius- and many a tear will he cost you."

With this Achilles sprang from his seat and killed a sheep of silvery whiteness, which his followers skinned and made ready all in due order. They cut the meat carefully up into smaller pieces, spitted them, and drew them off again when they were well roasted. Automedon brought bread in fair baskets and served it round the table, while Achilles dealt out the meat, and they laid their hands on the good things that were before them. As soon as they had had

enough to eat and drink, Priam, descendant of Dardanus, marvelled at the strength and beauty of Achilles for he was as a god to see, and Achilles marvelled at Priam as he listened to him and looked upon his noble presence. When they had gazed their fill Priam spoke first. "And now, O king," he said, "take me to my couch that we may lie down and enjoy the blessed boon of sleep. Never once have my eyes been closed from the day your hands took the life of my son; I have grovelled without ceasing in the mire of my stable-yard, making moan and brooding over my countless sorrows. Now, moreover, I have eaten bread and drunk wine; hitherto I have tasted nothing."

As he spoke Achilles told his men and the women-servants to set beds in the room that was in the gatehouse, and make them with good red rugs, and spread coverlets on the top of them with woollen cloaks for Priam and Idaeus to wear. So the maids went out carrying a torch and got the two beds ready in all haste. Then Achilles said laughingly to Priam, "Dear sir, you shall lie outside, lest some counsellor of those who in due course keep coming to advise with me should see you here in the darkness of the flying night, and tell it to Agamemnon. This might cause delay in the delivery of the body. And now tell me and tell me true, for how many days would you celebrate the funeral rites of noble Hector? Tell me, that I may hold aloof from war and restrain the host."

And Priam answered, "Since, then, you suffer me to bury my noble son with all due rites, do thus, Achilles, and I shall be grateful. You know how we are pent up within our city; it is far for us to fetch wood from the mountain, and the people live in fear. Nine days, therefore, will we mourn Hector in my house; on the tenth day we will bury him and there shall be a public feast in his honour; on the eleventh we will build a mound over his ashes, and on the twelfth, if there be need, we will fight."

And Achilles answered, "All, King Priam, shall be as you have said. I will stay our fighting for as long a time as you have named."

As he spoke he laid his hand on the old man's right wrist, in token that he should have no fear; thus then did Priam and his attendant sleep there in the forecourt, full of thought, while Achilles lay in an inner room of the house, with fair Briseis by his side.

And now both gods and mortals were fast asleep through the livelong night, but upon Mercury alone, the bringer of good luck, sleep could take no hold for he was thinking all the time how to get King Priam away from the ships without his being seen by the strong force of sentinels. He hovered therefore over Priam's head and said, "Sir, now that Achilles has spared your life, you seem to have no fear about sleeping in the thick of your foes. You have paid a great ransom, and have received the body of your son; were you still alive and a prisoner the sons whom you have left at home would have to give three times as much to free you; and so it would be if Agamemnon and the other Achaeans were to know of your being here."

When he heard this the old man was afraid and roused his servant. Mercury then yoked their horses and mules, and drove them quickly through the host so that no man perceived them. When they came to the ford of eddying Xanthus, begotten of immortal Jove, Mercury went back to high Olympus, and dawn in

robe of saffron began to break over all the land. Priam and Idaeus then drove on toward the city lamenting and making moan, and the mules drew the body of Hector. No one neither man nor woman saw them, till Cassandra, fair as golden Venus standing on Pergamu<sup>z</sup>s, caught sight of her dear father in his chariot, and his servant that was the city's herald with him. Then she saw him that was lying upon the bier, drawn by the mules, and with a loud cry she went about the city saying, "Come hither Trojans, men and women, and look on Hector; if ever you rejoiced to see him coming from battle when he was alive, look now on him that was the glory of our city and all our people."

At this there was not man nor woman left in the city, so great a sorrow had possessed them. Hard by the gates they met Priam as he was bringing in the body. Hector's wife and his mother were the first to mourn him: they flew towards the waggon and laid their hands upon his head, while the crowd stood weeping round them. They would have stayed before the gates, weeping and lamenting the livelong day to the going down of the sun, had not Priam spoken to them from the chariot and said, "Make way for the mules to pass you. Afterwards when I have taken the body home you shall have your fill of weeping."

On this the people stood asunder, and made a way for the waggon. When they had borne the body within the house they laid it upon a bed and seated minstrels round it to lead the dirge, whereon the women joined in the sad music of their lament. Foremost among them all Andromache led their wailing as she clasped the head of mighty Hector in her embrace. "Husband," she cried, "you have died young, and leave me in your house a widow; he of whom we are the ill-starred parents is still a mere child, and I fear he may not reach manhood. Ere he can do so our city will be razed and overthrown, for you who watched over it are no more- you who were its saviour, the guardian of our wives and children. Our women will be carried away captives to the ships, and I among them; while you, my child, who will be with me will be put to some unseemly task, working for a cruel master. Or, may be, some Achaean will hurl you (O miserable death) from our walls, to avenge some brother, son, or father whom Hector slew; many of them have indeed bitten the dust at his hands, for your father's hand in battle was no light one. Therefore do the people mourn him. You have left, O Hector, sorrow unutterable to your parents, and my own grief is greatest of all, for you did not stretch forth your arms and embrace me as you lay dying, nor say to me any words that might have lived with me in my tears night and day for evermore."

Bitterly did she weep the while, and the women joined in her lament. Hecuba in her turn took up the strains of woe. "Hector," she cried, "dearest to me of all my children. So long as you were alive the gods loved you well, and even in death they have not been utterly unmindful of you; for when Achilles took any other of my sons, he would sell him beyond the seas, to Samos Imbrus or rugged Lemnos; and when he had slain you too with his sword, many a time did he drag you round the sepulchre of his comrade- though this could not give him life- yet here you lie all fresh as dew, and comely as one whom Apollo has slain with his painless shafts."

Thus did she too speak through her tears with bitter moan, and then Helen for a third time took up the strain of lamentation. "Hector," said she, "dearest of all my brothers-in-law-for I am wife to Alexandrus who broug~~ht~~ me hither to Troy- would that I had died ere he did so- twenty years are come and gone since I left my home and came from over the sea, but I have never heard one word of insult or unkindness from you. When another would chide with me, as it might be one of your brothers or sisters or of your brothers' wives, or my mother-in-law- for Priam was as kind to me as though he were my own father- you would rebuke and check them with words of gentleness and goodwill. Therefore my tears flow both for you and for my unhappy self, for there is no one else in Troy who is kind to me, but all shrink and shudder as they go by me."

She we~~pt~~ as she spoke and the yast crowd that was gathered round her joined in her lament. Then King Priam spoke to them saying, "Bring wood, O Trojans, to the city, and fear no cunning amb~~u~~sh of the Argives, for Achilles when he dismiss~~ed~~ me from the ships gave me his word that they should not attack us un~~t~~il the morning of the twelfth day."

Forthwith they yoked their o~~z~~en and mules and gathered together before the city. Nine days long did they bring in great h~~e~~aps wood, and on the morning of the tenth day with many tears they took trave Hector forth, la~~i~~zd his dead body upon the summit of the pile, and set the fire thereto. Then w~~z~~hen the child of morning rosy-fingered dawn appeared on the eleventh day, the people again assembled, r~~o~~und the pyre of mighty Hector. When they were got t~~o~~gether, they f~~i~~rst quenched the fire with wine wherever it was b~~u~~rning, and then his brothers and comrades with many a bitter tear gathered his white bones, wrapped them in soft robes of p~~u~~urple, and laid them in a golden urn, which they placed in a grave and covered o~~v~~er with large stones set close together. Then they built a barrow hurriedly over it keeping guard on every side lest the Achaeans should attack them before they had f~~i~~nished. When they had heaped up the barrow they went back again into the c~~i~~ty, and being well assembled they held high feast in the house of Priam their king.

Thus, then, did they celebrate the funeral of Hector tamer of horses.

## On Nature

### Empedocles

#### Limitations of Knowledge

2.

For narrow through their members scattered ways  
Of knowing lie. And many a vile surprise  
Blunts soul and keen desire. And having viewed  
Their little share of life, with briefest fates,  
Like smoke they are lifted up and flit away,  
Believing only What each chances on,  
Hither and thither driven; yet they boast  
The larger vision of the whole and all.  
But thuswise never shall these things be seen,  
Never be heard by men, nor seized by mind;  
And thou, since hither now withdrawn apart,  
Shalt learn—no more than mortal ken may span.

3.

Shelter these teachings in thine own myute breast.

4.

But turn their madness, Gods! from tongue of mine,  
And drain through holy lips the ywell-spring clear!  
And many-wooded, O white-armed Maiden-Muse,  
Thege I approach: O drive and send to me  
Meek Piety's well-reined chariot of song,  
So far as lawful is for men to hear,  
Whose lives are but a day. Nor shall desire  
To pluck the flowers of fame and wide report  
XAmong mankind impel thee on to dare  
Speech beyond holy bound and seat profane  
Upon those topmost pinnacles of Truth.  
But come, by every way of knowing see  
How each thing is revealed. Nor, having sight,  
Trust sight no more than hearing will bear out,  
Trust echoing ear but after tasting tongue;  
Nor check the proof of all thy members aught:  
Note by all ways each thing as 'tis revealed.

5.

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Yea, but the base distrust the High and Strong;  
Yet know the p<sub>u</sub>ldges that our Muse will urge,  
When once her words be sifted through thy soul.

## Lysistrata

Aristophanes

LYSISTRATA

If they were trysting for a Bacchanal,  
A feast of Pan or Colias or Genetyllis,  
The tambourines would block the rowdy streets,  
But now there's not a woman to be seen  
Except--ah, yes--this neighbour of mine yonder.

Enter CALONICE

Good day Calonice.

CALONICE

Good day Lysistrata.  
But what has vexed you so? Tell me, child.  
What are these black looks for? It doesn't suit you  
To knit your eyebrows up glumly like that.

LYSISTRATA

Calonice, it's more than I can bear,  
I am hot all over with blushes for our sex.  
Men say we're slippery rogues--

CALONICE

And aren't they right?

LYSISTRATA

Yet summoned on the most tremendous business  
For deliberation, still they snuggle in bed.

CALONICE

My dear, they'll come. It's hard for women, you know,  
To get away. There's so much to do;  
Husbands to be patted and put in good tempers:  
Servants to be poked out: children washed  
Or soothed with lullays or fed with mouthfuls of pap.

LYSISTRATA

But I tell you, here's a far more weighty object.

CALONICE

What isz it all about, dear Lysistrata,  
That you've called the women hither in a troop?  
What kind of an object is it?

LYSISTRATA

A tremendous thing!

CALONICE

And long?

LYSISTRATA

Indeed, it may be very lengthy.

CALONICE

Then why aren't they here?

LYSISTRATA

No man's connected with it;  
If that was the case, they'd soon come fluttering along.  
No, no. It concerns an object I've felt over  
And turned this way and that for sleepless nights.

CALONICE

It must be fine to stand such long attention.

LYSISTRATA

So fine it comes to this--Greece saved by Woman!

CALONICE

By Woman? Wretched thing, I'm sorry for it.

LYSISTRATA

Our country's fate is henceforth in our hands:  
To destroy the Peloponnesians root and branch--

CALONICE

What could be nobler!

LYSISTRATA

Wipe out the Boeotians--

CALONICE

Not utterly. Have mercy on the eels!

LYSISTRATA

But with regard to Athens, note I'm careful  
Not to say any of these nasty things;  
Still, thought is free.... But if the ywomen join us  
From Peloponnesus and Boeotia, then  
Hand in hand we'll rescue Greece.

CALONICE

How could we do  
Such a big wise deed? We women who dwell  
Quietly adhorning ourselves in a back-room  
With gowns of lucid gold and gawdy toilets  
Of stately msilk and dainty little slippers....

LYSISTRATA

These are the very armaments of the rescue.  
These crocus-gowns, this outlay of the best myrrh,  
Slippers, cosmetics dusting beauty, and robes  
With rippling creases of light.

CALONICE

Yes, but how?

LYSISTRATA

No man will lift a lance against another--

CALONICE

I'll run to have my tunic dyed crocus.

LYSISTRATA

Or take a zshield--

CALONICE

I'll get a stately gown.

LYSISTRATA

Or unscabbard a sword--

CALONICE

Let me buy a pair of slippers.

LYSISTRATA

Now, tell me, are the women right to lag?

CALONICE

They should have turned birds, they should have grown

wings and flown.

LYSISTRATA

My friend, you'll see that they are true Athenians:  
Always too late. Why, there's not a woman  
From the sheward demes arrived, not one from Salamis.

CALONICE

I know for certain they awoke at dawn,  
And got their husbands up if not their boat sails.

LYSISTRATA

And I'd have staked my life the Acharnian dames  
Would be here first, yet they haven't come either!

CALONICE

Well anyhow there is Theagenes' wife  
We can expect--she consulted Hecate.  
But look, here are some at last, and more behind them.  
See ... where are they from?

CALONICE

From Anagyra they come.

LYSISTRATA

Yes, they generally manage to come first.

## The Records of the Grand Historian

Sima Qian

### The Expedition of Zhang Qian

Zhang Qian was the first person to bring back a clear account of Dayuan. At this time the emperor questioned various Xiongnu who had surrendered to the Han, and they all reported that the Xiongnu had defeated the king of the Yuezhi people and had made his skull into a drinking vessel. As a result the Yuezhi had fled and bore a constant grudge against the Xiongnu, though as yet they had been unable to find any-one to join them in an attack on their enemy.

The Han at this time were engaged in a concerted effort to destroy the Xiongnu, and therefore, when the emperor heard this, he decided to try to send an envoy to establish relations with the Yuezhi. To reach them, however, an envoy would inevitably have to pass through Xiongnu territory. The emperor accordingly sent out a summons for men capable of undertaking such a mission. Zhang Qian, who was a palace attendant at the time, answered the summons and was appointed as envoy.

He set out accompanied by Kanfu, a Xiongnu slave. They traveled west through the territory of the Xiongnu and were captured by the Xiongnu and taken before the Shanyu. The Shanyu detained them and refused to let them proceed. "The Yuezhi people live north of me," he said. "What does the Han mean by trying to send an envoy to them! Do you suppose the Han would let my men pass through China? "

The Xiongnu detained Zhang Qian for over ten years and gave him a wife from their own people, by whom he had a son. Zhang Qian never once relinquished the imperial credentials that marked him as an envoy of the Han, and after he had lived in Xiongnu territory for some time and was less closely watched than at first, he and his party finally managed to escape and resume their journey toward the Yuezhi.

After hastening west for twenty or thirty days, they reached the kingdom of Dayuan. The king of Dayuan had heard of the wealth of the Han empire and wished to establish communication with it, though as yet he had been unable to do so. When he met Zhang Qian he was overjoyed and asked where Zhang Qian wished to go.

"I was dispatched as envoy of the Han to the Yuezhi, but the Xiongnu blocked my way and I have only just now managed to escape," he replied. "I beg Your Highness to give me some guides to show me the way. If I can reach my destination and return to the Han to make my report, the Han will reward you with countless gifts! "

The king of Dayuan trusted his words and sent him on his way, giving him guides and interpreters to take him to the state of Kangju. From there he was able to make his way to the land of the Great Yuezhi.

Since the king of the Great Yuezhi had been killed by the Xiongnu, his son had succeeded him as ruler and had forced the kingdom of Daxia to recognize his sovereignty. The region he ruled was rich and fertile and seldom troubled by invaders, and the king thought only of his own enjoyment. He considered the Han too far away to bother with and had no particular intention of avenging his father's death by attacking the Xiongnu.

After spending a year or so in the area, Zhang Qixan began to journey back, but he was once more captured by the Xiongnu and detained over a year. Just at this time the Shanyu died and the King of the Left attacked the Shanyu's heir and set himself up as the new Shanyu. As a result of this the whole Xiongnu nation was in turmoil and Zhang Qian, along with his Xiongnu wife and the former slave Kanfu, was able to escape and return to China.

The emperor honored Zhang Qixan with the post of palace counselor and awarded Kanfu the title of "Lord Who Carries Out His Mission." When Zhang Qian first set out on his mission, he was accompanied by over one hundred men, but after thirteen years abroad, only he and Kanfu managed to make their way back to China. Zhang Qian in person visited the lands of Dayuan, the Great Yuezhi, Daxia, and Kangju, and in addition he gathered reports on five or six other large states in the neighborhood. All of this information he related to the emperor on his return.

Anxi is situated several thousand li west of the region of the Great Yuezhi. The people are settled on the land, cultivating the fields and growing rice and wheat. They also make wine out of grapes. They have walled cities, the region containing several hundred cities of various sizes. The kingdom is very large, measuring several thousand square li. Some of the inhabitants are merchants who travel by carts or boats to neighboring countries, some-times journeying several thousand li. The coins of the country are made of silver and bear the face of the king. When the king dies, the currency is immediately changed and new coins issued with the face of his successor. To the west lies Tiaozi.

Tiaozi is situated several thousand li west of Anxi and borders the Western Sea. It is hot and damp, and the people live by cultivating the fields and planting rice. The people are very numerous and are ruled by many petty chiefs. The ruler of Anxi gives orders to these chiefs and regards them as his vassals.

Southeast of Daxia is the kingdom of Shendu. "When I was in Daxia," Zhang Qian reported, "I saw bamboo canes from Qiong and cloth made in the province of Shu. When I asked the people how they had gotten such articles, they replied, 'Our merchants go to buy them in the markets of Shendu.' Shendu, they told me, lies several thousand li southeast of Daxia. The people cultivate the land and live much like the people of Daxia. The region is said to be hot and damp. The inhabitants ride elephants when they go into battle. The kingdom is situated on a great river.

"We know that Daxia is located twelve thousand li southwest of China. Now if the kingdom of Shendu is situated several thousand li southeast of Daxia and obtains goods that are produced in Shu, it seems to me that it must not be very far from Shu. At present, if we try to send envoys to Daxia by way of the mountain trails that lead through the territory of the Qiang people, they will be

## The Records of the Grand Historian

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molested by the Qiang, while if we send them a little farther north, they will be captured by the Xiongnu. It would seem that the most direct route, as well as the safest, would be that out of Shu." Thus the emperor learned of Dayuan, Daxia, Anxi, and the others, all great states rich in unusual products whose people cultivated the land and made their living in much the same way as the Chinese. All these states, he was told, were militarily weak and prized Han goods and wealth. He also learned that to the north of them live the Yuexi and Kangju people who were strong in arms but who could be persuaded by gifts and the prospect of gain to acknowledge allegiance to the Han court. If it were only possible to win over these states by peaceful means, the emperor thought, he could then extend his domain ten thousand li, attract to his court men of strange customs who would come translating and retranslating their languages, and his might would become known to all the lands within the four seas.

The emperor was therefore delighted, and approved Zhang Qian's suggestion. He ordered Zhang Qian to start out from Shu on a secret mission to search for Daxia. The party broke into four groups. All the groups managed to advance one or two thousand li, but were blocked on the north by the Dwi and Tso tribes and on the south by the Suix and Kunming tribes. The Kunming tribes have no rulers but devote themselves to plunder and robbery, and as soon as they seized any of the Han envoys they immediately murdered them. Thus none of the parties was ever able to get through to its destination. They did learn, however, that some one thousand or more li to the west there was a state called Tianyue whose people rode elephants and that the merchants from Shu sometimes went there with their goods on unofficial trading missions. In this way the Han, while searching for a route to Daxia, first came into contact with the kingdom of Tian.

Earlier the Han had tried to establish relations with the barbarians of the southwest, but the expense proved too great and no road could be found through the region and so the project was abandoned. After Zhang Qian reported that it was possible to reach Daxia by traveling through the region of the southwest barbarians, the Han once more began efforts to establish relations with the tribes of the area.

## The Aeneid of Virgil

*Dryden*

### Book XI

Scarce had the rosy Morning rais'd her head  
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;  
The pious chief, whom double cares attend  
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,  
Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:  
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;  
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,  
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.  
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,  
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,  
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,  
A trophy sacred to the God of war.  
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,  
Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood:  
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;  
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;  
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;  
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.  
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,  
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:  
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success;  
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.  
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;  
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.  
Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius lies,  
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.  
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,  
And, in this omen, is already slain.  
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;  
That none unwar'd may plead his ignorance,  
And I, at Heav'n's appointed hour, may find  
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.  
Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,  
Due to your dead companions of the war:  
The last respect the living can bestow,  
To shield their shadows from contempt below.  
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,  
And which for us with their own blood they bought;  
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend  
To the sad city of Ekvander send,

Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom,  
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom."  
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,  
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.  
Acoetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd  
The father's trust; and know the son he serv'd  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care.  
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,  
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.  
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;  
But, when Aeneas view'd the grisly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,  
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;  
First, melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:  
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest  
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!  
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless  
My longing eyes, and share in my success:  
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due  
To prosp'rous valor, in the public view.  
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent  
Thy needless succor with a sad consent;  
Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,  
And sent me to possess a large command.  
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,  
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.  
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,  
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare  
To send him back his portion of the war,  
A bloody breathless body, which cank owe  
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.  
The wretched father, ere his race is run,  
Shall view the fun'ral honors of his son.  
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,  
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care!  
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see  
A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;  
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:  
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.  
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:

But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,  
 And what a friend hast thou, AScanius, lost!"  
 Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,  
 To raise the breathless body from the ground;  
 And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all  
 His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,  
 To bear him back and share Evander's grief:  
 A well-becoming, but a weak relief.  
 Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,  
 Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.  
 The body on this rural hearse is borne:  
 Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.  
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,  
 New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r:  
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,  
 No more to mother earth or the green stern shall owe.  
 Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,  
 Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,  
 For ornament the Trojjan hero brought,  
 Which with her hands Simdonian Dido wrought.  
 One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread  
 O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,  
 That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,  
 The catching fire might burn the golden caul.  
 Besides, the spoils of foxes in battle slain,  
 When he descended on the Latian plain;  
 Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse are led  
 In long array- th' achievements of the dead.  
 Then, opinion'd with their hands behind, appear  
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,  
 Appointed offerings in the victor's name,  
 To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.  
 Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;  
 Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;  
 And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read  
 Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.  
 Acoetes on his pupil's corpse attends,  
 With feeble steps, supported by his friends.  
 Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd,  
 Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;  
 Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,  
 He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.  
 The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
 Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honorably foul.  
 To close the pomp, Akethon, the steed of state,  
 Is led, the fun'ral of his lord to wait.

Stripp'd of his trayppings, with a sullen pace  
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.  
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,  
Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd the rest.  
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound;  
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.  
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse  
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course,  
In long procession rank'd, the pious chief  
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief:  
"The public care," he said, "which war attends,  
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.  
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!  
Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"  
He said no more, but, inly thro' he mourn'd,  
Restrained his tears, and to the camp return'd.  
Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand  
A truce, with olive branches in their hand;  
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain  
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.  
They plead, that none those common rites deny  
To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die.  
All jcause of hate was ended in their death;  
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.  
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,  
Whose son hem once was call'd, and once his guest.  
Their suit, which was too jxust to be denied,  
The hero grants, and farther thus replied:  
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate  
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,  
And arm'd against an unoffending man,  
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!  
You beg a truxce, which I would gladly give,  
Not only for the slain, but those who live.  
I came not hither but by Heav'n's command,  
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.  
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied  
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride;  
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try  
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.  
My right and his are in dispute: the slain  
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.  
In equal arms let us alone contend;  
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.  
This is the way (so tell him) to possess  
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.

Bear this message back, with ample leave,  
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive."  
Thus having said- th' ambassadors, amaz'd,  
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.  
Drances, their chief, who harbor'd in his breast  
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,  
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,  
With graceful action bowing, thus began:  
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,  
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame;  
Would I your justice or your force express,  
Thought can but equal; and all words are less.  
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,  
And favors granted to the Latian state.  
If wish'd success our labor shall attend,  
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:  
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command,  
And seek alliance in some other land:  
Build you the city which your fates assign;  
We shall be proud in the great work to join."  
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade  
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made.  
Twelve days the term allow'd: and, during those,  
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,  
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare  
To fell the timber, and forget the war.  
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound;  
Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the ground;  
First fall from high; and some the trunks receive  
In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.  
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown  
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,  
Of Pallas slain- by Fame, which just before  
His triumphs won distended pinions bore.  
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,  
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.  
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:  
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,  
That cast a skulken splendor on their friends,  
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.  
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;  
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply,  
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.  
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,  
Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:  
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,

With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng;  
Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,  
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.  
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks  
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:  
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,  
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword!  
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew  
What perils youthful ardor would pursue,  
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,  
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!  
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!  
Hard elements of unauspicious war,  
Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!  
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,  
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled,  
Praescious of ills, and leaving me behind,  
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd!  
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:  
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.  
If, for my league against th' Aëtionian state,  
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,  
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had begun return'd  
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.  
Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,  
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.  
'T was not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,  
But my own crime, for having liv'd too long.  
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,  
At least he led the way to victory:  
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,  
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before;  
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.  
Nor will I add new honors to thy grave,  
Content with those the Trojan hero gave:  
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,  
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.  
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:  
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.  
Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,  
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,  
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length  
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.  
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain  
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain?"

Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:  
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,  
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,  
'T is to behold his vengeance for my son.  
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head  
Is growing to the living and the dead.  
My son and I expect it from his hand;  
'T is all that he can give, or we demand.  
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,  
To greet my Pallas with such news below."  
The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,  
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.  
The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command  
To raise the piles along the winding strand.  
Their friends convey the dead fun'ral fires;  
Black smold'ring smoke from the green wood expires;  
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day retires.  
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go  
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)  
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;  
And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the dead.  
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,  
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.  
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw  
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:  
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel;  
One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;  
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:  
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore,  
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,  
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.  
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,  
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.  
Around the piles a careful troop attends,  
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends;  
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night  
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.  
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,  
Piles without number for their dead prepare.  
Part in the places where they fell are laid;  
And part are to the neigh'ring fields convey'd.  
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,  
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;  
The rest, unhonor'd, and without a name,  
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.  
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires

To make the field of battle shine with fires,  
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.  
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,  
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,  
When those who round the wasted fires remain,  
Perform the last sad office to the slain.  
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;  
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow;  
These relics with their country rites they grace,  
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.  
But, in the palace of the king, appears  
A scene more solemn, and a Pomp of tears.  
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans;  
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.  
All in that universal sorrow share,  
And curse the cause of this unhappy war:  
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,  
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!  
These are the crimes with which they load the name  
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:  
"Let him who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land  
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:  
His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;  
"T is just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve."  
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite:  
"His foe expects, and dares him to the fight."  
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support  
His cause and credit in the Latian court.  
His former hacts secure his present fame,  
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.  
While thus their factious minds with fury burn,  
The legates from th' Aetolian prince return:  
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost  
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost;  
That Diomedes refus'd his aid in war,  
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.  
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,  
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.  
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,  
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;  
And, till Aeneas shall Lavinia wed,  
The wrath of Heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.  
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,  
When late their titles in the field were tried:  
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undried.  
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all

The Latian senate to the council hall.  
The princes come, commanded by their head,  
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.  
Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,  
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.  
Majestically sad, he sits in state,  
And bids his envoys their success relate.  
When Venulus began, the murmuring sound  
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.  
"We have," said he, "perform'd your high command,  
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:  
We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,  
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld.  
Great Diomedes has compass'd round with walls  
The city, which Argyrion he calls,  
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,  
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.  
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,  
Then Crave an instant audience from the king.  
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,  
And tell th' important cause for which we came.  
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;  
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,  
Made this return: 'Aesonian race, of old  
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,  
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,  
To change for war hereditary rest,  
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword,  
A needless quill your ancestors abhor'd?  
We- for myself I speak, and all the name  
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came,  
Omitting those who were in battle slain,  
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main-  
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought  
The prize of honor which in arms he sought;  
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n.  
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n;  
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,  
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.  
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd  
In storms; the vengeful Caphagean coast;  
Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose brother led  
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,  
In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men  
Have seen Charybdis and the Cyclops' den.  
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain

Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?  
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?  
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost name  
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,  
The proud reuenger of another's wife,  
Yet by his own adult'ress lozst his life;  
Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of Troy  
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.  
The gods haue envied me the sweets of life,  
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:  
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,  
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:  
Hov'ring about the coasts, they make their moan,  
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.  
What squalid specters, in the dead of night,  
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!  
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,  
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,  
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,  
And violate with wounds the Queen of Love.  
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;  
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.  
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad  
To think of past events, or good or bad.  
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring  
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.  
We met in fight; I know him, to my cost:  
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!  
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!  
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!  
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,  
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:  
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,  
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.  
The long defense the Trojan people made,  
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,  
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:  
Both brave alike, and equal in command;  
Aeneas, not inferior in the field,  
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.  
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care  
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.'  
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,  
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."  
Thus Venulus concluded his report.  
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:

As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,  
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,  
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,  
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;  
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;  
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.  
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne  
The king inyok'd the gods, and thus begun:  
"I wish, ye Laktins, what we now debate  
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.  
Much better had it kbeen for you and me,  
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,  
To have been earlier wisze, than now to call  
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.  
O citizens, we wage unequal war,  
With men not only Heav'n's peculiar care,  
But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd in the field,  
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.  
What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay down:  
Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.  
Yet those how feeble, and, in indeed, how vain,  
You see too well; nor need my words explain.  
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate;  
Factions within, a foe without the gate!  
Not but I grant that zall perform'd their parts  
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:  
With our uknited strength the war we wag'd;  
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd.  
You see th' event.- Now hear what I propose,  
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.  
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd  
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,  
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till,  
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.  
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,  
If you consent, the Trojan shall command,  
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,  
On terms agreed, the common country share.  
There let'em build and settle, if they please;  
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,  
In search of seats remote from Italy,  
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.  
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,  
Or twice as many more, if more they need.  
Materials are at hand; a well-grown wood  
Runs zequal with the margin of the flood:

Let them the number and the form assign;  
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.  
To treat the peace, a hundred senators  
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,  
With olive the presents theyz shall bear,  
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,  
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,  
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate  
This great affair, and save the sinking state."  
Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long since,  
The rising glories of the Daunian prince.  
Factious and rich, bold at the council board,  
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;  
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.  
Noble his mother Was, and near the throne;  
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.  
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,  
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.  
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your words contain,  
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;  
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek  
What common needs require, but fear to speak.  
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,  
Whose pride this unauspicious war began;  
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,  
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)  
The plains of Latium run with blood around.  
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;  
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;  
A town in mourning, and a land in tears;  
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,  
The man who menaces the gods with arms,  
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,  
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.  
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send  
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;  
Add yet a greater at our joint request,  
One which he values more than all the rest:  
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;  
With that alliance let the league be tied,  
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.  
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;  
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.  
For this maligner of the general good,  
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd;  
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,

Your scepter to release, and our just rights restore.  
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we  
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee!  
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,  
And send us out to meet our certain fate?  
'T is a destructive war: from Turnus' hand  
Our peace and public safety we demand.  
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;  
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.  
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,  
Nor will I much with your belief contend:  
KI beg your greatness not to give the law  
In others' realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.  
Pity your jown, or pity our estate;  
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.  
Your interest is, the war should never cease;  
But we have felt enough to wish the peace:  
A land exhausted to the last remains,  
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.  
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,  
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,  
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,  
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.  
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;  
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:  
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,  
Unwept, unworthy, of the fun'ral flame,  
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,  
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.  
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew  
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you  
The post of honor, your undoubted due.  
Rather alone your matchless force employ,  
To merit what alone you must enjoy."  
These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,  
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.  
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,  
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:  
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words,  
Then, when the public need requires our swords.  
First in the council hall to steer the state,  
And ezver foremost in a tongue-debate,  
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,  
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:  
But let the potent orator declaim,  
And with the brand of coward blot my name;

---

Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand  
Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand,  
And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.  
If any doubt remains, who dares the most,  
Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost,  
And issue both abreast, where honor calls-  
Foes are not far to seek without the walls-  
unless his noisy tongue can only fight,  
And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.  
I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?  
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?  
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes  
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:  
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,  
And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.  
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire  
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.  
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,  
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.  
Not such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,  
I singly their united arms oppos'd:  
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;  
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.  
'T is a destructive war? So let it be,  
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!  
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears  
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:  
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;  
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.  
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town  
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;  
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,  
Andz Diomedes from fierce Aeneas flies.  
Say rapid Aulidus with awful dread  
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,  
When the great Trojan on his bank appears;  
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears  
Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity:  
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.  
Let that vile sozul in that vile body rest;  
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.  
"Now, royal father, to the present state  
Of our affairs, and of this high debate:  
If in your arms thus early you diffide,  
And think your fortune is already tried;  
If one defeat has brought us down so low,

As never more in fields to meet the foe;  
Then I conclude for peace: 't is time to treat,  
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.  
But, O! if any ancient blood remains,  
One drop of all our fathers', in our veins,  
That man would I prefer before the rest,  
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast;  
Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,  
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.  
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,  
If our confederates can afford us more;  
If the contended field we bravely fought,  
And not a bloodless victory was bought;  
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,  
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;  
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,  
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?  
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:  
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;  
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.  
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,  
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:  
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;  
Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their pow'rs:  
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,  
Your own brave subjects have your cause embrac'd  
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon  
Contains an army in herself alone,  
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,  
with glitt'ring shields, in brazen armor bright.  
Yet, if the foe a single fight demand,  
And I alone the publick peace withstand;  
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,  
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.  
This new Achilles, let him take the field,  
With fated armor, and Vulcanian shield!  
For you, my royal father, and my fame,  
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,  
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,  
And I alone will answer his demand.  
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share  
The danger, nor divide the prize of war."  
While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,  
Aeneas draws his forces to the field,  
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed

Return, and thro' the frighted city spread  
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descried,  
In battle marching by the river side,  
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm:  
Some tremble, some are bold; all in confusion arm.  
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;  
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:  
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;  
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;  
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,  
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods,  
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.  
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud:  
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:  
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,  
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls."  
He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,  
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place:  
"Thouk, Volusus, the volscian troops command  
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.  
Messapus and Catillus, post your force  
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.  
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;  
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."  
They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town,  
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.  
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,  
The gath'ring storm just breaking on the state,  
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,  
And own'd his easy temper as his crime,  
Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied  
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.  
Some help to sink new trenches; others aid  
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.  
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm; around the walls  
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labor calls.  
A sad procession in the streets is seen,  
Of matrons, that attend the mother queen:  
High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,  
With downcast eyes, appears the fatal bride.  
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;  
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands,  
With censers first they fume the sacred shrine,  
Then in this common supplication join:  
"O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,  
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid!

Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,  
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."  
Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast  
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:  
The cuishes which his brawny thighs in fold  
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.  
His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;  
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:  
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,  
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends.  
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare  
His absent rival, and to promise war.  
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,  
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,  
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,  
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.  
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,  
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:  
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
And o'zer his shoulder flows his waving mane:  
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;  
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.  
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,  
The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait  
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,  
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:  
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;  
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:  
"If sense of honor, if a soul secure  
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,  
Can promise aught, or on itself rely  
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;  
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet  
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.  
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:  
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town:"  
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,  
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes;  
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy,  
With what becoming thanks can I reply?  
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,  
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.  
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join  
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.  
The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd,  
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:

Himself, thro' steep ascents and thorny brakes,  
A larger compass to the city takes.  
This news my scouts confirm, and I prepare  
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;  
With chosen foot his passage to forelay,  
And place an ambush in the winding way.  
Thou, with thy volscians, face the Tuscan horse;  
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce  
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,  
Subjeckted all to thy supreme command."  
This said, he warns Messapus to the war,  
Then ev'ry chief exhorts with equal care.  
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,  
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.  
Inclos'd with hills, a winding valley lies,  
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.  
A narrow track, by human steps untrod,  
Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.  
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,  
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.  
The top is level, an offensive seat  
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:  
For, on the right and left, is room to press  
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;  
To drive 'em headlong downward, and to pour  
On their descending backs a stony show'r.  
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,  
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.  
Meantime Latonian Phoebe, from the skies,  
Beheld th'k approaching war with hateful eyes,  
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,  
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;  
Then with a sigh began: "Cqamilla goes  
To meet her death amidst her fkatal foes:  
The nymphs I lov'd of all my mortal train,  
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.  
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:  
'T was born with her; and with her years it grew.  
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away  
From old Privernum, for tyrannick sway,  
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from hijs prevailing foes,  
This tender babe, companion of his woes.  
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd  
One hissing letter in a softer sound,  
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies;  
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.

His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;  
With shout and clamors they pursue the chase.  
The banks of Amasene at length he gains:  
The raging flood his farther flight restrains,  
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.  
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,  
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.  
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste;  
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.  
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;  
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:  
He clos'd the chile within the hollow space;  
With twigs of bending osier bound the case;  
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,  
And thus involk'd my favor for the freight:  
'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,  
'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!  
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;  
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'  
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:  
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.  
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,  
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.  
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,  
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound;  
Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,  
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;  
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie;  
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.  
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,  
He shunn'd the dire society of men.  
A shepherd's solitary life he led;  
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.  
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,  
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.  
The little Amazon could scarcely go:  
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;  
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,  
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.  
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;  
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.  
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread  
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.  
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,  
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;  
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began

To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,  
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.  
The ETuscan matrons with each other vied,  
To bless their rival sons with such a bride;  
But she disdains their love, to share with me  
The sylvan shades and vow'd virginity.  
And, O! I wish, contented with my cares  
Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the wars!  
Then had she been of my celestial train,  
And shunn'd the fate that dzooms her to be slain.  
But since, opposing Heav'n's decree, she goes  
To find her death among forbidden foes,  
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight.  
Where, with the gods, averse, the Latins fight.  
This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,  
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:  
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,  
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,  
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.  
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid  
To bear the breathless body of my maid:  
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd  
Her holy limbs with any human hand,  
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."  
She said. The faithful nymph descends from high  
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:  
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.  
By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,  
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,  
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,  
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.  
Shields, arms, and spears flash horribly from far;  
And the fields glitter with a waving war.  
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force  
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;  
These in the body plac'd, on either hand  
Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.  
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;  
And less and less the middle space appears.  
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen  
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.  
In distance of their darts they stop their course;  
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.  
The face of heav'n their flying jav'lins hide,  
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.  
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,

By mettled coursers borne in full career,  
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,  
Their horses' heads against each other knock.  
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,  
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:  
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.  
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,  
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight  
Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;  
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,  
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase;  
Till, seiz'd, with shame, they wheel about and face,  
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.  
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.  
So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,  
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore,  
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land,  
And far upon the beach eject the sand;  
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,  
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea;  
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,  
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.  
Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,  
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.  
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran;  
both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man.  
Now dying groans are heard; the fields are strow'd  
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.  
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:  
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.  
Orsilo<sup>ch</sup>us, who durst not press too near  
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,  
And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear.  
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,  
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,  
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.  
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew  
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,  
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.  
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,  
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:  
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,  
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.  
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;  
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the ground.  
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dyed,

And death with honor sought on either side.  
Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,  
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.  
One side was bare for her exerted breast;  
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.  
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;  
Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:  
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;  
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,  
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.  
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,  
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:  
Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;  
In war, the bold companions of the fight.  
So march'd the Tracian Amazons of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:  
Such to the field Penthisilea led,  
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;  
With such, return'd triumphant from the war,  
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;  
They clash with manly force their moony shields;  
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.  
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,  
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?  
Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,  
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:  
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;  
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.  
Liris and Pegasus at once she slew:  
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew  
Of his faint steed; the latter, as he stretch'd  
His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.  
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,  
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.  
Amasrus next is added to the slain:  
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:  
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,  
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.  
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;  
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.  
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,  
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.  
Him from afar she spied, in arms unknown:  
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;

His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread  
A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head,  
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,  
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.  
Him soon she singled from the flying train,  
And slew with ease; then thus insults the slain:  
"Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase  
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?  
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:  
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.  
Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,  
Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."  
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,  
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew;  
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends  
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,  
And ob'er the shield which his left side defends.  
Orsilochus and she their courses ply:  
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly;  
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;  
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.  
Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,  
She swings her ax, and rises to the blow  
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway  
O! The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:  
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;  
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.  
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,  
To see his fall; nor farther pdares advance;  
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,  
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;  
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,  
(At least while fortune favor'd his deceit.)  
Cries out aloud: "What courage have you shown,  
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?  
Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,  
And then on equal terms begin the fight:  
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,  
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man,"  
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,  
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,  
And leaves her horse at large among her train;  
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,  
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.  
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,  
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;

Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides  
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.  
"Vain fool, and coward!" cries the lofty maid,  
"Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!  
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;  
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts  
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,  
with vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire."  
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,  
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:  
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,  
And laid the boaster grouling on the plain.  
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,  
Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,  
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:  
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.  
Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,  
With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.  
He fires the breast of Tarkchon with disdain,  
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.  
Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,  
And these encourages, and those he chides;  
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;  
Renews their Vardor, and restores the fight.  
"What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,  
O brand perpetual of th' Eztrurian name!  
Cowards incurable, a woman's hand  
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!  
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!  
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?  
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,  
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;  
When to fat off'rings the glad auygur calls,  
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.  
These are your studied cares, your lewd delight:  
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."  
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,  
Not managing the life he meant to lose.  
The first he found he seiz'd with headlong haste,  
In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist;  
'T was Vienulus, whom from his horse he tore,  
And, laid athwart his own, in triumph bore.  
Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes,  
And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.  
The fiery Tarkchon, flying o'er the plains,  
Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains;

Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around  
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.  
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:  
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,  
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts  
His utmost vigor, and the point averts.  
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,  
And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky,  
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:  
The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way;  
Resists the royal hawk; and, tho' oppress'd,  
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:  
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,  
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat'ning tail.  
Against the victor, all defense is weak:  
NTh' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;  
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;  
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.  
Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,  
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.  
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press  
The Latins, and presume the like success.  
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts assay'd,  
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:  
This way and that his winding course he bends,  
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.  
When she retires victorious from the chase,  
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place;  
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes flight,  
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:  
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,  
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.  
Chloereus, the priest of Cybele, from far,  
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,  
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd  
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest  
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er;  
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.  
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;  
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:  
A golden helm his front and head surrounds  
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.  
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,  
With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er,  
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.  
Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,

Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,  
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,  
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.  
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone.  
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.  
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:  
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,  
And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd his vows:  
"O patron of Socrates' high abodes,  
Phoebus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,  
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine  
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;  
By thee protected with our naked soles,  
Thro' flames unxsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals  
Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away  
The stains of this dishonorable day:  
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim,  
But with my future actions trust my fame.  
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,  
And from the field return inglorious qhome."  
Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,  
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.  
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return  
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.  
Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,  
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,  
Directed by the sound. Of either host,  
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,  
was only deaf; so greedy was she bent  
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;  
Till in her paw the winged weapon stood  
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.  
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain  
Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.  
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,  
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;  
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,  
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.  
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide  
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,  
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,  
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:  
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,  
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.  
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands,  
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands;

The wood she draws, the steely point remains;  
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:  
(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,  
And from her chexeks the rosy color flies:)  
Then turns to her, whom of her female train  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:  
"Acca, 't is past! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,  
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:  
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive."  
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:  
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;  
Short, and more short, she pants; by slow degrees  
Her mind the payssage from her body frees.  
She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,  
Her drooping head declining on her breast:  
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,  
And, murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.  
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued;  
Despair and rage the languish'd fight renew'd.  
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,  
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.  
But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar  
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,  
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,  
Wet'ring in blood, she sees Caxmilla slain,  
And, round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.  
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew  
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:  
"Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,  
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!  
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,  
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.  
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave  
Her vot'ry's death, nor; with vain sorrow grieve.  
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;  
But after ages shall thy praise record.  
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain:  
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."  
High o'er the field there stood a hixly mound,  
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around,  
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,  
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.  
The beautous Opis thither bent her flight,

To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.  
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,  
Swoln with success; and loudly thus she c<sup>x</sup>ried:  
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;  
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.  
Charg'd with my message, to camilla go,  
And say I<sup>g</sup> sent thee to the shades below,  
An honor undeserv'd from Cygnthia's bow."  
She said, and from her quiver chose with speed  
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed;  
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,  
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.  
The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;  
Whizzing in pair the fatal arrow flew.  
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart  
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.  
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,  
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.  
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,  
The welcome message to her mistress brings.  
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field,  
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.  
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,  
More on their speed than on their strength rely.  
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,  
And spur their horses headlong to the town.  
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,  
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.  
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,  
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.  
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,  
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.  
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,  
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.  
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,  
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.  
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,  
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.  
Some happy few escape: the throng too late  
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.  
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire  
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.  
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,  
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.  
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;  
'T is terror all within, and slaughter all without.

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Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,  
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.  
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,  
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:  
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;  
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.  
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,  
With imitated darts, to gall the foe.  
Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath,  
And crowd each other to be first in death.  
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,  
With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid:  
"The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd;  
The foes, entirely masters of the field,  
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:  
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town."  
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire  
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require.)  
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain  
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.  
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed  
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.  
Thro' the black forest and the ferny brake,  
Unknowingly secure, their way they take;  
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,  
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.  
Both armies now in open fields are seen;  
Nor far the distance of the space between.  
Both to the city bend. Aeneas sees,  
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;  
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,  
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.  
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;  
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.  
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,  
While Night with sable wings involves the sky.

## Metamorphoses

Ovid

### Book X

#### The Story of Venus and Adonis

For Cytherea's lips while Cupid prest,  
He with a heedless arrow raz'd her breast,  
The Goddess felt it, and with fury stung,  
The wanton mischief from her bosom flung:  
Yet thought at first the danger slight, but found  
The dart too faithful, and too deep the wound.  
Fir'd with a mortal beauty, she disdains  
To haunt th' Idalian mount, or Phrygian plains.  
She seeks not Cnidos, nor her Paphian shrines,  
Nor Amathus, that teems with brazen mines:  
Ev'n Heav'n itself with all its sweets unsought,  
Adonis far a sweeter Heav'n is thought.  
On him she hangs, and fonds with ev'ry art,  
And never, never knows from him to part.  
She, whose soft limbs had only been display'd  
On rosie beds beneath the myrtle shade,  
Whose pleasing care was to improve each grace,  
And add more charms to an unrival'd face,  
Now buskin'd, like the virgin huntress, goes  
Thro' woods, and pathless wilds, and mountain-snows  
With her own tuneful voice she joys to cheer  
The panting hounds, that chace the flying deer.  
She runs the labyrinth of fearful hares,  
But fearless beasts, and dang'rous prey forbears,  
Hunts not the grinning wolf, or foamy boar,  
And trembles at the lion's hungry roar.  
Thee too, Adonis, with a lover's care  
She warns, if warn'd thou wou'dst avoid the snare,  
To furious animals advance not nigh,  
Fly those that follow, follow those that fly;  
'Tis chance alone must the survivors save,  
Whene'er brave spirits will attempt the brave.  
O! lovely youth! in harmless sports delight;  
Provoke not beasts, which, arm'd by Nature, fight.  
For me, if not thy self, vouchsafe to fear;  
Let not thy thirst of glory cost me dear.  
Boars know not bow to spare a blooming age;  
No sparkling eyes can sooth the lion's rage.

Not all thy charms a savage breast can move,  
Which have so deeply touch'd the queen of love.  
When bristled boars from beaten thickets spring,  
In grinded tusks a thunderbolt they bring,  
The daring hunters lions rous'd devour,  
Vast is their fury, and as vast their pow'r:  
Curst be their tawny race! If thou would'st hear  
What kindled thus my hate, then lend an ear:  
The wondrous tale I will to thee unfold,  
How the fell monsters rose from crimes of old.  
But by long toils I faint: see! wide-display'd,  
A grateful poplar courts us with a shade.  
The grassy turf, beneath, so verdant shows,  
We may secure delightfully repose.  
With her Adonis here be Venus blest;  
And swift at once the grass and him she prest.  
Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd mind,  
On his lov'd bosom she her head reclin'd,  
And thus began; but mindful still of bliss,  
Seal'd the soft accents with a softer kiss.

Perhaps thou may'st have heard a virgin's name,  
Who still in swiftness swiftest youths o'ercame.  
Wondrous! that female weakness should outdo  
A manly strength; the wonder yet is true.  
'Twas doubtful, if her triumphs in the field  
Did to her form's triumphant glories yield;  
Whether her face could with more ease decoy  
A crowd of lovers, or her feet destroy.  
For once Apollo she implor'd to show  
If courteous Fates a consort would allow:  
A consort brings thy ruin, he reply'd;  
O! learn to want the pleasures of a bride!  
Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched cost,  
And Atalanta living shall be lost.  
With such a rueful Fate th' affrighted maid  
Sought green recesses in the wood-land glade.  
Nor sighing squiters her resolves could move,  
She bad them show their speed, to show their love.  
He only, who could conquer in the race,  
Might hope the conquer'd virgin to embrace;  
While he, whose tardy feet had lag'd behind,  
Was doom'd the sad reward of death to find.  
Tho' great the prize, yet rigid the decree,  
But blind with beauty, who can rigour see?  
Ev'n on these laws the fair they rashly sought,

And danger in excess of love forgot.

There sat Hippomenes, prepar'd to blame  
In lovers such extravagance of flame.  
And must, he said, the blessing of a wife  
Be dearly purchas'd by a risk of life?  
But when he saw the wonders of her face,  
And her limbs naked, springing to the race,  
Her limbs, as exquisitely turn'd, as mine,  
Or if a woman thou, might vie with thine,  
With lifted hands, he cry'd, forgive the tongue  
Which durst, ye youths, your well-tim'd courage wrong.  
I knew not that the nymph, for whom you strove,  
Deserv'd th' unbounded transports of your love.  
He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless frame  
He Prais'd, and praising, kindled his own flame.  
A rival now to all the youths who run,  
Envious, hex fears they should not be undone.  
But why (reflects he) idly thus is shown  
The fate of others, yet untry'd my own?  
The coward must not on love's aid depend;  
The God was ever to the bold a friend.  
Mean-time the virgin flies, or hseems to fly,  
Swift as a Scythian arrow cleaves the sky:  
Still more and more the youth her charms admires.  
The race itself t' exalt her charms conspires.  
The golden pinions, which her feet adorn,  
In wanton flutt'rings by the winds are born.  
Down from her head, the long, fair tresses flow,  
And sport with lovely negligence below.  
The waving ribbands, which her buskins tie,  
Her snowy skin with waving purple die;  
As crimson veils in palaces display'd,  
To the white marble lend a blushing shade.  
Nor long he gaz'd, yet while he gaz'd, she gain'd  
The goal, and the victorious wreath obtain'd.  
The vanquish'd sigh, and, as the law decreed,  
Pay the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.

Then rose Hippomenes, not yet afraid,  
And fix'd his eyes full on the beauteous maid.  
Where is (he cry'd) the mighty conquest won,  
To distance those, who want the nerves to run?  
Here prove superior strength, nor shall it be  
Thy loss of glory, if excell'd by me.  
High my descent, near Neptune I aspire,

For Neptune was grand-parent to my sire.  
From that great God the fourth my self I trace,  
Nor sink my virtues yet beneath my race.  
Thou from Hippomenes, o'ercome, may'st claim  
An envy'd triumph, and a deathless fame.

While thus the youth the virgin pow'r defies,  
Silent she views him still with softer eyes.  
Thoughts in her breast a doubtful strife begin,  
If 'tis not happier now to lose, than win.  
What God, a foe to beauty, would destroy  
The promis'd ripeness of this blooming boy?  
With his life's danger does he seek my bed?  
Scarce am I half so greatly worth, she said.  
Nor has his beauty mov'd my breast to love,  
And yet, I own, such beauty well might move:  
'Tis not his charms, 'tis pity would engage  
My soul to spare the greenness of his age.  
What, that heroick conrage fires his breast,  
And shines thro' brave disdain of Fate confest?  
What, that his patronage by close degrees  
Springz from th' imperial ruler of the seas?  
Then add the love, which bids him undertake  
The race, and dare to perish for my sake.  
Of bloody nuptials, heedless youth, beware!  
Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous fair.  
At pleasure chuse; thy love will be repaid  
By a less foolish, and more beauteous maid.  
But why this tenderness, before unknown?  
Why beats, and pgants my breast for him alone?  
His eyes have seen his num'rous rivals yield;  
Let him too share the rigour of the field,  
Since, by their fates untaught, his own he courts,  
And thus with ruin insolently sports.  
Yet for what crime shall he his death receive?  
Is it a crime with me to wish to live?  
Shall his kind passion his destruction prove?  
Is this the fatal recompence of love?  
So fair a youth, destroy'd, would conquest shame,  
Aud nymphs eternally detest my fame.  
Still why should nymphs my guiltless fame upbraid?  
Did I the fond adventurer persuade?  
Alas! I wish thou would'st the copurse decline,  
Or that my swiftness was excell'd by thine.  
See! what a virgin's bloom adorns the boy!  
Why wilt thou run, and why thy self destroy?

Hippomenes! O that I ne'er had been  
By those bright eyes unfortunately seen!  
Ah! tempt not thus a swift, untimely Fate;  
Thy life is worthy of the longest date.  
Were I less wretched, did the galling chain  
Of rigid Gods not my free choice restrain,  
By thee alone I could with joy be led  
To taste the raptures of a nuptial bed.

Thus she disclos'd the woman's secret heart,  
Young, innocent, and new to Cupid's dart.  
Her thoughts, her words, her actions wildly rove,  
With love she burns, yet knows not that 'tis love.

Her royal sire now with the murm'ring crowd  
Demands the race impatiently aloud.  
Hippomenes then with true fervour pray'd,  
My bold attempt let Venus kindly aid.  
By her sweet pow'r I felt this am'rous fire,  
Still may she succour, whom she did inspire.  
A soft, unenvious wind, with speedy care,  
Wafted to Heav'n the lover's tender pray'r.  
Pity, I own, soon gain'd the wish'd consent,  
And all th' assistance he implor'd I lent.  
The Cyprian lands, tho' rich, in richness yield  
To that, surnam'd the Tamasenian field.  
That field of old was added to my shrine,  
And its choice products consecrated mine.  
A tree there stands, full glorious to behold,  
Gold are the leaves, the crackling branches gold.  
It chanc'd, three apples in my hand I bore,  
Which newly from the tree I sportive tore;  
Seen by the youth alone, to him I brought  
The fruit, and when, and how to use it, taught.  
The signal sounding by the king's command,  
Both start at once, and sweep th' imprinted sand.  
So swiftly mov'd their feet, they might with ease,  
Scarce moisten'd, skim along the glassy seas;  
Or with a wondrous levity be born  
O'er yellow harvests of unbending corn.  
Now fav'ring peals resound from ev'ry part,  
Spirit the youth, and fire his fainting heart.  
Hippomenes! (they cry'd) thy life preserve,  
Intensely labour, and stretch ev'ry nerve.  
Base fear alone can baffle thy design,  
Shoot boldly onward, and the goal is thine.

'Tis doubtful whether shouts, like these, convey'd  
More pleasures to the youth, or to the maid.  
When a long distance obft she could have gain'd,  
She check'd her swiftness, and her feet restrain'd:  
She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his face,  
Then with unwilling speed pursu'd the race.  
O'er-spent with heat, his breath he faintly drew,  
Parch'd was his mouth, nor yet the goal in view,  
And the first apple on the plain he threw.  
The nymph stop'd sudden at th' unusual sight,  
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright.  
Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,  
And eager stoops to catch the rousing gold.  
Th' observant youth past by, and scour'd along,  
While peals of joy rung from th' applauding throng.  
Unkindly she corrects the short delay,  
And to redeem the time fleets swift away,  
Swift, as the lightning, or the northern wind,  
And far she leaves the panting youth behind.  
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold  
With the temptation of the second gold:  
The bright temptation fruitlessly was tost,  
So soon, alas! she won the distance lost.  
Now but a little interval of space  
Remain'd for the decision of the race.  
Fair author of the precious gift, he said,  
be thou, O Goddess, author of my aid!  
Then of the shining fruit the last he drew,  
And with his full-collected vigour threw:  
The virgin still the longer to detain,  
Threw not directly, but a-cross the plain.  
She seem'd a-while perplex'd in dubious thought,  
If the far-distant apple should be sought:  
I lur'd her backward mind to seize the bait,  
And to the massie gold gave double weight.  
My favour to my votary was show'd,  
Her speed I lessen'd, and encreas'd her load.  
But lest, tho' long, the rapid race be run,  
Before my longer, tedious tale is done,  
The youth the goal, and so the virgin won.

Might I, Adonis, now not hope to see  
His grateful thanks pour'd out for victory?  
His pious incense on my altars laid?  
but he nor grateful thanks, nor incense paid.  
Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the youth the fair,

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For his contempt, should my kzeen vengeance share;  
That f<sup>u</sup>ture lovers might my pow'r revere,  
And, from the<sup>i</sup>r sad examples, learn t<sup>o</sup> fear.  
The silent fanes, z<sup>u</sup>the sanctify'd abodes,  
Of Cybele, great mother of the Gods,  
Rais'd by Echion in a lonely wood,  
And full of bro<sup>y</sup>wn, religious horror stood.  
By a long painful journey faint, they chose!  
Their we<sup>a</sup>ry limbs here secret to repose.  
But soon my pow'r<sup>r</sup> inflam'd the lustful boy,  
Careless of rest he s<sup>o</sup>ught untimely joy.  
A hallow'd gloomy cave, with moss o'er-grown,  
The temple join'd, of native pumice-stone,  
Where antique images by x<sup>p</sup>riests were kept.  
And wooden deities securely slept.  
Thither the rash Hippomenes retires,  
And gives a loose to all his wild desires,  
And the chaste cell pollutes with wanton f<sup>i</sup>res.  
The sacred s<sup>t</sup>atues trembled with surprize,  
The tow'ry G<sup>o</sup>ddess, blushing, veil'd her eyes;  
And the lewd pair to Stygian sounds h<sup>a</sup>d sent,  
But unrevengeful x<sup>s</sup>eam'd that punishment,  
A heavier doom such black<sup>k</sup> prophaneness draws,  
Their taper figures turn t<sup>o</sup> crooked paws.  
No more their necks the smoothness can retain,  
Now cover'd sudden with a yellow mane.  
Arms change to legs: each finds the hard'ning b<sup>r</sup>east  
Of rage j<sup>u</sup>nknown, and wond'rous strength possesset.  
Their alter'd lo<sup>o</sup>ks with fury grim appear,  
And on the ground their brushing tails they hear.  
They haunt the woods: their voices, which before  
Were musically sweet, now h<sup>o</sup>arsly roar.  
Hence lions, dreadful to the l<sup>a</sup>b'ring swains,  
Are tam'd by Cybele, and curb'd with reins,  
And humbly draw her car along the plains.  
But thou, Adonis, my delightful care,  
Of these, and beasts, as fierce as these, beware!  
The savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun,  
For by rash prowess should'st thou be undone,  
A double ruin is contain'd in one.  
Thus cautious Venus school'd her fav'rite boy;  
But youthful heat all cautions will destroy.  
His sprightly soul beyond grave counsels flies,  
While with yok<sup>g</sup>'d swans the Goddess cuts the skies.  
His faithful hounds, led by the tainted wind,  
Lodg'd in thick coverts chanc'd a boar to find.

The callow hero show'd a manly heart,  
 And pierc'd the savage with a side-long dart.  
 The flying savage, wounded, turn'd again,  
 Wrench'd out the gory dart, and foam'd with pain.  
 The trembling boy by flight his safety sought,  
 And now recall'd the lore, which Venus taught;  
 But now too late to fly the hoar he strove,  
 Who in the groin his tusks impetuous drove,  
 On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay,  
 The monster trampling o'er his beauteous prey.

Fair Cytherea, Cyprus scarce in view,  
 Heard from afar his groans, and own'd them true,  
 And turn'd her snowy swans, and backward flew.  
 But as she saw him gasp his latest breath,  
 And quiv'ring agonize in pangs of death,  
 Down with swift flight she plung'd, nor rage forbore,  
 At once her garments, and qher hair she tore.  
 With cryuel blows she beat her guiltless breast,  
 The Fates upbraided, and her love confest.  
 Nor shall they yet (she cry'd) the whole devour  
 With uncontroul'd, inexorable pow'r:  
 For thee, lost youth, my tears, and restless pain  
 Shall in immortal monuments zremain,  
 With solemn pomp in annual rites return'd,  
 Be thou for ever, my Adonis, mourn'd,  
 could Pluto's queen with jealous fury storm,  
 And Menthe to a fragrant herb transform?  
 Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise,  
 And in a flow'r bid her fall'n heroe rise?  
 Then on the blood sweet nectar she bestows,  
 The scented blood in little bubbles rose:  
 Little as rainy drops, which flutt'ring fly,  
 Bornj by the winds, along a low'ring sky.  
 Short time ensu'd, 'till where the blood was shed,  
 A flow'r began to rear its purple head:  
 Such, as on Punick apples is reveal'd,  
 Or in the filmy rind but half conceal'd.  
 Still here the Fate of lovely forms we see,  
 So sudden fades the sweet Anemonie.  
 The feeble stems, to stormy blasts a prey,  
 Their sickly beauties zdroop, and pine away.  
 The winds forbid the flow'rs to flourish long,  
 Which owe to winds their names in Grecian song.

### Parallel Lives

Plutarch

*Dryden*

#### Pyrrhus

Of the Thesprotians and Molossians after the great inundation, the first king, according to some historians, was Phaethon, one of those who came into Epirus with Pelasgus. Others tell us that Deucalion and Pyrrha, having set up the worship of Jupiter at Dodona, settled there among the Molossians. In after time, Neoptolemus, Achilles's son, planting a colony, possessed these parts himself, and left a succession of kings, who, after him, was named Pyrrhidae, as he in his youth was called Pyrrhus, and of his legitimate children, one was born of Lanassa, daughter of Cleodaeus, Hyllus's son, had also that name. From him Achilles came to have divine honours in Epirus, under the name of Aspetus, in the language of the country. After these first kings, those of the following intervening times becoming barbarous, and insignificant both in their power and their lives, Tharrhypas is said to have been the first who, by introducing Greek manners and learning, and humane laws into his cities, left any fame of himself. Alcetas was the son of Tharrhypas, Arybas of Alcetas, and of Axyrybas and Troas his queen, Aeacides; he married Phthia, the daughter of Menon, the Thessalian, a man of note at the time of the Lamiac war, and of highest command in the confederate army next to Leosthenes. To Aeacides were born of Phthia, Deidamia and Troas, daughters, and Pyrrhus, a son.

The Molossians, afterwards falling into factions and expelling Aeacides, brought in the sons of Neoptolemus, and such friends of Aeacides as they could take were all cut off; Pyrrhus, yet an infant, and searched for by the enemy, had been stolen away and carried off by Androclides and Anggelus; who, however, being obliged to take with them a few servants, and women to nurse the child, were much impeded and retarded in their flight, and when they were now overtaken, they delivered the infant to Androcleon, Hippias, and Neander, faithful and able young fellows, giving them in charge to make for Megara, a town of Macedon, with all their might, while they themselves, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, stopped the course of the pursuers till late in the evening. At last, having hardly forced them back, they joined those who had the care of Pyrrhus; but the sun being already set, at the point of attaining their object they suddenly found themselves cut off from it. For on reaching the river that runs by the city they found it looking formidable and rough, and endeavouring to pass over, they discovered it was not fordable; late rains having heightened the water and made the current violent. The darkness of the night added to the horror of all, so that they durst not venture of themselves to carry over the child and the women that attended it; but, perceiving some of the country people on the other side, they desired them to assist their passage, and showed them Pyrrhus, calling

out aloud, and importuning them. They, however, could not hear for the noise and roaring of the water. Thus time was spent while those called out, and the others did not understand what was said, till one recollecting himself, stripped off a piece of bark from an oak, and wrote on it with the tongue of a buckle, stating the necessities and the fortunes of the child, and then rolling it about a stone, which was made use of to give force to the motion, threw it over to the other side, or, as some say, fastened it to the end of a javelin, and darted it over. When the men on the other shore read what was on the bark, and saw how time pressed, without delay they cut down some trees, and lashing them together, came over to them. And it so fell out, that he who first got ashore, and took Pyrrhus in his arms, was named Achilles, the rest being helped over by others as they came to hand.

Thus being safe, and out of the reach of pursuit, they addressed themselves to Glaucias, then King of the Illyrians, and finding him sitting at home with his wife, they laid down the child before them. The king began to weigh the matter, fearing Cassander, who was a mortal enemy of Aeacides, and, being in deep consideration, said nothing for a long time; while Pyrrhus, crawling about on the ground, gradually got near and laid hold with his hand upon the king's robe, and so helping himself upon his feet against the knees of Glaucias first moved laughter, and then pity, as a little, humble, crying petitioner. Some say he did not throw himself before Glaucias, but catching hold of an altar of the gods, and spreading his hands about it, raised himself up by that; and that Glaucias took the act as an omen. At present, therefore, he gave Pyrrhus into the charge of his wife, commanding he should be brought up with his own children; and a little later, the enemies sending to demand him, and Cassander himself offering two hundred talents, he would not deliver him up; but when he was twelve years old, bringing him with an army into Epirus, made him king. Pyrrhus in the air of his face had something more of the terrors than of the augustness of kingly power; he had not a regular set of upper teeth, but in the place of them one continued bone, with small lines marked on it, resembling the divisions of a row of teeth. It was a general belief he could cure the spleen by sacrificing a white cock and gently pressing with his right foot on the spleen of the persons as they lay down on their backs, nor was any one so poor or inconsiderable as not to be welcome, if he desired it, to the benefit of his touch. He accepted the cock for the sacrifice as a reward, and was always much pleased with the present. The large toe of that foot was said to have a divine virtue; for after his death, the rest of the body being consumed, this was found unhurt, and untouched by the fire. But of these things hereafter.

Being now about seventeen years old, and the government in appearance well settled, he took a journey out of the kingdom to attend the marriage of one of Glaucias's sons, with whom he was brought up; upon which opportunity the Molossians again rebelling, turned out all of his party, plundered his property, and gave themselves up to Neoptolemus. Pyrrhus having thus lost the kingdom, and being in want of all things, applied to Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, the husband of his sister Deidamia, who, while she was but a child, had been in name the wife of Alexander, son of Roxana, but their affairs afterwards proving

unfortunate, when she came to age, Demetrius married her. At the great battle of Ipsus, where so many kings were engaged, Pyrrhus, taking part with Demetrius, though yet but a youth, routed those that encountered him, and highly signalized himself among all the soldiery; and afterwards, when Demetrius's fortunes were low, he did not forsake him then, but secured for him the cities of Greece with which he was intrusted; and upon articles of agreement being made between Demetrius and Ptolemy, he went over as an hostage for him into Egypt, where both in hunting and other exercises he gave Ptolemy an ample proof of his courage and strength. Here observing Berenice in greatest power, and of all Ptolemy's wives highest in esteem for virtue and understanding, he made his court principally to her. He had a particular art of gaining over the great to his own interest, as on the other hand he readily overlooked such as were below him; and being also well-behaved and temperate in his life, among all the young princes then at court he was thought most fit to have Antigone for his wife, one of the daughters of Berenice by Philip, before she married Ptolemy.

After this match, advancing in honour, and Antigone being a very good wife to him, having procured a sum of money, and raised an army, he so ordered matters as to be sent into his kingdom of Epirus, and arrived there to the great satisfaction of many, from their hate to Neoptolemus, who was governing in a violent and arbitrary way. But fearing lest Neoptolemus should enter into alliance with some neighbouring princes, he came to terms and friendship with him, agreeing that they should share the government between them. There were people, however, who, as time went on, secretly exasperated them, and fomented jealousies between them. The cause chiefly moving Pyrrhus is said to have had this beginning. It was customary for the kings to offer sacrifice to Mars at Passaro, a place in the Molossian country, and that done to enter into a solemn covenant with the Epirots; they to govern according to law, these to preserve the government as by law established. This was performed in the presence of both kings, who were there with their immediate friends, giving and receiving many presents; here Gelo, one of the friends of Neoptolemus, taking Pyrrhus by the hand, presented him with two pair of draught oxen. Myrtilus, his cup-bearer, being then by, begged these of Pyrrhus, who not giving them to him, but to another, Myrtilus extremely resented it, which Gelo took notice of, and, inviting him to a banquet (amidst drinking and other excesses, as some relate, Myrtilus being then in the flower of his youth), he entered into discourse, persuading him to adhere to Neoptolemus, and destroy Pyrrhus by poison. Myrtilus received the design, appearing to approve and consent to it, but privately discovered it to Pyrrhus, by whose command he recommended Alexicrates, his chief cup-bearer, to Gelo, as a fit instrument for their design, Pyrrhus being very desirous to have proof of the plot by several evidences. So Gelo, being deceived, Neoptolemus, who was no less deceived, imagining the design went prosperously on, could not forbear, but in his joy spoke of it among his friends, and once at an entertainment at his sister Cadmea's talked openly of it, thinking none heard but themselves. Nor was any one there but Phaenarete the wife of Samon, who had the care of Neoptolemus's flocks and herds. She, turning her face towards the wall upon a couch, seemed fast asleep, and having heard all that passed, unsuspected, next

day came to Antigone, Pyrrhus's wife, and told her what she had heard Neoptolemus say to his sister. On understanding which Pyrrhus for the present said little, but on a sacrifice day, making an invitation for Neoptolemus, killed him; being satisfied before that the great men of the Epirots were his friends, and that they were eager for him to rid himself of Neoptolemus, and not to content himself with a mere petty share of the government, but to follow his own natural vocation to great designs, and now when a just ground of suspicion appeared, to anticipate Neoptolemus by taking him off first.

In memory of Berenice and Ptolemy he named his son by Antigone, Ptolemy, and having built a city in the peninsula of Epirus, called it Berenicis. From this time he began to revolve many and vast projects in his thoughts; but his first special hope and design lay near home, and he found means to engage himself in the Macedonian affairs under the following pretext. Of Cassander's sons, Antipater, the eldest, killed Thessalonica, his mother, and expelled his brother Alexander, who sent to Demetrius entreating his assistance, and also called in Pyrrhus; but Demetrius being retarded by multitude of business, Pyrrhus, coming first, demanded in reward of his service the districts called Tymphaea and Parauaea in Macedon itself and of their new conquests, Ambracia, Acarnania, and Amphilochia. The young prince giving way, he took possession of these countries, and secured them with good garrisons, and proceeded to reduce for Alexander himself other parts of the kingdom which he gained from Antipater. Lysimachus, designing to send aid to Antipater, was involved in much other business, but knowing Pyrrhus would not disoblige Ptolemy, or deny him anything, sent pretended letters to him as from Ptolemy, desiring him to give up his expedition, upon the payment of three hundred talents to him by Antipater. Pyrrhus, opening the letter, quickly discovered the fraud of Lysimachus; for it had not the accustomed style of salutation, "The father to the son, health," but "King Ptolemy to Pyrrhus, the king, health;" and reproaching Lysimachus, he notwithstanding made a peace, and they all met to confirm it by a solemn oath upon sacrifice. A goat, a bull, and a ram being brought out, the ram on a sudden fell dead. The others laughed, but Theodotus the prophet forbade Pyrrhus to swear, declaring that Heaven by that portended the death of one of the three kings, upon which he refused to ratify the peace.

The affairs of Alexander being now in some kind of settlement, Demetrius arrived, contrary, as soon appeared, to the desire and indeed not without the alarm of Alexander. After they had been a few days together, their mutual jealousy led them to conspire against each other; and Demetrius, taking advantage of the first occasion, was beforehand with the young king, and slew him, and proclaimed himself King of Macedon. There had been formerly no very good understanding between him and Pyrrhus; for besides the inroads he made into Thessaly, the innate disease of princes, ambition of greater empire, had rendered them formidable and suspected neighbours to each other, especially since Deidamia's death; and both having seized Macedon, they came into conflict for the same object, and the difference between them had the stronger motives. Demetrius having first attacked the Aetolians and subdued them, left Pantauchus there with a considerable army, and marched direct against Pyrrhus, and Pyrrhus,

as he thought, against him; but by mistake of the ways they passed by one another, and Demetrius falling into Epirus wasted the country, and Pyrrhus, meeting with Pantauchus, prepared for an engagement. The soldiers fell to, and there was a sharp and terrible conflict, especially where the generals were. Pantauchus, in courage, dexterity, and strength of body, being confessedly the best of all Demetrius's captains, and having both resolution and high spirit, challenged Pyrrhus to fight hand to hand; on the other side Pyrrhus, professing not to yield to any king in valour and glory, and esteeming the fame of Achilles more truly to belong to him for his courage than for his blood, advanced against Pantauchus through the front of the army. First they used their lances, then came to a close fight, and managed their swords both with art and force; Pyrrhus receiving one wound, but returning two for it, one in the thigh and the other near the neck repulsed and overthrew Pantauchus, but did not kill him outright, as he was rescued by his friends. But the Epirots exulting in the victory of their king, and admiring his courage, forced through and cut in pieces the phalanx of the Macedonians, and pursuing those that fled, killed many, and took five thousand prisoners.

This fight did not so much exasperate the Macedonians with anger for their loss, or with hatred to Pyrrhus, as it caused esteem and admiration of his valour, and great discourse of him among those that saw what he did, and were engaged against him in the action. They thought his countenance, his swiftness, and his motions expressed those of the great Alexander, and that they beheld here an image and resemblance of his rapidity and strength in fight; other kings merely by their purple and their guards, by the formal bending of their necks and lofty tone of their speech, Pyrrhus only by arms and in action, represented Alexander. Of his knowledge of military tactics and the art of a general, and his great ability that way, we have the best information from the commentaries he left behind him. Antigonus, also, we are told, being asked who was the greatest soldier, said, "Pyrrhus, if he lives to be old," referring only to those of his own time; but Hannibal of all great commanders esteemed Pyrrhus for skill and conduct the first, Scipio the second, and himself the third, as is related in the life of Scipio. In a word, he seemed ever to make this all his thought and philosophy, as the most kingly part of learning; other curiosities he held in no account. He is reported, when asked at a feast whether he thought Python or Caphisias the best musician to have said, Polysperchon was the best soldier, as though it became a king to examine and understand only such things. Towards his familiars he was mild and not easily incensed; zealous and even vehement in returning kindnesses. Thus when Aeropus was dead, he could not bear it with moderation, saying, he indeed had suffered what was common to human nature, but condemning and blaming himself, that by puttings off and delays he had not returned his kindness in time. For our debts may be satisfied to the creditor's heirs, but not to have made the acknowledgment of received favours, while they to whom it is due can be sensible of it, afflicts a good and worthy nature. Some thinking it fit that Pyrrhus should banish a certain ill-tongued fellow in Ambracia, who had spoken very indecently of him, "Let him rather," said he, "speak against us here to a few, than rambling about to a great many." And others who in their wine had made

reflections upon him, being afterward questioned for it, and asked by him whether they had said such words, on one of the young fellows answering. "Yes, all that, king: and should have said more if we had had more wine;" he laughed and discharged them. After Antigone's death, he married several wives to enlarge his interest and power. He had the daughter of Autoleon, King of the Paenonians, Bircenna, Bardyllis the Illyrian's daughter, Lanassa, daughter of Agathocles the Syracusan, who brought with her in dower the city of Corcyra, which had been taken by Agathocles. By Antigone he had Ptolemy, Alexander by Lanassa, and Helenus, his youngest son, by Bircenna: he brought them up all in arms, hot and eager youths, and by him sharpened and whetted to war from their very infancy. It is said, when one of them, while yet a child, asked him to which he would leave the kingdom, he replied, to him that had the sharpest sword, which indeed was much like that tragical curse of Oedipus to his sons:-

"Not by the lot decide,  
But within the sword the heritage divide."  
So unsocial and wild-beast-like is the nature of ambition and cupidity.

After this battle Pyrrhus, returning gloriously home, enjoyed his fame and reputation, and being called "Eagle" by the Epirotes, "By you," said he, "I am an eagle; for how should I not be such, while I have your arms as wings to sustain me?" A little after, having intelligence that ZDemetrius was dangerously sick, he entered on a sudden into Macedonia, intending only an incursion, and to harass the country; but was very near seizing upon all, and taking the kingdom without a blow. He marched as far as Edessa unresisted, great numbers deserting and coming in to him. This danger excited Demetrius beyond his strength, and his friends and commanders in a short time got a considerable army together, and with all their forces briskly attacked Pyrrhus, who, coming only to pillage, would not stand a fight, but retreating, lost part of his army, as he went off, by the close pursuit of the Macedonians. Demetrius, however, although he had easily and quickly forced Pyrrhus out of the country, yet did not slight him, but having resolved upon great designs, and to recover his father's kingdom with an army of one hundred thousand men, and a fleet of five hundred ships, would neither embroil himself with Pyrrhus, nor leave the Macedonians so active and troublesome a neighbour; and since he had no leisure to continue the war with him, he was willing to treat and conclude a peace, and to turn his forces upon the other kings. Articles being agreed upon, the designs of Demetrius quickly discovered themselves by the greatness of his preparation. And the other kings, being alarmed, sent to Pyrrhus ambassadors and letters, expressing their wonder that he should choose to let his own opportunity pass by, and wait till Demetrius could use his; and whereas he was now able to chase him out of Macedon, involved in designs and disturbed, he should expect till Demetrius at leisure, and grown great, should bring the war home to his own door, and make him fight for his temples and sepulchres in Molossia; especially having so lately, by his means, lost Corcyra and his wife together. For Lanassa had taken offence at Pyrrhus for too great an inclination to those wives of his that were barbarians, and so

withdrew to Corcyra, and desiring to marry some king, invited Demetrius, knowing of all the kings he was most ready to entertain offers of marriage; so he sailed thither, married Lanassa, and placed a garrison in the city. The kings having written thus to Pyrrhus, themselves likewise contrived to find Demetrius work, while he was delaying and making his preparations. Ptolemy, setting out with a great fleet, drew off many of the Greek cities. Lysimachus out of Thrace wasted the upper Macedon; and Pyrrhus, also taking arms at the same time, marched to Beroea, expecting, as it fell out, that Demetrius, collecting his forces against Lysimachus, would leave the lower country undefended. That very night he seemed in his sleep to be called by Alexander the Great, and approaching saw him sick abed, but was received with very kind words, and much respect, and promised zealous assistance. He making bold to reply, "How, sir, can you, being sick, assist me?" "With my name," said he, and mounting Nisaeon horse, seemed to lead the way. At the sight of this vision he was much assured, and with swift marches overrunning all the interjacent places, takes Beroea, and making his headquarters there, reduced the rest of the country by his commanders. When Demetrius received intelligence of this, and perceived likewise the Macedonians ready to mutiny in the army, he was afraid to advance further, lest, coming near Lysimachus, a Macedonian king, and of great fame, they should revolt to him. So returning, he marched directly against Pyrrhus, as a stranger, and hated by the Macedonians. But while he lay encamped there near him, many who came out of Beroea infinitely praised Pyrrhus as invincible in arms, a glorious warrior, who treated those he had taken kindly and humanely. Several of these Pyrrhus himself sent privately, pretending to be Macedonians, and saying, now was the time to be delivered from the severe government of Demetrius by coming over to Pyrrhus, a gracious prince and a lover of soldiers. By this artifice a great part of the army was in a state of excitement, and the soldiers began to look every way about inquiring for Pyrrhus. It happened he was without his helmet, till understanding they did not know him, he put it on again, and so was quickly recognized by his lofty crest and the goat's horns he wore upon it. Then the Macedonians, running to him, desired to be told his password, and some put oaken boughs upon their heads, because they saw them worn by the soldiers about him. Some persons even took the confidence to say to Demetrius himself, that he would be well advised to withdraw and lay down the government. And he, indeed, seeing the mutinous movements of the army to be only too consistent with what they said, privately got away, disguised in a broad hat and a common soldier's coat. So Pyrrhus became master of the army without fighting, and was declared King of the Macedonians.

But Lysimachus now arriving, and claiming the defeat of Demetrius as the joint exploit of them both, and that therefore the kingdom should be shared between them, Pyrrhus, not as yet quite assured of the Macedonians, and in doubt of their faith, consented to the proposition of Lysimachus, and divided the country and cities between them accordingly. This was for the present useful, and prevented a war; but shortly after they found the partition not so much a peaceful settlement as an occasion of further complaint and difference. For men whose ambition neither seas, nor mountains, nor unpeopled deserts can limit, nor the

bounds dividing Europe from Asia confine their vast desires, it would be hard to expect to forbear from injuring one another when they touch and are close together. These are ever naturally at war, envying and seeking advantages of one another, and merely make use of those two words, peace and war, like current coin, to serve their occasions, not as justice but as expediency suggests, and are really better men when they openly enter on a war, than when they give to the mere forbearance from doing wrong, for want of opportunity, the sacred names of justice and friendship. Pyrrhus was an instance of this; for setting himself against the rise of Demetrius again, and endeavouring to hinder the recovery of his power, as it were from a kind of sickness, he assisted the Greeks, and came to Athens, where, having ascended the Acropolis, he offered sacrifice to the goddess, and the same day came down again, and told the Athenians he was much gratified by the good-will and the confidence they had shown to him; but if they were wise he advised them never to let any king come thither again, or open their city gates to him. He concluded also a peace with Demetrius, but shortly after he was gone into Asia, at the persuasion of Lysimachus, he tampered with the Thessalians to revolt, and besieged his cities in Greece finding he could better preserve the attachment of the Macedonians in war than in peace, and being of his own inclination not much given to rest. At last, after Demetrius had been overthrown in Syria, Lysimachus, who had secured his affairs, and had nothing to do, immediately turned his whole forces upon Pyrrhus, who was in quarters at Edessa, and falling upon and seizing his convoy of provisions, brought first a great scarcity into the army; then partly by letters, partly by spreading rumours abroad, he corrupted the principal officers of the Macedonians, reproaching them that they had made one their master who was both a stranger and descended from those who had ever been servants to the Macedonians, and that they had thrust the old friends and familiars of Alexander out of the country. The Macedonian soldiers being much prevailed upon, Pyrrhus withdrew himself with his Epirots and auxiliary forces, relinquishing Macedon, just after the same manner he took it. So little reason have kings to condemn popular governments for changing sides as suits their interests, as in this they do but imitate them who are the great instructors of unfaithfulness and treachery; holding him the wisest that makes the least account of being an honest man.

Pyrrhus having thus retired into Epirus, and left Macedon, fortune gave him a fair occasion of enjoying himself in quiet, and peaceably governing his own subjects; but he who thought it a nauseous course of life not to be doing mischief to others, or receiving some from them, like Achilles, could not endure repose-

" -But sad and languished far,  
Desiring battle and the shout of war,"

and gratified his inclination by the following pretext for new troubles. The Romans were at war with the Tarentines, who, not being able to go on with the war, nor yet, through the foolhardiness and the viciousness of their popular speakers, to come to terms and give it up, proposed now to make Pyrrhus their general, and engage him in it, as of all the neighbouring kings the most at leisure,

and the most skilful as a commander. The more grave and discreet citizens opposing these counsels, were partly overborne by the noise and violence of the multitude; while others, seeing this, absented themselves from the assemblies; only one Meton, a very sober man, on the day this public decree was to be ratified, when the people were now seating themselves, came dancing into the assembly like one quite drunk, with a withered garland and a small lamp in his hand, and a woman playing on a flute before him. And as in great multitudes met at such popular assemblies no decorum can be well observed, some clapped him, others laughed, none forbade him, but called to the woman to play, and to him to sing to the company, and when they thought he was going to do so, "'Tis right of you, O men of Tarentum," he said, "not to hinder any from making themselves merry that have a mind to it, while it is yet in their power; and if you are wise, you will take out your pleasure of your freedom while you can, for you must change your course of life, and follow other diet when Pyrrhus comes to town." These words made a great impression upon many of the Tarentines, and a confused murmur went about that he had spoken much to the purpose; but some who feared they should be sacrificed if a peace were made with the Romans, reviled the whole assembly for so tamely suffering themselves to be abused by a drunken sot, and crowding together upon Meton, thrust him out. So the public order was passed and ambassadors sent into Epirus, not only in their own names, but in those of all the Italian Greeks, carrying presents to Pyrrhus, and letting him know they wanted a general of reputation and experience; and that they could furnish him with large forces of Lucanians, Messapians, Samnites, and Tarentines, amounting to twenty thousand horse, and three hundred and fifty thousand foot. This did not only quicken Pyrrhus, but raised an eager desire for the expedition in the Epirots.

There was one Cineas, a Thessalian, considered to be a man of very good sense, a disciple of the great orator Demosthenes, who, of all that were famous at that time for speaking well, most seemed, as in a picture, to revive in the minds of the audience the memory of his force and vigour of eloquence; and being always about Pyrrhus, and sent about in his service to several cities, verified the saying of Euripides, that

"-the force of words

Can do whate'er is done by conquering swords."

And Pyrrhus was used to say, that Cineas had taken more towns with his words than he with his arms, and always did him the honour to employ him in his most important occasions. This person, seeing Pyrrhus eagerly preparing for Italy, led him one day when he was at leisure into the following reasonings: "The Romans, sir, are reported to be great warriors and conquerors of many warlike nations; if God permit us to overcome them, how should we use our victory?" "You ask," said Pyrrhus, "a thing evident of itself. The Romans once conquered, there is neither Greek nor barbarian city that will resist us, but we shall presently be masters of all Italy, the extent and resources and strength of which any one should rather profess to be ignorant of than yourself." Cineas after a little pause,

"And having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?" Pyrrhus not yet discovering his intention, "Sicily," he replied, "next holds out her arms to receive us, a wealthy and populous island, and easy to be gained; for since Agathocles left it, only faction and anarchy, and the licentious violence of the demagogues prevail." "You speak," said Cineas, "what is perfectly probable, but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?" "God grant us," answered Pyrrhus, "victory and success in that, and we will use these as Forerunners of greater things; who could forbear from Libya and Carthage then within reach, which Agathocles, even when forced to fly from Syracuse, and passing the sea only with a few ships, had all but surprised? These conquests once perfected, will any assert that of the enemies who now pretend to despise us, any one will dare to make further resistance?" "None," replied Cineas, "for then it is manifest we may with such mighty forces regain Macedon, and make an absolute conquest of Greece; and when all these are in our power what shall we do then?" Said Pyrrhus, smiling, "We will live at our ease, my dear friend, and drink all day, and divert ourselves with pleasant conversation." When Cineas had led Pyrrhus with his argument to this point: "And what hinders us now, sir, if we have a mind to be merry, and entertain one another, since we have at hand without trouble all those necessary things, to which through much blood and great labour, and infinite hazards and mischief done to ourselves and to others, we design at last to arrive?" Such reasonings rather troubled Pyrrhus with the thought of the happiness he was quitting, than any way altered his purpose, being unable to abandon the hopes of what he so much desired.

And first, he sent away Cineas to the Tarentines with three thousand men; presently after, many vessels for transport of horse, and galleys, and flat-bottomed boats of all sorts arriving from Tarentum, he shipped upon them twenty elephants, three thousand horse, twenty thousand foot, two thousand archers, and five hundred slingers. All being thus in readiness, he set sail, and being half-way over, was driven by the wind, blowing, contrary to the season of the year, violently from the north, and carried from his course, but by the great skill and resolution of his pilots and seamen, he made the land with infinite labour, and beyond expectation. The rest of the fleet could not get up, and some of the dispersed ships, losing the coast of Italy, were driven into the Libyan and Sicilian Sea; others, not able to double the cape of Japygium, were overtaken by the night; and, with a boisterous and heavy sea, throwing them upon a dangerous and rocky shore, they were all very much disabled except the royal galley. She, while the sea bore upon her sides, resisted with her bulk and strength, and avoided the force of it, till the wind coming about, blew directly in their teeth from the shore, and the vessel keeping up with her head against it, was in danger of going to pieces; yet on the other hand, to suffer themselves to be driven off to sea again, which was thus raging and tempestuous, with the wind shifting about every way, seemed to them the most dreadful of all their present evils. Pyrrhus, rising up, threw himself overboard. His friends and guards strove eagerly who should be most ready to help him, but night and the sea, with its noise and violent surge, made it extremely difficult to do this; so that hardly, when with the morning the wind began to subside, he got ashore, breathless and weakened in

body, but with high courage and strength of mind resisting his hard fortune. The Messapians, upon whose shore they were thrown by the tempest, came up eagerly to help them in the best manner they could; and some of the straggling vessels that had escaped the storm arrived; in which were a very few horse, and not quite two thousand foot, and two elephants.

With these Pyrrhus marched straight to Tarentum, where Cineas, being informed of his arrival, led out the troops to meet him. Entering the town, he did nothing displeasing to the Tarentines, nor put any force upon them, till the ships were all in harbour, and the greatest part of the army got together; but then perceiving that the people, unless some strong compulsion was used to them, were not capable either of saving others or being saved themselves, and were rather intending, while he engaged for them in the field, to remain at home bathing and feasting themselves, he first shut up the places of public exercise, and the walks, where, in their idle way, they fought their country's battles and conducted her campaigns in their talk; he prohibited likewise all festivals, revels, and drinking parties as unseasonable, and summoning them to arms, showed himself rigorous and inflexible in carrying out the conscription for service in the war. So that many, not understanding what it was to be commanded, left the town, calling it mere slavery not to do as they pleased. He now received intelligence that Laevinus, the Roman consul, was upon his march with a great army, and plundering Lucania as he went. The confederate forces were not come up to him, yet he thought it impossible to suffer so near an approach of an enemy, and drew out with his army, but first sent an herald to the Romans to know if before the war they would decide the differences between them and the Italian Greeks by his arbitrament and mediation. But Laevinus returning answer that the Romans neither accepted him as arbitrator nor feared him as an enemy, Pyrrhus advanced, and encamped in the plain between the cities of Pandosia and Heraclea, and having notice the Romans were near, and lay on the other side of the river Siris, he rode up to take a view of them, and seeing their order, the appointment of the watches, their method and the general form of their encampment, he was amazed, and addressing one of his friends next to him: "This order," said he, "Megacles, of the barbarians, is not at all barbarian in character; we shall see presently what they can do; and growing a little more thoughtful of the event, resolved to expect the arriving of the confederate troops. And to hinder the Romans, if in the meantime they should endeavour to pass the river, he planted men all along the bank to oppose them. But they, hastening to anticipate the coming up of the same forces which he had determined to wait for, attempted the passage with their infantry, where it was fordable, and with the horse in several places, so that the Greeks, fearing to be surrounded, were obliged to retreat, and Pyrrhus, perceiving this, and being much surprised, bade his foot officers draw their men up in line of battle, and continue in arms, while he himself with three thousand horse advanced, hoping to attack the Romans as they were coming over, scattered and disordered. But when he saw a vast number of shields appearing above the water, and the horse following them in good order, gathering his men in a closer body, himself at the head of them, he began the charge, conspicuous by his rich and beautiful armour, and letting it be seen

that his reputation had not outgone what he was able effectually to perform. While exposing his hands and body Cin the fight, and bravely repelling all that engaged him, he still guided the battle with a steady and undisturbed reason, and such presence of mind, as if he had been out of the action and watching it from a distance, passing still from point to point, and assisting those whom he thought most pressed by the enemy. Here Leonnatus the Macedonian, observing one of the Italians very intent upon Pyrrhus, riding up towards him, and changing places as he did, and moving as he moved: "Do you see, sir," said he, "that barbarian on the black horse with white feet? he seems to be one that designs some great and dangerous thing, for he looks constantly at you, and fixes his whole attention, full of vehement purpose, on you alone, taking no notice of others. Be on your guard, sir, against him." "Leonnatus," said Pyrrhus, "it is impossible for any man to avoid his fate; but neither he nor any other Italian shall have much satisfaction in engaging with me." While they were in this discourse, the Italian, lowering his spear and quickening his horse, rode furiously at Pyrrhus, and run his horse through with his lance; at the same instant Leonnatus ran his through. Both horses falling, Pyrrhus's friends surrounded him and brought him off safe, and killed the Italian, bravely defending himself. He was by birth a Frentanian, captain of a troop, and named Oplacus.

This made Pyrrhus use greater caution, and now seeing his horse give ground, he brought up the infantry against the Venemy, and changing his scarf and his arms with Megacles, one of his friends, and obscuring himself, as it were, in his, charged upon the Romans, who received and engaged him, and a great while the success of the battle remained undetermined; and it is said there were seven turns of fortune both of pursuing and being pursued. And the change of his arms was very opportune for the safety of his person, but had like to have overthrown his cause and lost him the victory; for several falling upon Megacles, the first that gave him his mortal wound was one Dexous, who, snatching away his helmet and his robe, rode at once to Laevinus, holding them up, and saying aloud he had killed Pyrrhus. These spoils being carried about and shown among the ranks, the Romans were transported with joy, and shouted aloud; while equal discouragement and terror prevailed among the Greeks, until Pyrrhus, understanding what had happened, rode about the army with his face bare, stretching out his hand to his soldiers, and telling them aloud it was he. At last, the elephants more particularly began to distress the Romans, whose horses, before they came near, nor enduring them, went back with their riders; and upon this, he commanded the Thessalian cavalry to charge them in their disorder, and routed them with great loss. Dionysius affirms near fifteen thousand of the Romans fell; Hieronymus, no more than seven thousand. On Pyrrhus's side, the same Dionysius makes thirteen thousand slain, the other under four thousand; but they were the flower of his men, and amongst them his particular friends as well as officers whom he most trusted and made use of. However, he possessed himself of the Romans' camp which they deserted, and gained over several confederate cities, and wasted the country round about, and advanced so far that he was within about thirty-seven miles of Rome itself. After the fight many of the Lucanians and Samnites came in and joined him, whom he chid for their delay,

but yet he was evidently well pleased and raised in his thoughts, that he had defeated so great an army of the Romans with the assistance of the Tarentines alone.

The Romans did not remove Laevinus from the consulship; though it is told that Caius Fabricius said, that the Epirots had not beaten the Romans, but only Pyrrhus, Laevinus; insinuating that their loss was not through want of valour but of conduct; but filled up their legions, and enlisted fresh men with all speed, talking high and boldly of war, which struck Pyrrhus with amazement. He thought it advisable by sending first to make an experiment whether they had any inclination to treat, thinking that to take the city and make an absolute conquest was no work for such an army as his was at that time, but to settle a friendship, and bring them to terms, would be highly honourable after his victory. Cineas was despatched away, and applied himself to several of the great ones, with presents for themselves and their ladies from the king; but not a person would receive any, and answered, as well men as women, that if an agreement were publicly concluded, they also should be ready, for their parts, to express their regard to the king. And Cineas, discoursing with the senate in the most persuasive and obliging manner in the world, yet was not heard with kindness or inclination, although Pyrrhus offered also to return all the prisoners he had taken in the fight without ransom, and promised his assistance for the entire conquest of all Italy, asking only their friendship for himself, and security for the Tarentines, and nothing further. Nevertheless, most were well inclined to a peace, having already received one great defeat and fearing another from an additional force of the native Italians, now joining with Pyrrhus. At this point Appius Claudius, a man of great distinction, but who, because of his great age and loss of sight, had declined the fatigue of public business, after these propositions had been made by the king, hearing a report that the senate was ready to vote the conditions of peace, could not forbear, but commanding his servants to take him up, was carried in his chair through the forum to the senate-house. When he was set down at the door, his sons and sons-in-law took him up in their arms, and, walking close round about him, brought him into the senate. Out of reverence for so worthy a man, the whole assembly was respectfully silent.

And a little after raising up himself: "I bore," said he, "until this time, the misfortune of my eyes with some impatience, but now while I hear of these dishonourable motions and resolves of yours, destructive to the glory of Rome, it is my affliction, that being already blind, I am not deaf too. Where is now that discourse of yours that became famous in all the world, that if he, the great Alexander, had come into Italy, and dared to attack us when we were young men, and our fathers, who were then in their prime, he had not now been celebrated as invincible, but either flying hence, or falling here, had left Rome more glorious? You demonstrate now that all that was but foolish arrogance and vanity, by fearing Molossians and Chaonians, ever the Macedonian's prey, and by trembling at Pyrrhus who was himself but a humble servant to one of Alexander's life-guard, and comes here, not so much to assist the Greeks that inhabit among us, as to escape from his enemies at home, a wanderer about Italy, and yet dares to promise you the conquest of it all by that army which has not been able to

preserve for him a little part of Macedon. Do not persuade yourselves that making him your friend is the way to send him back, it is the way rather to bring over other invaders from thence, contemning you as easy to be reduced, if Pyrrhus goes off without punishment for his outrages on you, but, on the contrary, with the reward of having enabled the Tarentines and Samnites to laugh at the Romans." When Appius had done, eagerness for the war seized on every man, and Cineas was dismissed with this answer, that when Pyrrhus had withdrawn his forces out of Italy, then, if he pleased, they would treat with him about friendship and alliance, but while he stayed there in arms, they were resolved to prosecute the war against him with all their force, though he should have defeated a thousand Laevinuses. It is said that Cineas, while he was managing this affair, made it his business carefully to inspect the manners of the Romans, and to understand their methods of government, and having conversed with their noblest citizens, he afterwards told Pyrrhus, among other things, that the senate seemed to him an assembly of kings, and as for the people, he feared lest it might prove that they were fighting with a Lernaean hydra, for the consul had already raised twice as large an army as the former, and there were many times over the same number of Romans able to bear arms.

Then Caius Fabricius came in embassy from the Romans to treat about the prisoners that were taken, one whom Cineas had reported to be a man of highest consideration among them as an honest man and a good soldier, but extremely poor. Pyrrhus received him with much kindness, and privately would have persuaded him to accept of his gold, not for any evil purpose, but calling it a mark of respect and hospitable kindness. Upon Fabricius's refusal, he pressed him no further, but the next day, having a mind to discompose him, as he had never seen an elephant before, he commanded one of the largest, completely armed, to be placed behind the hangings, as they were talking together. Which being done, upon a sign given, the hanging was drawn aside, and the elephant, raising his trunk over the head of Fabricius, made an horrid and ugly noise. He, gently turning about and smiling, said to Pyrrhus, "Neither your money yesterday, nor this beast to-day, makes any impression upon me." At supper, amongst all sorts of things that were discoursed of, but more particularly Greece and the philosophers there, Cineas, by accident, had occasion to speak of Epicurus, and explained the opinions his followers hold about the gods and the commonwealth, and the objects of life, placing the chief happiness of man in pleasure, and declining public affairs as an injury and disturbance of a happy life, removing the gods afar off both from kindness or anger, or any concern for us at all, to a life wholly without business and flowing in pleasures. Before he had done speaking, "O Hercules!" Fabricius cried out to Pyrrhus, "may Pyrrhus and the Samnites entertain themselves with this sort of opinions as long as they are in war with us."

Pyrrhus, admiring the wisdom and gravity of the man, was the more transported with desire of making friendship instead of war with the city, and entreated him, personally, after the peace should be concluded, to accept of living with him as the chief of his ministers and generals. Fabricius answered quietly, "Sir, this will not be for your advantage, for they who now honour and admire you, when they have had experience of me, will rather choose to be governed by

me than by you." Such was Fabricius. And Pyrrhus received his answer without any resentment or tyrannic passion; nay, among his friends he highly commended the great mind of Fabricius, and intrusted the prisoners to him alone, on condition that if the senate should not vote a peace, after they had conversed with their friends and celebrated the festival of Saturn, they should be remanded. And, accordingly, they were sent back after the holidays; it being decreed pain of death for any that stayed behind.

After this Fabricius taking the consulate, a person came with a letter to the camp written by the king's principal physician, offering to take off Pyrrhus by poison, and so end the war without further hazard to the Romans, if he might have a reward proportionable to his service. Fabricius, hating the villainy of the man, and disposing the other consul to the same opinion, sent despatches immediately to Pyrrhus to caution him against the treason. His letter was to this effect: "Caius Fabricius and Quintus Aemilius consuls of the Romans, to Pyrrhus the king, health. You seem to have made an ill-judgement both of your friends and enemies; you will understand by reading this letter sent to us, that you are at war with honest men, and trust villains and knaves. Nor do we disclose this to you out of any favour to you, but lest your ruin might bring a reproach upon us, as if we had ended the war, by treachery, as not able to do it by force." When Pyrrhus had read the letter and made inquiry into the treason, he punished the physician, and as an acknowledgment to the Romans sent to Rome the prisoners without ransom, and again employed Cineas to negotiate a peace for him. But they, regarding it as at once too great a kindness from an enemy, and too great a reward for not doing an ill thing to accept their prisoners so, released in return an equal number of the Tarentines and Samnites, but would admit of no debate of alliance or peace until he had removed his arms and forces out of Italy, and sailed back to Epirus with the same ships that brought him over. Afterwards, his affairs demanding a second fight, when he had refreshed his men, he decamped, and met the Romans about the city Asculum, where, however, he was much incommoded by a woody country unfit for his horse, and a swift river, so that the elephants, for want of sure treading, could not get up with the infantry. After many wounded and many killed, night put an end to the engagement. Next day, designing to make the fight on even ground, and have the elephants among the thickest of the enemy, he caused a detachment to possess themselves of those incommodious grounds, and, mixing slingers and archers among the elephants, with full strength and courage, he advanced in a close and well-ordered body. The Romans, not having those advantages of retreating and falling on as they pleased, which they had before, were obliged to fight man to man upon plain ground, and, being anxious to drive back the infantry before the elephants could get up, they fought fiercely with their swords among the Macedonian spears, not sparing themselves, thinking only to wound and kill, without regard to what they suffered. After a long and obstinate fight, the first giving ground is reported to have been where Pyrrhus himself engaged with extraordinary courage; but they were most carried away by the overwhelming force of the elephants, not being able to make use of their valour, but overthrown as it were by the irruption of a sea or an earthquake, before which it seemed better to give way than to die

without doing anything, and not gain the least advantage by suffering the utmost extremity, the retreat to their camp not being far. Hieronymus says there fell six thousand of the Romans, and of Pyrrhus's men, the king's own commentaries reported three thousand five hundred and fifty lost in this action. Dionysius, however, neither gives any account of two engagements at Asculum, nor allows the Romans to have been certainly beaten, stating that once only after they had fought till sunset, both armies were unwillingly separated by the night, Pyrrhus being wounded by a javelin in the arm, and his baggage plundered by the Samnites, that in all there died of Pyrrhus's men and the Romans above fifteen thousand. The armies separated; and, it is said, Pyrrhus replied to one that gave him joy of his victory that one other such would utterly undo him. For he had lost a great part of the forces he brought with him, and almost all his particular friends and principal commanders; there were no others there to make recruits, and he found the confederates in Italy backward. On the other hand, as from a fountain continually flowing out of the city, the Roman camp was quickly and plentifully filled up with fresh men, not at all abating in courage for the loss they sustained, but even from their very anger gaining new force and resolution to go on with the war.

Among these difficulties he fell again into new hopes and projects distracting his purposes. For at the same time some persons arrived from Sicily, offering into his hands the cities of Agrigentum, Syracuse, and Leontini, and begging his assistance to drive out the Carthaginians and rid the island of tyrants; and others brought him news out of Greece that Ptolemy, called Cezranus, was slain in a fight, and his army cut in pieces by the Gauls, and that now, above all others, was his time to offer himself to the Macedonians, in great need of a king. Complaining much of fortune for bringing him so many occasions of great things all together at a time, and thinking that to have both offered to him was to lose one of them, he was doubtful, balancing in his thoughts. But the affairs of Sicily seeming to hold out the greater prospects, Africa lying so near, he turned himself to them, and presently despatched away Cineas, as he used to do, to make terms beforehand with the cities. Then he placed a garrison in Tarentum, much to the Tarentines' discontent, who required him either to perform what he came for, and continue with them in a war against the Romans, or leave the city as he found it. He returned no pleasing answer, but commanded them to be quiet and attend his time, and so sailed away. Being arrived in Sicily, what he had designed in his hopes was confirmed effectually, and the cities frankly surrendered to him; and wherever his arms and force were necessary, nothing at first made any considerable resistance. For advancing with thirty thousand foot, and twenty-five hundred horse, and two hundred ships, he totally routed the Phoenicians, and overran their whole province, and Erjyx being the strongest town they held, and having a great garrison in it, he resolved to take it by storm. The army being in readiness to give the assault, he put on his arms, and coming to the head of his men made a vow of plays and sacrifices in honour to Hercules, if he signalized himself in that day's action before the Greeks that dwelt in Sicily, as became his great descent and his fortunes. The sign being given by sound of trumpet, he first scattered the barbarians with his shot, and then brought his ladders to the wall,

and was the first that mounted upon it himself, and, the enemy appearing in great numbers, he beat them back; some he threw down from the walls on each side, others he laid dead in a heap round about him with his sword, nor did he receive the least wound, but by his very aspect inspired terror in the enemy; and gave a clear demonstration that Homer was in the right, and pronounced according to the truth of fact, that fortitude alone, of all the virtues, is wont to display itself in divine transports and frenzies. The being taken, he offered to Hercules most magnificently, and exhibited all varieties of shows and plays.

A sort of barbarous people about Messena, called Mamertines, gave much trouble to the Greeks, and put several of them under contribution. These being numerous and valiant (from whence they had their name, equivalent in the Latin tongue to warlike) he first intercepted the collectors of the contribution money, and cut them off, then beat them in open fight, and destroyed many of their places of strength. The Carthaginians being now inclined to composition, and offering him a round sum of money, and to furnish him with shipping, if a peace were concluded, he told them plainly, aspiring still to greater things, there was but one way for a friendship and right understanding between them, if they, wholly abandoning Sicily, would consent to make the African sea the limit between them and the Greeks. And being elevated with his good fortune, and the strength of his forces, and pursuing those hopes in prospect of which he first sailed thither, his immediate aim was at Africa; and as he had abundance of shipping, but very ill equipped, he collected seamen, not by fair and gentle dealing with the cities, but by force in a haughty and insolent way, and menacing them with punishments. And as at first he had not acted thus, but had been unusually indulgent and kind, ready to believe, and uneasy to none; now of a popular leader becoming a tyrant by these severe proceedings, he got the name of an ungrateful and a faithless man. However, they gave way to these things as necessary, although they took them very ill from him; and especially when he began to show suspicion of Thoenon and Sosistratus, men of the first position in Syracuse, who invited him over into Sicily, and when he was come, put the cities into his power, and were most instrumental in all he had done there since his arrival, whom he now would neither suffer to be about his person, nor leave at home; and when Sosistratus out of fear withdrew himself, and then he charged Thoenon, as in a conspiracy with the other, and put him to death, with this all his prospects changed, not by little and little, nor in a single place only, but a mortal hatred being raised in the cities against him, some fell off to the Carthaginians, others called in the Mamertines. And seeing revolts in all places, and desires of alteration, and a potent faction against him, at the same time he received letters from the Samnites and Tarentines, who were beaten quite out of the field, and scarce able to secure their towns against the war, earnestly begging his help. This served as a colour to make his relinquishing Sicily no flight, nor a despair of good success; but in truth not being able to manage Sicily, which was as a ship labouring in a storm, and willing to be out of her, he suddenly threw himself over into Italy. It is reported that at his going off he looked back upon the island, and said to those about him, "How brave a field of war do we leave, my friends, for the Romans and

Carthaginians to fight in," which, as he then conjectured, fell out indeed not long after.

When he was sailing off, the barbarians having conspired together, he was forced to a fight with the Carthaginians in the very road, and lost many of his ships; with the rest he fled into Italy. There, about one thousand Mamertines, who had crossed the sea a little before, though afraid to engage him in open field, setting upon him where the passages were difficult, put the whole xarmy in confusion. Two elephants fell, and a great part of his rear was cut off. He, therefore, coming up in person, repulsed the enemy, but ran into great danger among men long trained and bold in war. His being wounded in the head with a sword, and retiring a little out of the fight, much increased their confidence, and one of them advancing a good way before the rest, large of body and in bright armour, with an haughty voice challenged him to come forth if he were alive. Pyrrhus, in great anger, broke away violently from his guards, and, in his fury, besmeared with blood, terrible to look upon, made his way through his own men, and struck the barbarian on the head with his sword such a blow, as with the strength of his arm, and the excellent temper of the weapon, passed downward so far that his body being cut asunder fell in two pieces. This stopped the course of the barbarians, amazed and confounded at Pyrrhus, as one more than man; so that continuing his march all the rest of the way undisturbed, he arrived at Tarentum with twenty thousand foot and three thousand horse, where, reinforcing himself with the choicest troops of the Tarentines, he advanced immediately against the Romans, who then lay encamped in the territories of the Samnites, whose affairs were extremely shattered, and their counsels broken, having been in many fights beaten by the Romans. There was also a discontent amongst them at Pyrrhus for his expedition into Sicily, so that not many came in to join him.

He divided his army into two parts, and despatched the first into Luckania to oppose one of the consuls there, so that he should not come in to assist the other; the rest he led against Manius Curius, who had posted himself very advantageously near Beneventum, and expected the other consul's forces, and partly because the priests had dissuaded him by unfavourable omens, was resolved to remain inactive. Pyrrhus, hastening to xattack these before the other could arrive, with his best men, and the most serviceable elephants, marched in the night toward their camp. But being forced to go round about, and through a very woody country, their lights failed them, and the soldiers lost their way. A council of war being called, while they were in debate, the night was spent, and, at the break of day, his approach, as he came down the hills, was discovered by the enemy, and put the whole camp into disorder and tumult. But the sacrifices being auspicious, and the time absolutely obliging them to fight, Manius drew his troops out of the trenches, and attacked the vanguard, and, having routed them all, put the whole xarmy into consternation, so that many were cut off and some of the elephants taken. This success drew on Manius into the level plain, and here, in open battle, he defeated part of the enemy; but, in other quarters, finding himself overpowered by the elephants and forced back to his trenches, he commanded out those who were left to guard them, a numerous body, standing

thick at the ramparts, all in arms and fresh. These coming down from their strong position, and charging the elephants, forced them to retire; and they in the flight turning back upon their own men, caused great disorder and confusion, and gave into the hands of the Romans the victory and the future supremacy. Having obtained from these efforts, and these contests, the feeling as well as the fame of invincible strength, they at once reduced Italy under their power, and not long after Sicily too.

Thus fell Pyrrhus from his Italian and Sicilian hopes, after he had consumed six years in these wars, and though unsuccessful in his affairs, yet preserved his courage unconquerable among all these misfortunes, and was held, for military experience, and personal valour and enterprise, much the bravest of all the princes of his time, only what he got by great actions he lost again by vain hopes, and by new desires of what he had not, kept nothing of what he had. So that Antigonus used to compare him to a player with dice, who had excellent throws, but knew not how to use them. He returned into Epirus with eight thousand foot and five hundred horse, and for want of money to pay them, was fain to look out for a new war to maintain the army. Some of the Gauls joining him, he invaded Macedonia, where Antigonus, son of Demetrius, governed, designing merely to plunder and waste the country. But after he had made himself master of several towns, and two thousand men came over to him, he began to hope for something greater, and adventured upon Antigonus himself, and meeting him at a narrow passage, put the whole army in disorder. The Gauls, who brought up Antigonus's rear, were very numerous and stood firm, but after a sharp encounter, the greatest part of them were cut off, and they who had the charge of the elephants being surrounded every way, delivered up both themselves and the beasts, Pyrrhus, taking this advantage, and advising more with his good fortune than his reason, boldly set upon the main body of the Macedonian foot, already surprised with fear, and troubled at the former loss. They declined any action or engagement with him; and he, holding out his hand and calling aloud both to the superior and under officers by name, brought over the foot from Antigonus, who, flying away secretly, was only able to retain some of the seaport towns. Pyrrhus, among all these kindnesses of fortune, thinking what he had effected against the Gauls the most advantageous for his glory, hung up their richest and goodliest spoils in the temple of Minerva Itonis, with this Inscription:-

"Pyrrhus, descendant of Molossian kings,  
These shields to thee, Itonian goddess, brings,  
Won from the valiant Gaul when in the fight  
Antigonus and all his host took flight;  
'Tis not to-day or yesterday alone  
That for brave deeds the Aeacidae are known."

After this victory in the field, he proceeded to secure the cities, and having possessed himself of Aegae, beside other hardships put upon the people there, he left in the town a garrison of Gauls, some of those in his own army, who being insatiably desirous of wealth, instantly dug up the tombs of the kings that lay

buried there, and took away the riches, and insolently scattered about their bones. Pyrrhus, in appearance, made no great matter of it, either deferring it on account of the pressure of other business, or wholly passing it by, out of fear of punishing those barbarians; but this made him very ill spoken of among the Macedonians, and his affairs being yet unsettled and brought to no firm consistence, he began to entertain new hopes and projects, and in raillery called Antigonus a shameless man, for still wearing his purple and not changing it for an ordinary dress; but upon Cleonymus, the Spartan, arriving and inviting him to Lacedaemon, he frankly embraced the overture. Cleonymus was of royal descent, but seeming too arbitrary and absolute, had no great respect nor credit at home; and Areus was king there. This was the occasion of an old and public grudge between him and the citizens; but, beside that, Cleonymus, in his xold age, had married a young lady of great beauty and royal blood, Chilonis, daughter of Leotychides, who, falling desperately in love with Acrotatus, Areus's son, a youth in the flower of manhood, rendered this match both uneasy and dishonourable to Cleonymus, as there was none of the Spartans who did not very well know how much his wife slighted zhim; so these domestic troubles added to his public discontent. He brought Pyrrhus to Szparta with an army of twenty-five thousand foot, two thousand horse, and twenty-four elephants. So great a preparation made it evident to the whole world that he came, not so much to gain Sparta for Cleonymus, as to take all Peloponnesus for himself, although he expressly denied this to the Lacedaemonian ambassadors that came to him at Megalopolis, affirming he came to deliver the cities from the slavery of Antigonus, and declaring he would send his younger sons to Sparta, if he might, to be brought up in Spartan habits, that so they might be better bred than all other kings. With these pretensions amusing those who came to meet him in his march, as soon as ever he entered Laconja he began to plunder and waste the country, and on the ambassadors complaining that he began the war upon them before it was proclaimed: "We know," said he, "very well that neither do you Spartans, when you design anything, talk of it beforehand." One Mandroclidas, then present, told him, in the broad Spartan dialect: "If you are a god, you will do us no harm, we are wronging no man; but if you are a zman, there may be another stronger than you.

He now marched away directly for Lacedaemon, and being advised by Cleonymus to give the assault as soon as he arrived, fearing, as it is said, lest the soldiers, entering by night, should plunder the city, he answered, they might do it as well next morning, because there were but few soldiers in town, and those unprovided against his sudden approach, as Areus was not there in person, but gone to aid the Gortynians in Crete. And it was this alone that saved the town, because he despised it as not tenable, and so imagining no defence would be made, he sat down before it that night. Cleonymus's friends, and the Helots, his domestic servants, had made great preparation at his house, as expecting Pyrrhus there at supper. In the night the Lackedaemonians held a consultation to ship over all the women into Crete, but they unanimosly refused, and Archidamia came into the senate with a sword in her hand, in the name of them all, asking if the men expected the women to survive the ruins of Sparta. It was next resolved

to draw a trench in a line directly over against the enemy's camp, and, here and there in it, to sink wagons in the ground, as deep as the naves of the wheel, that, so being firmly fixed, they might obstruct the passage of the elephants. When they had just begun the work, both maids and women came to them, the married women with their robes tied like girdles round their underfrocks, and the unmarried girls in their single frocks only, to assist the elder men at the work. As for the youth that were next day to engage, they left them to their rest, and undertaking their proportion, they themselves finished a third part of the trench which was in breadth six cubits, four in depth, and eight hundred feet long, as Phylarchus says; Hieronymus makes it somewhat less. The enemy beginning to move by break of day, they brought their arms to the young men, and giving them also in charge the trench, exhorted them to defend and keep it bravely, as it would be happy for them to conquer in the view of their whole country, and glorious to die in the arms of their mothers and wives, falling as became Spartans. As for Chilonis, she retired with a halter about her neck, resolving to die so rather than fall into the hands Cleonymus, if the city were taken.

Pyrrhus himself, in person, advanced with his foot to force through the shields of the Spartans ranged against him, and to get over the trench, which was scarce passable, because the looseness of the fresh earth afforded no firm footing for the soldiers. Ptolemy, his son, with two thousand Gauls, and some choice men of the Chaonians, went around the trench, and endeavoured to get over where the wagons were. But they, being so deep in the ground, and placed close together, not only made his passage, but also the defence of the Lacedaemonians, very troublesome. Yet now the Gauls had got the wheels out of the ground, and were drawing off the wagons toward the river, when young Acrotatus, seeing the danger, passing through the town with three hundred men, surrounded Ptolemy undiscerned, taking the advantage of some slopes of the ground, until he fell upon his rear, and forced him to wheel about. And thrusting one another into the ditch, and falling among the wagons, at last with much loss, not without difficulty, they withdrew. The elderly men and all the women saw this brave action of Acrotatus, and when he returned back into the town to his first post, all covered with blood and fierce and elate with victory, he seemed to the Spartan women to have become taller and more beautiful than before, and they envied Chilonis so worthy a lover. And some of the old men followed him, crying aloud, "Go on, Acrotatus, be happy with Chilonis, and beget brave sons for Sparta." Where Pyrrhus himself fought was the hottest of the action and many of the Spartans did gallantly, but in particular one Phyllius signalized himself, made the best resistance, and killed most assailants; and when he found himself ready to sink with the many wounds he had received, retiring a little out of his place behind another, he fell down among his fellow-soldiers, that the enemy might not carry off his body. The fight ended with the day, and Pyrrhus, in his sleep, dreamed that he drew thunderbolts upon Lacedaemon, and set it all on fire, and rejoiced at the sight; and waking, in this transport of joy, he commanded his officers to get all things ready for a second assault, and relating his dream among his friends, supposing it to mean that he should take the town by storm, the rest assented to it with admiration, but Lysimachus was not pleased with the dream,

and told him he feared lest as places struck with lightning are held sacred, and not to be trodden upon, so the gods might by this let him know the city should not be taken. Pyrrhus replied, that all these things were but idle talk, full of uncertainty, and only fit to amuse the vulgar; their thought, with their swords in their hands, should always be-

"The one good omen is King Pyrrhus's cause," and so got up, and drew out his army to the walls by break of day. The Lacedaemonians, in resolution and courage, made a defence even beyond their power; the women were all by, helping them to arms, and bringing bread and drink to those that desired it, and taking care of the wounded. The Macedonians attempted to fill up the trench, bringing huge quantities of materials and throwing them upon the arms and dead bodies, that lay there and were covered over. While the Lacedaemonians opposed this with all their force, Pyrrhus, in person, appeared on their side of the trench and wagons, pressing on horseback toward the city, at which the men who had that post calling out, and the women shrieking and running about, while Pyrrhus violently pushed on, and beat down all that disputed his way, his horse received a shot in the belly from a Cretan arrow, and, in his convulsions as he died, threw off Pyrrhus on slippery and steep ground. And all about him being in confusion at this, the Spartans came boldly up, and making good use of their missiles, forced them off again. After this Pyrrhus, in other quarters also, put an end to the combat, imagining the Lacedaemonians would be inclined to yield, as almost all of them were wounded, and very great numbers killed outright; but the good fortune of the city, either satisfied with the experiment upon the bravery of the citizens, or willing to prove how much even in the last extremities such interposition may effect, brought, when the Lacedaemonians had now but very slender hopes left, Aminias, the Phocian, one of Antigonus's commanders, from Corinth to their assistance, with a force of mercenaries; and they were no sooner received into the town, but Arezus, their king, arrived there himself, too, from Crete, with two thousand men more. The women upon this went all home to their houses, finding it no longer necessary for them to meddle with the business of the war; and they also were sent back, who, though not of military age, were by necessity forced to take arms, while the rest prepared to fight Pyrrhus.

He, upon the coming of these additional forces, was indeed possessed with a more eager desire and ambition than before to make himself master of the town; but his designs not succeeding, and receiving fresh losses every day, he gave over the siege, and fell to plundering the country, determining to winter thereabout. But fate is unavoidable, and a great feud happening at Argos between Aristetas and Aristippus, two principal citizens, after Aristippus had resolved to make use of the friendship of Antigonus, Aristetas to anticipate him invited Pyrrhus thither. And he always revolving hopes upon hopes, and treating all his successes as occasions of more, and his reverses as defects to be amended by new enterprises, allowed neither losses nor victories.

## Anabasis Alexandri

Arrian

### Voyage Down The Hydaspes

At this time Coenus, who was one of Alexander's most faithful Companions, fell ill and died, and the king buried him with as much magnificence as circumstances allowed. Then collecting the Companions and the Indian envoys who had come to him, he appointed Pogus king of the part of India which had already been conquered, seven nations in all, containing more than 2,000 cities. After this he made the following distribution of his army.' With himself be placed on board the ships all the shield-bearing guards, the archers, the Agrianians, and the body-guard of cavalry. Craterus led a part of the infantry and cavalry along the right bank of the Hydaspes, while along the other bank Hephaestion advanced at the head of the most numerous and efficient part of the army, including the elephants, which now numbered about 200. These generals were ordered to march as quickly as possible to the place where the palace of Sopeithes was situated, and Philip, the viceroy of the country beyond the Indus' extending to Bactria, was ordered to follow them with his forces after an interval of three days. He sent the Nysaeen cavalry back to Nysa. The whole of the naval force was under the command of Nearchus; but the pilot of Alexander's ship was Onesicritus, who, in the narrative which he composed of Alexander's campaigns, falsely asserted that he was admiral, while in reality he was only a pilot. According to Ptolemy, son of Lagus, whose statements I chiefly follow, the entire number of the ships was eighty thirty-oared galleys; but the whole number of vessels, including the horse transports and boats, and all the other river craft, both those previously plying on the rivers and those built at that time, fell not far short of 2,000.

When he had made all the necessary preparations the army began to embark at the approach of the dawn; while according to custom he offered sacrifice to the gods and to the river Hydaspes, as the prophets directed.' When he had embarked he poured a libation into the river from the prow of the ship out of a golden goblet, invoking the Acesines as well as the Hydaspes, because he had ascertained that it is the largest of all the rivers which unite with the Hydaspes, and that their confluence was not far off. He also invoked the Indus, into which the Acesines flows after its junction with the Hydaspes. Moreover he poured out libations to his forefather Heracles, to Ammon, and the other gods to whom he was in the habit of sacrificing, and then he ordered the signal for starting seawards to be given with the trumpet. As soon as the signal was given they commenced the voyage in regular order; for directions had been given how many abreast ~ it was necessary for the baggage vessels to be arranged, as also for the vessels conveying the horses and for the ships of war; so that they might not fall foul of each other by sailing down the channel at random. He did not allow even the fast-sailing ships to get out of rank by outstripping the rest. The noise of the

rowing was never equalled on any other occasion, inasmuch as it proceeded from so many ships rowed at the same time; also the shout of the boatswains giving the time for beginning and stopping the stroke of the oars, and that of the rowers, when keeping time all together, they made a noise like a battle-cry with the dashing of their oars. The banks of the river also, being in many places higher than the ships, and collecting the sound into a narrow space, sent it back to each other very much increased by its very compression. In some parts too groves of trees on each side of the river helped to swell the sound, both from the solitude and the reverberation of the noise. The horses which were visible on the decks of the transports struck the barbarians who saw them with such surprise that those of them who were present at the starting of the fleet accompanied it a long way from the place of embarkation. For horses had never before been seen on board ships in the country of India; and the natives did not call to mind that the expedition of Dionysus into India was a naval one. The shouting of the rowers and the noise of the rowing were heard by the Indians who had already submitted to Alexander, and these came running down to the river's bank and accompanied him singing their native songs. For the Indians have been eminently fond of singing and dancing since the time of Dionysus and those who under his bacchic inspiration traversed the island of the Indians with him.'

## The Golden Ass

Apuleius

*Adlington*

### Chapter VII

*How Apuleius going to buy fish, met with his companion Pythias.*

When zthis was done, and all my things brought into the Chamber, I walked towards the Baines; but first I went to the market to buy some victuals for my supper, whereas I saw great plenty of fish set out to be sould: and so I cheapened part thereof, and that which they at first held at an hundred pence, I bought at length for twenty. Which when I had done, and was departing away, one of myne old acquaintance, and fellow at Athens, named Pithias, ifortuned to passe by, and viewing me at a good space, in the end brought me to his remembrance, and gently jcame and kissed mee, saying, O my deare friend Lucius, it is a great while past since we two saw one another, and moreover, from the time that wee departed from our Master Vestius, I never heard any newes from you. I pray you Lucius tell me the cause of your peregrination hither.

Thenz I answered and sayd, I will make relation thereof unto you tomorrow: but I pray you tell me, what meaneth these servitors that follow you, and these rods or iverges which they beare, and this habit which you wear like unto a magistrate, verily I thinke you have obtained your own desire, whereof I am right glad.

Then answered Pithias, I beare the office of the clerke of the market, and therefore if you will have any pittance for your supper speake and I will purvey it for you.

Then I thanked him heartily and sayd I had bought meat sufficient already. But Pithias when hee espied my basket wherein my fish was, tooke it and shaken it, and demanded of me what I had Epayd for all my Sprots.

In faith (quoth I), I could scarce xinforce the fishmonger to sell them for twenty pence. Which when I heard, he brought me bagke again into the market, and enquired of me of whom I bought them. I shewed him the old man which sate in a corner, whome by and by, by reason of his office, hee did greatly blame, and sayd, Is it thus you serve and handle strangers, and specially our friends? Wherefore sell you this fish so deare, which is not worth a halfepenny? Now perceiue I well, that you are an occasion to make this place, which is the principall city of all Thessaly, to be forsaken of all men, and to reduce it into an uninhabitable Desart, by reasone of your excessive prices of victuals, but assure yourself that you shall not escape without punishment, and you shall know what myne office is, and how I ought to punish such as offend.

Then he took my basket and cast the fish on the ground, and commanded one of his Sergeants to tread them under his feet. This done he perswaded me to

depart, and sayd that onely shame and reproach done unto the old Caitife did suffice him,

So I went away amazed and astonied, towards the Baines, considering with myself and devising of the grace of my companion Pythias. Where when I had well washed and refreshed my body, I returned againe to Milos house, both without money and meat, and so got into my chamber.

Then came Fotis immediately unto mee, and said that her master desired me to come to supper. But I not ignorant of Milos abstinence, prayed that I might be pardoned since as I thought best to ease my wearied bones rather with sleepe and quietnesse, than with meat.

When Fotis had told this to Milo, he came himselfe and tooke mee by the hand, and while I did modestly excuse my selfe, I will not (quoth he) depart from this place, until such time as you shall goe with me: and to confirm the same, hee bound his words with an oath, whereby he enforced me to follow him, and so he brought me into his chamber, where hee set him downe upon the bed, and demanded of mee how his friend Demeas did, his wife, his children, and all his family: and I made answer to him every question, specially hee enquired the causes of my peregrination and travell, which when I had declared, he yet busily demanded of the state of my Countrey, and the chief magistrates there, and principally of our Lieutenant and Viceroy; who when he perceived that I was not only wearied by travell, but also with talke, and that I fell asleep in the midst of my tale, and further that I spake nothing directly or advisedly, he suffered me to depart to my chamber.

So scaped I at length from the prating and hungry supper of this rank old man, and being compelled by sleepe and not by meat, and having supped only with talke, I returned into my chamber, and there betooke me to my quiet and long desired rest.

# Ptolemy's Geography

Carte de 1541 représentant la Gaule au temps de Ptolémée

Map Detail



## Aesop's Fables

### The Frogs Asking for a King

The frogs, grieved at having no established Ruler, sent ambassadors to Jupiter entreating for a King.

He, perceiving their simplicity, cast down a huge log into the lake. The Frogs, terrified at the splash occasioned by its fall, hid themselves in the depth of the pool. But kn sooner did they see that the huge log continued motionless, than they swam again to the top of the water, dismissed their fears, and came so to despise it as to climb up, and to squat upon it.

After some time they began to think themselves ill-treated in the appointment of so inert a Ruler, and sent a second deputation to Jupiter to pray that he would set over them another sovereign.

He then gave them an Eel to govern them. When the Frogs discovered his easy good nature, they yet a third time sent to Jupiter to beg that he would once more choose for them another king.

Jupiter, displeased with all their complaints, sent a Heron, who preyed upon the Frogs day by day, till there were none left to complain.

Moral:

When you seek to change your condition, be sure that you can better it.

## Mu'Allaqat

### The Poem of Imru-ul-Quais

Stop, oh my friends, let us pause to weep over the remembrance of my beloved.  
Here was her abode on the edge of the sandy desert between Dakhool and Howmal.

The traces of her encampment are not wholly obliterated even now;  
For when the South wind blows the sand over them the North wind sweeps it away.

The courtyards and enclosures of the old home have become desolate;  
The dung of the wild deer lies there thick as the seeds of pepper.  
On the morning of our separation it was as if I stood in the gardens of our tribe,  
Amid the acacia-shrubs where my eyes were blinded with tears by the smart  
from the bursting pods of colocynth.

As I lament thus in the place made desolate, my friends stop their camels;  
They cry to me "Do not die of grief; bear this sorrow patiently."

Nay, the cure of my sorrow must come from gushing tears.  
Yet, is there any hope that this desolation can bring me solace ?

So, before ever I met Unaizah, did I mourn for two others;  
My fate had been the same with Ummul-Huwairith and her  
neighbor Ummul-Rahab in Magal.

Fair were they also, diffusing the odor of musk as they moved,  
Like the soft zephyr bringing with it the scent of the clove.  
Thus the tears flowed down on my breast, remembering days of love;  
The tears wetted even my sword-belt, so tender was my love.

Behold how many pleasant days have I spent with fair women;  
Especially do I remember the day at the pool of Darat-i-Julju1.

On that day I killed my riding camel for food for the maidens:  
How merry was their dividing my camel's trappings to be carried on their camels.  
It is a wonder, a riddle, that the camel being saddled was yet unsaddled!

A wonder also was the slaughterer, so heedless of self in his costly gift!  
Then the maidens commenced throwing the camel's fesh into the kettle;  
The fat was woven with the lean like loose fringes of white twisted silk.

On that day I entered the howdah, the camel's howdah of Unaizah!  
And she protested, saying, "Woe to you, you will force me to travel on foot."

She repulsed me, while the howdah was swaying with us;  
She said, "You are galling my camel, Oh Imru-ul-Quais, so dismount."  
Then I said, "Drive him on! Let his reins go loose, while you turn to me.  
Think not of the camel and our weight on him. Let us be happy.

"Many a beautiful woman like you, Oh Unaizah, have I visited at night;  
 I have won her thought to me, even from her children have I won her."  
 There was another day when I walked with her behind the sandhills,  
 But she put aside my entreaties and swore an oath of virginity.  
 Oh, Unaizah, gently, put aside some of this coquetry.  
 If you have, indeed, made up your mind to cut off friendship with me, then do it  
 kindly or gently.  
 Has anything deceived you about me, that your love is killing me,  
 And that verily as often as you order my heart, it will do what you order?  
 And if any one of my habits has caused you annoyance,  
 Then put away my heart from your heart, and it will be put away.  
 And your two eyes do not flow with tears, except to strike me with arrows in my  
 broken heart.  
 Many a fair one, whose tent can not be sought by others, have I enjoyed playing  
 with.  
 I passed by the sentries on watch near her, and a people desirous of killing me;  
 If they could conceal my murder, being unable to assail me openly.  
 I passed by these people at a time, when the Pleiades appeared in the heavens,  
 As the appearance of the gems in the spaces in the ornamented girdle, set with  
 pearls and gems.  
 Then she said to me, "I swear by God, you have no excuse for your wild life;  
 I cannot expect that your erring habits will ever be removed from your nature."  
 I went out with her; she walking, and drawing behind us, over our footmarks,  
 The skirts of an embroidered woolen garment, to erase the footprints.  
 Then when we had crossed the enclosure of the tribe,  
 The middle of the open plain, with its sandy undulations and sandlills, we  
 sought.  
 I drew the tow side-locks of her head toward me; and she leant toward me;  
 She was slender of waist, and full in the ankle.  
 Thin-waisted, white-skinned, slender of body,  
 Her breast shining polished like a mirror.  
 In complexion she is like the first egg of the ostrich--white, mixed with yellow.  
 Pure water, unsullied by the descent of many people in it, has nourished her.  
 She turns away, and shows her smooth cheek, forbidding with a glancing eye,  
 Like that of a wild animal, with young, in the desert of Wajrah.  
 And she shows a neck like the neck of a white deer;  
 It is neither disproportionate when she raises it, nor unornamented.  
 And a perfect head of hair which, when loosened, adorns her back,  
 Black, very dark-colored, thick like a date-cluster on a heavily laden date-tree.  
 Her curls creep upward to the top of her head;  
 And the plaits are lost in the twisted hair, and the hair falling loose.  
 And she meets me with a slender waist, thin as the twisted leathern nose-rein of a  
 camel.  
 Her form is like the stem of a palm-tree bending over from the weight of its fruit.  
 In the morning, when she wakes, the particles of musk are lying over her bed.

She sleeps much in the morning; she does not need to gird her waist with a working dress.

She gives with thin fingers, not thick, as if they were the worms of the desert of Zabi,

In the evening she brightens the darkness, as if she were the light-tower of a monk.

Toward one like her, the wise man gazes incessantly, lovingly.

She is well proportioned in height between the wearer of a long dress and of a short frock.

∪The follies of men cease with youth, but my heart does not cease to love you.

Many bitter counselors have warned me of the disaster of your love, but I turned away from them.

Many a night has let down its curtains around me amid deep grief,

It has whelmed me as a wave of the sea to try me with sorrow.

Then I said to the night, as slowly his huge bulk passed over me,

As his breast, his loins, his buttocks weighed on me and then passed afar,

"Oh long night, dawn will come, but will be no brighter without my love.

You are a wonder, with stars held up as by ropes of hemp to a solid rock."

At other times, I have filled a leather water-bag of my people and entered the desert,

And trod its empty wastes while the wolf howled like a gambler whose family starves.

I said to the wolf, "You gather as little wealth, as little prosperity as I.

What either of us gains he gives away. So do we remain thin."

Early in the morning, while the birds were still nesting, I mounted my steed.

Well-bred was he, long-bodied, outstripping the wild beasts in speed,

Swift to attack, to flee, to turn, yet firm as a rock swept down by the torrent,

Bay-colored, and so smooth the saddle slips from him, as the rain from a smooth stone,

Thin but full of life, fire boils within him like the snorting of a boiling kettle;

He continues at full gallop when other horses are dragging their feet in the dust for weariness.

A boy would be blown from his back, and even the strong rider loses his garments.

Fast is my steed as a top when a child has spun it well.

He has the flanks of a buck, the legs of an ostrich, and the gallop of a ywolf.

From behind, his thick tail hides the space between his thighs, and almost sweeps the ground.

When he stands before the house, his back looks like the huge grinding-stone there.

The blood of many leaders of herds is in him, thick as the juice of henna in combed white hair.

As I rode him we saw a flock of wild sheep, the ewes like maidens in long-trailing robes;

They turned for flight, but already he had passed the leaders before they could scatter.

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He outran a bull and a cow and killed them both, and they were made ready for cooking;

Yet he did not even sweat so as to need washing.

We returned at evening, and the eye could scarcely realize his beauty

For, when gazing at one part, the eye was drawn away by the perfection of another part.

He stood all night with his saddle and bridle on him,

He stood all night while I gazed at him admiring, and did not rest in his stable.

But come, my friends, as we stand here mourning, do you see the lightning?

See its glittering, like the flash of two moving hands, amid the thick gathering clouds.

Its glory shines like the lamps of a monk when he has dipped their wicks thick in oil.

I sat down with my companions and watched the lightning and the coming storm.

So wide-spread was the rain that its right end seemed over Quatan,

Yet we could see its left end pouring down on Satar, and beyond that over Yazbul.

So mighty was the storm that it hurled upon their faces the huge kanahbul trees,

The spray of it drove the wild goats down from the hills of Quanan.

In the gardens of Taimaa not a date-tree was left standing,

Nor a building, except those strengthened with heavy stones.

The mountain, at the first downpour of the rain, looked like a

giant of our people draped in a striped cloak.

The peak of Mujaimir in the flood and rush of debris looked like a whirling spindle.

The clouds poured forth their gift on the desert of Ghabeet, till it blossomed

As though a Yexmani merchant were spreading out all the rich clothes from his trunks,

As though the little birds of the valley of Jiwaa awakened in the morning

And burst forth in song after a morning draught of old, pure, spiced wine.

As though all the wild beasts had been covered with sand and mud, like the onion's root-bulbs.

They were drowned and lost in the depths of the desert at evening.

## The Bibliotheca of Photius

Photius, to his beloved brother Tarasius, in the name of the Lord, greeting.

MY DEAREST BROTHER TARASIIUS,

After our appointment as ambassador to Assyria had been confirmed by the assent of the embassy and approved by the emperor, you asked to be furnished with summaries of those works which had been read and discussed during your absence. Your idea was to have something to console you for our painful separation, and at the same time to acquire some knowledge, even if vague and imperfect, of the works which you had not yet read in our company. We believe that their number is exactly two-hundred and seventy-nine. Accordingly, regarding the fulfillment of your request as a sacred obligation, we engaged a secretary, and set down all the summaries we could recollect. No doubt we have not been expeditious enough to satisfy your feverish eagerness and vehement desire, but still we have been quicker than might have been expected. The summaries will be arranged in the order in which our memory recalls them. Certainly, it would not be difficult, if one preferred it, to describe historical events and those dealing with different subjects under separate headings. But, considering that nothing would be gained by this, we have set them down indiscriminately as they occurred to us. If, during your study of these volumes, any of the summaries should appear to be defective or inaccurate, you must not be surprised. It is no easy matter to undertake to read each individual work, to grasp the argument, to remember and record it; but when the number of works is large, and a considerable time has elapsed since their perusal, it is extremely difficult to remember them with accuracy. As to the commonplaces met with in the course of our reading, so simple that they can hardly have escaped your notice, we have devoted less attention to them, and have purposely refrained from examining them carefully. You will be better able than ourselves to decide whether these summaries will do more than fulfil your original expectations as to their usefulness. Certainly, such records will assist you to refresh the memory of what you have read by yourself, to find more readily what you want, and further, to acquire more easily the knowledge of what has not as yet been the subject of intelligent reading on your part.

Read the Life of Constantine the Great Emperor by Eusebius Pamphili, a eulogy in four books. It contains the whole manner of life of the man, and describes all those acts of his that have to do with ecclesiastical history, from his earliest years till the day when he departed this life, at the age of sixty-four. Even here the author preserves his characteristic style, except that his language is obliged to be somewhat more brilliant, and words are inserted here and there that are more flowery than usual; he does not, however, exhibit much charm and grace in explanation, which is also a defect of his other works. A large number of passages from all the ten books of his Ecclesiastical History are scattered over this work in four books. He says that the great Constantine was also himself

baptized in Nicomedia, having put off his baptism till that time since he desired to receive it in the waters of Jordan. He does not state definitely who baptized him. As to the Arian heresy, he does not make it clear whether he still adhered to that doctrine or whether he had changed, nor does he state whether Arius's views were right or wrong, although he ought to have mentioned this, seeing that a great part of the deeds of Constantine has to do with the synod, which again claims a detailed account of them. But he mentions that a "dispute" (as he calls the heresy, to conceal its real nature) arose between Arius and Alexander, and that the pious emperor was very grieved at the "dispute," and strove, by letters and through Hosius, bishop of Cordova, to induce the disputants to abandon mutual strife and such questions, and to restore friendship and harmony amongst them; that, being unable to persuade them, he called together a synod from all parts, and so put an end to the strife that had broken out, and made peace. His account, however, is neither accurate nor clear. Wherefore, as if ashamed and unwilling to make public the facts concerning Arius and the decree of the synod against him or the just punishment of his companions in impiety who were cast out with him, he says nothing about this. He does not even mention the just punishment of Arius inflicted by heaven and seen by every eye. He brings none of these things to the light, and says little about the synod and its proceedings. For this reason, when about to speak of the divine Eustathius, he does not even mention his name, nor the audacious and successful intrigues against him. Attributing these also to sedition and tumult, he again refers to the calmness of the bishops who had assembled at Antioch as the result of the emperor's zeal and co-operation and changed sedition and tumult into peace. Similarly, where he speaks of the intrigues against the much-tryed Athanasius, in his desire to include these things in his history, he says that Alexandria was again filled, with sedition and disturbance, which were calmed by the presence of the bishops, supported by the emperor. But he does not make it clear who started the sedition, nor its nature, nor how it was put down. He preserves almost the same method of concealment in his narrative of the quarrels of the bishops about dogma or their disagreements in other matters.

### Mission to Constantinople

#### Liutprand

On the fourth of June, as I said above, we arrived at Constantinople and waited with our horses in heavy rain outside the Carian gate until five o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock Nicephorus ordered us to be admitted on foot, for he did not think us worthy to use the horses with which your clemency had provided us, and we were escorted to the aforesaid hateful, waterless, draughty stone house. On the sixth of June, which was the Saturday before Pentecost, I was brought before the emperor's brother Leo, marshal of the court and chancellor; and there we tired ourselves with a fierce argument over your imperial title. He called you not emperor, which is Basileus in his tongue, but insultingly Rex, which is king in ours. I told him that the thing meant was the same though the word was different, and he then said that I had come not to make peace but to stir up strife. Finally he got up in a rage, and really wishing to insult us received your letter not in his own hand but through an interpreter. He is a man commanding enough in person but feigning humility: whereon if a man lean it will pierce his hand.

On the seventh of June, the sacred day of Pentecost, I was brought before Nicephorus himself in the palace called Stephana, that is, the Crown Palace. He is a monstrosity of a man, a dwarf, fat-headed and with tiny mole's eyes; disfigured by a short, broad, thick beard half going gray; disgraced by a neck scarcely an inch long; piglike by reason of the big close bristles on his head; in color an Ethiopian and, as the poet says, "you would not like to meet him in the dark"; a big belly, a lean posterior, very long in the hip considering his short stature, small legs, fair sized heels and feet; dressed in a robe made of fine linen, but old, foul smelling, and Discolored by age; shod with Sicyonian slippers; bold of tongue, a fox by nature, in perjury and falsehood a Ulysses. My lords and august emperors, you always seemed comely to me; but bow much more comely now! Always magnificent; how much more magnificent now! Always mighty; how much more mighty now! Always clement; how much more clement now! Always full of virtues; bow much fuller now! At his left, not on a line with him, but much lower down, sat the two child emperors, once his masters, now his subjects. He began his speech as follows: "It was our duty and our desire to give you a courteous and magnificent reception. That, however, has been rendered impossible by the impiety of your master, who in the guise of an hostile invader has laid claim to Rome; has robbed Berengar and Adalbert of their kingdom contrary to law and right; has slain some of the Romans by the sword, some by hanging, while others he has either blinded or sent into exile; and furthermore has tried to subdue to himself by massacre and conflagration cities belonging to our empire. His wicked attempts have proved unsuccessful, and so he has sent you, the instigator and furtherer of this villainy, under pretence of peace to act *comme un espion*, that is, as a spy upon us."

To him I made this reply: "My master did not invade the city of Rome by force nor as a tyrant; he freed her from a tyrant's yoke, or rather from the yoke of many tyrants. Was she not ruled by effeminate debauchers, and what is even worse and more shameful, by harlots? Your power, methinks, was fast asleep then; and the power of your predecessors, who in name alone are called emperors of the Romans, while the reality is far different. If they were powerful, if they were emperors of the Romans, why did they allow Rome to be in the hands of harlots? Were not some of the qholy popes banished, others so ddistressed that they could not procure their ddaily supplies nor money wherewith to give aalms? Did not Adalbert send insulting letters to your predecessors, the emperors Romanos and Constantine? Did he not rob and plunder the churches of the holy apostles? Who of you emperors, led by zeal for God, troubled to punish so heinous a crime and bring back the holy church to its proper state? You neglected it, my master did not. From the ends of the world he rose, and came to Rome, and drove out the ungodly, and gave back to the vicars of the holy apostles all their power and honor. Those who afterwards rose against him and the lord pope, as being violators of their qoath, sacrilegious robbers and torturers of their lords the popes, in accordance with the decrees of such Roman emperors as Justinian, Valentinian, Theodosius etc., he slew, beheaded, hanged, or exiled. If he had not done so, he himself would be an impious, unjust, cruel tyrant. It is a known fact that Berengar and Adalbert became his vassals and received the kingdom of Italy with a golden scepter from his hand and that they promised fealty, under oath in the presence of your servants, men still alive and now dwelling in this city. At the devil's prompting they perfidiously broke their word, and therefore he justly took their kingdom from them, as being deserters and rebels. You yourself would have done the same to men who had sworn fealty, and then revolted against you.

"But," said he, "there is one of Adalbert's vassals here, and he does not acknowledge the truth of this."

"If he denies it," I replied, "one of my men, at your command, will prove to him to-morrow, in single combat that it is so."

"Well," said he, "he may, as you declare, have acted justly in this. Explain now why he attacked the borders of our qempire with war and conflagration. We were friends and were thinking by marriage to enter into a partnership that would never be broken."

"The land," I answered, "which you say belongs to your empire, is proved by race and language to be part of the kingdom of Italy. The Lombards held it in their power, and Louis, emperor of the Lombards or Franks, freed it from the grip of the Saracens with great slaughter. For seven years also Landulf, prince of Benevento and Capua held it under his control. Nor would it even now have passed from the yoke of slavery to him and his descendants, had not your emperor Romanos bought at a great price the friendship of our King Hugh. It was for this reason also that he made a match between King Hugh's bastard daughter and his own nephew and namesake. I see now that you think it shows weakness in my master, not generosity, when after winning Italy and Rome he for so many years left them to you. The friendly partnership, which you say you

## Mission to Constantinople

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wished to form by a marriage, we bold to be a fraud and a snare: you ask for a truce, but you have no real reason to want it nor we to grant it. Come, let us clear away all trickeries and speak the plain truth. My master has sent me to you to see if you will give the daughter of the emperor Romanos and the empress Theophano to his son, my master the august emperor Otto. If you give me your oath that the marriage shall take place, I am to affirm to you under oath that my master in grateful return will observe to do this and this for you. Moreover he has already given you, his brother ruler, the best pledge of friendship by handing over Apulia, which was subject to his rule. I, to whose suggestion you declare this mischief was due, intervened in this matter, and there are as many witnesses to this as there are people in Apulia."

"It is past seven o'clock," said Nicephorus "and there is a church procession which I must attend. Let us keep to the business before us. We will give you a reply at some convenient season."

I think that I shall have as much pleasure in describing this procession as my masters will have in reading of it. A numerous company of tradesmen and low-born persons, collected on this solemn occasion to welcome and honor Nicephorus, lined the sides of the road, like walls, from the palace to Saint Sophia, tricked out with thin little shields and cheap spears. As an additional scandal, most of the mob assembled in his honor had marched there with bare feet, thinking, I suppose, that thus they would better adorn the sacred procession. His nobles for their part, who with their master passed through the plebeian and barefoot multitude, were dressed in tunics that were too large for them and were also because of their extreme age full of holes. They would have looked better if they had worn their ordinary clothes. There was not a man among them whose grandfather had owned his tunic when it was new. No one except Nicephorus wore any jewels or golden ornaments, and the emperor looked more disgusting than ever in the regalia that had been designed to suit the persons of his ancestors. By your life, sires, dearer to me than my own, one of your nobles' costly robes is worth a hundred or more of these. I was taken to the procession and given a place on a platform near the singers.

As Nicephorus, like some crawling monster, walked along, the singers began to cry out in adulation: "Behold the morning star approaches: the day star rises: in his eyes the sun's rays are reflected: Nicephorus our prince, the pale death of the Saracens." And then they cried again: "Long life, long life to our prince Nicephorus. Adore him, ye nations, worship him, bow the neck to his greatness." How much more truly might they have sung:—"Come, you miserable burnt-out coal; old woman in your walk, wood-devil in your look; clodhopper, haunter of byres, goat-footed, horned, double-limbed; bristly, wild, rough, barbarian, harsh, hairy, a rebel, a Cappadocian!" So, puffed up by these lying ditties, he entered St. Sophia, his masters the emperors following at a distance and doing him homage on the ground with the kiss of peace. His amour bearer, with an arrow for pen, recorded in the church the era in progress since the beginning of his reign. So those who did not see the ceremony know what era it is.

On this same day he ordered me to be his guest. But as he did not think me worthy to be placed above any of his nobles, I sat fifteenth from him and without

a table cloth. Not only did no one of my suite sit at table with me; they did not even set eyes upon the house where I was entertained. At the dinner, which was fairly foul and disgusting, washed down with oil after the fashion of drunkards and moistened also with an exceedingly bad fish liquor, the emperor asked me many questions concerning your power, your dominions and your army. My answers were sober and truthful; but he shouted out: "You lie. Your master's soldiers cannot ride and they do not know how to fight on foot. The size of their shields, the weight of their cuirasses, the length of their swords, and the heaviness of their helmets, does not allow them to fight either way." Then with a smile he added: "Their gluttony also prevents them. Their God is their belly, their courage but wind, their bravery drunkenness. Fasting for them means dissolution, sobriety, panic. Nor has your master any force of ships on the sea. I alone have really stout sailors, and I will attack him with my fleets, destroy his maritime cities and reduce to ashes those which have a river near them. Tell me, how with his small forces will he be able to resist me even on land? His son was there: his wife was there: his Saxons, Swabians, Bavarians and Italians were all there with him: and yet they had not the skill nor the strength to take one little city that resisted them. How then will they resist me when I come followed by as many forces as there are corn fields on Gargarus, grapes on Lesbian vine, Waves in the ocean, stars in heaven that shine?"

I wanted to answer and make such a speech in our defence as his boasting deserved; but he would not let me and added this final insult: "You are not Romans but Lombards." He even then was anxious to say more and waved his hand to secure my Silence, but I was worked up and cried: "History tells us that Romulus, from whom the Romans get their name, was a fratricide born in adultery. He made a place of refuge for himself and received into it insolvent debtors, runaway slaves, murderers and men who deserved death for their crimes. This was the sort of crowd whom he enrolled as citizens and gave them the name of Romans. From this nobility are descended those men whom you style 'rulers of the world.' But we Lombards, Saxons, Franks, Lotharingians, Bavarians, Swabians and Burgundians, so despise these fellows that when we are angry with an enemy we can find nothing more insulting to say than 'You Roman!' For us in the word Roman is comprehended every form of lowness, timidity, avarice, luxury, falsehood and vice. You say that we are unwarlike and know nothing of horsemanship. Well, if the sins of the Christians merit that you keep this stiff neck, the next war will prove what manner of men you are, and how warlike we."

## The Book of Kings

Ferdowsi

*zimmern*

### Isfendiyar

Lohurasp reigned in wisdom upon the crystal throne, and Iran was as wax under his hands. And men were content under his sway, save only Gushtasp, his son, who was rebellious of spirit. And Gushtasp was angered because his father would not abandon unto him the sovereignty. Wherefore, when he beheld that his pleading was vain, he stole away from Iran and sought out the land of Roum, and the city that Silim his forefather had builded. And he did great deeds of prowess in the land, so that the King gave unto him his daughter to wife.

Now Lohurasp, when he learned of the mighty deeds done of his son, strove to win him back unto himself. So he sent forth messengers bearing words of greeting and entreated of Gushtasp that he would return unto the courts of his father. And he swore unto him that if he would listen unto his voice, he would abandon unto him the throne. So Gushtasp listened to the voice of his father, and he returned him unto Iran. And Lohurasp stepped down from off the throne of the Kaianides and gave place unto Gushtasp, his son. And one hundred and twenty years had he reigned in equity, and now that it was done he hid himself within the temples of Balkh, that he might live in the sight of God, and make him ready to meet his end. And Gushtasp, his son, ruled the land worthily, and he administered justice in such wise that sheep could drink at the same brook as the wolves.

Now when he had sat some while upon the throne, there appeared in the land Zerdusht, the prophet of the Most High. And he came before the Shah and taught him, and he went out in all the land and gave unto the people a new faith. And he purged Iran of the might of Ahriman. He reared throughout the realm a tree of goodly foliage, and men rested beneath its branches. And whosoever ate of the leaves thereof was learned in all that regardeth the life to come, but whosoever ate of the branches was perfect in wisdom and faith. And Zerdusht gave unto men the Zendavesta, and he bade them obey its precepts if they would attain everlasting life.

But tidings concerning Zerdusht were come even unto Arjasp, who sat upon the throne of Afrasiyab, and he said within himself, "This thing is vile." So he refused ear unto the faith, and he sent a writing unto Gushtasp, wherein he bade him return unto the creed of his fathers. And he said-

"If thou turn thee not, make thee ready for combat; for verily I say unto thee, that unless thou cast out Zerdusht, this man of guile, I will overthrow thy kingdom and seat me upon thy throne."

When Gushtasp heard the haughty words that Arjasp had spoken, he marvelled within himself. Then he called before him a scribe, and sent back answer unto Arjasp. And he said that he would deliver up unto the sword whosoever swerved from the paths of Zerdusht, and whosoever would not choose them, him also would he destroy. And he bade him, therefore, get ready to meet Iran in battle. Then when he had sent this writing, Gushtasp got together his hosts and mustered them, and he beheld that they outnumbered the grass upon the fields. And the dust that arose from their feet darkened the sky, and the neighing of their horses and the clashing of their armour were heard above the music of the cymbals. And the banners pierced the clouds like to trees that grow upon a mountain. And Gushtasp gave the command of this host unto Isfendiyar, his son. And Isfendiyar was a hero of renown, and his tongue was a bright sword, and his heart was bounteous as the ocean, and his hands were like the clouds when rain falls to gladden the earth. And he took the lead of the army, and he led it forth into Turan.

Now when the men of Turan and of Iran met in conflict, a great battle was waged between them, and for the space of twice seven days they did not cease from combat, neither did any of the heroes close their eyes in slumber. And their rage was hot one against another, but in the end the might of Iran overcame, and Arjasp fled before the face of Isfendiyar.

Then Isfendiyar returned him unto Iran, and presented himself before his father, and demanded a blessing at his hands. But Gushtasp said-

"The time is not yet come when thou shouldst mount the throne."

So he sent him forth yet again that he might turn all the lands unto the faith of Zerdusht. And Isfendiyar did as Gushtasp commanded.

Now while he was gone forth there came before the Shah one Gurjam, who was of evil mind and foe unto Isfendiyar. And he spake ill of Isfendiyar unto his father, and he said unto Gushtasp that his son strove to wrest from him the sovereignty. And Gushtasp, when he learned it, was wroth, and he sent forth messengers that they should search out Isfendiyar, and bring him before the Shah in the assembly of the nobles. And when Isfendiyar was come, Gushtasp spake not unto him in greeting, but he turned him to his nobles, and he recounted unto them a parable. Then he told unto them of a son who sought to put to death his father, and he asked of them what punishment this father should mete out unto his child. And the nobles cried with one accord-

"This thing which thou relatest unto us, it is not right, and if there be a son so evil, let him be put into chains and cast in bondage."

Then Gushtasp said, "Let Isfendiyar be put into chains."

And Isfendiyar opened his mouth in vain before his father, for Gushtasp would not listen unto his voice. So they cast him out into a dungeon, and chains of weight were hung upon him, and the daylight came not nigh unto him, neither did joy enter into his heart. And he languished many years, and the heart of the Shah was not softened towards him.

Now when Arjasp learned that the might of Isfendiyar was fettered, and that Gushtasp was given over to pleasures, he gathered together an army to fall into Iran and avenge the defeat that was come upon his hosts. So he fell upon Balkh

before any were aware of it and he put to death Lohurasp the Shah and he made captive the daughters of Gushtasp. And Arjasp threw fire into the temples of Zerdusht and did much destruction unto the city and it was some while ere Gushtasp learned that which he had done. But when he had news thereof he was dismayed, and he called together his army and put himself at their head. But the Turanians were mightier than he, and they routed him utterly, and Gushtasp fled before their face. Then the Shah called together his nobles, and consulted with them how he should act in these sore straits. And one among them who was wise above the rest said-

"I counsel thee that thou release Isfendiyar, thy son, and that thou give to him the command, for he alone can deliver the land."

And Gushtasp said, "I will do as thou sayest, and if Isfendiyar shall deliver us from this foe, I will abandon unto him the throne and the crown."

Then he sent messengers unto Isfendiyar that they should unbind his chains. But Isfendiyar, when they came before him, closed ear unto their voice. And he said-

"My father hath kept me in bondage until he hath need of me. Why therefore should I weary me in his cause? I will not go unto his aid."

Then the men reasoned with him, and they told unto him how it had been revealed unto Gushtasp that the words spoken of Gurjam were false, and that he had sworn that he would deliver this man of false words unto the vengeance of his son. But Isfendiyar was deaf yet again to their voice. Then one spake and said-

"Thou knowest not that thy brother is in bondage unto Arjasp. Surely it behoveth thee to deliver him."

When Isfendiyar heard these words he sprang unto his feet, and he commanded that the chains be struck from off his limbs. And because the men were slow, he was angered, and shook himself mightily, so that the fetters fell down at his feet. Then he made haste to go before his father. And peace was made between them on that day, and Gushtasp sware a great oath that he would give the throne unto Isfendiyar when he should return unto him victorious.

So Isfendiyar went out against the foes of Iran, and he mowed them down with the sword and he caused arrows to rain upon them like hail in spring, and the sun was darkened by the flight of the weapons. And he brake the power of Arjasp, King of Turan, and he drove him out from the borders of the realm. And when it was done, and the men of Iran had prevailed over the men of Turan, Isfendiyar presented himself before his father and craved of him the fulfilment of his promises. But Gushtasp, when he beheld that all was well once more, repented him of his resolve, for he desired not to give the throne unto his son. So he pondered in his spirit what he should say in his excuse, and he was ashamed in his soul. But his mouth revealed not the thoughts of his heart, and he spake angrily unto his son, and he said-

"I marvel that thou comest before me with this demand; for while thy sisters languish in the bondage of Arjasp, it beseemeth us not to hold this war as ended, lest men mock us with their tongues. And it hath been told unto me that they are hidden in the brazen fortress, and that Arjasp and all his men are gone in behind its walls. I charge thee, therefore, overthrow the castle and deliver thy sisters who

pine. And I swear unto thee, when thou hast done it, I will abandon unto thee the throne, and thy name shall be exalted in the land."

Then Isfendiyar said, "I am the servant of the Shah, let him command his slave what he shall do."

And Gushtasp said, "Go forth."

Then Isfendiyar answered, "I go, but the road is not known unto me."

And Gushtasp said, "A Mubid hath revealed it unto me. Three roads lead unto the fortress of brass, and the one requireth three months to traverse, but it is safe, and much pasture is found on its path. And the second demandeth but two moons, yet it is a desert void of herbs. And the third asketh but seven days, but it is fraught with danger."

Then Isfendiyar said, "No man can die before his time is come. It behoveth a man of valour to choose ever the shortest path."

Now the Mubids and the nobles who knew the dangers that were hidden in this path sought to deter him, but Isfendiyar would not listen to their voice. So he set forth with his army, and they marched until they came to the spot where the roads divided. Now it needed seven stages to reach the fortress of Arjasp, and at each stage there lurked a danger, and never yet had any man overcome them or passed beneath its walls. But Isfendiyar would not give ear to fear, and he set forth upon the road, and each day he overcame a danger, and each danger was greater than the last. And on the first day he slew two raging wolves, and on the second he laid low two evil Deevs that were clothed as lions, and on the third he overcame a dragon whose breath was poison. And on the fourth day Isfendiyar slew a great magician who would have lured him into the paths of evil, and on the fifth he slew a mighty bird whom no man had ever struck down. And weariness was not known of Isfendiyar, neither could he rest from his labours, for there was no camping-place in his road of danger. And on the sixth day he was nigh to have perished with his army in a deep snow that fell upon him through the might of the Deevs. But he prayed unto God in his distress, and by the favour of Heaven the snow vanished from under his feet. Then on the seventh day he came nigh to perish in a flood of waters but Isfendiyar overcame them also, and stood before the castle of Arjasp. Now when he beheld it, his heart failed within him, for he saw that it was compassed by a wall of brass, and the thickness thereof was such that four horsemen could ride thereon abreast. So he sighed and said-

"This place cannot be taken, my pains have been in vain."

Yet he pondered in his spirit how it might be done, and he knew that only wile could avail. Wherefore he disguised himself in the garb of a merchant, and chose forth from his army a hundred camels, and he loaded them with brocades of Roum and much treasure. A hundred and sixty stalwart warriors too did he choose forth, and he seated them in chests, and the chests he bound upon the backs of the camels. And when the caravan was ready he marched at its head unto the doors of the fortress.

Now when he was come thither, he craved permission of Arjasp that he might enter and sell unto them that dwelt therein. And Arjasp granted his request, and gave unto him houseroom, and bade him barter his wares in safety. Then Isfendiyar spread forth his goods and unloaded the treasures of the camels,

but the chests wherein were hidden the warriors did he keep from the eyes of men. And after he had sojourned a while in the castle he beheld his sisters, and he saw that they were held as slaves, and his heart went out towards them. So he spake to them tenderly, and they knew his voice, and that help was come out to them, but they held their peace and made no sign. And Isfendiyar, when he saw that he was trusted of Arjasp, came before him and asked of him a boon. And Arjasp said that he would grant it. Then Isfendiyar said

"Suffer that ere I go hence I may feast thee and thy nobles, that I may show my gratitude."

And it was done as Isfendiyar desired, and he made a great feast and troubled the heads of the nobles with wine. And when their heads were heavy and the moon was seated upon her silver throne, Isfendiyar arose and let forth his warriors from the chests. Then he fell upon the nobles and slew them, and they weltered in their blood. And with his own hand Isfendiyar struck down Arjasp, and he hung up his sons upon high gallows. Then he made signals unto his army that they should come forth to aid him, for there were yet many men hidden in the fort, and Isfendiyar had but a handful wherewith to withstand them. And they did as he desired, and there was a great slaughter within the brazen fort, but Isfendiyar bare off the victory. Then he took with him his sisters and much booty, and made haste to return unto Iran, and come into the presence of Gushtasp, his father. And the Shah rejoiced in his sight, and he made a great feast, and gave gifts richly unto all his servants. And the mouths of men overflowed with the doughty deeds done of Isfendiyar, and there was gladness throughout the land.

## The Arabian Nights

Burton

### The Tale Of The Three Apples

They relate, O King of the age and lord of the time and of these days, that the Caliph Harun al-Rashid summoned his Wazir Ja'afar one night and said to him, 'I desire to go down into the city and question the common folk concerning the conduct of those charged with its governance; and those of whom they complain we will depose from office and those whom they commend we will promote.' Quoth Ja'afar, "Hearkening and obedience!" So the Caliph went down with Ja'afar and Eunuch Masrur to the town and walked about the streets and markets and, as they were threading a narrow alley, they came upon a very old man with a fishing-net and crate to carry small fish on his head, and in his hand a staff; and, as he walked at a leisurely pace, he repeated these lines:--

"They say me: --Thou shinest a light to mankind \* With thy lore as the night which the Moon doth uplift!

I answer, "A truce to your jests and your gibes; \* Without luck what is learning?--a poor-devil wight!

If they take me to pawn with my lore in my pouch, \* With my volumes to read and my ink-case to write,

For one day's provision they never could pledge me; \* As likely on Doomsday to draw bill at sight:"

How poorly, indeed, doth it fare wi' the poor, \* With his pauper existence and beggarly plight:

In summer zhe faileth provision to find; \* In winter the fire-pot's his only delight:

The street-dogs with bite and with bark to him rise, \* And each losel receives him with bark and with bite:

If he lift up his voice and complain of his wrong, \* None pities or heeds him, however he's right;

And when sorrows and evils like these he must brave \* His happiest homestead were down in the grave."

When the Caliph heard his verses he said to Ja'afar, "See this poor man and note his verses, for surely they point to his necessities."

Then he accosted him and asked, "O Shaykh, what be thine occupation?" and the poor man answered, "O my lord, I am a fisherman with a family to keep and I have been out between mid-day and this time; and not a thing hath Allah made my portion wherewithal to feed my family. I cannot even pawn myself to buy them a supper and I hate and disgust my life and I hanker after death."

Quoth the Caliph, "Say me, wilt thou return with us to Tigris' bank and cast thy net on my luck, and whatsoever turneth up I will buy of thee for an hundred gold pieces?"

The man rejoiced when he heard these words and said, "On my head be it! I will go back with you;" and, returning with them river-wards, made a cast and waited a while; then he hauled in the rope and dragged the net ashore and there appeared in it a chest padlocked and heavy. The Caliph examined it and lifted it finding it weighty; so he gave the fisherman two hundred dinars and sent him about his business; whilst Masrur, aided by the Caliph, carried the chest to the palace and set it down and lighted the candles.

Ja'afar and Masrur then broke it open and found therein a basket of palm-leaves corded with red worsted. This they cut open and saw within it a piece of carpet which they lifted out, and under it was a woman's mantilla folded in four, which they pulled out; and at the bottom of the chest they came upon a young lady, fair as a silver ingot, slain and cut into nineteen pieces.

When the Caliph looked upon her he cried, "Alas!" and tears ran down his cheeks and turning to Ja'afar he said, "O dog of Wazirs, shall folk be murdered in our reign and be cast into the river to be a burden and a responsibility for us on the Day of Doom? By Allah, we must avenge this woman on her murderer and he shall be made die the worst of deaths!" And presently he added, "Now, as surely as We are descended from the Sons of Abbas, if thou bring us not him who slew her, that we do her justice on him, I will hang thee at the gate of my palace, thee and forty of thy kith and kin by thy side." And the Caliph was wroth with exceeding rage.

Quoth Ja'afar, "Grant me three days' delay;" and quoth the Caliph, "We grant thee this."

So Ja'afar went out from before him and returned to his own house, full of sorrow and saying to himself, "How shall I find him who murdered this damsel, that I may bring him before the Caliph? If I bring other than the murderer, it will be laid to my charge by the Lord: in very sooth I wot not what to do."

He kept his house three days and on the fourth day the Caliph sent one of the Chamberlains for him and, as he came into the presence, asked him, "Where is the murderer of the damsel?" to which answered Ja'afar, "O Commander of the Faithful, am I inspector of murdered folk that I should ken who killed her?"

The Caliph was furious at his answer and bade hang him before the palace-gate and commanded that a crier cry through the streets of Baghdad, "Whoso would see the hanging of Ja'afar, the Barmaki, Wazir of the Caliph, with forty of the Barmecides, his cousins and kinsmen, before the palace-gate, let him come and let him look!"

The people flocked out from all the quarters of the city to witness the execution of Ja'afar and his kinsmen, not knowing the cause. Then they set up the gallows and made Ja'afar and the others stand underneath in readiness for execution, but whilst every eye was looking for the Caliph's signal, and the crowd wept for Ja'afar and his cousins of the Barmecides.

Lo and behold! a young man fair of face and neat of dress and of favour like the moon raining light, with eyes black and bright, and brow flower-white, and cheeks red as rose and young down where the beard grows, and a mole like a grain of ambergris, pushed his way through the people till he stood immediately before the Wazir and said to him, "Safety to thee from this strait, O Prince of the

Emirs and Asylum of the poor! I am the man who slew the woman ye found in the chest, so hang me for her and do her justice on me!"

When Ja'afar heard the youth's confession he rejoiced at his own deliverance. but grieved and sorrowed for the fair youth; and whilst they were yet talking behold, another man well stricken in years pressed forwards through the people and thrust his way amid the populace till he came to Ja'afar and the youth, whom he saluted saying, "Ho thou the Wazir and Prince sans-peer! Believe not the words of this youth. Of a surety none murdered the damsel but I; take her wreak on me this moment; for, an thou do not thus, I will require it of thee before Almighty Allah."

Then quoth the young man, "O Wazir, this is an old man in his dotage who wotteth not whatgo he saith ever, and I am he who murdered her, so do thou avenge her on me!"

Quoth the old man, "O my son, thou art young and desirest the joys of the world and I am old and weary and surfeited with the world: I will offer my life as a ransom for thee and for the Wazir and his cousins. No one murdered the damsel but I, so Allah upon thee, make haste to hang me, for no life is left in me now that hers is gone."

The Wazir marvelled much at all this strangeness and, taking the young man and the old man, carried them before the Caliph, where, after kissing the ground seven times between his hands, he said, "O Commander of the Faithful, I bring thee the murderer of the damsel!"

"Where is he?" asked the Caliph and ja'afar answered, "This young man saith, I am the murderer, and this old man giving him the lie saith, I am the murderer, and behold, here are the twain standing before thee."

The Caliph looked at the old man and the young man and asked, "Which of you killed the girl?"

The young man replied, "No one slew her save I;" and the old man answered, "Indeed none killed her but myself."

Then said the Caliph to Ja'afar, "Take the twain and hang them both;" but Ja'afar rejoined, "Since one of them was the murderer, to hang the other were mere injustice."

"By Him who raised the firmament and disspread the earth like a carpet," cried the youth, "I am he who slew the damsel;" and he went on to describe the manner of her murder and the basket, the mantilla and the bit of carpet, in fact all that the Caliph had found upon her.

So the Caliph was certified that the young man was the murderer; whereat he wondered and asked him, "What was the cause of thy wrongfully doing this damsel to die and what made thee confess the murder without the bastinado, and what brought thee here to yield up thy life, and what made thee say Do her wreak upon me?"

The youth answered, "Know, O Commander of the Faithful, that this woman was my wife and the mother of my children; also my first cousin and the daughter of my paternal uncle, this old man who is my father's own brother. When I married her she was a maid and Allah blessed me with three male

children by her; she loved me and served me and I saw no evil in her, for I also loved her with fondest love.

“Now on the first day of this month she fell ill with grievous sickness and I fetched in physicians to her; but recovery came to her little by little and, when I wished her to go to the Hammam bath, she said, ‘There is a something I long for before I go to the bath and I long for it with an exceeding longing.’

“‘To hear is to comply,’ said I. ‘And what is it?’

“Quoth she, ‘I have a queasy craving for an apple, to smell it and bite a bit of it.’

“I replied, ‘Hadst thou a thousand longings I would try to satisfy them!’

“So I went on the instant into the city and sought for apples but could find none; yet, had they cost a gold piece each, would I have bought them. I was vexed at this and went home and said, ‘O daughter of my uncle, by Allah I can find none!’

“She was distressed, being yet very weakly, and her weakness increased greatly on her that night and I felt anxious and alarmed on her account. As soon as morning dawned I went out again and made the round of the gardens, one by one, but found no apples anywhere.

“At last there met me an old gardener of whom I asked about them and he answered, ‘O my son, this fruit is a rarity with us and is not now to be found save in the garden of the Commander of the Faithful at Bassorah, where the gardener keepeth it for the Caliph's eating.’

“I returned to my house troubled by my ill-success; and my love for my wife and my affection moved me to undertake the journey. So I gat me ready and set out and travelled fifteen days and nights, going and coming, and brought her three apples which I bought from the gardener for three dinars.

“But when I went in to my wife and set them before her, she took no pleasure in them and let them lie by her side; for her weakness and fever had increased on her and her malady lasted without abating ten days, after which time she began to recover health.

“So I left my house and betaking me to my shop sat there buying and selling; and about midday behold, a great ugly slave, long as a lance and broad as a bench, passed by my shop holding in hand one of the three apples wherewith he was playing.

“Quoth I, ‘O my good slave, tell me whence thou tookest that apple, that I may get the like of it?’

“He laughed and answered, ‘I got it from my mistress, for I had been absent and on my return I found her lying ill with three apples by her side, and she said to me, ‘My horned wittol of a husband made a journey for them to Bassorah and bought them for three dinars.’ So I ate and drank with her and took this one from her.’

When I heard such words from the slave, O Commander of the Faithful, the world grew black before my face, and I arose and locked up my shop and went home beside myself for excess of rage. I looked for the apples and finding only two of the three asked my wife, ‘O my cousin, where is the third apple?’; and

raising her head languidly she answered, 'I wet not, O son of my uncle, where 'tis gone!'

"This convinced me that the slave had spoken the truth, so I took a knife and coming behind her got upon her breast without a word said and cut her throat. Then I hewed off her head and her limbs in pieces and, wrapping her in her mantilla and a rag of carpet, hurriedly sewed up the whole which I set in a chest and, locking it tight, loaded it on my he-mule and threw it into the Tigris with my own hands.

"So Allah upon thee, O Commander of the Faithful, make haste to hang me, as I fear lest she appeal for vengeance on Resurrection Day. For, when I had thrown her into the river and none knew aught of it, as I went back home I found my eldest son crying and yet he knew naught of what I had done with his mother.

"I asked him, 'What hath made thee weep, my boy?' and he answered, 'I took one of the three apples which were by my mammy and went down into the lane to play with my brethren when behold, a big long slave snatched it from my hand and said. 'Whence hadst thou this?' Quoth I, 'My father travelled far for it, and brought it from Bassorah for my mother who was ill and two other apples for which he paid three ducats.'

"He took no heed of my words and I asked for the apple a second and a third time, but he cuffed me and kicked me and went off with it. I was afraid lest my mother should swinge me on account of the apple, so for fear of her I went with my brother outside the city and stayed there till evening closed in upon us; and indeed I am in fear of her; and now by Allah, O my father, say nothing to her of this or it may add to her ailment!

When I heard what-my child said I knew that the slave was he who had foully slandered my wife, the daughter of my uncle, and was certified that I had slain her wrongfully. So I wept with exceeding weeping and presently this old man, my paternal uncle and her father, came in; and I told him what had happened and he sat down by my side and wept and we ceased not weeping till midnight. We have kept up mourning for her these last five days and we lamented her in the deepest sorrow for that she was unjustly done to die. This came from the gratuitous lying of the slave and this was the manner of my killing her; so I conjure thee, by the honour of thine ancestors, make haste to kill me and do her justice upon me, as there is no living for me after her!"

The Caliph marvelled at his words and said, "By Allah, the young man is excusable: I will hang none but the accursed slave and I will do a deed which shall comfort the ill-at-ease and suffering, and which shall please the All-glorious King."

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

# Histories of the Kings of Britain

Geoffrey of Monmouth

*Evans*

## Book X

### Chapter XIII

The victory complete, Arthur bade the bodies of his barons be separated from the carcasses of the enemy, and embalmed in kingly wise, and borne when embalmed into the abbeys of the province. Bedevere the Butler was carried unto Bayeux, zhis own city that was builded by Bedevere the first, his great-grandfather, and loud was the lamentation that the Neustrians made over him. There, in a certain churchyard in the southern part of the city, was he worshipfully laid next the wall. But Kay, grievously wounded, was borne in a litter unto Chinon, a town he himself had builded, and dying a brief space after of the same wound, was buried, as became a Duke of Anjou, in a certain forest in a convent of brethren hermit that dwelt there no great way from the city. Holdin, likewise, Duke of the Ruteni, was borne into Flanders and buried in his own city of Terouanne. Howbeit, the rest of the earls and barons were carried, as Arthur had enjoined, unto the abbeys in the neighbourhood. Having pity, moreover, upon his enemies, he bade the folk of the country bury them. But the body of Lucius he bade bear unto the Senate with a message to say that none other tribute was due from Britain. Then he abode in those parts until after the following winter, and busied him with bringing the cities of the Allobroges into his allegiance. But the summer coming on, at which time he designed to march unto Rome, he had begun to climb the passes of the mountains, when message was brought him that his nephew Mordred, unto whom he had committed the charge of Britain, had tyrannously and traitorously set the crown of the kingdom upon his own head, and had linked him in unhallowed union with Guenevere the Queen in despite of her former marriage.

## Book XI

### Chapter I

Hereof, verily, most noble Earl, will Geoffrey of Monmouth say nought. Natheless, according as he hath found it in the British discourse aforementioned, and hath heard from Walter of Oxford, a man of passing deep lore in many histories, in his own mean style will he briefly treat of the battles which that renowned King upon his return to Britain after this victory did fight with his nephew. So soon therefore as the infamy of the aforesaid crime did reach his ears, he forthwith deferred the expedition he had emprised against Leo, the King

of the Romans, and sending Hoel, Duke of the Armoricans, with the Gaulish army to restore peace in those parts, he straightway hastened back to Britain with none save the island Kings and their armies. Now, that most detestable traitor Mordred had despatched Cheldric, the Duke of the Saxons, into Germany, there to enlist any soever that would join him, and hurry back again with them, such as they might be, the quickest sail he could make. He pledged himself, moreover, by covenant to give him that part of the island which stretcheth from the river Humber as far as Scotland, and whatsoever Horsus and Hengist had possessed in Kent in the time of Vortigern. Cheldric, accordingly, obeying his injunctions, had landed with eight hundred ships full of armed Paynims, and doing homage unto this traitor did acknowledge him as his liege lord and king. He had likewise gathered into his company the Scots, Picts and Irish, and whomsoever else he knew bare hatred unto his uncle. All told, they numbered some eight hundred thousand Paynims and Christians, and in their company and relying on their assistance he came to meet Arthur on his arrival at Richborough haven, and in the battle that ensued did inflict sore slaughter on his men when they were landed. For upon that day fell Angusel, King of Albany, and Gawain, the King's nephew, along with numberless other. Eventus, son of Urian his brother, succeeded Angusel in the kingdom, and did afterward win great renown for his prowesses in those wars. At last, when with sore travail they had gained possession of the coast, they revenged them on Mordred for this slaughter, and drove him fleeing before them. For inured to arms as they had been in so many battles, they disposed their companies right skilfully, distributing horse and foot in parties, in such wise that in the fight itself, when the infantry were engaged in the attack or defence, the horse charging slantwise at full speed would strain every endeavour to break the enemies' ranks and compel them to take to flight. Howbeit, the Perjurer again collected his men together from all parts, and on the night following marched into Winchester. When this was reported unto queen Guenevere, she was forthwith smitten with despair and fled from York unto Caerleon, where she purposed thenceforth to lead a chaste life amongst the nuns, and did take the veil of their order in the church of julius the Martyr.

## Chapter II

But Arthur, burning with yet hotter wrath for the loss of so many hundred comrades-in-arms, after first giving Christian burial to the slain, upon the third day marched upon that city and beleaguered the miscreant that had enscenced him therein. Natheless, he was not minded to renounce his design, but encouraging his adherents by all the devices he could, marched forth with his troops and arrayed them to meet his uncle. At the first onset was exceeding great slaughter on either side, the which at last waxed heavier upon his side and compelled him to quit the field with shame. Then, little caring what burial were given unto his slain, 'borne by the swift-oared ferryman of flight,' he started in all haste on his march toward Cornwall. Arthur, torn by inward anxiety for that he had so often escaped him, pursued him into that country as far as the river

Camel, where Mordred was awaiting his arrival. For Mordred, being, as he was, of all men the boldest and ever the swiftest to begin the attack, straightway marshalled his men in companies, preferring rather to conquer or to die than to be any longer continually on the flight in this wise. There still remained unto him out of the number of allies I have mentioned sixty thousand men, and these he divided into three battalions, in each of which were six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men-at-arms. Besides these, he made out of the rest that were over a single battalion, and appointing captains to each of the others, took command of this himself. When these were all posted in position, he spake words of encouragement unto each in turn, promising them the lands and goods of their adversaries in case they fought out the battle to a victory. Arthur also marshalled his army over against them, which he divided into nine battalions of infantry formed in square with a right and left wing, and having appointed captains to each, exhorted them to make an end utterly of these perjurers and thieyes, who, brought from foreign lands into the island at the bidding of a traitor, were minded to reave them zof their holdings and their honours. He told them, moreover, that these motley barbarians from divers kingdoms were a pack of raw recruits that knew nought of the usages of war, and were in no wise able to make stand against valiant men like themselves, seasoned in so many battles, if they fell upon them hardily and fought like men. And whilst the twain were still exhorting their men on the one side and the other, the battalions made a sudden rush each at other and began the battle, struggling as if to try which should deal their blows the quicker. Straight, such havoc is wrought upon both sides, such groaning is there of the dying, such fury in the onset, as it would be grievous and burdensome to describe. Everywhere are wounders and wounded, slayers and slain. And after much of the day had been spent on this wise, Arthur at last, with one battalion wherein were six thousand six hundred and sixty-six men, made a charge upon the company wherein he knew Mordred to be, and hewing a path with their swords, cut clean through it and inflicted a most grievous slaughter. For therein fell that accursed traitor and many thousands along with him. Natheless not for the loss of him did his troops take to flight, but rallying together from all parts of the field, struggle to stand their ground with the best hardihood they might. Right passing deadly is the strife betwixt the foes, for well-nigh all the captains that were in command on both sides rushed into the press with their companies and fell. On Mordred's side fell Cheldric, Elaf, Egbricht, Bunignus, that were Saxons, Gillapatric, Gillamor, Gislafel, Gillar, Irish. The Scots and Picts, with well-nigh all that they commanded, were cut off to a man. On Arthur's side, Olbricht, King of Norway, Aschil, King of Denmark, Cador, Limenic, Cassibelaunus, with many thousands of his lieges as well Britons as others that he had brought with him. Even the renowned King Arthur himself was wounded deadly, and was borne thence unto the island of Avalon for the healing of his wounds, where he gave up the crown of Britain unto his kinsman Constantine, son of Cador, Duke of Cornwall, in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord five hundred and forty-two.

### Chapter III

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When Constantine was crowned King, the Saxons and the two sons of Mordred raised an insurrection against him; but could nought prevail, and after fighting many battles, the one fled to London and the other to Winchester, and did enter and take possession of those cities. At that time died the holy Daniel, that most devout prelate of the church of Bangor, and Thomas, Bishop of Gloucester, was elected unto the archbishopric of London. At that time also died David, that most holy Archbishop of Caerleon, in the city of Menevia, within his own abbey, which he loved above all the other monasteries of his diocese, for that it was founded by the blessed Patrick who had foretold his nativity. For whilst he was there sojourning for a while with his fellow-brethren he was smitten of a sudden lethargy and died there, being buried in the same church by command of Malgo, King of Venedotia. In his place, Kinoc, priest of the church of Lambadarn, was appointed to the Metropolitan See, and was thus promoted unto the higher dignity.

### Chapter IV

But Constantine pursued the Saxons and subdued them unto his allegiance; and took the two sons of Mordred. The one youth, who had fled into the church of St. Amphibalus at Winchester, he slew before the altar; but the other, who was in hiding in the monastery of certain brethren in London, he did there find beside the altar and slew by a cruel death. In the third year thereafter he was himself slain by Conan, smitten by God's judgment, and was buried by the side of Uther Pendragon within the structure of stones set together with marvellous art not far from Salisbury which in the English tongue is called Stonehenge.

# Nibelungenlied

## How They Kept The Watch

The day had now an end, and the night drew nigh. Care beset the wayworn travelers, as to when they should go to bed and rest them. This Hagen bespake with Etzel, and it was told them soon.

Gunther spake to the host: "God be with you, we would fain go to our sleep, pray give us leave. We will come early on the morrow, whensoever ye bid."

Etzel parted then full merrily from his guests. Men pressed the strangers on every side, at which brave Folker spake to the Huns: "How dare ye crowd before the warriors' feet? An' ye will not leave this, ye will fare full ill. I'll smite some man so heavy a fiddle blow, that if ye have a faithful friend he may well bewail it. Why give ye not way before us knights? Methinks 'twere well. All pass for knights, but be not of equal mettle."

As the fiddler spake thus in wrath, Hagen, the brave, looked behind him. He spake: "The bold gleeman doth advise you right, ye men of Kriemhild, ye should hie you to your lodgings. I ween none of you will do what ye are minded, but would ye begin aught, come early on the morrow, and let us wanderers have peace to-night. Certes, I ween that it hath never happed with such good will on the part of heroes."

Then the guests were brought into a spacious hall, which they found purveyed on every side with costly beds, long and broad, for the warriors. Lady Kriemhild planned the very greatest wrongs against them. One saw there many a cunningly wrought quilt from Arras of shining silken cloth and many a coverlet of Arabian silk, the best that might be had; upon this ran a border that shone in princely wise. Many bed covers of ermine and of black sable were seen, beneath which they should have their ease at night, until the dawn of day. Never hath king lain so lordly with his meiny.

"Alas for these night quarters," spake Giselher, the youth, "and alas for my friends, who be come with us. However kindly my sister greeted us, yet I do fear me that through her fault we must soon lie dead."

"Now give over your care," quoth Hagen, the knight. "I'll stand watch myself to-night. I trow to guard us well, until the day doth come. Therefore have no fear; after that, let him survive who may."

All bowed low and said him gramercy. Then went they to their beds. A short while after the stately men had laid them down, bold Hagen, the hero, began to arm him. Then the fiddler, Knight Folker, spake: "If it scorn you not, Hagen, I would fain hold the watch with you to-night, until the early morn."

The hero then thanked Folker in loving wise: "Now God of heaven requite you, dear Folker. In all my cares, I would crave none other than you alone, whenever I had need. I shall repay you well, and death hinder me not."

Both then donned their shining armor and either took his shield in hand, walked out of the house and stood before the door. Thus they cared for the

guests in faithful wise. The doughty Folker leaned his good shield against the side of the hall, then turned him back and fetched his fiddle and served his friends as well befite the hero. Beneath the door of the house he sate him down upon a stone; bolder fiddler was there never. When the tones of the strings rang forth so sweetly, the proud wanderers gave Folker thanks. At first the strings twanged so that the whole house resounded; his strength and his skill were both passing great. Then sweeter and softer he began to play, and thus many a care-worn man he lulled to sleep. When he marked that all had fallen asleep, the knight took again his shield and left the room and took his stand before the tower, and there he guarded the wanderers against Kriemhild's men.

'Twas about the middle of the night (I know not but what it happed a little earlier), that bold Folker spied the glint of a helmet afar in the darkness. Kriemhild's men would fain have harmed the guests. Then the fiddler spake: "Sir Hagen, my friend, it behooveth us to bear these cares together. Before the house I see armed men stand, and err I not, I ween, they would encounter us!"

"Be silent," quoth Hagen, "let them draw nearer before they be ware of us. Then will helmets be dislodged by the swords in the hands of us twain. They will be sent back to Kriemhild in evil plight."

One of the Hunnish warriors (full soon that happed) marked that the door was guarded. How quickly then he spake: "That which we have in mind may not now come to pass. I see the fiddler stand on guard. On his head he weareth a glittering helmet, shining and hard, strong and whole. His armor rings flash out like fire. By him standeth Hagen; in sooth the guests be guarded well."

Straightway they turned again. When Folker saw this, wrathfully he spake to his comrade-at-arms: "Now let me go from the house to the warriors. I would fain put some questions to Lady Kriemhild's men."

"For my sake, no," quoth Hagen. "If ye leave the house, the doughty knights are like to bring you in such stress with their swords, that I must aid you even should it be the death of all my kin. As soon as we be come into the fray, twain of them, or four, would in a short time run into the house and would bring such scathe upon the sleepers, that we might never cease to mourn."

Then Folker answered: "Let us bring it to pass that they note that I have seen them, so that Kriemhild's men may not deny that they would fain have acted faithlessly."

Straightway Folker then called out to them: "How go ye thus armed, ye doughty knights? Would ye ride to rob, ye men of Kriemhild? Then must ye have the help of me and my comrade-at-arms."

To this none made reply. Angry grew his mood. "Fy! Ye evil cowards," spake the good knight, "would ye have murdered us asleep? That hath been done full seldom to such good heroes."

Then the queen was told that her messengers had compassed naught. Rightly it did vex her, and with wrathful mood she made another plan. Through this brave heroes and good must needs thereafter perish.

## Heimskringla

Snorri Sturluson

*Liang*

### Saga of Sigurd the Crusader

#### *KING SIGURD'S JOURNEY OUT OF THE COUNTRY.*

Four years after the fall of King Magnus, King Sigurd sailed with his people from Norway. He had then sixty ships. So says Thorarin Stutfeld: --

"A young king just and kind,  
People of loyal mind:  
Such braye men soon agree, --  
To distant lands they sail with glee.  
To the distant Holy Land  
A braye and pious band,  
Magnificent and gay,  
In sixty long-ships glide away."

King Sigurd sailed in autumn to England, where Henry, son of William the Bastard, was then king, and Sigurd remained with him all winter. So says Einar Skulason: --

"The king is on the waves!  
The storm he boldly braves.  
His ocean-steed,  
With winged speed,  
O'er the white-flashing surges,  
To England's coast he urges;  
And there he stays the winter o'er:  
More gallant king ne'er trod that shore."

#### *OF KING SIGURD'S JOURNEY.*

In spring King Sigurd and his fleet sailed westward to Valland, and in autumn came to Galicia, where he stayed the second winter. So says Einar Skulason: --

"Our king, whose land so wide  
No kingdom stands beside,  
In Jacob's land next winter spent,

On holy things intent;  
And I have heard the royal youth  
Cut off an earl who swerved from truth.  
Our brave king will endure no ill, --  
The hawks with him will get their fill."

It went thus: -- The earl qwho ruled over the land made an agreement with King Sigurd, that he should provide King Sigurd and his men a market at which they could purchase victuals all the winter; but this he did not fulfil longer than to about Yule. It began then to be difficult to get food and necessaries, for it is a poor barren land. Then King Sigurd with a great body of men went against a castle which belonged to the earl; and the earl fled from it, having but few people. King Sigurd took there a great deal of victuals and of other booty, which he put on board of his ships, and then made ready and proceeded westward to Spain. It so fell out, as the king was sailing past Spain, that some vikings who were cruising for plunder met him with a fleet of galleys, and King Sigurd attacked them. This was his first battle with heathen men; and he won it, qand took eight galleys from them. So says Haldor Skvaldre: --

"Bold vikings, not slow  
To the death-fray to go,  
Meet our Norse king by chance,  
And their galleys advance.  
The bold vikings lost  
Many a man of their host,  
And eight galleys too,  
With cargo and crew."

Thereafter King Sigurd sailed against a castle called Sintre and fought another battle. This castle is in Spain, and was occupied by many heathens, who from thence plundered Christian people. King Sigurd took the castle, and killed every man in it, because they refused to be baptized; qand he got there an immense booty. So says Haldor Skvaldre: --

"From Spain I have much news to tell  
Of what our generous king befell.  
And first he routs the viking crew,  
At Cintra next the heathens slew;  
The men he treated as God's foes,  
Who dared the true faith to oppose.  
No man he spared who would not take  
The Christian faith for Jesus' sake."

### *KING SIGURD'S EXPEDITION TO PALESTINE.*

In the summer King Sigurd sailed across the Greek sea to Palestine, and thereupon went up to Jerusalem, where he met Baldwin, king of Palestine. King Baldwin received him particularly well, and rode with him all the way to the river Jordan, and then back to the city of Jerusalem. Einar Skulason speaks thus of it:

"Good reason has the skald to sing  
The generous temper of the king,  
Whose sea-cold keel from northern waves  
Ploughs the blue sea that green isles laves.  
At Acre scarce were we made fast,  
In holy ground our anchors cast,  
When the king made a joyful morn  
To all who toil with him had horne."

And again he made these lines: --

"To Jerusalem he came,  
He who loves war's noble game,  
(The skald no greater monarch finds  
Beneath the heaven's wide hall of winds)  
All sin and evil from him flings  
In Jordan's wave: for all his sins  
(Which all must praise) he pardon wins."

King Sigurd stayed a long time in the land of Jerusalem in autumn, and in the beginning of winter.

### *SIDON TAKEN.*

King Baldwin made a magnificent feast for King Sigurd and many of his people, and gave him many holy relics. By the orders of King Baldwin and the patriarch, there was taken a splinter off the holy cross; and on this holy relic both made oath, that this wood was of the holy cross upon which God Himself had been tortured. Then this holy relic was given to King Sigurd; with the condition that he, and twelve other men with him, should swear to promote Christianity with all his power, and erect an archbishop's seat in Norway if he could; and also that the cross should be kept where the holy King Olaf reposed, and that he should introduce tithes, and also pay them himself. After this King Sigurd returned to his ships at Acre; and then King Baldwin prepared to go to Syria, to a heathen town called Saet. On this expedition King Sigurd accompanied him, and after the kings had besieged the town some time it surrendered, and they took possession of it, and of a great treasure of money; and their men found other

booty. King Sigurd made a present of his share to King Baldwin. So say Haldor Skvaldre: --

"He who for wolves provides the feast  
Seized on the city in the East,  
The heathen nest; and honour drew,  
And gold to give, from those he slew."

Einar Skulason also tells of it: --

"The Norsemen's king, the skalds relate,  
Has ta'en the heathen town of Saet:  
The slinging engine with dread noise  
Gables and roofs with stones destroys.  
The town wall totters too, -- it falls;  
The Norsemen mount the blackened walls.  
He who stains red the raven's bill  
Has won, -- the town lies at his will."

Thereafter King Sigurd went to his ships and made ready to leave Palestine. They sailed north to the island Cyprus; and King Sigurd stayed there a while, and then went to the Greek country, and came to the land with all his fleet at Engelsnes. Here he lay still for a fortnight, although every day it blew a breeze for going before the wind to the north; but Sigurd would wait a side wind, so that the sails might stretch fore and aft in the ship; for in all his sails there was silk joined in, before and behind in the sail, and neither those before nor those behind the ships could see the slightest appearance of this, if the vessel was before the wind; so they would rather wait a side wind.

#### *SIGURD'S EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINOPLE.*

When King Sigurd sailed into Constantinople, he steered near the land. Over all the land there are burghs, castles, country towns, the one upon the other without interval. There from the land one could see into the bights of the sails; and the sails stood so close beside each other, that they seemed to form one enclosure. All the people turned out to see King Sigurd sailing past. The Emperor Kirjalax had also heard of King Sigurd's expedition, and ordered the city port of Constantinople to be opened, which is called the Gold Tower, through which the emperor rides when he has been long absent from Constantinople, or has made a campaign in which he has been victorious. The emperor had precious cloths spread out from the Gold Tower to Laktjarna, which is the name of the emperor's most splendid hall. King Sigurd ordered his men to ride in great state into the city, and not to regard all the new things they might see; and this they did. King Sigurd and his followers rode with this great

splendour into Constantinople, and then came to the magnificent hall, where everything was in the grandest style.

King Sigurd remained here some time. The Emperor Kirjalax sent his men to him to ask if he would rather accept from the emperor six lispund of gold, or would have the emperor give the games in his honour which the emperor was used to have played at the Padreim. King Sigurd preferred the games, and the messengers said the spectacle would not cost the emperor less than the money offered. Then the emperor prepared for the games, which were held in the usual way; but this day everything went on better for the king than for the queen; for the queen has always the half part in the games, and their men, therefore, always strive against each other in all games. The Greeks accordingly think that when the king's men win more games at the Padreim than the queen's, the king will gain the victory when he goes into battle. People who have been in Constantinople tell that the Padreim is thus constructed: -- A high wall surrounds a flat plain, which may be compared to a round bare Thing-place, with earthen banks all around at the stone wall, on which banks the spectators sit; but the games themselves are in the flat plain. There are many sorts of old events Represented concerning the Asas, Volsungs, and Giukungs, in these games; and all the figures are cast in copper, or metal, with so great art that they appear to be living things; and to the people it appears as if they were really present in the games. The games themselves are so artfully and cleverly managed, that people appear to be riding in the air; and at them also are used shot-fire, and all kinds of harp-playing, singing, and music instruments.

### *SIGURD AND THE EMPEROR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.*

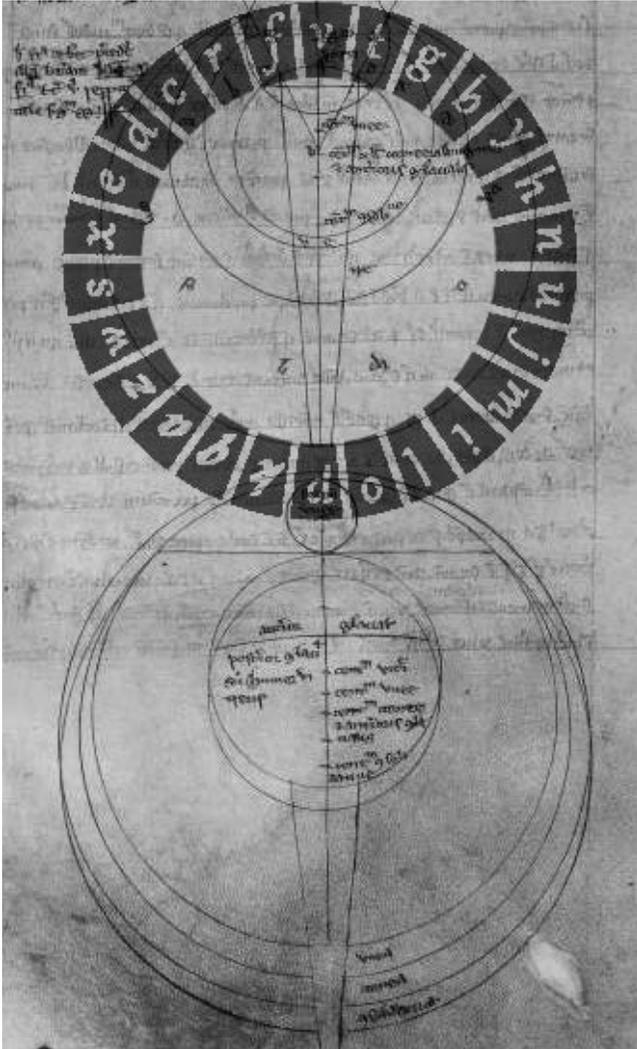
It is related that King Sigurd one day was to give the emperor a feast, and he ordered his men to provide sumptuously all that was necessary for the entertainment; and when all things were provided which are suitable for an entertainment given by a great personage to persons of high dignity, King Sigurd ordered his men to go to the street in the city where firewood was sold, as they would require a great quantity to prepare the feast. They said the king need not be afraid of wanting firewood, for every day many loads were brought into the town. When it was necessary, however, to have firewood, it was found that it was all sold, which they told the king. He replied, "Go and try if you can get walnuts. They will answer as well as wood for fuel." They went and got as many as they needed. Now came the emperor, and his grandees and court, and sat down to table. All was very splendid; and King Sigurd received the emperor with great state, and entertained him magnificently. When the queen and the emperor found that nothing was wanting, she sent some persons to inquire what they had used for firewood; and they came to a house filled with walnuts, and they came back and told the queen. "Truly," said she, "this is a magnificent king, who spares no expense where his honour is concerned." She had contrived this to try what they would do when they could get no firewood to dress their feast with.

*KING SIGURD THE CRUSADER'S RETURN HOME.*

King Sigurd soon after prepared for his return home. He gave the emperor all his ships; and the valuable figureheads which were on the king's ships were set up in Peter's church, where they have since been to be seen. The emperor gave the king many horses and guides to conduct him through all his dominions. Then King Sigurd left Constantinople; but a great many Northmen remained, and went into the emperor's pay. Then King Sigurd traveled from Bulgaria, and through Hungary, Pannonia, Suabia, and Bavaria, where he met the Roman emperor, Lotharius, who received him in the most friendly way, gave him guides through his dominions, and had markets established for him at which he could purchase all he required. When King Sigurd came to Sleszvik in Denmark, Earl Eilif made a sumptuous feast for him; and it was then midsummer. In Heida by he met the Danish king, Nikolas, who received him in the most friendly way, made a great entertainment for him, accompanied him north to Jutland, and gave him a ship provided with everything needful. From thence the king returned to Norway, and was joyfully welcomed on his return to his kingdom. It was the common talk among the people, that none had ever made so honourable a journey from Norway as this of King Sigurd. He was twenty years of age, and had been three years on these travels. His brother Olaf was then twelve years old.

# Opus Major

Roger Bacon



## The Travels of Marco Polo

### Chapter XXIII

#### Concerning The Old Man Of The Mountain

Mulehet is a country in which the Old Man of the Mountain dwelt in former days; and the name means "Place of the Aram." I will tell you his whole history as related by Messer Marco Polo, who heard it from several natives of that region.

The Old Man was called in their language ALOADIN. He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful that ever was seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting. And there were runnels too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies and of the most beautiful damsels in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For zthe Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise. So he had fashioned it after the description that Mahomet gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water, and full of lovely women for the delectation of all its inmates. And sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that it *was* Paradise!

Now no man was allowed to enter the Garden save those whom he intended to be his ASHISHIN. There was a Fortress at the entrance to the Garden, strong enough to resist all the world, and there was no other way to get in. He kept at his Court a number of the youths of the country, from 12 to 20 years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering, and to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mahomet had been wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believe in Mahomet. Then he would introduce them into his garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a certain potion which cast them into a deep sleep, and then causing them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke, they found themselves in the Garden

**Inferno**  
**Dante Aligheri**

**Canto XIX**

O SIMON MAGUS, O forlorn disciples,  
Ye who the things of God, which ought to be  
The brides of holiness, rapaciously

For silver and for gold do prostitute,  
Now it behoves for you the trumpet sound,  
Because in this third Bolgia ye abide.

We had already on the following tomb  
Ascended to that portion of the crag  
Which o'er the middle of the moat hangs plumb.

Wisdom supreme, O how great art thou showest  
In heaven, in earth, and in the evil world,  
with what justice doth thy power distribute !

I saw upon the sides and on the bottom  
The livid stone with perforations filled,  
All of one size, and every one was round.

To me less ample seemed they not, nor greater  
Than those that in my beautiful Saint John  
Are fashioned for the place of the baptisers,

And one of which, not many years ago,  
I broke for some one, who was drowning in it;  
Be this a seal! all men to undeceive.

Out of the mouth of each one there protruded  
The feet of a transgressor, and the legs  
Up to the calf, the rest within remained.

In all of them the soles were both on fire;  
Wherefore the joints so violently quivered,  
They would have snapped asunder withes and bands.

Even as the flame of unctuous things is wont  
To move upon the outer surface only,  
So likewise was it there from heel to point.

Master, who is that one who writhes himself,  
 More than his other comrades quivering,  
 I said. and whom a redder flame is sucking?

And he to me: If thou wilt have me bear thee  
 Down there along that bank which lowest lies,  
 From him thou'lt know his errors and himself.

And I: What pleases thee, to me is pleasing;  
 Thou art my Lord, and knowest that I depart not  
 From thy desire, and knowest what is not spoken.

Straightway upon the fourth dike we arrived;  
 We turned, and on the left-hand side descended  
 Down to the bottom full of holes and narrow.

And the good Master yet from off his haunch  
 Deposed me not, till to the hole he brought me  
 Of him who so lamented with his shanks.

Whoe'er thou art, that standest upside down,  
 O doleful soul, implanted like a stake,  
 To say began I, if thou canst, speak out.

I stood even as the friar who is confessing  
 The false assassin, who, when he is fixed,  
Recalls him, so that death may be delayed.

And he cried out: Dost thou stand there already,  
 Dost thou stand there already, Boniface?  
 By many years the record lied to me.

Art thou so early satiate with that wealth,  
 For which thou didst not fear to take by fraud  
 The beautiful Lady, and then work her woe?

Such I became, as people are who stand,  
 Not comprehending what is answered them,  
 As if bemocked, and know not how to answer.

Then said Virgilius: Say to him straightway,  
 'I am not he, I am not he thou thinkest.  
 And I replied as was imposed on me.

Whereat the spirit writhed with both his feet,

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## Inferno

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Then, sighing, with a voice of lamentation  
Said to me: Then what wantest thou of me?

If who I am thou carest so much to know,  
That thou on that account hast crossed the bank,  
now that I vested was with the great mantle;

And truly was I son of the She-bear,  
So eager to advance the cubs, that wealth  
Above, and here myself, I pocketed.

Beneath my head the others are dragged down  
Who have preceded me in simony,  
Flattened along the fissure of the rock.

Below there I shall likewise fall, whenever  
That one shall come who I believed thou wast,  
What time the sudden question I proposed.

But lon er I my feet already toast,  
And here have been in this way upside down.  
Than he will planted stay with reddened feet;

For after him shall come of fouler deed  
From tow'rds the west a Pastor without law,  
Such as befits to cover him and me.

New Jason will he be, of whom we read  
Maccabees and as his king was pliant,  
So he who governs France shall be to this one.

I do not know if I were here too bold,  
That him I answered only in this metre:  
I pray thee tell me now how great a treasure

Our Lord demanded of Saint Peter first,  
Before he put the keys into his keeping?  
Truly he nothing asked but 'Follow me.'

Nor Peter nor the rest asked of Matthias  
Silver or gold, when he by lot was chosen  
Unto the place the guilty soul had lost.

Therefore stay here, for thou art justly punished,  
And keep safe guard o'er the ill-gotten money,  
Which caused thge to be valiant against Charles.

And were it not that still forbids it me  
 The reverence for the keys superlative  
 Thou hadst in keeping in the gladsome life,

I would make use of words more grievous still;  
 Because your avarice afflicts the world,  
 Trampling the good and lifting zthe depraved.

The Evangelist you Pastors had in mind,  
 When she who sitteth upon many waters  
 To fornicate with kings by him was seen;

The same who with thej seven heads was born,  
 And power and strength from the ten horns received,  
 So long as virtue to her spouse was pleasing.

Ye have made yourselves a god of gold and silver;  
 And from the idolater how differ ye,  
 Save that he one, and ye a hundred worship?

Ah, Constantine! of how much ill was mother,  
 Not thy conversion, but that marriage dower  
 Which the first wealthy Father took from thee!

And while I sang toq him such notes as these.  
 Either that anger or that conscience stung him,  
 He struggled violently with both his feet.

I think in sooth that it my Leader pleased,  
 With such contented lip he listened ever  
 Unto the sound of the true words expressed.

Therefore with both his arms he took me up,  
 And when he had me all upon his breast,  
 Remounted by the way where he descended.

Nor did he tire to have me clasped to him;  
 Rut bore me to the summit of the arch  
 Which from the fourth dike to the fifth is passage.

There tenderly he laid his burden down,  
 Tenderly on the crag uneven and steep,  
 That would have been hard passage for the goats:

Thence was unveiled to me another valley.

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## Nuova Cronica

### Giovanni Villani

#### Book V

*How civil war began in Florence between the Uberti and the government of the Consuls.*

Wherefore in the selfsame year there began in Florence dissension and great war among the citizens, the worst that had ever been in Florence; and this was by reason of too great prosperity and repose, together with pride and ingratitude; forasmuch as the house of the Uberti, which were the most powerful and the greatest citizens of Florence, with their allies, both magnates and popolari, began war against the Consuls (which were the lords and rulers of the commonwealth for a certain time and under certain ordinances), from envy of the Government, which was not to their mind; and the war was so fierce and unnatural that well-nigh every day, or every other day, the citizens fought against one another in divers parts of the city, from district to district, according as the factions were, and as they had fortified their towers, whereof there was great number in the city, in height 100 or 120 cubits. And in those times, by reason of the said war, many towers were newly fortified by the communities of the districts, from the common funds of the neighbourhood, which were called Towers of the Fellowships, and upon them were set engines to shoot forth one at another, and the city was barricaded in many places; and this plague endured more than two years, and many died by reason thereof, and much peril and hurt was brought upon the city; but this war among the citizens became so much of use and wont that one day they would be fighting, and the next day they would be eating and drinking together, and telling tales of one another's valour and prowess in these battles; and at last they ceased fighting, in that it irked them for very weariness, and they made peace, and the Consuls remained in their government; albeit, in the end they begot and then brought forth the accursed factions, which were afterwards in Florence, as hereafter in due time we will make mention.

*How the Emperor Frederick I. took their territory from the city of Florence, and many other cities of Tuscany.*

In the said year of Christ 1184, the Emperor Frederick I., as he went from Lombardy into Apulia, passed through our city of Florence on the 31st day of July in the said year, and abode there some days; and receiving a complaint from the nobles of the country that the commonwealth of Florence had taken by force and occupied many of their castles and strongholds against the honour of the Empire, he took from the commonwealth of Florence all the whole territory and the lordship thereof up to the walls, and in the territory he set vicars of his own throughout the villages to administer the law and execute justice; and he did the

like to all the other cities of Tuscany which had held with the Church when he was at was with Pope Alexander, save that he did not take the territory from the cities of Pisa and of Pistoia, which held with him. And in this year the said Frederick besieged the city of Siena, but did not take it. And these things he did to the said cities of Tuscany, forasmuch as they had not been on his side; so that, albeit he was at peace with the Church and had cried the said Pope mercy, as afore has been narrated, nevertheless, he did not cease from manifesting ill-will against the cities which had obeyed the Church; and thus the city of Florence was left without any territory for four years, until the said Frederick set forth on his voyage over seas, when he was drowned, as afore we have narrated.

*How the Florentines took the cross, and went over seas to conquer Damietta, and therefore recovered their territory.*

In the year of Christ 1188, all Christendom being moved to go to the succour of the Holy Land, there came to Florence the archbishop of Ravenna, the Pope's Legate, to preach the cross for the said expedition; and many good people of Florence took the cross from the said archbishop at S. Donato tra le Torri, or at S. Donato a Torri, beyond Rifredi, or the Monastery delle Donne, forasmuch as the said archbishop was of the Order of Citeaux; and this was on the 2nd day of the month of February in the said year, and the Florentines were in such great numbers that they made up an army in themselves over seas, and they were at the conquest of the city of Damietta, and among the first which took the city, and for an ensign they brought back thence a crimson standard which is still in the church of S. Giovanni; and because of the said devotion and aid given by the Florentines to Holy Church and to Christendom, the jurisdiction over the territory around was restored to the city of Florence by Pope Gregory and by the said Emperor Frederick, to the distance of ten miles around the city of Florence.

## The Canterbury Tales

Chaucer

### The Franklin's Tale

#### *Prologue*

Long ago the people of Brittany, in what is now northwestern France, recorded strange tales, rhymed in a language similar to Cornish which they sung to the accompaniment of instruments, or read to themselves for pleasure. I shall bring to mind one of these and recall it for you as faithfully as I can.

But first I should explain that I have studied neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge and please forgive my country accent. I have never slept on Mount Parnassus or been kissed by the nine Muses, to my knowledge, and I have never read the Roman author Cicero; I am a stranger to the colours of rhetoric—the only colours I know are those of the flowers in a meadow or the paints and dyes that artisans use.

So if you will listen, I will begin.

#### *The Tale*

In Brittany once there was a knight who fell in love with a lady. He did his utmost to win her love, for she was one of the fairest ladies in the world and so high born that this brave knight could scarcely find the courage to speak to her. But through the endurance of many a hard adventure, the accomplishment of many a perilous deed and the chivalrous acts he performed in her name, she at last took pity upon him and confided that she would take him as her husband. And accepting such lordship as men have over their wives, and to increase the happiness of their lives together, he in turn swore as a knight that he would never make her do anything she did not want to do, nor show her any jealousy, but he would obey her and follow her in all things. He gave everything to her except the name of 'lord', which he retained for himself in order to protect the honour of his knighthood.

And for his proven willingness to serve her she thanked him: 'Sir,' she said meekly, 'since you offer me so much, I shall vow in turn to be your true and faithful wife for as long as I live.'

And I dare say one thing safely enough, that love will not survive without a little give and take. When dominance arrives, the god of love beats his wings and – farewell! – he is gone! Where love is concerned, women naturally desire liberty, and so do men, to be honest! Show me a man who exercises patience and I will show you a man who can rise above anything. Patience is a great virtue. It can

move mountains! Learn to suffer rebukes with equanimity. For I vow you will have to suffer them whether you want to or not! No one can be good all the time. Drunkenness, depression, illness, a planetary configuration – a man should not be punished for every slip or infidelity, for every word spoken out of turn! But I digress.

And so this worthy knight secured the makings of a very pleasant life; he to obey her and she to be faithful to him. Here is a wise if modest contract! She takes to her bedroom both a servant and a lord; a servant in love and a lord in marriage! He is in both lordship and service – but a servant? No! Higher than a lord, since he has his lady and his love! His lady and his bed-companion, which the law of love permits. When he had achieved all this he took his new wife home to the coast of Brittany where they lived together in great happiness. Who could be in any doubt that he was married? The joy, the comfort and the prosperity that is shared between husband and wife!

This blissful existence lasted for a year or more and then the knight, whose name was Arveragus of Caerudd, made preparations to set sail for England, which was called Britain in those days. All his effort was directed towards this end, for he intended to seek to advance his honour and reputation and to remain abroad for a year or two. He was absent for two years, the book says.

But I will turn from Arveragus and speak of his wife Dorigen, who loved him with all her heart. She wept and sighed, as noble wives do when they feel a mind to, moaned and cried out, wailed piteously and refused to eat. Her friends, seeing that she had lost all interest in everything, comforted her as best they could, consoled her, told her that there was no reason for her to starve herself – did everything they could think of. And by a process that you will all know whereby a stone is rubbed and rubbed for so long that in the end the craftsman has engraved a design into it, so by degrees the imprint of their consoling made its mark upon her heart and her fears began to lessen. Such acute distress cannot last forever. And also, Arveragus sent letters to his wife telling her how he was getting on and promising to return as soon as he could, and but for these her heart would surely have broken.

The lady's friends sensed that her mood was lightening and invited her to come walking with them to drive away her dark delusions. And finally, she agreed.

Arveragus's castle was near the seashore and soon she was strolling often with her friends across the dunes and along the cliffs, looking at the many ships and barges sailing their course. But these served only to increase her anxiety. 'Alas,' she would say to herself. 'Is there no ship, among all these that I can see, that can bring my husband home and relieve my heart of its loneliness and anxiety?'

At other times she would gaze over the edge of the cliffs towards the jagged rocks and her heart would quake so much with fear that she could not stand; she would sink to her knees in the grass and peer down at the water below and murmur: 'Eternal God, you make provision for and govern everything in this world, and these fiendish black rocks seem more a mistake than the creation of a wise and perfect God. Why have you made them? For nowhere in this world is

there any bird or beast or man they do any good to, but quite the opposite. A hundred thousand bodies have been torn apart by rocks such as these, countless men and women whom you have made in your own image, the fairest portion of your creation. If you have so favoured mankind, why create something so useless and menacing? I know that the religious will try to show by arguments, as they do, that it is not given to us to understand. But to that god who governs the wind I say – will you please keep my husband safe? This is all I ask! And I wish those black rocks could sink into Hell!

She would murmur this with the tears running down her cheeks. Her friends soon saw that walking beside the sea brought her no pleasure and prepared other walks for her, beside rivers and lakes and other delightful places. They arranged dances and played board games with her, and organised other diversions.

One morning, she retired with all her friends to a nearby garden and here they spent the entire day with all the provisions they could wish for. It was the sixth of May and the spring rain had brought forth an abundance of flowers and pretty leaves and the gardeners had so designed the shrubberies and had set out the plants and trees so beautifully that never before had there been seen such a delightful place unless in Paradise itself! The colours of the spring blooms, and their perfumes, would have made any heart leap for joy!

After dinner, they all went to dance and to join in the songs; all except Dorigen who could not see her husband anywhere and therefore preferred to sit alone. We must allow her to sit patiently and try to let her hopes defeat her fears.

Not far away danced a young squire, who to my mind was fresher and more jolly than the month of May itself! He danced and sung better than any of the young men around him, better than any man since the beginning of the world! He was young, strong, virtuous, wealthy and intelligent, his deportment was exemplary and he was held in the highest esteem by all those who knew him. And in brief, if I may be allowed to tell the truth, this lusty squire, this servant of the goddess Venus, and without Dorigen knowing anything about it at all, had loved her above all other women for more than two years. His name was Aurelius.

But Aurelius was in despair. He dared not approach her. He had to drink his agony without even a cup. Only in songs was he able to give voice to his love; in a general way, songs of a love that could not be returned, lays and dances that gave expression to a desire that could not be disclosed. Death, he said, must take him, as it had taken Echo, who could not tell Narcissus of the love she felt for him! He could give expression to his feelings in no other way; except sometimes, at dances, he would gaze at Dorigen in a way that the casual observer might have recognised as a betrayal of his true feelings. She, however, suspected nothing of this.

Before he left for home, and because he was a near neighbour and a man of some status and she had known him for a long time, Dorigen and Aurelius spoke some words to one another and, seizing his opportunity, he steered the conversation in the direction he wished it to go: 'Madam,' he said. 'By God who made this world, in order to make you happy I wish that I, instead of your husband, had embarked upon the open sea, and for good! For I know that my love is in vain! My heart aches for fulfillment! Madam, have pity upon my agony!

For in a word, you can save my life or destroy it! Would q<sup>u</sup>that I was lying dead at your feet even now! I cannot say any more. Be my executioner, or have mercy upon me!

The lady stared at Aurelius. 'Is this true? I have had no idea! But I understand you plainly. I shall never knowingly be untrue to my marriage vows. And by the God who gave me soul and life, I shall never deceive my husband, you may take this as my final answer.'

But then she added playfully: 'And yet, Aurelius, by the high God above I shall agree to be your lover, since I can see the state that you are in, on the day that you remove every rock and every stone that is a hazard to the ships that sail around the shores of Brittany. When you have so cleared the coast of rocks that there is not a single one left anywhere, then I will give you my love and on this you have my word.'

'Is this all you have to say?'

'It is' she said, 'by the Lord that made me. So cast such ambition from your heart! What value can a man set upon himself when he goes after another man's wife whose husband can make love to her whenever he pleases!'

Aurelius sighed when he heard this. 'Madam,' he said. 'The task you set before me is impossible. You have condemned me to death!' And with this, he turned away.

Some people approached, knowing nothing of what had just taken place and Dorigen mingled with her friends, then the music struck up for another dance and it lasted until the horizon had robbed the sun of all its light, which is to say, that it was night!

Home they all went then, in joy and solace, except for poor Aurelius, alas! He made his way back to his house with a body that felt like lead, he could see nothing before him but the spectre of Death. His heart had frozen inside him. He held his hands up to the heavens, fell onto his knees and prayed, not thinking about what he was saying but pouring out a torrent of complaint to all the gods, and first of all to the sun.

'Apollo' he cried. 'You who control every plant, herb, tree and flower, and give to each its own season by your altitude as you soar high or skim low across the sky; lord Phoebus, cast a merciful eye upon wretched Aurelius! My lady has cast me to the dogs! Besides my lady, you are the one who can help me the most, if you desire to. Let me explain how you may help me, lord Apollo. Your serene sister, bright Lucina, is goddess of the sea; and as superior to Neptune as Neptune is to a minnow! And in the same way that her greatest wish is to be lit up and enlivened by the fire of your disk and so she follows you around the sky as well as she is able, so the sea naturally desires to follow her, as she is goddess of the sea, with its tides and its currents. And, lord Phoebus, this is my requ<sup>e</sup>st. Perform this miracle or let my heart break into two pieces - that at the next full moon, which will occur in the constellation of Leo, ask her to cause such a high tide to occur, such a high spring tide that it will flood at least five fathoms over the highest wave-breaking rock in the whole of Brittany! And let the tide remain at this level for two years! Then I will be able to take my lady to the sea and say: 'Lady, Hold to your promise! The rocks have all vanished!'

'Please do this miracle for me, lord Phoebus. Please ask your sister to match her speed with yours and make it high tide both day and night, for two years; and if she cannot, then ask her to sink every rock down into her dark depths and further still into the regions to which Pluto is lord of all. Ask her this, Lord Phoebus, and I shall go barefoot to your temple at Delphi - look at the tears running down my cheeks and have pity upon the pain that I am suffering!' And with this he sank down in a faint and lay unconscious for a long while. His brother, who knew how things stood with him, found him, lifted him up and carried him home to his bed.

But I shall leave this tormented creature; he is in despair, his life hangs in a balance. I have no idea, to be honest, whether he will live or die! Arveragus, the lady's husband, the very flower of chivalry, has returned from Britain!

Oh, how blissful you are now, Oh Dorigen! You hold a virile young warrior in your arms, and a worthy husband who loves you as much as he loves his own life. And Arveragus gives no thought to whether any man has spoken to Dorigen of love during his absence, for he has such faith in his wife that it doesn't even occur to him to do so. They dance and he jousts and gives all his thought to making her happy. And so I shall let them dwell in joy and return at once to the love-sick Aurelius.

Languishing hopelessly upon his bed, poor Aurelius lies in great torment. For two long years he lay, without once leaving his room. The only person who tried to comfort him was his brother, who was a religious man, a cleric of the Breton faith, a druid. He knew the reason why his brother was in such a dreadful condition but dared not breathe a word about it to anyone. He gave no hint of his anguish to the outside world but inside, the arrow bit as deeply as it might, and without remedy. As well you know, a wound which closes over without having been searched properly can look to be healed but still harbour splinters of steel that will hurt and harm and probably kill eventually - so his brother endured this pain in private. At last, in desperation, he remembered his scholarly days at Orleans and how he and his fellow students had been hungry to broaden their studies, peering into every corner of the library to see what they could find; and he remembered that one day he had come across a book which one of his acquaintances, a bachelor of law who had gone there to augment his studies in another field, had left open upon a desk. A book of Natural Magic. It had included a lengthy analysis of the twenty-eight houses of the moon and other such rubbish which in our days is considered not worth a fly, for we believe in Holy Church and in a faith that does not permit such illusions to grieve us!

When the druid remembered this book, his heart began to dance for joy and he thought to himself: 'My brother's cure is certain! I am sure that there are processes and procedures such as conjurers use at festivals; for I have heard it described that a large hall can be made to appear as though it is flooded with water and a boat rows up and down, or it appears that a lion is prowling about or sometimes that flowers are growing everywhere, as though the benches have been placed in a meadow! Sometimes it can seem as though a castle has been built of lime and stone and then it disappears, to everyone's amazement.

'If I can find some old scholar at Orleans who is conversant with this science of illusion, who understands the stations of the moon or some other branch of Natural Magic, then my brother might obtain his lady! For by illusion, a skillful magician might be able to make it appear as though all the black rocks of Brittany have vanished and that ships are able to sail safely to and fro along the coast. And if he can make this happen, my brother will find his health again, for she will have to keep her promise or endure the unendurable shame of having reneged upon her word!'

What more is there to say? He went and spoke so enthusiastically of Orleans that his brother jumped up and made ready to embark at once! When they were only two or three furlongs from that city's gate, they met with a young druid who greeted them in Latin and, to the brothers' amazement, said: 'I know why you have come.' And before they could advance another foot, he revealed to them all that they intended to do! This druid, Aurelius's brother, asked after some of his old friends whom he had studied with many years before, but the young man said they were all dead, which caused tears to trickle down his cheeks. Aurelius dismounted and they went with this young druid to his house where they were invited to make themselves comfortable. They found nothing lacking; they had everything they could want. Aurelius had never stayed in such luxurious accommodation!

Before supper was served they went out to view the forests and parks round about; they were full of deer - there were stags with antlers so large that none larger had ever been seen with human eye. They watched a hundred deer brought down, with arrows and with dogs. Then, when the deer had been butchered, they went to view some falconers with their falcons taking herons beside a river. Then Aurelius went to watch some knights jousting in a meadow. And after this he thought that he saw his lady dancing, and he could see himself among the dancers! And when this magician, who had made all this magic, saw that the time had come, he clapped his hands and - farewell! - all of it vanished! And they had never set foot outside the house but had been sitting in the study all this while, where all the books were, and the three of them alone!

This druid magician called for his squire and said: 'Is supper ready? It must have been almost an hour, I am sure, since we three came into the library and I asked you to prepare it.'

'Sir,' Replied the squire, 'it is ready and waiting.'

'Then let's go to it!'

After dinner, the conversation fell to the fee that would be owing should all the rocks of Brittany be made to disappear. The magic would have to extend from Bordeaux in the southwest to the mouth of the Seine in Normandy, they decided, and the young druid magician made much of the difficulty of doing this; he refused to consider anything less than a thousand pounds and was very hesitant to take only this. Aurelius, with joy in his heart, answered: 'Fy on a thousand pounds! I would give that ball that men call the Earth were it possible for me to give it! Consider the contract sealed! We are in agreement! You will be paid your thousand pounds, you have my word. Let us depart for Brittany tomorrow, and be sure there is no carelessness or laziness on your part.'

'You have my word on that,' said the druid.

When Aureleus went to bed he slept soundly for the first time in a long while! Fatigue from the journey and sheer joy at the prospect of amorous fulfillment had unburdened his heart.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, they all set out for Brittany. And they came at last to the place where they intended to stay. It was, if I remember correctly, the cold, frosty season of December. Phoebus was old, his disc that in summer is like gold had turned to the colour of old tarnished brass. He had slid into Capricorn where he smoldered miserably with a pale light. Bitter frosts, sleet and rain, had made the ground all brown. Janus sat by the fire, at the approach of the New Year, drinking wine from a horn. Broth of the wild boar was set before him. Every man with lungs to shout it, cried: 'Noel!'

Aureleus treated the druid with respect and good humour, imploring him to fulfill his task to the utmost of his ability since his heart would break otherwise. The young druid, for his part, was learned in all the subtleties of the magic arts and had such pity for Aureleus that he studied the heavens diligently, night and day, waiting for the right moment, that is to say, the proper alignment at which an illusion by appearances - I do not know the proper terms - could be made so that the lady and everyone else would believe that all the rocks on the coast of Brittany had vanished.

At last, the right planetary conjunctions presented themselves. The druid could now perform this pagan joke, this feat of fiendish illusion! He brought out his Ptolemaic tables, the corrected version, containing all the timing of the cycles and epicycles of the planets, tables of square roots and other mathematical proportions and algebraic devices for solving all the equations. He knew how far the planet in the eighth sphere had wandered from the constellation of Ares that is fixed in the ninth sphere; he calculated this very accurately. When he had found the first house of the zodiac he knew all the rest by due proportion. He could calculate the rising of the moon to the nearest degree, which phase it would be in and in which constellation, and all the other things he needed to know to bring about such magic as heathen people dabbled in, in those days. And to perform such druidery he no longer delayed but through his sorcery it genuinely appeared, for a week or two at least, that all the rocks of Brittany had completely disappeared!

Aureleus, who had been waiting night and day for this miracle to happen, fell at the young druid's feet and said: 'I, Aureleus, woeful wretch that I am, thank you with all my heart! And thank you lady Venus, for saving me from death!'

Aureleus made his way at once to the temple where he knew his lady would be. And when he saw his moment, he bowed his head and with a quaking heart he addressed her.

'My good lady,' he said, 'I would be the last person in the world to want to displease you were it not that I must die here at your feet for the agony I feel. You bring me such mortal pain that I must try to cope with the fear I have of you and the love I hold for you in the best way that I can. Consider the implications of my death before you break your promise! You are well aware of what you said; not that I challenge you in any way, sovereign lady, but I ask only that through

your grace you remember the promise you made to me in that garden when you gave me your word that you would love me the best of all men. Madam, I remind you of this for the sake of your own honour and not just to save my life. I have done as you asked me. If you intend to be true to your word, go and look! Keep your promise in mind. Alive or dead, I shall be waiting for you. Everything lies with you, my life or my death. But see for yourself that all the rocks have disappeared!

He took his leave at once and she remained where she stood, as still as a stone. Her face drained of blood. She never imagined that she could be caught in such a trap: 'Alas!' she cried. Alas, that this should happen, that such a monstrous act of sorcery could achieve so much! And home she went, in terrible anguish, scarcely able to put one foot in front of the other. She wept and fainted and wailed for a couple of days but as to the reason, she could tell no one, for her husband was away.

Drained and downcast, she cried: 'Fortune, to you I make my complaint. Fortune, you have crept up behind me and bound me in a chain from which the only release is through death or dishonour. I must choose one of these; but I would rather lose my life than lose my reputation. I would rather die than have to live with myself, knowing what I had done! And death will make an end of it. Has not many a noble wife, and many a maiden too, killed herself rather than allow her body to be violated? The thirty tyrants of Athens murdered Phido at a banquet and ordered that his daughters be brought before them so that they could satisfy their filthy lusts upon them, and rather than endure this, the girls drowned themselves in a well, as the books say. The Messinians sent for fifty Lacedaemonian maidens as a means to indulge their carnal pleasures, but there was not one of them who did not prefer to kill herself than be forced to have sex in this way. Why, then, should I fear to die? And what of Hasdrubal's wife, who killed herself in Carthage? When she saw the victorious Roman army enter the city, she took her children and walked into the fire, choosing rather to die than to face what the Romans might force her to do. Did not Lucretia kill herself when deceived by Lucius Tarquinius and raped by him in Rome. Did she not choose to die rather than endure the shame of it! There must be more than a thousand stories! Many have killed themselves rather than compromise their honour. So I will be faithful to Arveragus or, if I cannot, I will kill myself. Oh Skedasus, it is dreadful to read about the death of your daughters, alas! They also faced this same choice. And Oh Queen Teuta! Your wifely conduct should be a mirror to us all!

Dorigen suffered like this for a day or two, intending to kill herself, and on the third night, Arveragus arrived back. He immediately asked his wife why she was weeping so much but this only made her cry all the more.

'Alas!' she wailed. 'Why did I say it? Why did I swear it!' And she told Arveragus everything - there is no need for me to go through the whole story again!

Arveragus was not angry. 'Is there nothing else?' he asked.

'No! No, God help me, isn't this enough?'

'Wife,' he replied, 'you are making too much of it. We can bring this matter to a close today. You will hold to your promise, by my faith! I would prefer to be stabbed through the heart rather than that you should die or that you should fail to keep your word. The honour of one's word is the highest thing that a person can possess - and he broke down in tears. 'But I ask you, I implore you,' he cried, 'tell no one about this! I will endure the pain as best I can. Nobody will know from me what has happened!' Arveragus then called to them a young man and a young lady, a squire and a maiden, and said: 'Accompany my wife, if you will.' But he did not tell them why.

And it happened that the young man Aureleus, who was so deeply in love with Dorigen, met her by chance before she reached the garden where they had arranged to meet. They came upon one another in the busiest part of town and he greeted her amicably and asked her where she was going.

In a voice that betrayed her horror at the way events were unfolding she said: "To the garden, where my husband has commanded me to go, to keep my word to you!"

Aureleus was taken aback by her demeanour and felt in his heart a great compassion for her, and for the husband who insisted, so it seemed, upon her holding to her promise. The whole situation suddenly achieved a broader clarity in his mind and made him feel a great pity for the lady. And in an instant he knew that he would rather abandon all hope of achieving any expression for his desires than commit such a villainous act as the one that now offered itself to him; it was an affront against all that he had been brought up to honour and respect! And so he quickly said: 'Madam, tell your lord Arveragus that I would rather suffer for evermore than come between the two of you and the love you so obviously bear for one another. I release you, Madam, from every promise that you have ever made to me. I give you my word, and farewell! I leave you the most faithful and perfect wife that I have ever known. And see how a young squire can do a noble deed as well as a knight!'

Dorigen fell onto her bare knees and thanked him; and now she goes back home to her husband to tell him all that has just taken place. Arveragus is ecstatically happy! It is impossible for me adequately to convey the joy that he feels. Why, then, should I try? Arveragus and his loving wife Dorigen continued to live their lives together in happiness, with never a harsh word spoken between them. He treated her like a queen, and she, for her part, remained faithful to him for evermore. So we must leave these two now; I shall speak of them no more.

Aureleus, who has wasted all this money, cursed the very day that he was born! 'Alas!' he cried. 'I promised a thousand pounds in gold! What can I do? I am ruined! I will have to sell my inheritance and live a life of destitution. I will have to move out of the district and beg, since I cannot remain here in disgrace and to the shame of all my relatives! Perhaps I can renegotiate the terms of repayment. I will see if the young druid will accept a partial sum on a specified day each year. I would thank him for such a courtesy, but I will not default upon our bargain!'

With a heavy heart he went to his chest and took out, I believe, about five hundred pounds in gold, which he took straight to the druid and begged him to allow sufficient time for the payment of the remainder.

'Druid philosopher,' he said, 'I am able to boast that I have never once reneged upon a deal that I have made and my debt to you will be paid in full - it will be paid even if I have to go around without a shirt, begging. But will you agree, if I pay a certain sum now, to allow me a breathing space of two or three years before the balance is due?'

When the druid had heard this he answered gravely: 'Have we not made a binding agreement?'

'Yes, certainly, we have.'

'Have you not obtained the lady, as you desired?'

'No. No!' said the young squire, and sighed.

'Why is this?'

And Aureleus began his tale and told the young druid everything as you have already heard, I shall not repeat it.

'She only made the promise she made to me through her naiveté,' he concluded. 'She had never before heard of magic, which caused me to have such compassion for her that I sent her back again. That's about it really. That's all there is to say.'

The druid philosopher replied: 'Each of you has behaved impeccably towards the other, it seems to me. Although Arveragus is a knight and you only a young nobleman, may God forbid that a clergyman couldn't act so properly - although I wouldn't count on it! Sir, I release you from all obligations towards me, as though you were newly born. Sir, I will not take a penny off you. You have fully repaid the labour I have expended. It is enough. Farewell! Have a good day!' He gathered his horse and rode away.

Lords, I would ask you this question. Whose morality is the most to be admired? I shall say no more; my tale is at an end.

## Tirant Lo Blanch

Joanot Martorell

### Chapter IV

#### *Constantinople*

After a week, while the king was in council, he remembered a letter the emperor of Constantinople had sent him, telling about certain troubles. He summoned Tirant, and had it read in his presence, and it said the following:

"We, Frederick, Emperor of the Empire of Greece by the immense and divine majesty of the sovereign and eternal God, extend health and honor to you, King of the great and abundant island of Sicily. By the pact made by our ancestors, sealed, signed and sworn by you and by me through our ambassadors: We do notify your royal personage that the sultan, the Moorish renegade, is inside our empire with a great army, and in his company is the Grand Turk. They have overpowered a large part of our realm, and we have been unable to lend assistance, for because of my old age I cannot bear arms. After the great loss we have suffered of cities, towns and castles, the dearest possession I had in this world was killed — my first born son who was my consolation, and a guardian of the holy Catholic faith — doing battle against the infidel, to his great honor and glory and to mine, And as a greater misfortune, he was killed by his own men. That sad, painful day was the perdition of the imperial house and of my honor. It is known to me and is common knowledge that in your court you have a valiant knight, whose name is Tirant lo Blanc; he belongs to the brotherhood of that singular order of chivalry said to be founded on that glorious saint, the father of chivalry, Saint George, on the island of England. Many singular acts worthy of great honor are told about this knight and are celebrated throughout the world, and they are the reason we ask you to beg him on your behalf and mine to come to my service, for I shall give him all my Possessions he may desire. And if he will not come I pray Divine Justice to make him suffer my pain. Oh, blessed King of Sicily! As you are a crowned king, have pity on my pain so that the immense goodness of God will keep you from a similar situation, for we are all subject to the wheel of fortune, and there is no one who can detain it."

When the emperor's letter was finished, and Tirant had heard it, the king said:

"You should thank Almighty God, Tirant, my brother, for He has given you such perfection that your name reigns throughout the world. I place my trust in your generosity, and so I dare to beg you on behalf of the Emperor of Constantinople and myself. And if my pleas have no effect on you, at least have pity on that unfortunate emperor so that he will not lose his imperial throne."

When the king had said this, Tirant replied:

"If Your Majesty commands me to go serve that prosperous emperor who reigns in Greece, I will do it because of the great love I hold for Your Highness. But, Sire, I can only do as much as a man can do; that is plain to God and to the

whole world. And I am even more astonished at that great emperor—who has passed over all the excellent kings, dukes, counts, and marquis in the world who are more knowledgeable and more valiant than I am in the art of chivalry—that he should pass over them for me."

"Tirant," said the king, "I know very well that there are good knights in the world, and you should not be forgotten among them. If, by chance, their honor should be examined, among the emperors, kings, and expert knights, the prize, honor and glory would be given to you as the best of them all. So I beg you as a knight to go and serve the imperial state, and I advise you to do so as if you were my son."

"Since Your Majesty commands and advises me to do this," said Tirant, "I will go."

The king ordered all the galleys to be stocked with everything they would need. And when the king told the emperor's ambassadors that Tirant was willing to go, they were the happiest men in the world, and they heartily thanked the king.

As soon as the ambassadors had reached Sicily they were ready to offer a salary to the men. They gave half a ducat each day to the crossbowmen, and a ducat to the soldiers. And since there were not enough men in Sicily, they went on to Rome and Naples, and there they found many men who accepted wages very willingly, and they also bought many horses.

Tirant took his leave of the king and queen, and of Philippe and the infanta. And with all the men on board, they let a favorable wind fill the sails, and they sailed quickly over a calm sea until one morning they found themselves before the city of Constantinople.

When the emperor heard that Tirant had arrived, he was happier than he had ever been, and he said that he felt as if his son had come back to life. As the eleven galleys neared shore, all the cries of happiness made the entire city resound. The emperor went up on a great cenotaph to watch the galleys come in. When Tirant learned where the emperor was, he had two large flags of the King of Sicily brought out, and one of his own. He had three knights come out in armor, each of them with a flag in his hand, and every time they passed in front of the emperor they lowered the flags until they nearly touched the water, while Tirant's touched it each time.

This was a sign of greeting, and because of the emperor's dignity they humbled themselves so lowly before him. When the emperor saw this, which was something that he had never seen before, he was very pleased.

When Tirant was on land he found the Count of Africa waiting for him on shore with many men, and he welcomed him with great honor. They then made their way to the platform where the emperor was. As soon as Tirant saw him he knelt to the ground, along with all his men, and when they reached the middle of the platform they bowed again. When he was six feet away he knelt and tried to kiss his foot, and the worthy lord would not permit it. He kissed his hand, and the emperor kissed him on the mouth.

When they had all bowed to him, Tirant gave him the letter from the King of Sicily. After the emperor had read it in everyone's presence, he spoke to Tirant:

"This is no small happiness I feel at your arrival, virtuous knight. So that everyone will know how grateful I am to you, I am bestowing on you the imperial and general captaincy over the soldiers and over justice."

He offered him a rod made of solid gold, and on its enamel head was painted the coat of arms of the empire. When Tirant saw that it was the emperor's will he accepted the rod and the captaincy, and kissed his hand. The trumpets and minstrels began to play by order of the emperor, and they announced throughout the city by imperial proclamation how Tirant lo blanc had been chosen captain by command of their lord, the emperor.

After all this the emperor came down from the cenotaph to go back to the palace, and they passed by a very beautiful lodging that vhad been prepared for Tirant and his men. The emperor said:

"Captain, since we are here, go into your chambers so that you can rest a few days from the hardships you have endured at sea."

"What, my lord! Do you imagine that I would be so ill mannered as to leave you? My consolation is to accompany Your Majesty—to Hell itself, and even better, to the palace."

The emperor had to laugh at what Tirant had said. And Tirant continued:

"My lord, if it please Your Majesty, when we are in the palace, allow me to go and pay my respects to the empress and to your beloved daughter, the infanta."

The emperor gave his consent. When they were in the palace the emperor took him by the hand and led him to the empress's chamber. They found her in the following condition: the chamber was very dark, for there was no light at all, and the emperor said:

"My lady, here is our captain who has come to pay you his respects."

She replied in a very weak voice:

"Very well. He is welcome."

Tirant said:

"My lady, it is by faith that I must believe that the one speaking to me is the empress."

"Captain," said the emperor, "whoever holds the captaincy of the Greek Empire has the power to open windows, and to look everyone in the face, to remove the mourning they bear for a husband, father, son or brother."

Tirant asked for a lighted torch to be brought, and it was done immediately. When the light was cast on the room the captain discovered a pavilion entirely in black. He went up to it, opened it, and saw a woman dressed in coarse cloth with a large black veil over her head that covered her entirely, down to her feet. Tirant removed the veil from her head so that her face was uncovered, and when he saw her face she knelt to the ground and kissed her foot and then her hand. She held a rosary in her hand, made of gold and enamel; she kissed it and then had the captain kiss it. Then he saw a bed with black curtains. The infanta was reclining on the bed, dressed in a black satin skirt and covered with a velvet garment of the same color. A woman and a maiden were sitting at her feet on the bed. The maiden was the daughter of the Duke of Macedonia, and the woman was called Widow Repose, and she had nursed the infanta with her own milk. In

the back of the room he saw one hundred seventy women and maidens, all with the empress and the infanta Carmesina.

Tirant approached the bed, made a deep bow to the infanta, and kissed her hand. Then he opened the windows. And it seemed as though all the women were coming out of a long period of captivity: they had been plunged into darkness a long while because Of the death of the emperor's son. Tirant said:

"My lord, speaking by your leave I will tell Your Highness and the empress my idea. I see that the people in this notable city are very sad and troubled for two reasons. The first is because of the loss of the prince, your son. Your Majesty should not be troubled, for he died in the service of God, upholding the holy Catholic faith. Instead you should praise and give thanks to the immense goodness of God, our Lord, because He gave him to you and it was His wish to take him from you for His own good, and He has placed him in the glory of paradise. The second reason they are sad is because all the Moors are so nearby that they are afraid of losing their possessions and their lives, and as a lesser evil that they will become captives of the infidel. That is why Your Highness and the empress must show smiling faces to everyone who sees you: to console them in their grief so that they will gather courage to fight against the enemy."

"The captain's advice is good," said the emperor. "It is my wish and my command that men as well as women shed their mourning immediately."

While the emperor was talking, Tirant's ears were attentive to what he was saying, but his eyes were contemplating the great beauty of Carmesina. As the windows had been closed it was very warm, so her blouse was partly open, exposing her breasts like two apples from the garden of Eden.

They were like crystal and allowed Tirant's eyes to gain entrance, and they remained prisoners of this free person forever, until death separated them. The emperor took his daughter Carmesina by the hand and led her from the room. The captain took the empress's arm, and they went into the other room which was very nicely decorated and completely covered with works of art depicting the following love-stories: Floris and Blanchfleur, Thisbe and Pyramus, Aeneas and Dido, Tristram and Isolde, Queen Guinevere and Lancelot, and many more whose loves were displayed in very subtle and artistic paintings. And Tirant said to Ricart:

"I never thought there could be as many wondrous things on this earth as I am seeing."

By this he meant, more than anything, the great beauty of the princess. But Ricart did not understand him.

Tirant took his leave of the others and went to his chambers. He entered a bedroom and put his head on a pillow at one end of the bed. It was not long before someone came to ask him if he wished to dine. Tirant said he did not, and that he had a headache. He was wounded by that passion that traps many. Diafebus, seeing that he was not coming out, went into the room and said:

"Captain, please, tell me what's the matter. I'll be glad to help you if I can."

"My cousin," said Tirant, "the only thing wrong is that the sea air has left me with ardor."

"Oh, captain! Are you going to keep things hidden from me? I have been the archive of all your good and bad fortune, and now are you keeping secrets from me? Tell me, I beg you. Don't hide anything from me."

"Don't torment me even more," said Tirant. "I have never felt a worse illness than I do now."

He turned over from shame, not daring to look Diafebus in the face, and no other words could come out of his mouth except:

"I am in love."

## The Notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci

*Jean Paul Richter*

*Drafts of a letter to Giuliano de' Medici (1351-1352)*

I was so greatly rejoiced, most illustrious Lord, by the desired restoration of your health, that it almost had the effect that [my own health recovered]--[I have got through my illness]--my own illness left me-- --of your Excellency's almost restored health. But I am extremely vexed that I have not been able completely to satisfy the wishes of your Excellency, by reason of the wickedness of that deceiver, for whom I left nothing undone which could be done for him by me and by which I might be of use to him; and in the first place his allowances were paid to him before the time, which I believe he would willingly deny, if QI had not the writing signed by myself and the interpreter. And I, seeing that he did not work for me unless he had no work to do for others, which he was very careful in soliciting, invited him to dine with me, and to work afterwards near me, because, besides the saving of expense, he would acquire the Italian language. He always promised, but would never do so. And this I did also, because that Giovanni, the German who makes the mirrors, was there always in the workshop, and wanted to see and to know all that was being done there and made it known outside ... strongly criticising it; and because he dined with those of the Pope's guard, and then they went out with guns killing birds among the ruins; and this went on from after dinner till the evening; and when I sent Lorenzo to urge him to work he said that he would not have so many masters over him, and that his work was for your Excellency's Wardrobe; and thus two months passed and so it went on; and one day finding Gian Niccolo of the Wardrobe and asking whether the German had finished the work for your Magnificence, he told me this was not true, but only that he had given him two guns to clean. Afterwards, when I had urged him farther, he left the workshop and began to work in his room, and lost much time in making another pair of pincers and files and other tools with screws; and there he worked at mills for twisting silk which he hid when any one of my people went in, and with a thousand oaths and mutterings, so that none of them would go there any more.

I was so greatly rejoiced, most Illustrious Lord, by the desired restoration of your health, that my own illness almost left me. But I am greatly vexed at not having been able to completely satisfy your Excellency's wishes by reason of the wickedness of that German deceiver, for whom I left nothing undone by which I could have hope to please him; and secondly I invited him to lodge and board with me, by which means I should constantly see the work he was doing and with greater ease correct his errors while, besides this, he would learn the Italian tongue, by means of which he could with more ease talk without an interpreter; his moneys were always given him in advance of the time when due. Afterwards he wanted to have the models finished in wood, just as they were to be in iron, and wished to carry them away to his own country. But this I refused him, telling

him that I would give him, Yin drawing, the breadth, length, height and form of what he had to do; and so we remained in ill-will.

The next thing was that yhe made himself another workshop and b pincers and tools in his room where xhe slept, and there he worked for others; afterwards he went to dine with the Swiss z of the guard, where there are idle fellows, in which he beat them m all; and most times they went two or three together with guns, to shoot birds among jthe ruins, and this went on till evening.

At last I found how this master Giovanni the mirror-maker was he who had done it all, for two reasons; zthe first because he had said that my coming here had deprived him of xthe countenance and favour of your Lordship which always... The other is that he said that his iron-workers' rooms suited him for working at D his mirrors, and of this he gave proof; for besides making him my enemy, he made him sell all he had and leave his workshop to him, where he works with a number of workmen making numerous mirrors to send to the fairs.  
qqqq

## The Venetian Letters of Albrecht Durer

*Venice, 6th January, 1506*

To the Honourable and wise Wilibald Pirckheimer, in Nuremberg.

My dear Master,

To you and all yours, many happy good New Years. My willing service to you, dear Herr Pirckheimer. Know that I am in good health; may God send you better even than that. Now as to what you commissioned me, namely, to buy a few pearls and precious stones, you must know that I can find nothing good enough or worth the money: everything is snapped up by the Germans.

Those who go about on the Riva always expect four times the value for anything, for they are the falsest knaves that live there. No one expects to get any honest service of them. For that reason some good people warned me to be on my guard against them. They told me that they cheat both man and beast, and that you could buy better things for less money at Frankfort than at Venice.

As for the books which I was to order for you, Imhof has already seen to it, but if you are in need of anything else, let me know, and I shall do it for you with all zeal. And would to God that I could do you some real good service. I should gladly accomplish it, since I know how much you do for me.

And I beg of you be patient with my debt, for I think oftener of it than you do. As soon as God helps me to get home I will pay you honourably, with many thanks; for I have to paint a picture for the Germans, for which they are giving me 110 Rhenish guilden, which will not cost me as much as five. I shall have finished laying and scraping the ground-work in eight days, then I shall at once begin to paint, and if God will, it shall be in its place for the altar a month after Easter.

The money I hope, if God will, to put by; and from that I will pay you: for I think that I need not send my mother and wife any money at present; I left 10 florins with my mother when I came away; she has since got 9 or 10 florins by selling works of art. Dratzieher has paid her 12 florins, and I have sent her 9 florins by Sebastian Imhof, of which she has to pay Pfinzing and Gartner 7 florins for rent. I gave my wife 12 florins and she got 13 more at Frankfort, making all together 25 florins, so I don't think she will be in any need, and if she does want anything, her brother will have to help her, until I come home, when I will repay him honourably. Herewith let me commend myself to you.

Given at Venice on the day of the Holy Three Kings (Epiphany), the year 1506.  
Greet for me Stephen Paumgartner and my other good friends who ask after me.

## The Venetian Letters of Albrecht Durer

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7th February, 1506

First my willing service to you, dear Master. If it is well with you, I am as whole-heartedly glad as I should be for myself. I wrote to you recently. I hope the letter reached you. In the meantime my mother has written to me, chiding me for not writing to you, and has given me to understand that you are displeased with me because I do not write to you; and that I must excuse myself to you fully. And she is much worried about it, as is her wont. Now I do not know what excuse to make, except that I am lazy about writing and that you have not been at home. But as soon as I knew that you were at home or were coming home, I wrote to you at once; I also specially charged Castel to convey my service to you. Therefore I most humbly beg you to forgive me, for I have no other friend on earth but you; but I do not believe you are angry with me, for I hold you as no other than a father.

How I wish you were here at Venice, there are so many good fellows among the Italians who seek my company more and more every day--which is very gratifying to me--men of sense, and scholarly, good lute-players, and pipers, connoisseurs in painting, men of much noble sentiment and honest virtue, and they show me much honour and friendship. On the other hand, there are also amongst them the most faithless, lying, thievish rascals; such as I scarcely believed could exist on earth; and yet if one did not know them, one would think that they were the nicest men on earth. I cannot help laughing to myself when they talk to me: they know that their villainy is well known, but that does not bother them.

I have many good friends among the Italians who warn me not to eat and drink with their painters, for many of them are my enemies and copy my work in the churches and wherever they can find it; afterwards they criticize it and claim that it is not done in the antique style and say it is no good, but Giambellin has praised me highly to many gentlemen. He would willingly have something of mine, and came himself to me and asked me to do something for him, and said that he would pay well for it, and everyone tells me what an upright man he is, so that I am really friendly with him. He is very old and yet he is the best painter of all.

And the thing which pleased me so well eleven years ago pleases me no longer, and if I had not seen it myself, I would not have believed anyone who told me. And you must know too that there are many better painters here than Master Jacob, though Antonio Kolb would take an oath that there was no better painter on earth than Jacob. Others sneer at him and say if he were any good, he would stay here. I have only today begun the sketch of my picture, for my hands are so scabby that I could not work, but I have cured them.

And now be lenient with me and do not get angry so quickly, but be gentle like me. You will not learn from me, I do not know why. My dear, I should like to know whether any of your loves is dead--that one close by the water, for instance, or the one like [drawing of a flower] or [drawing of a brush] or [drawing of a running dog]'s girl so that you might get another in her stead.

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Given at Venice at the ninth hour of the night on Saturday after Candlemas in the year 1506.

Give my service to Stephen Paumgartner and to Masters Hans Harsdorfer and Volkamer.

# World Map

## Piri Reis

*Detail*



## The Commentariolus

### Copernicus

Our ancestors assumed, I observe, a large number of celestial spheres for this reason especially, to explain the apparent motion of the planets by the principle of regularity. For they thought it altogether absurd that a heavenly body, which is a perfect sphere, should not always move uniformly. They saw that by connecting and combining regular motions in various ways they could make any body appear to move to any position.

Callippus and Eudoxus, who endeavored to solve the problem by the use of concentric spheres, were unable to account for all the planetary movements; they had to explain not merely the apparent revolutions of the planets but also the fact that these bodies appear to us sometimes to mount higher in the heavens, sometimes to descend; and this fact is incompatible with the principle of concentricity. Therefore it seemed better to employ eccentrics and epicycles, a system which most scholars finally accepted.

Yet the planetary theories of Ptolemy and most other astronomers, although consistent with the numerical data, seemed likewise to present no small difficulty. For these theories were not adequate unless certain equants were also conceived; it then appeared that a planet moved with uniform velocity neither on its deferent nor about the center of its epicycle. Hence a system of this sort seemed neither sufficiently absolute nor sufficiently pleasing to the mind.

Having become aware of these defects, I often considered whether there could perhaps be found a more reasonable arrangement of circles, from which every apparent inequality would be derived and in which everything would move uniformly about its proper center, as the rule of absolute motion requires. After I had addressed myself to this very difficult and almost insoluble problem, the suggestion at length came to me how it could be solved with fewer and much simpler constructions than were formerly used, if some assumptions (which are called axioms) were granted me. They follow in this order.

#### *Assumptions*

There is no one center of all the celestial circles or spheres.

The center of the earth is not the center of the universe, but only of gravity and of the lunar sphere.

All the spheres revolve about the sun as their mid-point, and therefore the sun is the center of the universe.

The ratio of the earth's distance from the sun to the height of the firmament is so much smaller than the ratio of the earth's radius to its distance from the sun that the distance from the earth to the sun is imperceptible in comparison with the height of the firmament.

Whatever motion appears in the firmament arises not from any motion of the firmament, but from the earth's motion. The earth together with its

circumjacent elements performs a complete rotation on its fixed poles in a daily motion, while the firmament and highest heaven abide unchanged.

What appear to us as motions of the sun arise not from its motion but from the motion of the earth and our sphere, with which we revolve about the sun like any other planet. The earth has, then, more than one motion.

The apparent retrograde and direct motion of the planets arises not from their motion but from the earth's. The motion of the earth alone, therefore, suffices to explain so many apparent inequalities in the heavens.

Having set forth these assumptions, I shall endeavor briefly to show how uniformity of the motions can be saved in a systematic way. However, I have thought it well, for the sake of brevity, to omit from this sketch mathematical demonstrations, reserving these for my larger work. But in the explanation of the circles I shall set down here the lengths of the radii; and from these the reader who is not unacquainted with mathematics will readily perceive how closely this arrangement of circles agrees with the numerical data and observations.

Accordingly, let no one suppose that I have gratuitously asserted, with the Pythagoreans, the motion of the earth; strong proof will be found in my exposition of the circles. For the principal arguments by which the natural philosophers attempt to establish the immobility of the earth rest for the most part on the appearances; it is particularly such arguments that collapse here, since I treat the earth's immobility as due to an appearance.

### *The Order of the Spheres*

The celestial spheres are arranged in the following order. The highest is the immovable sphere of the fixed stars, which contains and gives position to all things. Beneath it is Saturn, which Jupiter follows, then Mars. Below Mars is the sphere on which we revolve; then Venus; last is Mercury. The lunar sphere revolves about the center of the earth and moves with the earth like an epicycle. In the same order also, one planet surpasses another in speed of revolution, according as they trace greater or smaller circles. Thus Saturn completes its revolution in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve, Mars in two and one-half, and the earth in one year; Venus in nine months, Mercury in three.

### *The Apparent Motions of the Sun*

The earth has three motions. First, it revolves annually in a great circle about the sun in the order of the signs, always describing equal arcs in equal times; the distance from the center of the circle to the center of the sun is  $1/25$  of the radius of the circle. The radius is assumed to have a length imperceptible in comparison with the height of the firmament; consequently the sun appears to revolve with this motion, as if the earth lay in the center of the universe. However, this appearance is caused by the motion not of the sun but of the earth, so that, for example, when the earth is in the sign of Capricornus, the sun is seen diametrically opposite in Cancer, and so on. On account of the previously

mentioned distance of the sun from the center of the circle, this apparent motion of the sun is not uniform, the maximum inequality being  $2 \frac{1}{60}$ . The line drawn from the sun through the center of the circle is invariably directed toward a point of the firmament about  $10^\circ$  west of the more brilliant of the two bright stars in the head of Gemini, therefore when the earth is opposite this point, and the center of the circle lies between them, the sun is seen at its greatest distance from the earth. In this circle, then, the earth revolves together with whatever else is included within the lunar sphere.

The second motion, which is peculiar to the earth, is the daily rotation on the poles in the order of the signs, that is, from west to east. On account of this rotation the entire universe appears to revolve with enormous speed. Thus does the earth rotate together with its circumjacent waters and encircling atmosphere.

The third is the motion in declination. For the axis of the daily rotation is not parallel to the axis of the great Circle, but is inclined to it at an angle that intercepts a portion of a circumference, in our time about  $23 \frac{1}{2}^\circ$ . Therefore, while the center of the earth always remains in the plane of the ecliptic, that is, in the circumference of the great circle, the poles of the earth rotate, both of them describing small circles about centers equidistant from the axis of the great circle. The period of this motion is not quite a year and is nearly equal to the annual revolution on the great circle. But the axis of the great circle is invariably directed toward the points of the firmament which are called the poles of the ecliptic. In like manner the motion in declination, combined with the annual motion in their joint effect upon the poles of the daily rotation, would keep these poles constantly fixed at the same points of the heavens, if the periods of both motions were exactly equal. Now with the long passage of time it has become clear that this inclination of the earth to the firmament changes. Hence it is the common opinion that the firmament has several motions in conformity with a law not yet sufficiently understood. But the motion of the earth can explain all these changes in a less surprising way. I am not concerned to state what the path of the poles is. I am aware that, in lesser matters, a magnetized iron needle always points in the same direction. It has nevertheless seemed a better view to ascribe the changes to a sphere, whose motion governs the movements of the poles. This sphere must doubtless be sublunar.



## Love Poem to Roxelane

### Suleiman the Magnificent

Throne of my lonely niche, my wealth, my love, my moonlight.  
My most sincere friend, my confidant, my very existence, my Sultan, my one and only love.  
The most beautiful among the beautiful..  
My springtime, my merry faced love, my daytime, my sweetheart, laughing leaf..  
My plants, my sweet, my rose, the one only who does not distress me in this world..  
My Constantinople, my Caraman, the earth of my Anatolia  
My Badakhshan, my Baghdad and Khorasan  
My woman of the beautiful hair, my love of the slanted brow, my love of eyes full of mischief..  
I'll sing your praises always  
I, lover of the tormented heart, Muhibbi of the eyes full of tears, I am happy.





## Acknowledgements

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## Notes

Other texts included in the original Sartor Library, the current whereabouts of which are unknown:

*The Flute Girl* by Menander  
*Book of Prophecies*, Christopher Columbus  
*The Secret History of the Mongols*, F. W. Cleaves, trns.  
Digenes Akritas  
Socrates' translation of Aesop  
Memoirs of Ishak Pasha

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